

Miles of Smiles, Inc.

First Five Episodes

Written By

Michael Green

Inspired by a True Story

Miles of Smiles, Inc.  
Episode #1, "I'm a Gorilla"

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FADE IN

EXT. EVERETT AQUASOX BASEBALL FIELD - DAY

It's natural, ambient scenes a minor league ballgame. Teenagers fill a lawn area behind the outfield fence. A group of old-guys sit drinking beer in the stands. A young couple make-out in the top row of empty stadium seats.

A font reads: "Everett, Washington. Nine-Years Ago."

- Scott Dewitt (20), tall and skinny, stands on a pitcher's mound. An ANNOUNCER sings his glory.

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)  
San Diego phenom Scott DeWitt has  
completely taken over the ball game  
in mid-relief, with his rocketing  
ninety-five-mile-per-hour fastball.

Sara (19), blonde, beautiful, obviously pregnant, sits alone waving an Everett AquaSox flag, just behind the home dugout.

ANNOUNCER (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
His young, expectant wife, in the  
stands.

Scott sniffs, and settles into a pre-pitch routine of touching his cap, then his upper face back and forth.

ANNOUNCER (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
They say his pre-pitch rituals  
rival the late Gaylord Perry, and  
so far it's paying off, as DeWitt  
was plucked right out of his  
sophomore year in college by the  
Mariners, who consider him one of  
their greatest young prospects.  
There's the pitch.

A batter whiffs at Scott's fastball. Scott grabs his shoulder and falls the the ground.

ANNOUNCER (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
A swing and a miss! But DeWitt goes  
down on the mound!

FADE OUT.

EXT. AERIAL VIEW OF SEATTLE - DAY

A font reads: "Inspired by a true story."

SCOTT (V.O.)  
My name is Scott DeWitt. This is my  
story about a group of misfits in  
Seattle who work for me, at M-S-I.  
Miles of Smiles, Incorporated.

EXT. RAY'S SPORTS & GRILL - DAY

It's a small sports grill in a lower middle class  
neighborhood. An outdoor banner reads: "Home of Mariners  
Action."

A font reads: "Everett, Washington - Present Day."

INT. RAY'S SPORTS & GRILL - DAY

Scott (now 29), sits with MILES (9), a bit overweight,  
watching a Mariner's game on a big-screen above the bar. They  
rest at a table behind a few other, older fans.

SCOTT  
Bottom of the ninth, rally caps!

MILES  
We're behind by five runs dad.

Scott flips his Mariners baseball cap backwards.

SCOTT  
Rally caps!

Miles sighs, flips his own Mariners cap backwards.

MILES  
Can I at least get more onion  
rings?

Scott picks up the bill, examines it.

SCOTT  
I've still gotta get you home on  
the ferry, Gaylord Perry.

MILES  
Dad!? You know I hate it when you  
call me that.

Scott looks at the bill again, sets it down.

SCOTT  
Okay. I think I still have a few  
bucks left on my Discover card.

Scott waves at a waitress.

SCOTT (CONT'D)  
Gaylord Perry was one of the...

MILES  
Greatest major league pitchers of  
all time. I know dad. But he has a  
funny name.

Scott fidgets with Miles' baseball cap, pulls the backward  
cap down over Miles' eyes.

SCOTT  
Fair enough. But I never wanna hear  
you doubt rally caps!

EXT. BAINBRIDGE FERRY - DUSK

Scott and Miles stand silently at the rail, peering out at  
the water.

SCOTT  
Hey, I know you wanted to be at the  
ballpark today with Rick and your  
mom.

MILES  
I mean. The M's lost again anyways.

SCOTT  
I always tell you...

MILES  
Middle relief wins ballgames, like  
when you pitched semi-pro. I know  
dad.

SCOTT  
How's that forkball I taught you  
coming along?

MILES  
It's too hard. My fingers are too  
small dad. And. I'm not sure I  
wanna play baseball this year.

SCOTT  
What!? Why not?

Miles turns and his face lights up.

MILES

Rick said I could captain his sailboat this summer! He's gonna teach me to rig. Tacking and gybing. Even docking. I like sailing it's fun!

SCOTT

You wanna give up baseball for sailing?

MILES

It's fun!

Miles turns back toward the rail. Scott turns, they stand silently again for a few moments.

SCOTT

Baseball is fun too, Miles.

EXT. KILL 'EM PEST CONTROL - DAY

It's an office front in an industrial park. The outdoor sign reads: "If You Find 'Em? We kill 'Em!"

INT. SALES OFFICE - DAY

DAVE (59), pudgy, gray beard, stands at a white board in a small sales office. He's leading a meeting with Scott, SAM (22), and TIM (40). Dave scribbles their names on the board.

DAVE

I need preliminary monthly sales numbers. Tim?

TIM

I'm just waiting on a signature from that restaurant group. But I'd say around eighteen.

Dave writes "\$18K" beside Tim's name.

DAVE

Sam?

SAM

The new property management group is on board. Easily twenty-five again this month.

Dave writes "\$25K" beside Sam's name.

DAVE

Scott?

SCOTT

Right now I'd say, four. Maybe five.

Sam chuckles under his breath. Dave doesn't write anything.

DAVE

Okay team. Go kill 'em. I'll see you all back here next Monday morning.

The sales guys rise.

DAVE (CONT'D)

Uh, Scott. Hold on a moment.

Sam and Tim look at each other as they exit. Scott sits back down, Dave sits across from Scott at the small conference table.

DAVE (CONT'D)

It's your fourth month under quota.

SCOTT

Dave. I've been doing my cold calls, and building my funnel.

DAVE

I know you barely make it on your base salary. Sam is easily gonna clear an extra sixty-thousand dollars on his sales commissions this year.

SCOTT

Sam has downtown. Tim has Tacoma. All the properties in my territory up North are lower scale.

DAVE

Which means more bugs here up North. More bugs, more rodents. More sales for us. That's how commercial pest control works, Scott.

SCOTT

Orkin and Sacla are undercutting all my estimates. They can afford to do that in Everett.

DAVE

Your dad was a good friend. He was very proud of you Scott. I know things didn't exactly turn out how you planned, after your shoulder surgery and all. But, there is good money to be made in commercial pest control sales.

SCOTT

I'm building my sales funnel.

Dave leans back in his chair. Thinks a moment, leans forward.

DAVE

Maybe you should try more guerrilla marketing. Change your tactics up here.

SCOTT

Gorilla? You mean like one of those giant inflatable gorillas?

DAVE

Not go-rilla, Scott. Gur-rilla. Guerrilla marketing. Some of the newer start-ups are doing it. Like, attaching a giant mouse on top of their tech vans. Something that grabs attention.

SCOTT

You want me to put a giant mouse on top of my sales car!?

DAVE

No, no. Anything, but that. Look up guerrilla marketing online and come up with your own ideas.

(Sighs)

I can fudge Sam's numbers to keep you on a little bit longer Scott, but I'm more concerned about you. And your son. How is Miles?

SCOTT

Miles wants to quit baseball and take up sailing with his stepdad.

Dave leans back in his chair, scratches his beard.

DAVE

I was afraid of something like that when your ex married Rick Beranger.

(MORE)



DAVE (CONT'D)  
 Biggest property developer in  
 Seattle, only works exclusively  
 with Orkin.

Dave leans forward.

DAVE (CONT'D)  
 You're a smart kid Scott. Research  
 guerrilla marketing online. But  
 don't put a giant mouse on top of  
 your sales car or anything. Just  
 try some less obnoxious guerrilla  
 marketing tactics up here in your  
 territory.

EXT. AGENCIA DE EMPLEO Y VIVIENDA DE BAJO COSTE - DAY

It's an old two-story office building in a rundown  
 neighborhood.

INT. MARIA'S OFFICE - DAY

MARIA GONZALES (35), attractive, LatinX, sits at her desk in  
 front of an extremely tatted guy, caucasian. She searches her  
 computer screen. She takes a bite from an apple, sets it back  
 on her messy desk, punches keys.

MARIA  
 There is a... Nope.

She punches more keys.

MARIA (CONT'D)  
 ¿Hablas español con fluidez?

RONNY WILSON (28), hip-looking, squirms in his chair.

RONNY  
 Habla. Espanol? Yeah. I can habla  
 a little espanol.

MARIA  
 Nope.

She bites the apple, sets it back on her desk. Punches keys.

RONNY  
 What about, like, a delivery job at  
 Amazon or something? I could do  
 that. Until I can find a job in  
 accounting.

She stops punching keys, looks at Ronny.

MARIA

You're license is suspended for another three-months, Ronny. How you gonna make deliveries for Amazon without a valid driver's license?

RONNY

Door Dash doesn't require a driver's license.

MARIA

That's a hustle gig. You said you are looking for real work that pays better than four bucks per delivery on your bike.

RONNY

I paid my debt to society, Maria. I like the Door Dash gig it just doesn't pay enough. I'm good at making deliveries.

Maria sighs, punches more keys.

MARIA

Yeah. That's what got you into trouble in the first place. There is a program for non-violent offenders, released on parole.

RONNY

I knew you'd come through Maria!

She stops, glares at Ronny.

MARIA

It's an exclusive program Ronny, there is lot's of paperwork. And you can't even get a parking ticket under multiple D-M-V requirements. It will allow you to drive within certain limits and only from four to eight p-m, in Everett. It's minimum wage...

RONNY

But I've got a wife and kid! How are we gonna make it on fifteen bucks an hour? Four hours a day, Maria?

MARIA

Are you interested or not? I'll print the paperwork if you're interested.

RONNY

I'm interested.

MARIA

I'm gonna stick my neck out for you. Are you gonna make me regret it or what?

RONNY

I made one mistake Maria. I promise you won't regret vouching for me.

MARIA

If you complete all the paperwork and submit everything by this afternoon, five-p-m, we can have you delivering industrial supplies here in Everett by the end of this week.

RONNY

That's awesome!

MARIA

Don't make me regret it. You'll go back to jail if they catch you driving outside strict perimeters, or in any other vehicle.

RONNY

I love you, Maria!

MARIA

Go visit Jessica in room 202, she'll help you complete all the paperwork. The food pantry downstairs is sparse these days...

Ronny stands, rushes out of her messy office.

MARIA (CONT'D)

(Yelling)

But make sure you stop in down there and grab a food box!

Maria shakes her head, sighs. She takes a bite from her apple, sets it back on the desk, punches keys.

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY

An APARTMENT MANAGER, scruffy, older male, knocks an apartment door. He looks at Scott.

APARTMENT MANAGER  
The resident thinks they might have  
bedbugs.

A RESIDENT opens the door, covered in red welts on her face and shoulders.

RESIDENT  
I used some stuff I found at  
Walmart.

Bedbugs crawl out of her hair and blouse. The apartment manager slams the door, frantically undresses.

APARTMENT MANAGER  
Get them off me!

SCOTT  
Bedbugs don't fly, settle down!

The apartment manager is stripped down to his tights-whities and tennis shoes.

SCOTT (CONT'D)  
There is no way you could have  
gotten one of those bedbugs on you!  
Put your clothes back on!

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING PARKING LOT - DAY

Scott is writing an estimate for the apartment manager, now clothed again. An Orkin sales car pulls up beside them.

INT. SMALL RESTAURANT - DAY

Scott follows a RESTAURANT MANAGER through a small kitchen.

RESTAURANT MANAGER  
The dishwasher says we have  
roaches. I've never seen one.

Scott whips out a pocket flashlight, peers behind a fryer. He points the beam under a dish sink.

SCOTT  
Roaches live an upside down life.  
I'll need to crawl around a bit.

His pocket flashlight beam hits his pantleg. Roaches crawl up his pantleg. He dances and brushes them off. A fry cook rushes into the kitchen, grabs a fire extinguisher.

SCOTT (CONT'D)

No! Don't!

The fry cook sprays down Scott and the entire area. Scott just stands there, covered white.

SCOTT (CONT'D)

Do that.

INT. ELDERLY CARE HOME - DAY

A MAINTENANCE GUY leads Scott through a broiler area.

MAINTENANCE GUY

The residents complain about so much around here. I doubt we have rats. The people here are old. They imagine things.

SCOTT

I'll also need to inspect all food service areas.

The maintenance guy pushes a button. A large metal door opens, revealing a gigantic, overflowing garbage bin directly under an opening in the half ceiling above it.

MAINTENANCE GUY

This is the garbage shoot for the entire facility.

Rats scurry, one jumps on Scott's chest and he quickly brushes it off.

MAINTENANCE GUY (CONT'D)

There's one on your back!

The maintenance guy frantically grabs a worn straw broom that leans against the wall. He's swatting Scott with it.

SCOTT

Ow! Stop that!

Scott turns just as the man takes another, bigger swing. The maintenance guy whacks Scott over his forehead with a fat part of the broom stick.

INT. SCOTT'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

The apartment is modest, but clean. Scott relaxes on the couch, watching a Mariner's game inside a laptop, resting beside a pizza box on his coffee table. He holds a Rainier beer bottle, and has a red welt on his forehead.

- His cellphone rings.

SCOTT

Hey Sam.

INT. DOWNTOWN SEATTLE BAR - NIGHT

Sam is at the bar area.

SAM

How'd it go today, bug guy?

SCOTT O/S

What do you want Sam?

SAM

I got a call today from my property management friend. About that bedbug infestation you bid today.

INT. SCOTT'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Scott sits up and places his beer on the table.

SCOTT

Yeah. Looks like Orkin underbid me for the job.

INT. DOWNTOWN SEATTLE BAR - NIGHT

SAM

Underbid you? Do you even know anything about bedbugs?!

SCOTT O/S

Way more than I'd like to know, Sam.

SAM

Bedbugs are hitchhikers.

SCOTT O/S

I always follow protocol Sam. I dry my clothes in extreme heat, then wash and dry them again. What the hell do you want?

SAM

Just to let you know that they hitchhiked into my territory through a sister-contract with one of the property managers I service downtown. It's a one-hundred-fifty-thousand-dollar bed bug clear-out on all sister properties. My commission on the deal you almost allowed Orkin to underbid us, is ten-thousand-dollars.

INT. SCOTT'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Scott places his phone on the pizza box, bows his head in disgust. He looks up at a large, framed poster of Gaylord Perry.

BEGIN FLASHBACK:

EXT. PETCO PARK OUTFIELD SEATS - DAY

Hells Bells sound over stadium speakers for a euphoric Padres crowd. YOUNG SCOTT stands and cheers as SCOTT'S DAD (37), remains seated, cracking peanuts.

YOUNG SCOTT

Trevor Hoffman is the greatest pitcher of all time!

SCOTT'S DAD

Mid-relief wins ballgames not the closer. And Gaylord Perry was the greatest Major League Baseball pitcher of all-time.

Young Scott sits. Scott's dad hands him a few peanuts.

YOUNG SCOTT

But Grandpa said he was a cheater.

SCOTT'S DAD

First pitcher to win a Cy Young Award in both leagues? You don't cheat your way into that, son.

END FLASHBACK.

INT. SCOTT'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Scott picks up his phone.

SAM O/S

Scott! Scott! Are you there?

SCOTT

Yes Sam. I'm here.

SAM O/S

I just called to let you know my downtown tech will be visiting your territory tomorrow. It's part of the deal.

SCOTT

Got it.

SAM O/S

Man, maybe you should be doing something else for a living.

Scott hangs up, his phone immediately rings again. He doesn't even check who is calling him.

SCOTT

Yeah Dave, I heard.

EXT. BAINBRIDGE MANSION - NIGHT

Wide shot of a well-lit Bainbridge Island estate.

INT. MANSION KITCHEN - NIGHT

SARA (now 28), super attractive, shoulders a cellphone to her ear.

SARA

Scott!? It's Sara.

SCOTT O/S

This isn't a good time, Sara.

Sara drains pasta into an extremely large double sink.



SARA

It's not a good time for me either.  
I'm calling to ask if you can meet  
me tomorrow?

SCOTT O/S

I don't know, Sara. I might lose  
another sales job tomorrow.

She's struggling a bit, dumps the pasta into an extremely big  
pot, already half filled with pasta. It's a lot of pasta.

SARA

I'll ferry over to Everett. Meet me  
at Rays, around noon?

INT. SCOTT'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

SCOTT

Okay Sara.

SARA O/S

I'm praying for you, Scott.

SCOTT

Yet you wanna meet at the only  
place in Seattle without bugs.

INT. MANSION KITCHEN - NIGHT

Her cellphone slips from her shoulder and lands in the pasta  
pot. She dishes it out and holds it between her fingers.

SARA

What? Ray is immaculate. He would  
never have bugs.

SCOTT O/S

Hello? I just said that.

Her phone slips again, she bats at it, flipping it back into  
the pot. She leans over and speaks into the pasta pot.

SARA

I gotta go. I'll see you tomorrow.

INT. SCOTT'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Scott hangs up. He grabs his beer bottle off the coffee  
table, holds it up against the welt on his forehead, leans  
back into his couch.

SCOTT  
The Mariners need better mid-relief.

INT. RAY'S SPORTS & GRILL - DAY

Scott sits at the long bar eating onion rings as Sara approaches and saddles up. RAY (late 70's), African-American, approaches them from behind the bar.

SARA  
Nothing for me, Ray...

RAY  
Except a cold sprite.

Ray heads back down to the other end of the bar for her drink.

SARA  
Wow. Ray is still serving the lunch crowd.

SCOTT  
You want an onion-ring? Ray gave me extra because we knew you wouldn't order any for yourself.

Sara begins eating onion-rings from Scott's basket. She looks up at the big screen.

SARA  
So, who's playing?

SCOTT  
It's just soccer.

SARA  
Looks like Premier League or something, Ray finally got cable.

SCOTT  
It's some sort of streaming. But you know I don't watch soccer.

SARA  
Football, Scott. You sound like Ted Lasso.

SCOTT  
Can't afford to watch that either.

SARA  
Miles mentioned you don't believe  
in streaming services.

SCOTT  
Tubi is free.

Ray returns with a fresh sprite, places her glass on the bar.  
Sara reaches for it and almost knocks it over, but Ray  
catches it.

SARA  
Oops! Thanks Ray!

RAY  
Great to see you haven't changed a  
bit miss Sara.

Ray returns to the bustling lunch crowd. Scott and Sara watch  
the soccer game for a few beats, eating onion rings.

SARA  
I don't need child support, Scott.  
Spend it on Miles. Take him  
someplace besides here on your  
weekends.

She looks at Ray, who is now back in earshot.

SARA (CONT'D)  
No offense Ray.

RAY  
None taken Miss Sara.

She grabs an onion ring, looks back up at the big screen.

SARA  
The Lord has blessed us, Scott. Buy  
Miles a video game system or at  
least subscribe to a few streaming  
services for when he visits you.

They sit silently, watching the game.

SCOTT  
It's these sales jobs.

SARA  
Yeah I know. Your sixth sales job  
now? Since baseball.

Scott picks up an onion ring, then tosses it back into the  
basket. He turns to Sara.

SCOTT  
You know I studied marketing and  
advertising in college.

SARA  
Then go back to college Scott.  
Finish getting your degree. Miles  
will understand that.

Scott turns back to the big screen.

SCOTT  
A thirty-year-old undergrad  
student? I'd rather sell pest  
control.

Sara is still facing him.

SARA  
Scott, you pushed us away! I didn't  
marry you because I dreamed of  
becoming a baseball wife.

Scott watches the game. She also turns back to the big  
screen. They sit a moment.

SARA (CONT'D)  
Miles wants to attend a sailing  
camp this summer instead of playing  
little league baseball.

SCOTT  
He said Rick steered him into that.

SARA  
Rick had nothing to do with it.  
Sailing is what his friends like.

SCOTT  
His little, rich friends?

SARA  
It's a two-thousand dollar day camp  
that starts a little over a month  
from now. I came here to tell you  
we don't need your child support  
and offer you the chance to pay for  
the camp, because I know how angry  
you'd be if I didn't. And, you  
heard about it from Miles. But you  
don't have to pay for it Scott.

SCOTT

I don't need Rick Beranger's charity raising my son, Sara. Our agreement was I pay child support until Miles turns eighteen. And, I'll pay for his little rich kid sailing camp, somehow.

Sara tears up, and stands.

SARA

You're an idiot! The Lord isn't finished with you Scott. But your son is still a child who needs his father to swallow his pride and move on with his life.

Scott grabs an onion ring, still watching the big screen.

SCOTT

I said I'd pay for the sailing camp.

Sara walks a few steps away, turns back.

SARA

Who hasn't watched Ted Lasso!?

She storms off. Ray returns, behind the bar.

RAY

A lot of wisdom in that show, Ted Lasso.

SCOTT

Just bring me the bill Ray.

Ray shuffles away, mumbling to himself.

EXT. EVERETT AQUASOX BASEBALL FIELD - DAY

Scott is on a pitchers mound, mimicking Gaylord Perry's pre-pitch routine. He throws a pitch. An excruciating cracking sound of shoulder joints failing, leaves his body. Scott grabs his shoulder and falls the the ground.

- The dreadful scene and sound repeat.

INT. SCOTT'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Scott bolts out of dead sleep on his couch. He leans up, picks up a Rainier bottle, swigs a taste of beer and grimaces. He looks up at the Gaylord Perry poster.

SCOTT

He was down in the count Gaylord. I  
knew I should have laid off and  
thrown a forkball on that pitch.

He looks at the beer bottle, sets it back on the table, looks back up at the poster.

SCOTT (CONT'D)

You don't know where I could find  
two-thousand-dollars laying around  
do you?

EXT. DIVINE'S HONDA - DAY

It's a mid-sized used car lot.

INT. SALES MANAGER'S OFFICE - DAY

DON (55), sits across from Scott examining a proposal.

DON

I don't know Scott. Your estimate  
seems high for a few ants in the  
break room.

SCOTT

Our bait is guarantied. The  
quarterly contract also covers all  
other common pest problems.

A well-dressed SALES WOMAN appears in the office doorway.

SALES WOMAN

Looks like another gorilla quit on  
us today.

DON

What about Jim's kid? Did you call  
him? He wore the suit a few times.

Don looks at Scott, points to a folded gorilla suit in the corner of his office.

DON (CONT'D)

We hire local kids to wear that gorilla suit and stand out on the street with a sign. But no one wants to stick with it.

Scott looks at the gorilla costume.

DAVE V/O

(Echoing)

Maybe you should try guerrilla marketing.

SCOTT

How much do you pay 'em?

DON

That's the thing, we pay the kids forty-five dollars an hour. Get's pretty hot in that thing during summer months. But they usually stand out there for at least a couple hours.

SCOTT

That's nearly a hundred bucks per day. Just to stand out there on the street in that thing holding a sign?

DON

They say people just don't want to work, these days.

SCOTT

(Laughing)

Heck, I'd wear that gorilla costume for five-hundred extra bucks per week.

DON

It's cash on delivery. We get so many different kids in here to wear that thing, we don't even register it on payroll.

Scott leans back in his chair, thinking about it. He stares at the gorilla suit.

SARA (V.O.)

(Echoing)

It's a two-thousand dollar day camp that starts a little over a month from now.

Scott sits back up.

SCOTT  
Could I do it after work?

DON  
We're open until ten p-m.

SCOTT  
I'll be back here around five.

DON  
Then it looks like we have a new  
pest control company to kill those  
ants. And a new gorilla.

EXT. LARGE DOWNTOWN HIGHRISE - DAY

Wide shot of a tall downtown Seattle skyscraper.

INT. BERANGER DEVELOPMENT CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

RICK BERANGER (40), clean-cut, handsome, stylish suit, sits  
with a few colleagues. TOM WARD (38), nice suit, holds a  
laser pointer directed at numbers on a screen.

RICK  
Our downtown tenants need to tell  
their staff to come back and work  
in the office or find other jobs,  
Tom.

TOM  
Look around at our own offices  
here, Rick. A corner window office  
on the 24th floor is not what young  
professionals want anymore. Top  
talent now demands remote work  
options.

RICK  
So, we're still taking a bath  
because of a virus George Soros  
cooked up with his China buddies at  
some lab in Wuhan!? Why can't we  
just sue all these socialist  
bastards?

TOM  
We're foreclosing on many leases  
downtown, but legally, other than  
that?

(MORE)



TOM (CONT'D)

We're looking at sixty to seventy percent occupancy in our downtown high rise properties, max. This is the trend for the foreseeable future. For everyone.

Tom points the laser at other numbers on the screen.

TOM (CONT'D)

Our best option for growth in the next few years is clearing out our strip malls and other properties up North and going full force on single occupancy condos.

RICK

Which will require more investment, and take years to draw profit.

TOM

Many of these mom and pops are already behind on longer term leases. We can draw up a no-mercy policy for late rents, grandfather it into their existing agreements. We always leave ourselves wiggle room in fine print for that type of thing. We can have most of them evicted by the end of next quarter. Housing is so scarce, we can lease or sell most of the condo spaces before we even break ground on them. It's a sound strategy for us.

RICK

I still want to explore more legal options for getting those hippies out of their pajamas and back into our office buildings where they belong.

TOM

Most of the Seattle work force is Millennial now, Rick. All practically our age or younger.

Rick stands and peers out at the Seattle skyline.

RICK

My dad built this company with godless libtards in Seattle kicking and screaming the entire way. I don't care how old they are or what they call themselves these days.

(MORE)

RICK (CONT'D)  
They're still just a bunch of  
hippies who don't want to work.

INT. DIVINE'S HONDA MEN'S ROOM - DAY

Scott stares at himself in the big mirror, dressed in a gorilla suit. The costume is a bit short for him, in the ankles, awkwardly revealing anklet white socks and cheap, black tennis shoes.

SCOTT  
This is officially rock bottom.

A stall opens and a SALES GUY heads toward the sink.

SALES GUY  
Aren't you the bug guy who was  
poking around in the break room  
kitchen earlier today? They usually  
pay local high schoolers or kids  
from Everett Community College to  
wear that stupid thing. How did you  
get duped into it?

Scott doesn't say anything. The sales guy washes his hands.

SALES GUY (CONT'D)  
We've never sold a single car from  
that gimmick. I told management  
just lease one of those giant  
inflatable gorillas for the money  
they waste on such...

The sales guy dries his hands, tosses a paper towel.

SALES GUY (CONT'D)  
Nonsense.

The sales guy adjusts his tie, looking at himself in the mirror. Scott just stands beside him, silently.

SALES GUY (CONT'D)  
Yep, you look ridiculous. I thought  
my job sucked. Maybe you should  
just go kill yourself or something.  
I know I would before I'd be caught  
dead in that stupid gorilla suit.

The sales guy exits, Scott begins frantically fidgeting with the back zipper to take off the gorilla suit. He's got it half unzipped. He catches himself in the mirror and stops.

SCOTT

Two hours of this per day, two-grand in a month. Let's just do this for Miles until I can make a big sale or find another way.

EXT. DIVINE'S HONDA SALES LOT - DAY

Scott is now wearing the mask, in full gorilla suit regalia, carrying a sign. He marches toward the lot entrance at a busy street corner, as sales people on the lot point and laugh at him.

EXT. SEATTLE STREET CORNER - DAY

Scott reaches the dealership entrance and stands there. A few cars pass through the busy intersection and honk. Scott holds up the Divine's Honda sign. A few more cars pass, honking and waving at him.

SCOTT

No one knows who I am out here.

Scott does a full wind up, and tosses the sign down the sidewalk. More cars honk. Scott begins a street performance.

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

DeWitt is on fire.

Cars stop in the intersection, watching his meltdown, honking and cheering.

ANNOUNCER (V.O.) (CONT'D)

The home crowd is with him!

He's the pitcher, the batter, and all positions on a baseball field, utilizing his sign as the ball.

ANNOUNCER (V.O.) (CONT'D)

This is perhaps the greatest performance of Scott DeWitt's young career!

LATER

Scott spots scaffolding leading up to a traffic light. He climbs the rigging, wiggles out, and hangs by both hands from a traffic pole over the intersection.

- Ronny, the delivery driver, passes under him and Scott drops feet first onto the top of the van. Ronny looks up.

RONNY  
What the hell!?

Scott grabs an air vent and surfs on the van, pounding his chest with his free arm. Ronny pulls forward a bit more and slams the breaks. The gorilla slides over the forward slanting window and lands in the street in front of the van.

- The gorilla lays there a moment, then springs to its feet, pounding its chest with both arms. The gorilla, mask askew, looks up into the air and screams.

SCOTT  
I'm a gorilla!

Ronny runs around to the front of the van and yells at Scott, as they both stand in front of a delivery van parked in the roadway.

RONNY  
What the hell man!? I could have  
killed you! I just started this job  
today!

Scott takes off his gorilla mask, comes to his senses. People run to the scene. A cop car blasts a single siren to clear the intersection, pulls around them and parks.

SCOTT  
How long have I been out here!?

A police officer walks toward them.

RONNY  
I swear officer he jumped on top of  
my van somehow. The guy is a  
lunatic!

Scott turns a full 360, surveying aftermath of his mental breakdown, while wearing a gorilla suit.

INT. SALES MANAGER'S OFFICE - DAY

Scott sits in Don's sales office watching Don converse with a cop in the main lobby. Don shakes hands with the officer, turns, enters the office.

SCOTT  
So am I going to jail or what?

Don finds his chair behind the desk.

DON

There was no real property damage. No one is pressing charges. The delivery driver was on some sort of work release program or something so he might lose his job. Authorities will be watching you from now on, so just stay on our frontal property tomorrow.

Scott bolts up in his chair.

SCOTT

Tomorrow!?

DON

I can pay you a bit more Scott, just tame your act down a little.

SCOTT

What are you talking about Don!? I thought they were going to put me in jail or something!

DON

It was just a publicity stunt. No one got hurt. No harm no foul. Just stay on our property, off city property and off public roadways. We'll put something out there for you to climb on if that's such an important part of your, schtick or bit, or act, or what ever you call it. But you're only covered under our insurance if you stay on our property.

SCOTT

You want me to come back and do this again, tomorrow!?

Don leans back in his chair.

DON

We sold eight cars during the two hours you were out there, Scott. A new daily record. Hell that was the funniest goddamn street performance I've ever seen. Red Divine has twenty lots spread across the tri-county area in this Honda dealership group alone.

(MORE)

DON (CONT'D)  
I'll tell you what, if you could  
get a gorilla performer doing what  
you did out there today, at  
everyone of our dealerships?  
(Laughing)  
You could start your own, gorilla  
advertising business. And make a  
hell of a lot of money at it.

Scott stands. He looks around the office, glazed eyes.

SCOTT  
Our pest control tech is scheduled  
here in the morning. Please don't  
tell him about this. In fact, I'd  
appreciate it if you never mention  
this to anyone.

Scott turns to leave Don's office, reaches the door.

DON  
Twenty dealerships. That's a hell  
of a lot of money!

Scott exits into the lobby.

INT. DIVINE'S HONDA SALES LOBBY - DAY

Everyone is staring at Scott as he walks to the glass doors  
of the dealership exit. He stops as he touches the handle to  
open it. He walks back to Don's office. Everyone watches him  
in silence.

INT. SALES MANAGER'S OFFICE - DAY

Don is still seated as Scott re-enters his office.

SCOTT  
Could I get a week to organize the  
business?

Don leans up, scratches his head.

DON  
Every dealership has a little over  
two grand a month to spend on them  
wiggly tube things and extra  
signage and whatnot. If you can get  
a street performer, out in front of  
each lot doing what you did out  
there today? We'll give it a month  
and see what you can do with it.

SCOTT

So we have one month to get results?

DON

We don't spend money on things that don't sell cars, Scott. I only kept that gorilla suit around here to help put a little extra cash in the pockets of local kids. You'll need to provide the street performers. Costumes and all.

SCOTT

And we have one month to drive sales?

DON

One month is all I can promise. But, take a shot at it.

Scott looks over at the gorilla costume, now laying crumpled in the corner of Don's office. He looks up at the ceiling.

SCOTT

What would you do Gaylord?

He nods at Don.

SCOTT (CONT'D)

Throw a spitball. I'll do it.

DON

Then I'll make some phone calls.

INT. MANSION KITCHEN - EVENING

Sara hands a large casserole dish to FATIMA (53), middle-eastern.

SARA

This is one of my favorite recipes, Fatima.

FATIMA

Oh Misses Beranger, it is too much!

SARA

You know I love cooking. Rick and Miles and I could never eat all of this.

Rick enters the kitchen. Fatima sort of bows her head at him, exits the kitchen with her dish.

RICK  
What are you doing in here? I was  
telling you about the Buck for  
Governor Breakfast.

Sara moves to the counter, starts placing items in the large double sink.

SARA  
Fatima's shift is over and I wanted  
to send the leftovers home with  
her.

Rick watches Sara, looks around the messy kitchen.

RICK  
Doesn't look like she is finished  
cleaning, to me.

SARA  
The kitchen is my domain.

RICK  
I know you enjoy preparing our  
meals honey. But why won't you let  
me hire us a cook? They would clean  
up all this mess.

Sara's rinsing kitchen items, Rick walks up and puts his arms around her from behind.

SARA  
You know I get bored out here on  
the island. Working in the kitchen  
keeps me busy, and I like to cook.

RICK  
For us, and the entire  
housekeeper's neighborhood.

SARA  
I'm from a big family where we  
always made extra.

RICK  
We know Fatima is legal but what  
about the rest of her clan you keep  
feeding all the time?

Sara shakes her hands dry, turns, punches Rick's chest.



SARA  
The bible says faith without works  
is dead, Rick.

Rick chuckles, pulls her back into an embrace.

RICK  
My little Mary Magdalene.

She's comfortable in his arms.

RICK (CONT'D)  
Did you speak with Scott?

SARA  
You know Scott.

RICK  
Not really. But I know it's tough  
for local pest control companies.  
The little he pays in child support  
isn't substantial enough to even  
deposit into Miles' college fund.

SARA  
All we can do is pray for him,  
Rick.

They kiss. Rick pulls back a bit and looks at her.

RICK  
That job offer we made Scott in our  
L-A division could change the guy's  
life.

Sara leans back into him, amorously bites at his neck.

SARA  
Can we not talk about Scott, right  
now?

Rick sighs, they continue kissing.

INT. RONNY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

It's a small, low income apartment. Ronny sits with SOPHIE (27), woman of color, exotically attractive, and they look worried. EMMA (4), adorable, plays quietly on the floor. Ronny's cellphone rings.

RONNY  
I don't recognize the number.

SOPHIE

Could be about a job, Ronny. Answer it.

RONNY

Hello... You! I got fired because of you... I don't care I'm not interested... I said I'm not interested!

Ronny clicks his phone.

SOPHIE

Who was it?

RONNY

It was that lunatic who jumped on my delivery van today. He traced me back to Maria through the delivery company and she gave him my number.

SOPHIE

What the hell did he want?

RONNY

He said he wanted to offer me a job.

INT. SCOTT'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Scott places his cellphone on a take-out box. He grabs a bottle of Rainier off the coffee table, leans back in his couch. He looks up at the framed Gaylord Perry poster on his wall.

SCOTT

I accidentally beamed that poor batter with a wild pitch, Gaylord. But at least I feel like I'm on the mound again.

Scott smiles, raises his beer bottle.

SCOTT (CONT'D)

I'm back on the mound!

FADE TO BLACK

Miles of Smiles, Inc.  
Episode #2, "The Eagle Has Landed"

Written by  
Michael Green

Inspired by a True Story

FADE IN

EXT. BUSY RIVERSIDE INTERSECTION - DAY

Traffic is backed up in all directions, as drivers rubberneck and looky-loo something that is happening on a busy street corner.

It's someone wearing an eagle costume, jumping on a trampoline. The eagle gains momentum, sailing higher and higher, losing its balance and control. It bounces one last time and flies up into a pine tree.

The eagle flips headfirst, falling a few limbs. It's large eagle feet finally catch branches and it dangles upside down, flapping its wings.

RONNY  
(Shouting)  
The eagle has landed at Riverside  
Honda!

FADE OUT.

EXT. AERIAL VIEW OF SEATTLE - DAY

A font reads: "Inspired by a true story."

SCOTT (V.O.)  
My name is Scott DeWitt. This is my  
story about a group of misfits in  
Seattle who work for me, at M-S-I.  
Miles of Smiles, Incorporated.

INT. PROFESSIONAL ASSOCIATES RECEPTION AREA - DAY

A font reads: "Professional Associates Home Office - Six  
Months Ago."

Ronny sits in a musty reception area with several well-dressed young professionals. He's sporting a stylish hipster short sleeve shirt with tie, revealing his extremely tatted arms. He has a messy curly short top haircut.

A SECRETARY (60), hears a buzz on her antiquated intercom.

SECRETARY  
Ronald Wilson?

Ronny stands.

RONNY

That's me. But, Ronny.

SECRETARY

Mister Boonwiggles will see you now.

RONNY

Mister, uh Mister Boonwiggles? Is,  
is that a joke or something?

He looks over at the other young professionals. All remain stoic. The secretary motions toward a large oak door.

SECRETARY

Right through there Mister Wilson.

INT. MR. BOONWIGGLE'S OFFICE - DAY

It's a 1970-esque office, complete with brown paneled walls. MR. BOONWIGGLE (68), fat, gray edges bald, cheap-suit, sits behind a large black desk. Ronny enters, looks around.

MR. BOONWIGGLE

Have a seat.

Ronny finds an old wooden folding chair in front of the desk, sits down. Mr. Boonwiggles presents a small clear jar of gummy-looking candies.

MR. BOONWIGGLE (CONT'D)

Jujube?

RONNY

Uh, I'm, I'm sorry, I don't understand.

Mr. Boonwiggles jiggles the candy jar.

MR. BOONWIGGLE

Would you like a Jujube? The green ones are my favorites.

RONNY

Uh, well. No thank you.

Mr. Boonwiggles peers into the candy jar, jiggles it. He slams it down on his desk and pushes an antiquated intercom button.

MR. BOONWIGGLE

Deloris!

SECRETARY O/S

Yes Mister Boonwiggles.

MR. BOONWIGGLE  
I live in fear.

SECRETARY O/S  
And why is that Mister Boonwiggles?

MR. BOONWIGGLE  
I am afraid that while I lay  
sleeping all of my green Jujubes in  
this office, somehow, disappear!

Ronny looks off to the side and rolls his eyes.

SECRETARY O/S  
I'll call that wholesaler and ask  
if they have more Jujubes. But I  
told you they stopped making those.

Mr. Boonwiggles looks at Ronny.

MR. BOONWIGGLE  
My wife is trying to get me to  
switch to Julifruits but they just  
don't have the same texture as the  
older candies.

Ronny adjusts in the uncomfortable chair, as Mr. Boonwiggles finally leans back and peers at him from across the large desk.

MR. BOONWIGGLE (CONT'D)  
Those are tattoos!

Ronny lifts his arms, looks at them.

RONNY  
Uh, yes sir.

MR. BOONWIGGLE  
When you first walked in here I  
thought they were part of your  
shirt. They are very colorful.

RONNY  
Thank you.

MR. BOONWIGGLE  
I can see tattoos sneaking out of  
your shirt, clear up your neck!

RONNY  
I have a few tattoos. I was in a  
successful band here in Seattle,  
and and, got a few tattoos, but...

MR. BOONWIGGLE

How much money did you waist on all of those tattoos?

RONNY

Uh. I don't know an exact amount I spent to get the artwork done, but basically my portion of our band's digital and touring proceeds I suppose.

MR. BOONWIGGLE

How much?!

RONNY

The artwork on my body is worth well over eight-thousand-dollars.

Mr. Boonwiggle sort of gasps.

MR. BOONWIGGLE

Eight-thousand-dollars!

RONNY

But I, I graduated salutatorian from Everett High School and magna cum laude from the University of Washington in applied mathematics.

MR. BOONWIGGLE

Mathematics?! Yet you still spent eight-thousand dollars on tattoos?

RONNY

Tattoos enhanced my image. For our band. Then I had a daughter and it, well, it changed everything.

MR. BOONWIGGLE

Did you take out any student loans?

RONNY

What? You mean for college?

MR. BOONWIGGLE

Yes for college Mister Wilson. Did you receive public assistance?

RONNY

I, I mean, sure. Who doesn't these days.

MR. BOONWIGGLE  
Then I paid for every tattoo on  
your body!

RONNY  
No. No you didn't.

MR. BOONWIGGLE  
We have many outstanding candidates  
for this accounting position, yet  
you come into my office proudly  
displaying all of those tax-payer  
funded tattoos on your body!?

Ronny tilts his head, looks around.

RONNY  
(Nervously chuckles)  
Am, am I being punked or something?

Mr. Boonwiggle holds up the candy jar.

MR. BOONWIGGLE  
Jujube?

Mr. Boonwiggle pushes the intercom button.

MR. BOONWIGGLE (CONT'D)  
Deloris Mister Wilson is leaving,  
please send in the next candidate.

Ronny stands.

RONNY  
Mister Boonwiggle. I have a wife  
and three-year-old daughter. I am a  
very good bass player but an even  
better accountant! I just need a  
job.

Mr. Boonwiggle shakes the candy jar, holds it toward Ronny.

MR. BOONWIGGLE  
Have a Jujube. I'm sorry I ate all  
the green ones. Those are my  
favorites.

Ronny shakes his head.

RONNY  
This is bul... I mean this.



A young woman in a stylish black pantsuit enters the office and stands beside him. Ronny steps back, sizes her up, storms out of the office.

INT. RONNY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Sophie changes Emma's diaper on the living room floor as Ronny paces behind her from tiny living room to small kitchen and back.

SOPHIE

We'll figure something out, Ronny.  
Sheila told me I might be able to  
pick up an extra apartment or two.

RONNY

I'll call Jack. Maybe he can get me  
a gig.

SOPHIE

I'm not going back to that life!  
Emma should be out of diapers by  
now but how are we supposed to  
potty train her riding that stupid  
tour bus and staying in cheap  
hotels?

Sophie finishes the diaper change, Emma jumps up, runs into the only bedroom.

RONNY

Maybe I could find studio work.

SOPHIE

You guys barely made money at  
recording in the first place. You  
know you'd have to tour.

Sophie cleans her hands with a wipe and stands, grabs Ronny's shoulders to stop his pacing.

SOPHIE (CONT'D)

Will you calm down? Things are  
tight. We'll figure it out. Maybe  
you'll find a manual labor job  
until you snag something better.

Sophie leans down to pick up the diaper and materials.

RONNY

There is always Shorty.

SOPHIE

(Emotional)

No Ronny! No! You have a college degree. You are too good to be out running stolen power tools and catalytic converters for that creep! You have a child.

Sophie heads to the kitchen to dispose of the diaper and wash her hands. Ronny remains in the living room, staring down at cheap carpet.

SOPHIE O/S

(Yelling)

Promise me you will stay away from your cousin. Don't even talk to him!

Sophie returns from the kitchen, puts her arms around him.

SOPHIE

You'll get a manual labor job until you find something better. I love you.

Ronny looks at her, down at the floor again. Sophie grabs his chin and directs his eyes back to hers.

SOPHIE (CONT'D)

Look at me. I loved you before you were a rock star. You blessed so many people with your talent. Things are different. But they can still be good, Ronny. We're gonna find a way to pay the bills and raise our daughter together.

EXT. A LARGE JUNKYARD - DAY

Ronny walks with SHORTY (35), burly, gnarly black beard, biker attire, through the twisted metal of a wrecking yard.

SHORTY

I'm glad you finally called me back cuz. I'll get you back on your feet.

RONNY

This is a one-time thing Shorty, we just need money for rent this month.

SHORTY

Man I thought rock stars like you would have it made. You guys killed at that last show you did at the Moore Theater. Man that was jam. That bass line you played on Hurricane River!? Jam, man.

They stop at an old, white van in the back of the lot.

SHORTY (CONT'D)

Well here she is. Just drive her back here empty and collect a grand.

RONNY

What am I delivering?

SHORTY

Just a few cats man. Tweakers bring 'em in here to me. I don't ask no questions. But the stupid bastards take cents on dollars for what I can get for 'em. Only a few things in there you don't wanna know about.

Shorty pulls a crumpled paper out of his biker vest.

SHORTY (CONT'D)

Got the route all planned out for you, cuz. Just go down the addresses on the list.

RONNY

Do I like, go knock on doors or something?

SHORTY

Naw man. Just pull up front. They know the routine. Someone will come out and tell you where to park. Just sit tight until they grab what they ordered and move on. Easy-peasy cuz.

RONNY

Don't ever tell Sophie about this, okay?

SHORTY

Aw man. She hates me anyways.

(Laughing)

(MORE)

SHORTY (CONT'D)  
Especially after I touched her boob  
at the family reunion. Sorry about  
that cuz.

RONNY  
Just give me the list Shorty.

INT. WHITE VAN - DAY

Ronny sits nervously outside a mostly abandoned, rundown strip mall. He's parked in a space closest to the building. He checks his list, looks out at a posted address on an empty storefront.

RONNY  
Nine-nine-two-three-four. This is  
it.

He grabs his cellphone.

RONNY (CONT'D)  
The first few went fine shorty, but  
I'm at a vacant strip mall. I've  
been sitting out here for twenty  
minutes... Okay okay I'll wait.

He hangs up.

RONNY (CONT'D)  
I'm gonna sit here five more  
minutes then I'm taking all of this  
back to Shorty.

Ronny spots a patrol car in his rearview mirror, as it enters the abandoned strip mall parking lot. Ronny hunches down in the driver's seat.

RONNY (CONT'D)  
Damn you, Shorty!

He sees flashing lights in the passenger side exterior mirror.

RONNY (CONT'D)  
Sophie is gonna kill me!

INT. HILTON HOTEL BALLROOM - DAY

A font reads: "Buck for Governor Breakfast - Present Day"

Rick and Sara sit at a round table with six other rich people.

Seventy well-dressed Republicans spread out at tables in the lavish event room, watching a politician speak at the podium.

INT. THE SPEAKER PODIUM - DAY

BUCK (65), quintessential candidate, fires away.

BUCK

And we'll do exactly what Texas does, and what Florida does, and ship every feral beast who crosses our border illegally, back where they came from! I will not allow illegal immigrants to drain resources from God fearing Washington families...

INT. RICK'S TABLE - DAY

The crowd applauds. Sara is hesitant, looks around, finally claps her hands.

BUCK O/S

Or committing unspeakable acts of violence against good, law abiding Washingtonians...

Sara watches as the crowd rises to their feet, in thunderous applause.

BUCK O/S (CONT'D)

We are good Christians and we are taking over! Together we will clean up riffraff, to become a great, conservative state! Just like the great President from whom this state derives its name...

Sara finally stands in applause

BUCK O/S (CONT'D)

His name was George!

ENTIRE CROWD

(All shouting)

Washington!

BUCK O/S

And my name is Buck Mitchell, and I am running for Governor of the great state of Washington!

Fanfare music plays and the smitten crowd claps in beat. Sara misses beats, looking around, but trying to keep up appearances. The music finally ends, the crowd sits down.

RICK  
That's our next Governor!

TRUDY PARKER (54), Karen haircut, turns to Sara, who is seated next to her.

TRUDY PARKER  
I thought Buck's speech was  
wonderful didn't you?

SARA  
Uh, he sure said a lot of things.

Suddenly, Rick stands, puts his hand on Sara's shoulder.

RICK  
My driver is here honey, I'm  
leaving you the Escalade.

Sara quickly reaches back and grabs his hand. She stands, looks at others at their table.

SARA  
Excuse us a moment.

They walk just a few paces away and whisper.

SARA (CONT'D)  
(Whispering)  
Rick I barely know these people,  
these are your business friends.

RICK  
(Whispering)  
I told you I had a meeting right  
after this.

SARA  
(Whispering)  
But I didn't know it was, you know,  
right after this. I mean so soon. I  
don't know any of these people,  
Rick.

RICK  
My driver is waiting, honey. You'll  
be great. These are fine Christian  
Republicans, just like us.

Rick hands her a valet ticket, kisses her, walks away. Sara takes a deep breath, smiles as she reaches the table. She sits down, sips water.

TRUDY PARKER

My husband couldn't even make it this morning. Men are always so busy.

SARA

So true. Rick is always busy.

TRUDY PARKER

Did you like the speech? It's still between Buck Mitchell or Bob Jones in our home. In the primary. But after today? I'm definitely voting Buck. His speech was right on point, don't you think?

Sara nods her head, takes a deep breath.

SARA

Although.

It's like she passed gas in church, the entire table stops talking and stares at her. A WELL-DRESSED OLD GUY (70's), crinkles his forehead.

WELL-DRESSED OLD GUY

The speech was perfect!

SARA

It was a really great speech. I'm just concerned that we balance our rhetoric with the love and compassion of Jesus.

Trudy looks around the table.

TRUDY PARKER

That's what Bob Jones says too.

WELL-DRESSED OLD GUY

Illegals are criminals!

SARA

Oh oh, I agree. I'm just saying that Jesus always offered people a way out of...

WELL-DRESSED OLD GUY

They are criminals! Illegals belong in prison!

SARA  
(Nervously chuckles)  
Where we are supposed to visit  
them, right?

The entire table is silent, glaring at Sara.

SARA (CONT'D)  
Jesus said, I was in prison. And  
you visited me.

They all stare at Sara.

TRUDY PARKER  
Well I think illegals should all  
just go back to the dirty countries  
where they came from.

The table nods in agreement with Trudy. Sara's phone rings in  
her purse.

SARA  
Excuse me, it might be about my  
son.

Sara leans down, pulls out her phone and answers.

INT. A COSTUME SHOP - DAY

Scott holds his cellphone while perusing racks inside a  
large, old costume warehouse.

SCOTT  
Hey Sara, sorry to bug you with a  
phone call.

SARA O/S  
I agree this is much too important  
to text!

SCOTT  
Foul ball on the sarcasm. I'm just  
wondering if you have time to meet  
me at Ray's this afternoon.

SARA O/S  
Oh, no!

SCOTT  
We don't have to meet today. But I  
need to speak with you soon.



SARA O/S  
I'll be there right away!

Scott crinkles his eyebrows and frowns.

SCOTT  
You don't have to come right now.

INT. RICK'S TABLE - DAY

Sara gathers her purse, stands.

SARA  
I'll be there right away!

Sara hangs up and puts her cellphone in her purse.

SARA (CONT'D)  
It's about my son. It was so nice  
to meet you all. I know Rick and I  
will be making a sizable  
contribution to Buck's campaign.

The table lightens, nods in agreement. Sara rushes out an exit. Trudy turns to everyone.

TRUDY PARKER  
They must homeschool.

Everyone nods in agreement.

INT. HOTEL LOBBY - DAY

Sara calls Scott as she walks to the valet area.

SARA  
I'm sorry Scott I think I just  
attended some kind of zombie  
apocalypse or something. You want  
to meet about Miles, right!? Please  
tell me I didn't just lie to those  
people.

She hands a ticket to someone in the valet area, stands there.

SARA (CONT'D)  
I mean of course it's about Miles,  
why else would you want to meet me  
at Rays? I can meet you there  
today.

INT. A COSTUME SHOP - DAY

Scott is looking through a section of gorilla suits, checking price tags.

SCOTT

Yeah that was weird. But it's not about Miles.

SARA O/S

Do you think I should go back and tell them?

SCOTT

You're fine Sara. You didn't know.

SARA O/S

I'm downtown. Let's meet at Ray's around noon.

SCOTT

Perfect. See you there.

Scott hangs up, looks at a price tag.

SCOTT (CONT'D)

What have I gotten myself into?

INT. RAY'S SPORTS & GRILL - DAY

Sara and Scott sit at a table in front of an empty basket of onion rings, drinks down to just ice.

SARA

Sixteen-thousand per month! How can Divine's afford to pay so much money for something so, I don't know. I'm not trying to throw a wet blanket over your idea Scott. But, it all sounds bizarre to me.

SCOTT

Each lot in the dealership group is allowed two-grand per month on those, I don't know what they're called, those wiggly tube things. What are they called?

SARA

Uh, I don't know.

Scott flails his arms and body.

SCOTT

You know those wiggly tube things,  
they have a face and flap around.

SARA

Oh, wiggly tube things. They used  
those at the minor league parks.

SCOTT

Yes! Those things. Don says they'd  
rather spend that budget on us to  
stand out front of their  
dealerships in costumes.

SARA

That's weird, Scott.

SCOTT

I know it sounds weird, but I've  
researched this kind of advertising  
business and we'll eventually do  
like, big special events and other  
promotional specialties also.

Sara grabs her drink and stirs her ice with a straw.

SARA

Events?

SCOTT

Special events. Special parties,  
and big special events.

SARA

Like, the Catalina Wine Mixer?

They chuckle.

SCOTT

You remember that dumb movie.

She sets her drink back on the table.

SARA

Will you need a caterer?

SCOTT

I mean, I suppose. Eventually.

Sara leans back in her chair. She folds her arms and breathes  
for a moment. She leans back in.

SARA

I'm in! But only if I can run the catering division.

SCOTT

What are you talking about?

SARA

I'm in. I'll loan you the money to start your outdoor advertising business. If I can run the catering.

SCOTT

I only need start-up money to buy costumes Sara, we don't have catering yet. And I didn't come here to ask you for money I just thought with Rick's contacts and all. You might know a few leads on investors or something.

SARA

I just said I will invest Scott. You already have a contract for sixteen-thousand-dollars per month? At twenty-different car dealerships? It sounds like a decent investment to me.

SCOTT

I can't ask you to do that, Sara. It's not why I asked you to meet me here.

SARA

Your ex wife married a billionaire Scott, I have forty-thousand-dollars just sitting in my home decor account.

SCOTT

No, no. No Sara.

SARA

You need start-up money. And I am, so bored out on that island. Miles is older and involved in, so many different things now. I was thinking about starting my own catering business anyways. Anything to just, get out of that, big empty house once and awhile.

SCOTT

I can't accept money from you Sara.

SARA

Scott, this is the first life I've seen in your face since you left baseball. I believe this is something God wants me to do for you. And Miles. Your son needs a father full of vitality, with dreams again. But I'm also a partner not just an investor.

SCOTT

Sara, you as my boss? You and me? This won't work. Rick would shit a brick. It won't work.

SARA

Not your boss, a partner. I trust you Scott but you have bounced around sales jobs these last eight-years since your shoulder surgery. I want to be involved. Just find something for me to do until I can move into catering events, like, the Catalina Wine Mixer.

Scott leans back and folds his arms. He breathes in and out, thinking about it.

SARA (CONT'D)

I can remodel one of the entertainment rooms again this year, or I can help you follow a dream. Only dream I've seen you have since baseball.

SCOTT

I can't guarantee anything Sara, or even a time frame for when I could pay you back.

SARA

Just don't tell Miles about the money. You're right, Rick would? I don't want to think about what he would do. I'll just tell Rick that I'm starting a catering business and it involves working with you. I want Miles to know the Scott I used to know. Miles has never even met the real you.

Scott sighs, leans back in.

SCOTT

I am desperate for start-up money.  
Okay then. Let's sell used cars.

EXT. WHITE MOUNTAIN INDUSTRIAL PARK - DAY

Scott is guiding a U-Haul, as it backs toward a warehouse stall. Dave stands beside him. The truck parks. TINO (26), Guatemalan, bright face, exits the truck and walks toward them.

SCOTT

Dave this is Tino.

DAVE

Nice to meet you Tino.

SCOTT

I don't think he speaks much  
English, Dave.

TINO

I speak English. Just not that  
much.

Tino unlatches the back of the U-Haul and lifts the door. The trio stands staring at an assortment of costumes, mostly gorilla suits and other gear, piled inside the twenty-foot truck.

DAVE

I don't care if he understands me  
or not, I will tell you again Scott  
that you have completely lost your  
mind.

Scott and Tino begin unloading costumes and equipment into the warehouse. Dave follows Scott step for step, trying to counsel him.

DAVE (CONT'D)

I can't believe I agreed to even  
rent you warehouse space for this.  
What kind of heroine or  
methamphetamine or, what kind of  
drug are you on, son!?

SCOTT

The drug of dreams Dave, the drug  
of dreams.

DAVE

Can I just speak to you a moment?  
Before you dump your entire pest  
control career down the toilet?

Scott stops, looks at Tino. Points to the back of the  
warehouse.

SCOTT

Can you handle this a minute? Just  
lay the costumes out, back there  
for now. Stack them by outfit, but  
make sure you keep the masks with  
the suits.

Tino nods.

TINO

Okay, boss.

Dave looks at Tino.

DAVE

Don't do anything. In fact, put  
everything back in the truck.

Dave leads Scott toward a door, entering warehouse offices.  
Scott looks back and motions to Tino to keep working.

INT. WAREHOUSE OFFICES - DAY

Dave and Scott enter the office space. Scott scurries around,  
sizing up the offices.

SCOTT

Two offices, a reception area and a  
conference room. This is perfect.

DAVE

Scott, Scott, stop for a minute.  
Just take a few moments to think  
about what you are doing!

SCOTT

I'm sorry for the short notice  
Dave, but I only sold around two  
grand in pest control last month.  
I'm saving you money.

DAVE

It's not about that. This is a  
crazy idea, Scott.

SCOTT

We advertise at twenty car lots,  
they pay us one-hundred-ten bucks  
per day at each, we pay the  
performer seventy, keep forty,  
that's eight-hundred per day,  
sixteen thousand a month.

DAVE

On a verbal commitment, for only  
one month! You're in at least five  
grand per month on this rent. I  
can't imagine what you spent on all  
those, monster suits, out there.  
This is the craziest thing I've  
ever heard of, son.

SCOTT

I'm gonna Gaylord Perry this thing  
Dave. We're down by one run in the  
fifth, and I'm gonna strike out the  
side.

DAVE

I can't promise your job back when  
you're loading all those, things  
out there, back into a U-Haul next  
month. To dump them off on Goodwill  
or somewhere. I don't think even  
Goodwill would want them.

SCOTT

Then I better throw my best stuff.  
We'll find out Monday.

INT. RAY'S SPORTS & GRILL - DAY

Miles is devouring hot wings, drinking soda, at a table with  
Scott. A Mariners away game flashes in the big screen above  
the bar.

MILES

Wow this is great dad! Hot wings  
and onion rings. Did you make a big  
bug sale or something?

SCOTT

Something like that. I started a  
business.



MILES

That's cool dad. All my friend's  
dads on Bainbridge own companies.  
Can I get some more soda?

Scott waves at a waitress,

SCOTT

That's the thing. My business is a  
bit, unusual Miles. So I want you  
to keep an open mind when you find  
out what it is.

Miles pauses, looks at him.

MILES

Are you selling weed? Rick says the  
federal government is going to shut  
down that whole industry, when we  
get a President with the backbone  
to confront all the liberals here  
in Washington.

SCOTT

No Miles, it is not a dispensary.  
I'll just tell you about it later.  
Let's enjoy our wings and watch the  
ballgame this weekend.

Scott sighs and shakes his head.

SCOTT (CONT'D)

Nine-years-old.

EXT. AGENCIA DE EMPLEO Y VIVIENDA DE BAJO COSTE - DAY

It's an old two-story office building in a rundown  
neighborhood.

INT. MARIA'S OFFICE - DAY

Maria sits at her messy desk punching keys on her keyboard,  
as Ronny fidgets in a chair in front of her desk.

MARIA

That delivery job was your best  
hope Ronny, there's no other  
employment in our database for you  
this week. Same as last week.

RONNY

But that wasn't even my fault! That lunatic jumped on top of my van.

MARIA

You got caught transporting stolen goods! It was a miracle we landed that delivery job for you in the first place. It was always a one-strike opportunity for you.

RONNY

This isn't fair, Maria.

MARIA

I told you Scott DeWitt came in here to find you, he seemed like a nice guy.

RONNY

He called me!

MARIA

He said he wanted to apologize, and, offer you a job.

RONNY

He's crazy!

MARIA

He's offering part-time work, at thirty-five an hour. I sent him half my unemployable case load. His warehouse is right up the street if you wanna go check in with him.

Ronny leans back, shakes his head.

RONNY

I used to be a rock star, you know.

MARIA

Didn't we all Ronny. Didn't we all.

EXT. THE WAREHOUSE BACK LOT - DAY

It's a chaotic scene as twenty-five unemployed men and women spill into the lot behind the warehouse. Most are zipping each other into gorilla suits, and a few other costumes.

SCOTT O/S  
(Yelling)  
Tino! I need help over here with  
this trampoline!

Ronny walks past three passenger vans, stands just outside the warehouse, and surveys the commotion. Scott and Tino move past him to load a trampoline into the back of an old pickup.

SCOTT  
Ronny! Can you give us a hand with  
this?

Ronny quickly grabs a portion. They struggle a bit, but the trio gets the medium-sized trampoline up into the bed.

SCOTT (CONT'D)  
I guess just lay that eagle suit in  
the cab, Tino. So it doesn't fly  
out of the back. And fasten down  
that tramp with some bungy cords.

TINO  
Es muy grande. I'll? Sujetar! In  
the back.

Tino motions with his hands.

RONNY  
Hold it. I think he means like,  
secure it in the bed.

TINO  
In the bed. It will be okay.

Scott turns to Ronny.

SCOTT  
I'm so glad you showed up. Tino can  
wear the eagle suit. You'll just  
drive around in the pickup checking  
up on performers in that zone.

RONNY  
I, I can't drive, man!

Tino returns with the eagle costume. He works to secure it under the trampoline.

SCOTT  
Then you can be the eagle and Tino  
will be the courier.

Ronny watches Tino fudge with the big eagle suit.

RONNY

You want me to wear that thing!

SCOTT

Unless you can drive around in the pickup.

RONNY

I told you I can't drive! Not for a few more months. I'd go back to jail. But I'm not wearing that. What is that stupid thing?

SCOTT

It's an eagle suit Ronny. Riverside wanted an eagle.

RONNY

I'm, I'm not wearing a. This is a mistake.

SCOTT

I need an accountant Ronny. Maria said you have a college degree in that sort of thing. But it's our first day and we just need to get this business off the ground here.

RONNY

I'm not wearing a. I'm not wearing an eagle suit!

SCOTT

You need an accounting job and I need an eagle. You'll just have to pinch hit this inning. Follow me.

INT. THE WAREHOUSE - DAY

Scott leads Ronny through the warehouse to the office area entrance. It's like a minor tour through bizarro United Nations as Ronny hears conversations in Spanish, Arabic, and Ukrainian.

INT. WAREHOUSE OFFICES - DAY

They reach the front reception area. Sara sits surrounded by four men, frantically typing names into a laptop computer spreadsheet. Scott leads Ronny to her desk.

SCOTT

She'll just need any form of I-D to get you registered.

Ronny pulls a card out of his wallet, hands it to Sara. She looks at it.

SARA

Scott. This is the same card they all have, from, Agencia de Empleo, or whatever. Don't any of these people have a real I-D or driver's licenses? I've never started a business but don't we need them to fill out W-two's or those I-nine forms and all that stuff?

SCOTT

Everyone is an independent contractor. But it's our first day, Sara. We'll figure it out.

SARA

Okay. I've created a spreadsheet so I'm just recording their names and leaving space to record the days they work, for now.

Sara enters Ronny's name into her spreadsheet, hands his employment agency card back to him.

SCOTT

You're a genius Sara. Let's go Ronny.

They walk back through the office area. Scott stops at an office door.

RONNY

Look man. I need work but this whole thing is just too bizarre for me. I already got in trouble once for doing something shady. I can't do this.

Scott opens a door and points at a desk inside an office.

SCOTT

It's not shady Ronny, it's just our first day of operation. This is your office. We'll talk about your accounting position when you get back to the warehouse tonight.

Ronny walks into the office and brushes his hand on the desk.

RONNY  
This is crazy.

EXT. RIVERSIDE HONDA LOT ENTRANCE - DAY

The entrance is located in a busy intersection. A tree crowds the only patch of grass to rest the trampoline. The tree is trimmed at the base, and nearest branches extend out six feet above ground.

Ronny stands beside the trampoline in an eagle suit.

RONNY  
What the hell do I do now?

TINO  
You climb on. To the bouncer. And jump.

Tino helps Ronny mount the medium-sized trampoline. Ronny stands, mashes his large eagle feet in the bounce mat, gaining his balance and gauging the springs.

TINO (CONT'D)  
Jump.

Tino flaps his arms like a bird.

TINO (CONT'D)  
Flap your wings.

Ronny tries to flap, loses his balance, regains his footing.

RONNY  
It's really bouncy. And I can't see anything!

TINO  
You jump. And flap. I go now.

Tino walks back toward the pickup, parked just inside the lot.

RONNY  
Don't leave me out here! Tino!  
Tino!

Ronny just stands there, trying to gain more balance. A car passes through the intersection and honks. Ronny tries to wave but loses his balance. He finally bounces a bit. More cars honk.

RONNY (CONT'D)  
Jump. And flap my wings, he says.  
Sophie will never believe this.

Another car honks, Ronny begins jumping. He sort of falls, regains balance, and continues jumping. More cars honk.

RONNY (CONT'D)  
This isn't so bad. Nobody knows who I am in this thing. I'll just have fun with it until I can tell Scott to go... Woe this is really bouncy. Sophie will never believe this.

Ronny keeps jumping. Cars honk, people shout out at him. He's gaining momentum, flapping his wings.

INT. MUSIC VENUE - NIGHT

Ronny is onstage, jamming at a show.

EXT. RIVERSIDE HONDA LOT ENTRANCE - DAY

Ronny is jumping and flapping. Cars honk, more people shout at him.

INT. MUSIC VENUE - NIGHT

The audience is cheering for Ronny as he jams onstage.

EXT. RIVERSIDE HONDA LOT ENTRANCE - DAY

Ronny gains momentum jumping higher and higher, as he is lost in the moment. He sails up, losing his balance and control. He bounces one last time and flies up into the pine tree.

LATER

Ronny's large eagle feet lodge between branches, as he hangs upside down, six feet above the ground. A small crowd of people stand underneath Ronny, trying to decide how to help him.

- A NICE GUY jumps up, trying to grab the lowest branch.

NICE GUY  
Did someone call the fire department or something? Can you take off that eagle head?!

RONNY  
It's zippered to the suit!

Other people record the scene on their cellphones. The nice guy points to a branch near Ronny.

NICE GUY  
If everyone can just lift me up to  
that branch.

The small crowd grabs the nice guy's waist, legs and feet, hoisting him to the nearest tree branch. The nice guy gains his balance in the tree.

NICE GUY (CONT'D)  
Okay. I'll dislodge the eagle if  
everyone can stand underneath and  
catch him, so he doesn't break his  
neck or something.

The small crowd moves just under Ronny. The nice guy wiggles the eagle feet, dislodging Ronny, and the crowd catches him in their arms. Ronny stands upright and sort of sways around, dazed. The nice guy jumps down out of the tree.

The small crowd cheers.

INT. WAREHOUSE OFFICES - DAY

Tino and Ronny enter through the back warehouse door, discovering a disaster area. Costumes and other debris are scattered everywhere in the office area. Scott stands arguing with two large men.

SCOTT  
I don't speak Ukrainian but I told  
Maria, and everyone, our first  
payday is on a two week delay!

The men look at each other. A BIG GUY is none too happy.

BIG GUY  
(In Ukrainian, subtitled)  
I want my money right now!

SCOTT  
Speak with Maria.

The big guy grabs a gorilla suit off the floor.



BIG GUY  
 (In Ukrainian, subtitled)  
 Then I will take my costume until  
 you pay me my money!

The other man picks up a gorilla mask and they storm out the front office. Sara enters from the reception area.

SARA  
 Two men just took a costume home.

SCOTT  
 I told Maria our first payday is on a two week delay. We pick up cash on Wednesdays up North, Thursdays South. Then we'll go weekly C-O-D payroll on Fridays.

SARA  
 Those costumes cost two-hundred dollars, each, Scott.

SCOTT  
 I'm not going to fight Ukrainian immigrants over a gorilla suit.

Scott turns to Tino and Ronny.

SCOTT (CONT'D)  
 How'd it go at Riverside Honda?

SARA  
 Riverside. I got some alert on my watchlist about Riverside.

Sara heads back into the reception area.

RONNY  
 I quit dude. I knew you were insane.

TINO  
 He got stuck. In a tree.

Sara returns to the conference room area with her laptop.

SARA  
 You guys! Take a look at this! I get alerts from K-I-N-G because they cover news on Bainbridge Island.

Sara sets her laptop on the conference table. She opens the KING website.

INT. NEWS STUDIO - DAY

ANCHOR ONE and ANCHOR TWO sit at the news desk.

ANCHOR ONE

It was an unusual wildlife rescue  
in the Riverside district of  
Greater Seattle.

ANCHOR TWO

Kind neighbors rescued an eagle,  
stuck in a tree. We received  
exclusive footage on our tip line.

EXT. RIVERSIDE HONDA LOT ENTRANCE - DAY

It's cellphone footage of the small crowd rescuing Ronny from  
a tree.

ANCHOR ONE V/O

But as you can see, this was an  
extremely large eagle. I believe  
we'd call it an eagle mascot,  
Laura.

ANCHOR TWO V/O (CONT'D)

Apparently, the eagle mascot was  
doing some sort of alternative  
advertising stunt for Riverside  
Honda, when it ended up stuck,  
hanging upside down, in a tree.  
Until a group of very nice  
onlookers stopped to help.

INT. NEWS STUDIO - DAY

ANCHOR ONE

This Riverside Honda stunt was for  
the birds, Laura.

ANCHOR TWO

It's too bad Twitter was renamed or  
the eagle could, tweet, about how  
nice those people were for helping  
it out of that tree.

INT. WAREHOUSE OFFICES - DAY

SCOTT

That's genius, Ronny. Great job!

RONNY

What do you mean, great job!?

SCOTT

We got media publicity for a dealership on our first day of operation! That's exactly how this type of business works.

RONNY

I could have broke my neck!

SCOTT

It was a great pinch hit. You crushed a two-run triple.

TINO

The warehouse. Very messy. Like a bomb.

SCOTT

We'll sort it out.

Scott pauses, looks around the office then back at his team.

SCOTT (CONT'D)

Tino, you're a godsend. Ronny, you and I will work on the accounting plan tomorrow. Sara, you're amazing. I'd say we've drafted pennant caliber players, here.

TINO

Okay boss.

SARA

Today was crazy. But the most fun I've had in a long time. I'll let Rick hire us a cook.

They all look at Ronny, everyone is silent. Ronny lowers and shakes his head.

RONNY

Sophie will never believe this.

Ronny bursts out in contagious laughter. They all look around the messy office, and at each other, laughing their asses off.

FADE TO BLACK

Miles of Smiles, Inc.

Episode #3, "Special Sky"

Written by

Michael Green

Inspired by a True Story

FADE IN

EXT. BUSY WOODINVILLE INTERSECTION - DAY

Tino is dressed in a matador suit and montera, striking a proud upright pose. Latin fanfare music plays. He kicks at the ground and unfurls a large red cape with his extended arms. The cape reads: "Charge Into Woodinville Honda!"

INT. LARGE BULL MASCOT COSTUME - DAY

A GRUFF MAN, grimaces in the rear of the costume.

GRUFF MAN  
(In Ukrainian, subtitled)  
You farted on me!

A BIKER DUDE, turns his head toward the guy in the back.

BIKER DUDE  
Sorry brother my mother-in-law  
cooked chili again last night.

EXT. BUSY WOODINVILLE INTERSECTION - DAY

Tino waves his cape at a large, bull mascot, draped in a Woodinville Honda banner. He waves it a few more times. The bull just stands there.

TINO  
Vamos! Go!

The bull sort of convulses, gaining coordination. It awkwardly moves forward, straight at Tino. He dodges it, as it keeps trouncing a few more steps down the sidewalk.

TINO (CONT'D)  
Stop!

It finally stops. There is a loud flatulence sound from the bull. The bull's body begins to spasm in all directions. It explodes with two men wrestling and punching each other on the sidewalk.

TINO (CONT'D)  
No! No!

Tino runs circles around the men as they wrestle, sort of swiping at the scrum, trying to break up the fight.

TINO (CONT'D)  
 (In Spanish, subtitled)  
 This is not that kind of bullfight!

FADE OUT.

EXT. AERIAL VIEW OF SEATTLE - DAY

A font reads: "Inspired by a true story."

SCOTT (V.O.)  
 My name is Scott DeWitt. This is my  
 story about a group of misfits in  
 Seattle who work for me, at M-S-I.  
 Miles of Smiles, Incorporated.

EXT. GUATEMALA CITY SHANTY VILLAGE - DAY

The camera pans a shanty village.

A font reads: "Guatemala City - Three Months Ago"

INT. GUATEMALAN SHANTY - DAY

It's a medium-sized single room flat with bare wooden floors.  
 Eight children, ages two to nineteen, sit weeping with five  
 older adults. Tino stands in the center of the room with his  
 MOTHER (40's), and ABUELA (70's).

ABUELA  
 (In Spanish, subtitled)  
 If you leave us I will die!

TINO  
 (In Spanish, subtitled)  
 I must find work Abuela.

MOTHER  
 (In Spanish, subtitled)  
 He is a good boy with a degree from  
 the University. He is too smart to  
 end up in a gang. God is with you  
 my son, I am praying for you.

Tino looks around the somber room at his family.

TINO  
 (In English)  
 I will send money.

He heads to the door and his entire family rises, following him out of the structure.

EXT. GUATEMALA CITY SHANTY VILLAGE - DAY

Tino exits the shanty and begins his journey down a dirt road. He carries a worn backpack strapped around his shoulders. His family files into the street, watching him walk a lonely path north.

EXT. GUATEMALAN JUNGLE - NIGHT

Tino lies on the jungle floor, using his backpack as a pillow. He hears a jaguar growl. There is a commotion in the bush, and some other animal shrieks. He hears the jaguar dragging its prey through the bushes.

TINO  
(In Spanish, subtitled,  
whispering)  
Uncle's song. Just sing uncle's  
song.

His eyes dart back and forth.

TINO (CONT'D)  
(In English, whispering,  
singing)  
Oh beautiful for special sky.

INT. QUETZALTENANGO INDUSTRIAL WAREHOUSE - DAY

Tino walks with EDGAR (40), pudgy, bushy mustache, through a giant industrial warehouse.

EDGAR  
(In Spanish, subtitled)  
The southern Mexican border is  
tight. This truck will unload at  
Mexico City. That's where you get  
out.

They reach a loading dock area. Thirty other men, women and children crowd the area, waiting to board a semi-trailer.

EDGAR (CONT'D)  
(In Spanish, subtitled)  
Follow everyone to the front of the  
trailer. The crew will pack you  
inside with other goods.

Edgar walks away.

TINO  
(In Spanish, subtitled)  
Wait! I don't understand!

Edgar doesn't answer. Desperate Guatemalans begin boarding the semi-trailer. Tino joins the funnel of people.

INT. THE TRUCK TRAILER - DAY

They all stand inside an empty truck trailer for a few moments, until men shove large shipping containers toward them. They push forward, as more and more containers seal them together as human cargo. An OLD WOMAN cries out.

OLD WOMAN  
(In Spanish, subtitled)  
How will we breathe in here!?

The stowaways crunch shoulder to shoulder, women holding crushed babies, small children lost under torsos of adults. The back semi-trailer door closes, revealing small breathing holes punched in the ceiling. It is their only light.

OLD WOMAN (CONT'D)  
(In Spanish, subtitled)  
God help us!

The truck motor cranks up.

LATER

It's so cramped, Tino is unable to move his arms. Children and adults cry, some just sleep with their heads hanging limp. Tino reacts to the smell as someone else soils himself.

- Tino looks up at tiny points of light, shimmering through air holes in the ceiling.

TINO  
(In English, singing)  
Oh beautiful for special sky.

He moves his head around, stares up at the light. Suddenly, SOMEONE else blurts out.

SOMEONE  
(In English, singing)  
For, anchor, waves and grain.

The old woman, crushed against large cargo boxes, chimes in.



OLD WOMAN  
(In English, singing)  
Above the fruit in Main.

The squished HUMAN CARGO sings together.

HUMAN CARGO  
(In English, singing)  
America America, God shed his grace  
on thee.

EXT. MEXICO CITY TRAIN YARD - DUSK

Tino runs beside a moving train, grabs a metal handle and hoists himself inside a box car.

INT. BOXCAR - DUSK

He wiggles aboard, stands, looks around and gathers his wits. People sit silently along the walls. He finds a place to sit.

More people board as the train travels through Mexico City. People begin to lay down, side by side, as darkness falls inside the boxcar. Tino places his backpack under his head, turns on his side, and closes his eyes to sleep.

LATER

A SULTRY WOMAN cries out.

SULTRY WOMAN  
AW Papi!

Tino opens his eyes and a couple laying next to him are having sex. He quickly turns to his other side. It's an ancient-looking man, bald head, no teeth. The man laughs. Tino flinches from the smell of the man's breath.

- Tino turns on his back, eyes darting back and forth.

TINO  
(In English, singing)  
Oh beautiful for special sky.

LATER

Tino is asleep. He hears shouting. Tino darts up to find people climbing onto scaffolding along the outside of the boxcar. A HONDURAN yells at him.

HONDURAN  
(In Spanish, subtitled)  
Climb to the top!

Tino quickly straps on his backpack, and follows the Honduran up metal scaffolding to the top of the train.

EXT. TOP OF A TRAIN BOX CAR - DAY

The train is travelling very fast. Tino grabs a single metal rib sticking out of the top, and holds on for dear life.

EXT. CIUDAD JUAREZ TRUCK YARD - NIGHT

Tino stands in line to board another truck trailer with other migrants. He looks around to find people rummaging through garbage, trying to find anything to eat.

INT. TRUCK TRAILER - NIGHT

Tino stands crunched again, along with other migrants inside a semi-truck trailer.

TINO  
(In English, singing)  
Oh beautiful for...

A ROUGH MAN shouts out.

ROUGH MAN  
(In Spanish, subtitled)  
Shut up or I will stab you!

EXT. THE TEXAS DESERT - DAY

Tino stands alone, gazing at the vast Chihuahuan Desert. He starts walking.

TINO  
(In English, singing)  
Oh beautiful for special sky.

EXT. A GREEN FIELD OF GRASS - DAY

Tino is walking North, still singing the same line.

EXT. NORTHWEST FOREST - DAY

Tino keeps walking North, still singing the same line.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. MARIA'S OFFICE - DAY

Maria looks through papers. Tino sits in front of her desk.

MARIA

(In Spanish, subtitled)  
You walked all the way to Seattle  
from El Paso?

TINO

(In Spanish, subtitled)  
I got a few rides, but mostly  
walking.

MARIA

(In Spanish, subtitled)  
It was wise to mail your documents  
to your uncle. And you already got  
a driver's license!? Wow. Very  
astute.

TINO

(In Spanish, subtitled)  
My uncle helped me. But there are  
no jobs at his orchard.

MARIA

(In Spanish, subtitled)  
A remote degree from Universidad  
Regional de Guatemala. Mail order,  
but that's something.

TINO

(In Spanish, subtitled)  
I worked very hard in my studies,  
but there are no jobs in Guatemala.

She hands papers back to Tino.

MARIA

(In Spanish, subtitled)  
You will do very well here,  
Sabatino. I'll place you at the top  
of my undocumented list. But all I  
can offer right now is a part-time  
job for an outdoor advertising  
company.

(MORE)

MARIA (CONT'D)

The owner just came in here yesterday. It sounded a little dicey but it's work. His warehouse is just down the street if you're interested.

TINO

(In Spanish, subtitled)

I will take any work you can find.

EXT. LARGE DOWNTOWN HIGHRISE - DAY

Wide shot of a tall downtown Seattle skyscraper.

A font reads: "Beranger Development - Present Day"

INT. BERANGER DEVELOPMENT CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Rick sits with Buck Mitchell and JOHN (mid-50's), other members of Buck's campaign staff. Rick is reviewing documents. Everyone wears expensive suits.

RICK

A million dollar donation Buck but I don't see my main issue listed in your new platform statement yet.

Rick looks up at them.

RICK (CONT'D)

We're demolishing office buildings to create a shortage of office space. But I don't like wasting money on deconstruction just so we can drive up the rents again. We're like a dog chasing its tail here!

JOHN

Your proposal for an internet-usage-tax would be troublesome in the general election.

Buck grabs John's arm, glances at him.

BUCK

I can handle this, John.

Buck leans toward Rick.

BUCK (CONT'D)

This is a liberal state Rick. I like your ideas for penalizing companies who allow their lazy employees to work from home. I think it's pure communism, myself. But we're gonna need less punitive ideas to edge past those Dems and retake the governor's mansion for god.

RICK

We build skyscrapers Buck. I need asses in chairs inside real office buildings.

BUCK

I know you do. So I'll propose zero receipt on companies above fifty employees with full employment inside their offices. Hell, not even a pregnant mother with cancer will be able to work from home, for them to get these receipt breaks.

RICK

And you think that could work?

JOHN

We've crunched the numbers Rick.

RICK

Can you make it, companies over twenty employees?

JOHN

We are going to need some revenue...

BUCK

I told you I've got this John. Twenty employees, it is. But I'm also gonna request some more help from you in the general.

RICK

Of course. What can I do?

BUCK

We need more money. Not just for the campaign, but for measures to tamper down voting by college kids and turnout in the more liberal areas of Seattle.

RICK

How are you going to do that?

BUCK

We're working with the national Republicans and they have some very fine ideas. But it is expensive. And a few things might take some arm twisting in the legislature, and one hell of an army of conservative lawyers.

Rick stands, walks toward the window and stares out at the Seattle skyline.

RICK

Plato didn't believe in full democracy. He knew the masses were too sinful and ignorant to be entrusted with making decisions for the state. God knows he'd be horrified about what the liberals have done to this state.

Rick turns back toward the campaign staff.

RICK (CONT'D)

Add that zero receipt incentive into the platform and I'm on board.

INT. THE WAREHOUSE - DAY

Tino and Ronny work frantically, trying to organize the messy warehouse. Costumes and other equipment is strown everywhere. Scott and Miles load a few boxes into shelves.

SCOTT

Are you sure we can't hire more help with all of this on weekends Ronny?

RONNY

I can barely track our expenses versus income but the margins aren't good right now. People keep stealing our costumes, and the cost to launder these things is killing us. When do we get that bonus from Divine's Honda. We're gonna need it.

Miles is obviously bored and frustrated.

SCOTT  
Just go inside the office Miles,  
I'll be there in a minute.

Miles exits. Scott helps Ronny and Tino move the trampoline into a corner.

SCOTT (CONT'D)  
It's two-hundred dollars for every  
car they sell while our people are  
performing, but we won't know the  
numbers until the end of the month.

RONNY  
And how do you keep track of those  
numbers?

SCOTT  
I wanted to work with you on that.  
Once we get all this stuff  
organized again.

TINO  
(In Spanish, subtitled)  
Everyone disrobes inside the  
warehouse like pigs. The performers  
need to disrobe in the lot and form  
a line to check-in their costumes.  
You allow too much chaos.

SCOTT  
What did he say?

RONNY  
I think he has ideas how to  
organize everything.

Miles opens the office area door and shouts at Scott.

MILES  
Dad it's a mess in here! And I'm  
bored! And hungry! Can we go now!?

SCOTT  
I'll be back.

INT. WAREHOUSE OFFICES - DAY

Scott trounces over costumes and equipment to find Miles,  
sulking in the reception area.

SCOTT

I know this is like a rain delay for you Miles. All new businesses start out crazy like this.

MILES

Rick says this isn't a business. He thinks you lost your mind. Him and mom had a big fight because she is working with you.

SCOTT

I told her Rick wouldn't be happy. But you're at school all day for another month. It gives her a way to get out of the house.

MILES

I don't care if mom works here. But I don't like it here. Do we have to come here every weekend when I visit you?

SCOTT

For awhile longer. Until things settle down. Maybe we can get you some video games, with a big screen T-V. To play while I'm working.

MILES

Where would you put it dad? This place is a mess.

SCOTT

Tomorrow is Monday, Miles. We just gotta get things organized for the week ahead. But I promise we'll figure this out and do something fun, real soon. Okay Gaylord Perry?

MILES

Dad!

SCOTT

I'm sorry I'm sorry. It's mid-inning. Let's go get a burger. I'll ferry you home early and come back here tonight.



EXT. WHITE MOUNTAIN INDUSTRIAL PARK - DAY

Dave drives down the street to reach his office at Kill 'Em Pest Control, housed in the same complex building as Scott's business. Dave notices people walking toward the industrial park.

DAVE

What the?

Dave reaches the park and finds fifty people standing around outside in the parking lot, leaning against buildings, some peeing in bushes. He drives slowly through the crowd, honking his horn. He finally clears his parking space.

- Dave struggles to reach his own office door.

DAVE (CONT'D)

I need to get through here, please!  
Excuse me! I need to get into my  
office! Excuse me!

He finds three men smoking weed outside his office entrance.

DAVE (CONT'D)

You can't do that here! This is a  
business! Get away from here!

INT. KILL 'EM PEST CONTROL RECEPTION AREA - DAY

Dave finally enters his office, flips on the light in the reception area and tosses a bag to the floor. He quickly grabs his cellphone.

INT. SCOTTS APARTMENT - DAY

Scott is asleep on the couch. His cellphone wakes him up. Scott looks groggy-eyed at his phone.

SCOTT

Hey Dave.

DAVE O/S

You need to get your butt down to  
the industrial park right now  
Scott!

SCOTT

Is there a fire!?

DAVE O/S

Damn right there is! I assume the rock concert I encountered coming into my office this morning could only have something to do with you!

SCOTT

I'm sorry Dave, I was there until about three-a-m last night.

DAVE O/S

Well you better get back here in about fifteen minutes or I'm calling the cops, unless one of the other business owners already did!

SCOTT

I'll be right there!

Scott hangs up. He sort of rubs sleep out of his eyes and looks up at his framed photo of Gaylord Perry.

SCOTT (CONT'D)

Sounds like we have a pissed off umpire, Gaylord.

INT. MARIA'S OFFICE - DAY

Scott sits in Maria's office arguing with her.

MARIA

You offer work with no I-nine documentation! I didn't send any migrants there this morning but word spreads quickly within the undocumented community, when people learn about a job like that.

SCOTT

It took us an hour to clear everyone out of the industrial park Maria! Dave is going to evict us, in our first month!

MARIA

I have my own issues with your company Scott! You pay no travel time. The workers dress at your warehouse and sit in those costumes for nearly four hours all-together. Yet you only pay them for two.

SCOTT

I thought we were doing good just to offer transportation back and forth between the dealerships.

MARIA

You're gonna have to pay at least minimum wage for travel time back and forth.

SCOTT

I'll speak with Ronny about it.

MARIA

Another issue. One that troubles me as I learn more about your operations.

Maria leans forward.

MARIA (CONT'D)

Are you even asking people of color if they are comfortable wearing gorilla suits? What if someone is uncomfortable being a, gorilla? I would be!

SCOTT

They're not gor-illas Maria, they're gur-illas. It's guerrilla style of advertising.

MARIA

I see. Do you even know anything about some of the places and events these souls escape, Scott? The term guerrilla is even worse for some of them. You need to offer other options, if they feel uncomfortable in the costumes you provide. In fact, I spoke with Tino this morning. He was okay with it, but he said he is scheduled to be a matador today. Are you trying to be racist!? These workers may be undocumented but they have dignity!

SCOTT

I. Oh god.

Scott shrinks back in his chair.

SCOTT (CONT'D)

I'm sorry Maria I didn't even think about stuff like that. I'm just trying to start an advertising business. I am so sorry if I offended anyone.

Maria lightens.

MARIA

I like you Scott and you are helping a lot of people that many in our society would just throw away. But, you need to exercise at least a minimum degree of cultural sensitivity when you are dealing with people who look different than you.

SCOTT

I'm a six-three beanpole Maria, it's why I didn't have the meat on my bones to continue in baseball. Everyone looks different than me.

MARIA

You look like every other white guy on the planet to me. Just show more respect to other cultures.

SCOTT

I understand. I am so sorry.

MARIA

I've had many of the folks finding work for you on my unemployable list for months. It's nice to see them able to do something to support their families. Even if it is a bit, unusual.

Maria takes a deep breath.

MARIA (CONT'D)

I will get the word out that people need to sign up on a waiting list, to work for your company. What is the name of your company?

SCOTT

We don't really have one yet.

MARIA

Okay then. I'll just call it  
Outdoor Advertising Company, for  
now.

SCOTT

Is there anything else you can do?

MARIA

Yes. We have coded stickers that  
help our undocumented community  
identify what places to avoid  
around Seattle. Business owners  
think they are small patriotic  
stickers, but we use them as tags.  
Have the other business owners  
place them in their windows.

SCOTT

Will that work?

MARIA

Our stickers will keep undocumented  
workers away from that industrial  
park. Except people I send to you.

SCOTT

Thanks, Maria. You're a real  
Gaylord Perry.

MARIA

I don't know what that is, but  
don't ever say that to anyone else,  
ever again.

INT. THE WAREHOUSE - DAY

It's a circus in the warehouse as about fifteen street  
performers scramble to prepare for the afternoon shift. Ronny  
and Tino rush to Scott as he enters the bay door. Scott wades  
straight through the chaos to reach the office.

- Ronny and Tino follow him, in frenzied urgency.

RONNY

One of our transport vans will be  
late again, and five performers  
haven't even shown up yet.

SCOTT

Haven't shown up!? There were  
seventy people outside the park  
this morning!

TINO

(In Spanish, subtitled)  
They've stolen three gorilla suits,  
our dinosaur costume and the large  
clock Father Time uses in Kent.

Scott looks at Ronny.

RONNY

More money.

SCOTT

Figures.

RONNY

Bellevue doesn't like the gorilla  
they want a furry boogieman. It's a  
four-hundred dollar costume.

Scott reaches the office door and they enter.

INT. WAREHOUSE OFFICES - DAY

The office area is a disaster, Scott kicks a path to the  
conference room, sees heavier equipment on the conference  
table.

SCOTT

Let's go into my office.

INT. SCOTT'S OFFICE - DAY

They all crowd into Scott's messy office. Scott shuts the  
door, shoves some stuff around on his desk and sits facing  
them. Ronny looks around.

RONNY

(Whispering)

And when are we going to get a bank  
account Scott? People are starting  
to realize we carry cash around  
here.

Ronny looks around, again.

RONNY (CONT'D)

(Whispering)

This, this is getting, sort of  
dangerous, you know.

TINO  
(In Spanish, subtitled)  
A trampoline spring is broken. The  
zipper on the eagle suit is broken.

Ronny looks at Scott.

RONNY  
More money.

Scott shrugs.

SCOTT  
We'll deal with all of that but I  
need to say something to Tino and  
Ronny I need you to make sure he  
understands me.

RONNY  
I can understand a little Spanish  
Scott, from three months in county,  
but I'm not an interpreter or  
anything.

TINO  
I understand you boss. My speaking?  
Not so much.

Scott addresses Tino.

SCOTT  
I want to apologize for asking you  
to be the matador. We'll have  
someone else do that today and  
you'll be the courier. Woodinville  
suggested a bullfight out there.  
You are the first person I thought  
of, and, and that was wrong. I  
mean, the whole idea is wrong. In  
fact I'll just cancel the bullfight  
and send them a college kid in a  
gorilla suit.

Ronny looks at Tino. Tino gets a big smile on his face.

TINO  
I want to be matador!  
(In Spanish, subtitled)  
I don't want to be a matador  
everyday. I like being the courier  
because I walked so far to reach  
Seattle, and I like driving through  
the city.

Ronny sort of shakes his head.

RONNY

He doesn't like walking and likes  
to drive. Through Seattle.

TINO

But I want to be matador. Just  
today.

Scott thinks about it, sighs.

SCOTT

Okay. Just today. Then I'm telling  
Don we are done with any shticks  
involving. Cultural sensitivity.

Scott looks at Tino.

SCOTT (CONT'D)

What a stroke of luck you arrived  
in Maria's office the day after I  
asked her to send me a utility  
outfielder who can pinch hit.  
You're the hardest working person  
I've ever met, Tino.

Scott looks at Ronny.

SCOTT (CONT'D)

I mean, you too Ronny. I appreciate  
you guys.

Tino begins sobbing. He leans back against Scott's desk and  
cups his hands over his face. Ronny and Scott put their hands  
on his shoulders. Scott and Ronny look at each other.

TINO

(In Spanish, subtitled)

I sent two-weeks pay to my family  
in Guatemala. It will help them, so  
much! I can now get an apartment.  
And maybe a car some day. I am so  
thankful for this job! Thank you  
Jesus, Mother Mary, and the saints.

Tino dries up and looks up at them. Scott looks at Ronny.

RONNY

I think he said he likes his job  
here.

Tino rises and throws his arms around Scott.



SCOTT  
I guess he does.

Tino pulls Ronny into the huddle.

TINO  
I want to be bullfighter. Today!

Scott's cellphone rings, he grabs it off the desk.

SCOTT  
It's Sara. I'll be back out in the  
warehouse in a minute.

Ronny and Tino exit, Scott shuts the door.

INT. SARA'S ESCALADE - DAY

Sara looks panicked, as she sits in Seattle traffic. She's got Scott on her car speaker.

SCOTT O/S  
What's up Sara?

SARA  
Yesterday's cash collection up  
north went great Scott, but I've  
already been to two car lots in  
Tacoma who told me to come back  
after three p-m. I'm not sure I can  
make it to ten dealerships down  
here before five. That's when their  
business offices close. Do we have  
enough cash on hand to cover  
payroll tomorrow?

INT. SCOTT'S OFFICE - DAY

Scott throws stuff out of his chair and takes a seat.

SCOTT  
I doubt it Sara. We're bleeding  
costumes and equipment, here.

INT. SARA'S ESCALADE - DAY

SARA  
Why are we doing it this way Scott?  
All in cash, this is insane!

SCOTT O/S

Well, that's how Don wanted it. At least this month. I think we need to talk, when you get back to the office.

SARA

And that's another thing. I can't be at the daily post-mortem meetings anymore Scott. I do have a family. I thought this would be a daytime thing while Miles was in school.

SCOTT O/S

Miles mentioned you and Rick had some friction. Just bring what cash you collect back to the office and ferry right home. Ronny will figure out payroll tomorrow.

SARA

I, I have a little more money in my food and entertainment account. But I can't invest much more in this thing or Rick's accountant is going to notice my home accounts are dwindling, too quickly. I have to think about my marriage.

INT. SCOTT'S OFFICE - DAY

Scott sinks into his chair.

SCOTT

No, no, Sara. That's not the answer. Just bring us what you can collect today.

SARA O/S

Okay. But we need a bank account!

SCOTT

Yes we do. I'll talk to you later.

Scott installed another framed photo of Gaylord Perry in his office. He looks up at the picture.

SCOTT (CONT'D)

The batter's scouted out our best pitches, Gaylord. I sure hope we don't get pulled mid-inning in this game.

EXT. SPANAWAY HONDA - DAY

A YOUNG MAN wears a gorilla suit beside the roadway, holding a Spanaway Honda sign. It's near a bus stop.

YOUNG MAN  
This is ridiculous!

The gorilla frisbees the sign across the roadway. He takes off his mask, tosses it in some bushes. He walks to the bus stop, finds a bench, and begins undressing from the costume.

INT. SARA'S ESCALADE - DAY

Sara exits a dealership, stops at the sidewalk to navigate traffic. A GORILLA holds up a sign, just a few yards away from the entrance. The gorilla approaches as she waits for traffic to clear.

- He knocks on her window, she opens it a bit.

GORILLA  
I want my money!

SARA  
Payday is on Fridays! Pick up your money at the warehouse tomorrow!

GORILLA  
I know you have my money and I want it now!

SARA  
Oh dear!

She quickly closes the window and pulls out into traffic, barely avoiding an accident.

EXT. BUSY WOODINVILLE INTERSECTION - DAY

Tino is circling two men, still partially connected by a bull costume, brawling on the sidewalk. He screams and pokes at them, trying to break up the melee.

TINO  
(In Spanish, subtitled)  
This is not that kind of bullfight!

The intersection is nearly at a standstill because of looky-loos, but one sedan stops along the curb and a young woman sticks her phone out of the car. Tino notices her recording the incident.

- Tino quickly grabs his cape and holds it up in front of the cellphone camera.

TINO (CONT'D)  
(Singing)  
Oh beautiful for special sky!

The young woman leans out of the car trying to wiggle an angle, so she can continue recording the wrestling match. Tino keeps moving with her, blocking the footage with his cape.

TINO (CONT'D)  
Charge into Woodinville Honda!

Finally, car horns blare behind the sedan and it pulls away.

INT. WAREHOUSE OFFICES - EVENING

Tino enters the empty office area and surveys the mess. He shakes his head.

TINO  
¡Caos!

He hears laughter inside Ronny's office. He hears his own voice.

TINO V/O  
(Singing)  
Oh beautiful for special sky!  
(Pause)  
Charge into Woodinville Honda!

Tino steps over the mess to reach Ronny's doorway.

INT. RONNY'S OFFICE - EVENING

Ronny sits in his chair and Scott stands behind him.

SCOTT  
(Laughing)  
Rewind it again!

Ronny slides a finger across his phone.

EXT. WOODINVILLE HONDA ENTRANCE - DAY

It's cellphone footage of Tino circling two combatants, each half draped in a bull mascot suit, wrestling on the sidewalk.

Tino approaches the lens and holds up a cape, displaying Woodinville Honda information.

TINO  
(Singing)  
Oh beautiful for special sky!  
(Pause)  
Charge into Woodinville Honda!

INT. RONNY'S OFFICE - EVENING

Scott and Ronny look up at Tino, both still laughing.

SCOTT  
Your famous pal. And I haven't  
heard from Don yet but I assume  
Woodinville Honda fired us.

TINO  
Five cars. They sold five.

RONNY  
Sophie sent me this Instagram  
video. You went viral in just a  
couple of hours. I mean, it's  
everywhere. Even on Reddit. There  
was an attempt, to stage a  
bullfight. You're even a meme!  
Special sky!

Scott walks around the desk and pulls out his cellphone.

SCOTT  
Here, I got this app. Just speak  
into the phone and tell us what  
happened out there today.

Scott pushes a button and holds his phone toward Tino.

TINO  
(In Spanish, subtitled)  
The bulls stopped fighting. I put  
on the bull's head and waved the  
cape for two hours, but the other  
men just sat there. They became  
friends. The ride back to Everett  
was friendly. The dealership  
thought it was all staged.

Scott moves to Ronny, they read the translation on his phone.  
Scott speaks into his phone.

SCOTT

And you still sold five cars! By yourself!

Scott moves to show Tino the translation but Tino waves him away.

TINO

No. I will learn speaking English, better.

SCOTT

Well I'm going to speak into this app because I want you to understand every word I have to say.

Scott pushes the app button.

SCOTT (CONT'D)

Ronny tells me that you have been bugging him to let you organize everything around here. Maria says you are some kind of genius or something the way you got your remote degree or whatever. If we don't go completely out of business next week I want to make you our Production and Staging Manager. We're gonna find you office space. You are awesome, Tino. You are special sky!

Scott moves to show Tino the translation, but Tino waves it away.

TINO

No. I understand. I thank you.

SCOTT

Maybe I'm even worse at reading body language than I am speaking Spanish, but you don't seem very happy about it.

TINO

My face. I should not be in video. Not my face.

Scott looks back at Ronny and they shrug at each other.

EXT. SEATTLE'S SPECTACULAR PUGET SOUND - DAY

Sail boats and yachts decorate the pristine waters.

EXT. RICK'S MIDSIZED SAILING YACHT - DAY

Miles looks like a young boat captain, proudly dressed in kakis, a dapper navy blue blazer, and sailing cap. He wears a life preserver, grips rigging at the bow, and soaks up fresh Seattle breeze in his face. Rick appears.

RICK  
(Yelling)  
Let's go enjoy the view in the  
stern gallery.

Rick helps Miles walk to the gallery and they find luxurious seats. They relax together.

MILES  
This is great dad! Rick.

Rick smiles.

RICK  
You know I like it when you call me  
dad. I have practically raised you  
since you were five-years-old.

Miles is comfortable.

RICK (CONT'D)  
I'm sorry your mother doesn't have  
as much time for you these last few  
weeks. But, it's nice for us men to  
get out of the house together once  
and awhile. She's not as fond of  
sailing as we are.

Miles nods in agreement, relaxes.

RICK (CONT'D)  
She is very busy lately.

MILES  
I like the new cook, though. She  
makes me éclairs. Mom never made  
those for me.

RICK  
I agree the new cook is wonderful.

Rick sniffs, nods his head.

RICK (CONT'D)

It does seem odd. The way she's been acting. I mean, she was always waiting for you when you came home from school. Do you miss that?

MILES

She's helping dad, I mean, Scott. With his new business. It's okay.

RICK

That's not a real business Miles, I've told you that. And your mom. We need to pray for her. And pray hard. I'm afraid satan has entangled your mom in some unholy soul-ties with Scott. It's ungodly for her to be working with him.

MILES

I don't know. I think she feels sorry for him. He lives in a tiny apartment. And sells bug stuff. It's kinda sad. She just wants him to have a business so I can be more proud of him. Like I am of you. Dad.

Rick chuckles.

RICK

It's taken me my whole life to build my development corporation Miles. And I build real things. Like all those buildings you see on the skyline over there. We've built half of downtown Seattle.

Miles looks off at the buildings.

MILES

I know. It's so cool!

RICK

Scott's advertising idea is simply a fantasy. Just like his baseball career, I suppose.

MILES

I know. I guess I sort of feel sorry for him too. He is a good dad. I mean. You know, a nice guy.

Rick leans back.



RICK

I don't know where he got the money for a start-up but I give it two-months, tops. Then, I suppose. Scott will have to accept that position we've offered in Los Angeles. Would you be okay with that?

MILES

I could visit Disneyland.

RICK

I can shut Disneyland down for a entire day just so you can ride all the rides, if you wanted to go to Disneyland. But, I don't want you exposed to some of their woke ideas, Miles.

MILES

I like Universal studios. We could go there.

RICK

We'll work out some sort of arrangement so maybe you can see Scott again in Los Angeles. His business here in Seattle will fold in a month or two, and your mom will see how silly this whole thing was.

MILES

None of the people who work for him even speak English.

Rick bolts forward, directly faces Miles.

RICK

Now that's interesting!

FADE TO BLACK

Miles of Smiles, Inc.

Episode #4, "Order in the Court"

Written by

Michael Green

Inspired by a True Story

FADE IN

EXT. A DOWNTOWN SEATTLE FOOTBRIDGE - DAY

Sara struggles with a group of unhoused people on a Seattle footbridge, as they all grab at a wad of cash in her hands.

SARA  
Please! Please! I'll do what I can  
to help each of you!

Sara's hands fly up, and she accidentally tosses the cash, along with flyers, into the air and over the railing. Money and flyers shower into a park below the footbridge.

EXT. DOWNTOWN SEATTLE PARK - DAY

Excited patrons of the park rush underneath the footbridge, gathering fifty and one-hundred dollar bills that rain down into the park from above them.

FADE OUT.

EXT. AERIAL VIEW OF SEATTLE - DAY

A font reads: "Inspired by a true story."

SCOTT (V.O.)  
My name is Scott DeWitt. This is my  
story about a group of misfits in  
Seattle who work for me, at M-S-I.  
Miles of Smiles, Incorporated.

INT. ROCK CHURCH SANCTUARY - DAY

A font reads: "Rock Church Seattle - Four Years Ago."

Sara stands with Rick and young Miles, singing songs in a megachurch filled with thousands of people. Rick and Sara look at each other and smile, return to singing as a band plays onstage.

- It's various shots of Rick and Sara enjoying themselves throughout portions of the church service. Young Miles fidgets throughout each scene.

INT. EXPENSIVE RESTAURANT - DAY

Sara sits with Rick and five-year-old Miles, having lunch in a swanky Seattle restaurant. It overlooks downtown Seattle on one side, and the Puget Sound on the other side.

RICK

How are your scallops?

SARA

Very good. Thank you for bringing us here Rick, but Miles and I are used to Killer Burger after service. This is too much.

Rick looks over at FIVE-YEAR-OLD MILES.

RICK

I had them make that cheeseburger just for you Tiger. I'll bet it's better than Killer Burger, huh Miles?

FIVE YEAR-OLD MILES

It's good. But I like Killer Burger.

SARA

Miles! Tell Rick Thank you!

FIVE YEAR-OLD MILES

Thank you. Can I have another coke?

Rick looks around, surveys the amenities.

RICK

This is one of my favorite buildings. We included not only restaurant space but high end shopping on the top floor.

He points to the downtown skyline.

RICK (CONT'D)

In fact, Tiger. I built most of those buildings you see out there.

FIVE YEAR-OLD MILES

Mommy says downtown is too crowded.

SARA

(Embarrassed)

Miles!

(MORE)

SARA (CONT'D)

Seattle has one of the most lovely skylines in the world Rick. You should be very proud.

RICK

We have developments in Everett. Mostly strip malls and old apartment complexes. I could get you a great deal on a condo down here Sara. I worry about you and Miles still living in such a rough area of Seattle. And, so close to Scott.

SARA

Well. After our divorce, Scott and I talked about moving Miles back to San Diego. But I found a great job up here. Scott struggles...

FIVE YEAR-OLD MILES

Mommy thinks dad is clinically depressed.

RICK

He is an odd sort of guy.

SARA

He was devastated after his shoulder surgery. I mean, he was one of the top major league pitching prospects in the world. He hasn't recovered from, you know, a shattered dream.

RICK

I told you we could find him employment in our L-A division, if he wanted to move back to Southern California.

SARA

I don't think Scott knows what he wants. But, I have thought about moving closer to my job on Mercer Island.

They continue eating for a few beats.

RICK

I'm looking forward to our excursion next weekend. I'm having the yacht serviced this week.

SARA

I've been praying about it Rick.  
What will people think about us  
spending the weekend together on  
your boat? We are told to avoid  
even the appearance of evil.

RICK

It's a yacht, Sara. Not a boat. And  
I do have two staff members on  
board. To chaperone, if you will.  
You'll have your own cabin and  
shower facilities.

SARA

I, I suppose that will work. It is  
Scott's weekend with Miles.

RICK

And all the better. It's not  
outfitted for children right now.  
But you and I will share a lovely  
weekend out on the Sound.

EXT. RICK'S BIG YACHT - NIGHT

Sara and Rick are relaxed in the stern gallery, looking out  
at the stars.

SARA

I can't believe this weather! The  
stars are amazing, Rick. I've had  
such a wonderful time this weekend.

RICK

The moon, and the stars, Sara.  
That's what I'm offering you.

SARA

(Chuckling)

What do you mean by that?

RICK

Just keep watching. The show is  
about to start.

Drones appear in the horizon. Circling above the yacht.

SARA

Drones!? Did you do this!?

RICK

Just keep watching.

The drones form a heart. They sit for a moment, then spell out: "Marry Me."

SARA

Rick, oh my God! Is that for me!?

She jumps up, Rick stands. She leaps into his arms.

RICK

Of course you can quit your job now. So you can attend to the Bainbridge estate.

SARA

And Miles.

RICK

And Miles, of course. I know this is the Lord's will Sara. You and me. I want you to be my wife.

SARA

Oh Rick, yes I will marry you! Of course, I mean, I should pray about it, but yes!

RICK

Maybe, you can stay in my cabin tonight?

SARA

Save it for the honeymoon, Tiger.

EXT. AGENCIA DE EMPLEO Y VIVIENDA DE BAJO COSTE - DAY

It's an old two-story office building in a rundown neighborhood.

A font reads: "Agencia De Empleo Y Vivienda De Baja Coste - Present Day."

INT. AN OLD CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Scott sits with Maria and ATTORNEY RODRIGUEZ (45), LatinX, shirt and tie, in a conference room at Maria's agency. He is examining documents.

ATTORNEY RODRIGUEZ

It's a standard cease and desist injunction Maria, but my pro-bono work is for your agency not other businesses.

Maria looks at Scott, back at Attorney Rodriguez.

MARIA

He's employing undocumented workers  
Carlos that makes it my business!

ATTORNEY RODRIGUEZ

Yes, I can see that. That's why  
someone filed an injunction. In  
District Court, no less.

He pulls other documents out of the stack.

ATTORNEY RODRIGUEZ (CONT'D)

These letters from I-C-E and D-H-S  
announce intent by both departments  
to launch investigations, but the  
injunction request is filed by a  
concerned party to shut down the  
enterprise before all inquiries  
even begin.

SCOTT

I knew Rick hated me but I never  
expected him to do something like  
this.

ATTORNEY RODRIGUEZ

I'll look at your files, but from  
what I gather this is a solid case.  
You could face jailtime. Where are  
your files?

SCOTT

We have no files, we run everything  
strictly C-O-D.

ATTORNEY RODRIGUEZ

Like, all in cash or something?

SCOTT

Yes. That's how Don and I set it  
up.

ATTORNEY RODRIGUEZ

Who is Don?

SCOTT

My contact at the dealership.



ATTORNEY RODRIGUEZ

He may face culpability also. The injunction will most likely freeze your business account, possibly even personal accounts. They will check every record.

SCOTT

We have no bank account. Not even a lease for the warehouse.

ATTORNEY RODRIGUEZ

You have no lease?

SCOTT

Dave thought we'd go out of business in just a few weeks so I paid cash for the first month.

ATTORNEY RODRIGUEZ

You've never signed anything? There is nothing about this enterprise on any piece of paper or, an electronic signature or something they could find, anywhere?

SCOTT

Nothing. We run everything cash only. I didn't even know if Don would extend us past one month, that's why I haven't even opened a business account, yet.

Attorney Rodriguez sorts the papers, looks up at them.

ATTORNEY RODRIGUEZ

You could be in even more trouble than this. Commerce without a license? This is bad Maria, this is very bad.

MARIA

He's helped a lot of people Carlos, I want you to help him.

ATTORNEY RODRIGUEZ

The injunction hearing is Friday in District Court. I've been before that judge and he is by the book tough. I'll be there for the hearing Maria, but, I have nothing to file in response, or or, rebuttal. There is no record of. What is the name of your business?

SCOTT

We don't have one.

MARIA

We just call it Outdoor Advertising.

ATTORNEY RODRIGUEZ

You should call it ghost advertising because, that's what you have right now. A ghost company. This injunction request includes a commerce subpoena for all your records. I don't think they were expecting this.

MARIA

(In Spanish, subtitled)

You will be at the hearing on Friday. You need to make sure my agency is protected. I'll call your mother Carlos.

ATTORNEY RODRIGUEZ

(In Spanish, subtitled)

No need Maria. Judge Baker is going to crap his pants on this one. I wouldn't miss it.

INT. THE WAREHOUSE - DAY

Tino has the warehouse better organized, but it is still very messy. He and Ronny move stuff around, trying to find space for everything.

TINO

We need more. It is too small.

RONNY

Space Tino. We need more space for everything. Where is Scott?

TINO

Scott meets with Maria.

They pile stuff in boxes to shove onto shelves. Ronny fills a box that rests on the trampoline. He lifts the box up, then tosses it on the ground.

RONNY

The trampoline bounce mat is starting to rip. I thought we fixed this thing!

TINO

Uh, springs. Springs yes. The bouncing, not so much.

RONNY

Well we can't afford a new bounce mat right now, the eagle is grounded.

Scott enters the warehouse.

TINO

(In Spanish, subtitled)

The trampoline is broken, and we are missing three more gorilla suits.

RONNY

The rent is due next week Scott and we don't have the cash on hand to pay it. One of our transport vans has a dead battery. I told the driver to buy one and I'll reimburse him, but we've barely got enough cash for that.

TINO

(In Spanish, subtitled)

Almost all of the big umbrellas we give them for when it's raining are missing. They steal all of our umbrellas.

SCOTT

Alright alright, we'll deal with everything like we always do, but I remembered something on my way back here from Maria's office.

Scott motions to Ronny.

SCOTT (CONT'D)

Ronny I need you in the office.  
Tino, you got this?

TINO

I got this boss.

SCOTT

By the way, you're English is really improving. Follow me, Ronny.

INT. THE RECEPTION AREA - DAY

Scott sits at the reception desk, opens Sara's laptop and begins searching files.

SCOTT

Ronny how many copies do we have of that spreadsheet where we keep track of people's work hours?

RONNY

Sara created it, and sent it to me.

SCOTT

How many emails have you guys sent back and forth?

RONNY

Just that one.

Scott finds the file.

SCOTT

Found it.

Scott rolls his eyes up at the ceiling.

SCOTT (CONT'D)

This is a real vaseline ball here Gaylord, but Rick is a vicious heavy hitter.

Scott pushes a button.

SCOTT (CONT'D)

Deleted.

RONNY

We don't have a business email or anything, which I've been bugging you about. What's going on, Scott?

Scott stands.

SCOTT

Is your laptop in your office?

RONNY

Yes. But will you tell me what the hell is going on here?

Scott rushes to Ronny's office, Ronny follows.

SCOTT

Sara's husband is on some rampage because she is working with me. That spreadsheet is the only documentation of anything.

INT. RONNY'S OFFICE - DAY

Scott sits down at Ronny's desk and begins searching files on the laptop.

RONNY

You're acting weird Scott.

SCOTT

Found it. Deleted.

Scott pushes a button, looks up at Ronny.

SCOTT (CONT'D)

We're on the honor system with payroll Friday. Our spreadsheet we use as a timecard somehow got deleted, if they ask me about it in court. Where do you keep all our receipts for the costumes and equipment we purchase?

RONNY

In the top side drawer.

Scott opens it. Pulls out a manilla file filled with receipts.

SCOTT

Very organized Ronny I'm impressed. I'll keep these. Give any new ones to me.

RONNY

Okay you are scaring me now, will you tell me what is going on!?

SCOTT

I'd never do anything to hurt you Ronny. I'm throwing a greaser here and that's all you need to know about it.

RONNY

Oh my god! Scott, I told you I can't do anything shady or illegal! Sophie is gonna kill me!

SCOTT

You didn't do anything Ronny. But if that email Sara sent you somehow got deleted, it wouldn't hurt either.

RONNY

What is going on!?

SCOTT

It's the bottom of the ninth Ronny. It's a tie game and the bases are loaded with no outs. We're facing the top of the order and the entire side owns batting titles.

RONNY

I don't watch baseball Scott what are you talking about!?

SCOTT

I'm talking about prayer Ronny. Religion is Sara's thing, but pitchers pray too. When we're so far down in the count? Pitchers pray too.

INT. BUCK'S LIMOSINE - DAY

Buck and John are seated across from Rick, as they travel in the campaign limo. Rick has his laptop open, examining files.

BUCK

I appreciate you appearing with me today Rick, it will be nice to have Seattle's finest businessman up on that stage with me.

JOHN

This will be our biggest rally yet.

BUCK

So what do you think, Rick? Can you build those prisons? I've already got the outfit to run 'em for us. And many of those homeless compounds will sit on land you own. It's a win win for everyone. But especially, the law abiding citizens in this state.

Rick looks up at Buck and John.

RICK

This is an outstanding proposal Buck, but how will you ever get this through the liberal legislature here in Washington?

BUCK

Hell the homeless problem has gotten so bad here, I'll declare a state emergency and do most of it by executive order. DeSantis showed us how conservative governors oughta run their states. Half the bastards sleeping out there on our streets are here illegally anyways. The other half have outstanding warrants. God-fearing folks in Washington will cheer like the dickens when they see the national guard out there cleaning the riffraff off public property and roadways.

RICK

The liberals have been crying for years for us to build more housing for the homeless population. I think this is a modest proposal.

Buck laughs and turns to John.

BUCK

I'm offering him millions in government revenue and he's quoting Jonathon Swift, over there.

RICK

(Chuckling)

Hardly, Buck. You know I think of the homeless population as a tragedy of the commons. They have no property rights to claim a single patch of ground they sleep on.

JOHN

Tragedy of the commons is exactly the type of jurisprudence angles we'll use to get the homeless population off our streets. Our attorney's are already working on it.

RICK

Codifying a tragedy of the commons claim is bold. But it is just the type of conservative boldness we need in this state right now.

BUCK

And hell, maybe we don't call 'em prisons, per say. Halfway houses or something. We'll think of some appropriate name to appease the dear hearts in our party. But none of these homeless thugs and drug addicts will be released from your buildings until they can prove they have another place to live.

(Laughing)

Then we'll even send them a bill for back rent.

RICK

Good luck collecting that.

BUCK

(Laughing)

We'll work on debtor prisons in the next term. The Lord has big plans for us, Rick.

EXT. EASTGATE HONDA - DAY

Sara exits a dealership. She pulls out a cellphone as she reaches her Escalade outside the showroom office.

INT. WAREHOUSE OFFICES - DAY

Scott stands in a better organized conference room, surrounded by a few performers who argue with each other in different languages. He answers his phone.

SCOTT

This is not a good time Sara!

INT. SARA'S ESCALADE - DAY

She's got Scott on car speaker, transferring cash into a bulging unmarked bank bag. A stack of yellow flyers rest under the bank bag.



- The flyers read: "See Outdoor Performance Art at Divine Honda Greater Tri-county Area." There are crude photos of various costumes and a phone number.

SARA

This is the last week I am doing this! I'm carrying over six grand in cash around in my rig Scott, this isn't safe! Have Ronny do the payroll collections from now on!

INT. WAREHOUSE OFFICES - DAY

Scott looks over into Ronny's office. Ronny sits at his desk, surrounded by four animated people who are all shouting at him.

SCOTT

We'll talk about it when you get back to the office.

INT. SARA'S ESCALADE - DAY

Sara is driving through the dealership lot to an exit. A chicken stands out front, holding a sign.

SARA

And I hate going to West Seattle! I have to find parking downtown and cross that footbridge to get to their business office. Can't they pay us at the dealership?

SCOTT O/S

We'll figure something out. Just don't forget to deliver those flyers. Don said his guy in Kent would have local kids distribute them down there.

She looks down at the flyers in the passenger seat, pulls into traffic.

SARA

Okay. You don't forget to pick up Miles. No one will be at the mansion for him because Fatima took the day off.

SCOTT O/S

He's nine-years-old Sara.

SARA

Scott!

SCOTT O/S

I'll ferry over there now.

SARA

And this is the last day I am doing  
cash collections!

INT. WEST SEATTLE HONDA BUSINESS OFFICE - DAY

A RECEPTIONIST counts cash to her over a counter.

RECEPTIONIST

Twelve-hundred. I'm sorry about all  
the smaller bills but this is the  
last of our petty and signage cash  
for the month. I never liked the  
way they handle this. But I suppose  
it is the last week.

SARA

Why have you heard something!?

RECEPTIONIST

No. But I'm not paying vendors out  
like this moving forward. They're  
going to need to move you into  
accounts payable.

SARA

I'm all for that. Thank you. And I  
have your flyers.

RECEPTIONIST

I don't know anything about flyers.  
I think you've got the wrong  
office.

SARA

Oh dear, it's been a crazy day. I'm  
supposed to drop these off in Kent.

Sara fumbles with a large stack of cash, trying to figure out  
how to carry it.

SARA (CONT'D)

Oh dear I should have brought my  
purse in.

She sort of wraps the cash under the flyers and heads out of  
the office.

EXT. WESTSIDE HONDA BUSINESS OFFICE - DAY

The Westside business office sits next to a Seattle park filled with people. A footbridge over the downtown park area leads to a parking structure. Sara walks to the footbridge.

EXT. SEATTLE FOOTBRIDGE - DAY

Homeless camps rest in patches of grass on either side of the footbridge, and unhoused people lay strewn-out along the bridge. She enters the bridge platform to cross over it.

- A young, UNHOUSED GUY approaches her about midway on the footbridge.

UNHOUSED GUY

Hey do you have any change so me  
and my girlfriend can get something  
to eat?

Sara looks at the young man, disheveled and needing a shower.

BEGIN FLASHBACK:

INT. SEATTLE LAKE PARK - DAY

Sara is wet, holding a towel over her body. Four-Year-old Miles holds her hand. A YOUNG ADULT PASTOR (22), stands ankle-deep in the lake, speaking to a group of early-twenties on the shore who stand with Sara.

YOUNG ADULT PASTOR

Now that you have all been  
baptized, remember Jesus will say,  
I was hungry and you fed me. I was  
a stranger and you took me in. I  
was sick and in prison and you  
visited me. For as you have done to  
the least of these, you have done  
it unto me.

Sara tears up and looks down at young Miles.

END FLASHBACK.

INT. SEATTLE LAKE PARK - DAY

Sara peers at the unhoused man.

SARA

I forgot my purse.

The man's face morphs into the smiling face of Jesus.

SARA (CONT'D)  
But I think I can find a five-dollar-bill.

Sara unfolds the flyers, revealing the wad of cash. She looks at the cash and hands the man a fifty-dollar bill instead.

SARA (CONT'D)  
I'll just replace it from my purse in the rig.

A GRUFF MAN cries out.

GRUFF MAN  
Hey! She's handing out money!

Suddenly, Sara is surrounded by unhoused people who reach toward her. She tries to get away but they all crowd her toward the edge of the bridge. They start grabbing at the cash and there is a struggle.

SARA  
Please! Please! I'll do what I can to help each of you!

EXT. BAINBRIDGE FERRY - DAY

Scott stands with Miles at the rail, peering out at the water.

MILES  
I'm sorry you had to come get me Scott. I told mom I'd be okay by myself at the mansion.

Scott looks down at Miles.

SCOTT  
Scott? We're an old fashioned family Miles. I'm always just Dad to you. It's a big house and your mom worries about you being there all alone.

MILES  
Well do we have to go to that stupid warehouse? I hate it there.

Scott sighs.

SCOTT

You know what? They're gonna shut us down tomorrow anyways. Let's play hooky for a few hours.

EXT. SEATTLE WATERFRONT - DAY

It's scenes of Miles and Scott enjoying the Seattle Waterfront. Music plays as they enjoy the sights.

INT. SEATTLE AQUARIUM - DAY

They stand at a large tank. There are some fish inside the tank grouped in schools, swimming back and forth. Scott and Miles stand silent for a few beats.

SCOTT

Look at that big ol' shark they got in there. I'm surprised they put a shark in there with all those little fish.

MILES

They don't look scared.

SCOTT

No, they sure don't. I wish I felt as good about the shark who's trying to bite me right now.

MILES

They are swimming in schools. Rick says fish swim in schools because there is safety in numbers.

Scott thinks about it a minute. Pulls out his cellphone.

SCOTT

Rick says, huh? Miles you're a little genius.

Scott puts the phone to his ear.

SCOTT (CONT'D)

Maria it's Scott. How many documented people, with valid state ID, can you get to that court hearing tomorrow? I'm gonna fill the courtroom with gorillas.

MARIA O/S

And how much are you paying?

SCOTT

Work with me Maria, I'm trying to save everyone's hide here. It's a desperate curve ball, but Miles just reminded me there is safety in numbers.

MARIA O/S

I'll have as many people as I can, show up at your warehouse in the morning. But you gotta provide transportation.

SCOTT

Thank you Maria, you're a real Rollie Fingers.

MARIA O/S

Don't call me that ever again, either.

Scott hangs up.

SCOTT

You're mom should be at the warehouse shortly Miles, let's head out.

INT. WAREHOUSE OFFICES - DAY

Scott and Miles enter through the front door. Sara sits weeping at the reception desk.

SCOTT

Oh no. What's wrong Sara? Did another performer charge after you again at one of the car lots or something?

SARA

I told you this was a stupid way to run everything.

Ronny appears in the reception area.

RONNY

Check the K-I-N-G website! Sophie sent me another video.

Sara pushes buttons on her laptop to find the KING website.

INT. KING STUDIOS - DAY

Two anchors sit at a news desk.

ANCHOR ONE

It was raining money in waterfront park this afternoon. We received this cellphone footage on our tip line.

EXT. A WATERFRONT PARK - DAY

It's cellphone footage of park-goers, scrambling to collect money that falls a footbridge above.

ANCHOR TWO (V.O.)

Apparently, it was another publicity stunt by that new outdoor advertising company here in Seattle. They also showered about one-thousand flyers on people in the park, from the footbridge above. Along with the cash.

- A full still of the flyer, which includes a phone number appears on the screen.

ANCHOR ONE (V.O.)

(Chuckling)

As you can see, I think this new agency might be in need of a graphic designer.

INT. KING STUDIOS - DAY

ANCHOR TWO

How can they afford a graphic designer Bob? It looks like they'd rather spend all their money to make it rain. Fifty dollar bills!

ANCHOR ONE

A very bold stunt, indeed.

INT. WAREHOUSE OFFICES - DAY

SCOTT

So how much did that little blurb cost us?

SARA  
Twelve-hundred-dollars.

SCOTT  
None of it will matter after  
tomorrow's hearing anyways.

Ronny and Sara glare at Scott.

RONNY  
Will you tell us what is going on?

SCOTT  
I'm taking the fall for all of this  
Ronny. The less you guys know the  
better.

INT. U.S. DISTRICT COURTHOUSE - DAY

The court gallery is filled with Scott's entire cast of mascots including gorillas, a chicken, and a large furry monster character. They crowd around the few pedestrians sitting on bench seats in the audience.

- Scott enters with Attorney Rodriguez, they find seats at the defendants table. Two well-dressed attorneys representing Rick also enter the back door. They look around, then find seats on their side of the isle. A BAILIFF calls out.

BAILIFF  
All rise.

The people in costumes already stand, but everyone else rises.

BAILIFF (CONT'D)  
The United States District Court  
for the Western District of  
Washington is now in session. Judge  
Wendel A. Baker presiding.

JUDGE BAKER (69), short gray hair, appears from his chamber door. He sort of jumps back, aghast, and surveys the bizarro audience.

JUDGE BAKER  
(To himself)  
I could be fishing right now.

Judge Baker carries a small portfolio filled with papers. He reaches the bench and angrily tosses the portfolio on the bench area. He sits, puts on his reading glasses and sifts through papers.



- He looks up, annoyed, and addresses the court.

JUDGE BAKER (CONT'D)  
Well, what are you all waiting for?  
Everyone sit the hell down!

Everyone sits except the costumed performers.

JUDGE BAKER (CONT'D)  
Bailiff how did those, things, even  
get inside of my courtroom?!

BAILIFF  
They were all searched and wanded,  
Your Honor. They are witnesses for  
the defense.

JUDGE BAKER  
Witnesses? For the? This is a  
simple injunction hearing! Oh, this  
just keeps getting better. I want  
everyone of them tossed out of here  
if they don't sit their asses down  
and remain quiet!

The bailiff motions for everyone to sit down. The performers  
all find seats in the audience gallery. Judge Baker surveys  
documents, looks up at the Attorneys.

JUDGE BAKER (CONT'D)  
Both counselors approach the bench!

Attorney Rodriguez looks at Scott. He rises and approaches  
the bench with ATTORNEY STEVENS (45), immaculately groomed  
and dressed. They reach the bench area and stand in front of  
the judge.

JUDGE BAKER (CONT'D)  
Counselor Stevens what the hell  
kind of circus have you brought  
into my courtroom today?!

ATTORNEY STEVENS  
We have ample suspicion this  
enterprise is employing  
undocumented workers, Your Honor.

JUDGE BAKER  
I've read your filing Counselor  
Stevens, yet suspicion does not  
rise to the level of burdening me  
with this, jungle, or whatever the  
hell this is, now does it?!  
(MORE)

JUDGE BAKER (CONT'D)  
I issued your commerce subpoena  
where at least are the bank  
records?

ATTORNEY STEVENS  
We're still searching Your Honor,  
but there could be offshore  
considerations regarding...

JUDGE BAKER  
Offshore?!

Judge Baker looks out at the gallery.

JUDGE BAKER (CONT'D)  
Mister Chicken will you stand  
please.

The chicken moves its head back and forth.

JUDGE BAKER (CONT'D)  
You heard me I asked you to stand  
up!

The chicken stands.

JUDGE BAKER (CONT'D)  
You are not under oath but can  
still perjure yourself in this  
courtroom. Are you funneling  
illegal payments from Mister DeWitt  
to offshore accounts in the Cayman  
Islands sir?

BAILIFF  
(Whispering)  
I think it's a hen Your Honor.

Judge Baker looks annoyingly at the Bailiff, then back at the  
CHICKEN.

JUDGE BAKER  
Answer the damn question!

CHICKEN  
BAAAAK! No judge. BAAAAK!

The audience laughs. Judge Baker finds his gavel and slams it  
on the bench. The courtroom falls silent.

JUDGE BAKER  
Counselor Stevens I want this  
entire circus out of my courtroom!

COUNCIL STEVENS  
But Your Honor. We have...

JUDGE BAKER  
You have diddly-squat to prove your  
allegations. Do you know what  
diddly-squat is, Counselor  
Stevens!?

COUNCIL STEVENS  
We are lacking documentary  
evidence, Your Honor.

JUDGE BAKER  
You are lacking a lot more than  
that with me right now Counselor  
Stevens. There is no law against  
dressing like a gorilla or a.

Judge Baker looks at the bailiff.

JUDGE BAKER (CONT'D)  
What is that furry thing?

BAILIFF  
I think it's supposed to be a  
boogiemán, Your Honor.

JUDGE BAKER  
Well I want it and the entire lot  
out of my courtroom! And I don't  
want to see you in my courtroom  
either Counselor Stevens, until you  
have either passed a federal law  
against dressing like a gorilla or  
chicken, or a furry boogiemán...

ATTORNEY STEVENS  
But Your Honor!

JUDGE BAKER  
Don't interrupt me Counselor! As  
far as you can prove these lunatics  
are simply trying to create some  
viral video like that old show,  
Jackass. My grandson loved that  
show but I couldn't stand it. Do  
not burden my courtroom until you  
can provide documentary or real  
evidence Mister DeWitt is  
conducting illegal business in my  
federal jurisdiction.

(MORE)

JUDGE BAKER (CONT'D)  
Counselor Rodriguez, I fully expect  
that is the reason your client will  
appear inside some courtroom again  
in the near future. Do I make  
myself clear to both of you  
gentlemen?

The Attorneys nod at each other.

ATTORNEY STEVENS  
Yes Your Honor.

ATTORNEY RODRIGUEZ  
Perfectly clear, Your Honor.

JUDGE BAKER  
Injunction denied!

Judge Baker slams the gavel and looks at the bailiff.

JUDGE BAKER (CONT'D)  
Now get all of these, critters, out  
of this courtroom!

The judge motions the bailiff to step closer to the bench.  
Judge Baker leans down.

JUDGE BAKER (CONT'D)  
(Whispering)  
Except that furry creature. Have it  
wait in my chamber so I can get a  
selfie with it, to send to my six-  
year-old great-granddaughter. She  
will love that.

Attorney Rodriguez gathers his briefcase at the defendants  
table, looks at Scott.

ATTORNEY RODRIGUEZ  
That's the toughest, by the book  
district judge on the West Coast.  
If he threw this injunction out of  
court without merit, I doubt I-C-E  
or D-H-S will even bother launching  
investigations. Neither agency has  
the staff to chase butterflies.

Attorney Rodriguez hands a business card to Scott.

ATTORNEY RODRIGUEZ (CONT'D)  
But you need to set up a real  
business Scott, or you will get  
into a lot of trouble.  
(MORE)

ATTORNEY RODRIGUEZ (CONT'D)  
I can help you. But, it wont be pro  
bono. Call me.

Attorney Rodriguez walks away. Scott stands there, examining the business card. He files behind the performers to exit the courtroom.

INT. WAREHOUSE OFFICES - EVENING

Scott sits with Ronny, Sara and Tino at the conference table.

SCOTT  
So that's it. I never intended to  
put any of you in legal danger. I  
am so sorry.

RONNY  
Sophie is going to kill me!

SARA  
I knew someone deleted that  
spreadsheet Scott, so I recovered  
it.

Miles walks into the conference room.

SCOTT  
Hey Miles what are you doing here?

SARA  
Fatima had to leave early so she  
ferried him over and dropped him  
off on her way to up Marysville.  
Miles go into the warehouse right  
now!

MILES  
But mom it's boring in there!

SARA  
Go into the warehouse right now!

SCOTT  
Is that tramp still safe Tino?

Tino looks at Ronny.

RONNY  
The bounce mat is starting to tare  
from transporting it back and forth  
but Miles can sit on it or  
something. It's not going break  
through or anything.

SCOTT

Miles, you can sit on the trampoline. Be careful on it.

TINO

I will go watch him. Keep him safe.

Miles and Tino exit the conference room, head to the warehouse. Sara watches the door close behind them, turns back to Scott.

SARA

You exposed me, all of us, to some sort of undocumented workers conspiracy or fraud! And you lied to me about the contract with the dealerships! I'm the mother of your child, Scott!

SCOTT

I didn't lie about the contract, I just didn't tell you it was for only one month.

SARA

Same thing Scott! And when Rick finds out about the money I gave you!? I knew I should have prayed about this.

RONNY

How many of those fifty gig workers entered in our spreadsheet are undocumented?

SCOTT

Maybe twenty, maybe half.

RONNY

Sophie is going to kill me!

Sara weeps, bows her head.

SARA

Forgive me father for I have sinned!

She looks back up at Scott

SARA (CONT'D)

Rick was absolutely right about you Scott! You should just take that job in L-A, if Rick will still even let you have it after all of this.

(MORE)

SARA (CONT'D)

You need to move back to Southern California. I don't want Miles around you for awhile.

SCOTT

Carlos doesn't think I'll face anymore legal trouble, for the moment. The transport vans will be back soon. Let's get through our last night of payroll...

RONNY

If we can even make our last payroll. It's gonna be brutal.

SCOTT

We'll manage. Let's just get through it tonight, and you two go home. I'll deal with Dave and close up shop on Monday. Neither of you were ever even here.

There is commotion in the warehouse, Scott and Ronny stand, head out to deal with it.

INT. THE WAREHOUSE - EVENING

Scott opens the door to the warehouse and Miles is happily half bouncing on the trampoline.

MILES

I like trampolines dad. It's fun!

SCOTT

That's the first time I've ever seen you smile at this warehouse.

The back bay door opens. Three gorillas, a chicken, and the furry monster all storm inside, arguing in different languages. Another van arrives in the back lot, and more crew enters the warehouse in disarray.

- Sara pokes her head out of the office doorway.

SARA

I'm out of here Scott! Miles come with me!

MILES

But mom!

SCOTT

Tino just send everyone inside when  
they get here.

Scott, Ronny, Sara, and Miles head back into the office area.  
A GORILLA shouts out.

GORILLA

There is a rumor you can't pay all  
of us this week!

No one stops to disrobe and the entire band of misfits  
follows Scott inside the office to the conference room area.

TINO

But this is not! Proceeed-u-are.  
This is not procedure!

Tino follows everyone to the conference room.

INT. WAREHOUSE CONFERENCE ROOM - EVENING

Scott finds himself crunched inside a small conference room  
surrounded by twenty street performers, each in various  
states of undress from their costumes.

Everyone shouts at Scott and one another, cross arguing in  
Spanish, Arabic, Ukrainian and English.

SCOTT

Folks! Everyone please calm down!

A gorilla shoves the furry boogiemonster, several fights  
nearly break out within the crowded group.

- Scott's cellphone rings, he looks at it. He crawls up,  
stands on the conference room table, and holds his cellphone  
up in the air.

SCOTT (CONT'D)

Everyone shut up! It's Don!

The room falls silent. Scott puts the phone to his ear.

SCOTT (CONT'D)

Hey Don. How'd we do this month?

INT. DON'S SALES OFFICE - EVENING

Don sits at his desk. He looks at a computer screen, cross-  
checks a few numbers on some papers.



DON

Well, the numbers during the two-hours you all were out there didn't blaze glory down from heaven or nothing Scott, maybe one or two cars across dealerships per day.

INT. WAREHOUSE CONFERENCE ROOM - EVENING

SCOTT

Two cars per day, two-hundred dollar bonus on each car. That's?

Scott looks down at Ronny. Ronny rolls his eyes in his head, quickly crunching numbers.

RONNY

Eight thousand dollars.

There is a collective sigh of disappointment in the room.

INT. DON'S SALES OFFICE - EVENING

DON

But what I really wanted to talk about was the viral stunts you all created. Hell that special sky thing is worldwide, with Woodinville Honda plastered all over it. We started tracking those numbers, linked to the viral internet ads and whatnot.

SCOTT O/S

And!?

DON

Our foot traffic is up thirty-eight percent this month, sales up twenty-two percent across the board.

SCOTT O/S

So what does that mean?

DON

Hell Scott I have a bonus check sitting here for two-hundred-fifty thousand-dollars. I just don't know what to call your company.

INT. WAREHOUSE CONFERENCE ROOM - EVENING

Scott drops his cellphone to his side, looks up in the air and yells.

SCOTT

Thank you Gaylord Perry!

Scott looks down and spots Miles fiddling with the chicken's tail. Miles laughs, and has a big smile on his face. Scott speaks into his cellphone.

SCOTT (CONT'D)

Miles of smiles.

DON O/S

Come again?

SCOTT

The name of our company is Miles of Smiles. Incorporated. Thanks, Don.

INT. DON'S SALES OFFICE - EVENING

DON

Well that's not all Scott, we want a six-month deal with you all. Expanding into our other auto dealer groups in Portland and Idaho. We don't care as much about the chickens and gorillas out front, we just want more of that viral stuff you all do. Hell that's why I hired you in the first place.

INT. WAREHOUSE CONFERENCE ROOM - EVENING

Scott surveys the room, finding people from around the world, dressed in costumes.

SCOTT

We can do that, Don.

INT. DON'S SALES OFFICE - EVENING

DON

We spend over a million dollars per year on radio and television alone. If you've got some division for that sort of thing, we'd entertain a proposal from you on that also.

(MORE)

DON (CONT'D)  
Can you be here Monday to pick up  
your bonus and talk about it?

INT. WAREHOUSE CONFERENCE ROOM - EVENING

Scott looks down at Sara. She has her eyes closed, praying.

SCOTT  
I'll be there Don.

Scott hangs up, surveys the entire group of misfits.

SCOTT (CONT'D)  
We won the pennant. And I'd like to  
officially welcome you all to Miles  
of Smiles, Incorporated.

Everyone cheers.

FADE TO BLACK

Miles of Smiles, Inc.  
Episode #5, "Unique Charm"

Written by  
Michael Green

Inspired by a True Story

FADE IN

INT. SEATTLE'S NEUMOS MUSIC VENUE - NIGHT

A spiderman-looking acrobat hangs from wires, above a packed audience, hugging a cooler. Wires jerk, and the character tries to maintain its grip on a thirty-gallon tank of sports drink.

INT. BACKSTAGE AREA - NIGHT

Tino watches the catastrophe from just backstage.

TINO

Oh no!

INT. SEATTLE'S NEUMOS MUSIC VENUE - NIGHT

The wires propel the performer just over a Seattle band, awaiting to perform a show. The acrobat loses control of the cooler, showering the band with sports drink from above, completely drenching every member.

FADE OUT.

EXT. AERIAL VIEW OF SEATTLE - DAY

A font reads: "Inspired by a true story."

SCOTT (V.O.)

My name is Scott DeWitt. This is my story about a group of misfits in Seattle who work for me, at M-S-I. Miles of Smiles, Incorporated.

INT. NCAA GYMNASTICS ARENA - DAY

A font reads: "NCAA Men's Gymnastics Championships - One Year Ago"

A SPORTS ANCHOR sits with an ANALYST, just behind an empty pommel horse. Sailor enters the scene and stands there. The duo are still visible, describing the action.

## SPORTS ANCHOR

This is the last event for Sailor Beal, the eighteen-year-old Freshman sensation from Tallahassee.

## ANALYST

Sailor has a real shot at qualifying for the individuals, in just his very first N-C-A-A's. This young man has a bright future in this sport Hal.

Sailor mounts the pommel horse, appearing in full mastery of his routine.

## SPORTS ANCHOR (CONT'D)

He makes it look so easy, doesn't he?

## ANALYST (CONT'D)

This event seems tailored for Sailor, can I say that? He is showing us a perfect combination of sheer strength and balance. His athleticism on display here is outstanding.

Sailor's hand slips from a handle, he dismounts.

## SPORTS ANCHOR (CONT'D)

Oh no! There's a slip with a dismount!

## ANALYST (CONT'D)

That will cost him.

Sailor mounts the pommel horse again, continues his routine.

## ANALYST (CONT'D)

But Sailor Beal will be back. It wouldn't surprise me to see him win overalls at the N-C-A-A men's championships, next year.

## INT. COACHES OFFICE - DAY

SAILOR (18), dark hair, soft-features, handsome, sits at a desk with COACH MIRES. The coach is arguing with Sailor.

A banner above the coach reads: "Alabama Southern."

## COACH MIRES

You can't let that one slip at the N-C-A-A's throw you into some kind of, psychotic frenzy Sailor. You're not thinking straight!

## SAILOR

I've felt this way since I was eleven-years-old. My parents never supported, who I really am. I'm eighteen now coach and this is something I have to do.

COACH MIRES

You're on track to possibly make the men's olympic team Sailor! And you want to throw it all away to chase some fad!? Just because that's what all the woke kids are doing these days? You have a lot at stake here. So does our entire program!

SAILOR

Who I really am inside is not some fad coach! It's my true identity as a human being. I'll just make a switch to the women's team. There are N-C-A-A guidelines in place now.

COACH MIRES

Not here in Alabama they aint. No uppity committee in Connecticut is gonna tell me how to run my program! If you go through with this we're done with you. I'll pull your scholarship.

SAILOR

Then it looks like I'll transfer and start over. As the real Sailor Beal.

INT. WOMEN'S LOCKER ROOM - DAY

The wall paint reads: "Texas Freeman University."

Sailor is alone in the locker room, dressing into women's leotards. Her hair is longer and her features appear even softer.

- DARCY (20), blonde, attractive, athletic, arrives and unloads gear into a locker. She looks over at Sailor.

DARCY

Wow, no one arrives at the gym before me. You must be really excited about team tryouts today. There is only one scholarship still available and my friend Melissa has a lock on it. But, maybe you'll make the bench.

Darcy begins undressing, carefully placing clothes in a locker.

SAILOR  
I'll do my best.

DARCY  
I'm Darcy. Team Captain. I'm a  
Senior here.

SAILOR  
I'm Sailor, technically I'm still a  
true Freshman.

Darcy pauses.

DARCY  
Sailor.

Darcy glairs contemptuously at Sailor.

DARCY (CONT'D)  
Are you that freak? Sailor Beal?!  
Transfer from Alabama Southern?

SAILOR  
I'm from Alabama, but I'm no freak.

Darcy makes a gag noise, grabs clothes back out of her locker  
and hurriedly begins dressing again.

DARCY  
Oh my gawd! You almost saw me  
naked!

Darcy grabs her gear and runs out of the locker room.

DARCY (CONT'D)  
(Yelling)  
Y'all stay out of the locker room!

INT. TEXAS FREEMAN UNIVERSITY GYM - DAY

A group of twenty-five young female gymnasts stand on one  
side of the gym. Sailor stands alone on the other side. COACH  
KAREN blows a whistle.

COACH KAREN  
Make one line and start with  
tumbling drills on the big mat!

Sailor walks toward the end of the line, Coach Karen  
intercepts her.



COACH KAREN (CONT'D)

Oh uh. You won't be participating.  
You need to just go own back under,  
whatever woken up rock you crawled  
out from under.

SAILOR

There are N-C-A-A guidelines in  
place, protecting me from such  
discrimination!

COACH KAREN

Not here there aint. Go on now, and  
get out of here! Move out to  
California or up there to Seattle,  
where they celebrate your kind.

SAILOR

My kind?

COACH KAREN

I said it. Stay out of my gym. And  
especially the women's locker room!

EXT. WHITE MOUNTAIN INDUSTRIAL PARK - DAY

A font reads: "White Mountain Industrial Park - Present Day."

Dave stands with Scott outside a triple roll-up door  
warehouse complex in the industrial park.

DAVE

This is the largest warehouse  
complex we have Scott, but are you  
sure about this?

SCOTT

I'm sure Dave.

Dave sighs, shakes his head.

DAVE

Okay. I'll show it to you.

Dave punches a key pad, pushes a button near one of the bay  
doors. The large middle bay door unfurls to a large  
industrial warehouse area. They enter the vast empty space.

DAVE (CONT'D)

You could back up semi-trucks into  
this building. That's what it is  
designed for.

(MORE)

DAVE (CONT'D)

There are six offices, and two large conference rooms attached up front. You've already moved into that warehouse space next to where you are now. Why do you need so much space Scott? This building was built for multi-million dollar manufacturing operations.

SCOTT

I told you we are incorporated now Dave. We are doing internet ads. Video walls. We already have our first real special event scheduled this week. Sara needs room for her catering operation. Ronny needs more office support. Construction and staging space for Tino...

DAVE

This is way too much for all of that Scott!

Scott walks around pointing at sections of the vast empty warehouse.

SCOTT

We'll set up a bank of cubicles over there for support staff. Divide that section over there for video. Events over there...

DAVE

Scott, Scott! Stop for a minute! You're looking at nearly fifty to sixty thousand dollars per month with all of this! How are you gonna pay such high rents with a bunch of silly costume things!?

SCOTT

We've expanded outdoor advertising to seventy dealerships around Seattle. And strip malls now. The street performance contracts will pay the rents alone. I want that chaos to operate in the two warehouse spaces where they are, and expand our new advertising operations here.

DAVE

You got lucky to start all that nonsense during summer months.

(MORE)

DAVE (CONT'D)

What are they gonna do out there on the streets when it's pouring rain here in Seattle for nine months out of the year!?

SCOTT

We've done umbrellas. And tarps. We're figuring it out.

DAVE

Figuring it out. Great business plan, Scott.

Dave scratches his beard, sighs again.

DAVE (CONT'D)

This complex has been empty for months now. I'll give you a three month lease to start. You'll be broke by then and I can get a real industrial tenant in here.

SCOTT

The ballgame is just getting started Dave. This is only the top of the second inning!

EXT. RONNY'S HOUSE - DAY

Ronny and Sophie move items from a U-Haul with Tino.

INT. RONNY'S HOUSE - DAY

They enter the house and set boxes on the floor.

TINO

This is nice house. Very nice.

Emma runs by them and begins exploring the house.

SOPHIE

Are you sure we can afford this Ronny? I'm glad you found an accounting job but it all seems so, weird, you know, that you guys make any money at it.

RONNY

I didn't ever think it would work. Yet, thanks to special sky here, we've expanded into internet ads.

(MORE)

RONNY (CONT'D)

We host a big special event tomorrow, where I actually get to play music again. The margins are still slim right now, but Scott brought us this far.

Emma runs up to them.

EMMA

I found my room! I like it Daddy!

SOPHIE

I just hope we're not moving her back into that cramped apartment in a few months.

RONNY

So do I. Let's get the U-Haul unloaded then Tino and I need to get back to the office.

EXT. VIVIAN GARCIA CAMPAIGN EVENT - DAY

A large tent rests over a catered luncheon. Ronny sits playing an acoustic guitar on a stage platform, entertaining the audience of about thirty guests.

A large banner above the stage reads: "¡Viva! For Governor!"

EXT. CATERING TRUCK AREA - DAY

People stand in line at the truck. Sara is busy inside a rented food truck, as she and another chef distribute plates of food out the window. Scott approaches the window with Maria.

SCOTT

How's it going Sara?

SARA

We need to rent a bigger truck for events this size Scott! We can barely keep up! And we should really have wait staff for this!

SCOTT

But are you enjoying it?

SARA

I love it! Thanks Scott!

Scott turns to Maria.

SCOTT

I think your gal is about to speak  
let's find our seats.

MARIA

My gal? You still have a lot of  
micro aggressive language to work  
on Scott.

SCOTT

You know what I mean.

EXT. TENT AREA - DAY

They walk through the tent area.

SCOTT

We are using other employment  
agencies now Maria but I'll give  
your clients first dibs.

MARIA

All that employment for  
undocumented workers wiped out in a  
day. I have so many people on my  
caseload who need assistance. And  
jobs. They need jobs. I hope you  
can find a way to keep helping  
them.

They find their seats at a table nearest the stage.

EXT. THE TABLES - DAY

They adjust their wooden folding chairs and sit down at their  
table.

SCOTT

We'll meet with Carlos and find a  
way to help your undocumented case  
load, where we can. Rick is a  
hostile umpire and we don't want to  
end up back in court again. Carlos  
charged us full attorney fees to  
set up our incorporation and  
paperwork for the business. But, M-  
S-I is legal now.

MARIA

Carlos better think of something.  
I'll call his mother.

(MORE)

MARIA (CONT'D)

At least you are sponsoring Tino  
for his work visa.

SCOTT

Tino is a genius. He built us a gig  
worker app where the performers  
fill our schedules with a push of a  
button.

MARIA

Are you paying him his true worth?

SCOTT

He just bought his own car. He said  
his family is now moving into a  
better neighborhood and one of his  
siblings is enrolled in college.  
Like a real University.

MARIA

Tino is very special. You better  
treat him right or you'll be in  
court fighting me.

Ronny finishes a song. Maria turns to Scott.

MARIA (CONT'D)

He's really good!

SCOTT

I told you.

EXT. THE STAGE - DAY

Ronny stands with his guitar, the crowd applauds. He leans  
back down into the mic.

RONNY

Thank you.

The crowd continues to applaud for Ronny as he exits the  
stage. VIVIAN GARCIA (47), attractive, LatinX, quietly walks  
up onstage and grabs the microphone.

EXT. THE TABLES - DAY

The CROWD stands, claps in rhythm and starts chanting.

CROWD

Viva! Viva! Viva!

VIVIAN O/S  
(In Spanish, subtitled)  
Thank you, my dear friends and  
supporters. This is a great day for  
the state of Washington!

The crowd applauds, cheering.

VIVIAN O/S (CONT'D)  
(In English)  
You may be seated.

Everyone finds their seats. Maria looks at Scott.

MARIA  
This is my candidate. You better  
vote for her!

SCOTT  
I haven't voted in...

Maria crinkles her eyebrows at Scott.

SCOTT (CONT'D)  
I'll register to vote.

EXT. THE STAGE - DAY

VIVIAN  
I know I am late to the campaign,  
with the primary only six weeks  
away. But I feel I have done as  
much as I can in the legislature  
for the less fortunate, the  
marginalized, and those either  
forgotten or left behind by our  
society.

INT. CATERING TRUCK - DAY

Sara is finished distributing food. She looks over at the  
other chef who is gathering empty pots.

SARA  
Take a break George. We'll clean up  
after the main event. This sounds  
interesting.

Sara leans forward in the window to listen.

EXT. THE STAGE - DAY

VIVIAN

We fought for years to allow  
undocumented workers to obtain  
driver's licenses in Washington. We  
will fight for state work permits  
that provide full work visa  
protection from deportation!

The crowd applauds.

VIVIAN (CONT'D)

We will continue to protect a  
woman's right to choose in  
Washington, and remain a safe haven  
for all women to exercise their  
right to choose, no matter where  
they live in America!

The crowd applauds.

VIVIAN (CONT'D)

We will broaden protections for our  
L-G-B-T-Q plus communities,  
especially those who make gender  
choices not assigned to them at  
birth!

The crowd applauds.

EXT. CATERING TRUCK - DAY

Sara's head is poking out of the window.

SARA

Oh dear. Rick is not going to like  
this.

Sara turns back inside the truck, begins cleaning.

INT. PARKING GARAGE - DAY

Rick rides in the back seat of a Lincoln Town Car. The driver  
is exiting a parking structure. The driver waits behind other  
cars to hand a ticket to the parking attendant.

Rick is looking at papers but looks up to notice the  
attendant, dodging in and out of the parking booth.

RICK

Is that a woman?



The DRIVER sort of looks back at him.

DRIVER

Looks like a very tall woman,  
mister Beranger.

They pull closer. Rick rolls down his window. He leans sideways watching the very tall, lanky woman collecting parking garage tickets, then opening the gate.

Rick clicks his window back up, pushes a button on his cellphone.

RICK

This drag thing is getting  
ridiculous John. I'm seeing drag  
queens everywhere out in public  
now... I don't care what they call  
themselves John, put it on the  
agenda for my next meeting with  
Buck.

He hangs up, dials another number.

RICK (CONT'D)

Tom it's Rick. Who hires support  
staff for our building at Capital  
Hill?

INT. M-S-I HEADQUARTERS - DAY

Scott leads Ronny and Tino through the enormous office area of the new headquarters.

RONNY

This will shave our margins paper  
thin, Scott. Are you sure we need  
all this right now? We only cleared  
about seven-hundred-dollars on that  
campaign event yesterday.

SCOTT

It was a favor for Maria. We'll  
charge more for events like that.

Tino checks his cellphone.

TINO

The sports drink company. They  
accepted. Our proposal.

SCOTT

See, that's nearly seven-grand.

RONNY

We still have to hire a construction crew to build scaffolding and install a wire system at the venue. In just a few days. There are so many costs involved, right down to purchasing a new spiderman costume.

SCOTT

We can't say or use spiderman. It's copyrighted.

RONNY

My point is how quickly seven-grand dwindles down to seven hundred dollars on our margins.

TINO

And. A. Acrobat! It is not safe. For our crew. No one has. Experience. At flying.

SCOTT

Your English is coming along, Tino. I'll find us a designated hitter.

EXT. THE BERANGER MANSION - NIGHT

It's a wide-shot of a well-lit Bainbridge Island mansion.

INT. DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Sara sits with Rick and Miles, eating dinner.

RICK

How is sailing camp, Miles?

MILES

It's fun! Today we learned about hoisting sails!

RICK

I attended that camp when I was your age Tiger. You'll be ready to captain Matilda in no time.

MILES

The small one?

RICK

Of course we'll start you out in Matilda. Our bigger yachts would be too much vessel for you at first. But, I see no reason you can't take Matilda out with a few of your friends.

Sara glares at Rick.

SARA

Rick?!

She looks at Miles.

SARA (CONT'D)

Rick and I will talk about it.

RICK

He's almost ten. I captained my first vessel at his age. We'll make sure he has friends aboard. Who are more experienced at sailing than him.

SARA

I said, we will talk about it.

Rick returns to his meal, looks up.

RICK

Miles does need something to do while his mother is out galivanting with her ex husband.

Sara pauses, continues eating.

SARA

I have my own catering division now so I barely see Scott. I work with Ronny, mostly.

RICK

The tattooed musician. The entire enterprise just all seems so, ungodly, to me.

SARA

How am I supposed to witness for the Lord Rick, if I'm stuck here in this mansion, out on this island, all the time?

Miles grows uncomfortable.

MILES

Are you guys going to fight again?  
You never used to fight.

SARA

We're simply having a discussion  
Miles, but you are right. The Lord  
doesn't want us to fight.

The family continues eating.

RICK

The bible also says wives should  
submit to their husbands.

SARA

I do everything you ask, Rick. You  
wanted a cook we got a cook.

MILES

She makes me éclairs. I like  
éclairs.

SARA

I know she does. And I'm going to  
speak with her about feeding you so  
many éclairs.

MILES

They're good!

They continue eating.

RICK

I wanted a cook so you'd have more  
time in the evenings, with me and  
Miles.

SARA

I'm here in the evenings. Perhaps  
we could have a family bible study  
tonight.

MILES

Why can't we watch a movie?

SARA

Jesus Revolution is on Netflix.  
Sure, let's watch it tonight.

MILES

You always pick the movie.

RICK

Well what if I need you for something, during the day? And I've told you that I don't think it looks right for you to work with your ex husband. I'm your husband, now Sara.

SARA

I am always there for you Rick! I do whatever you ask of me. Like appear at those ultra... Lyndon LaRouche style campaign rallies with you and Buck. I'm always there whenever you ask. Right on stage.

RICK

Lyndon LaRouche now that's an old reference. Buck is a godly man!

SARA

He's a. I don't know what he is. I think I am voting for Bob Jones in the primary.

RICK

Jones is practically a liberal!

SARA

He's a compassionate conservative. I like that.

RICK

You mean liberal?

SARA

I mean a Republican Rick. Like we used to be.

RICK

Say it. I've heard you say it. You think our party has become a cult. You are being indoctrinated by liberal media nonsense Sara! I only want us watching Newsmax or good conservative media in this house. No more C-N-N!

SARA

I just don't like some of the rhetoric these days, that's all. I agree with Liz Cheney on that.

RICK

Liz Cheney!? Her and that Adam Kinzinger fellow, are just as Liberal as anyone of the libtards in the George Soros crowd. They all want a one-world government! You would probably vote for Mitt Romney.

SARA

All I know is that I am a good Republican, Rick. I can vote for whoever I want in the primary.

RICK

So now you want abortion on demand and a one world government?

SARA

I didn't say that Rick. Just a kinder, gentler approach by our party. We are Christians, Rick.

RICK

Now you're quoting Bush number one, oh this is rich. But that's what happens when you spend time with Scott and Seattle's never ending parade of tattooed freaks.

Miles stops eating. Sara looks at him.

SARA

Can we talk about this, later? We're upsetting Miles again.

MILES

May I be excused now?

SARA

No Miles we are finished with this conversation.

Sara looks at Rick.

SARA (CONT'D)

For tonight. Can we all just finish our dinner?

She looks at Miles.

SARA (CONT'D)

And maybe I'll have an éclair with you later, Miles.

MILES  
They're good, mom.

Rick is obviously still annoyed, he stabs at his prime rib.

RICK  
I could have set you up in a  
catering business, overnight Sara.  
If it was just a matter of getting  
out of the mansion.

Sara is finally flustered at the back and forth.

SARA  
I wanted to do this on my own Rick  
and Scott needed the money!

Rick stops eating and slams his plate.

RICK  
What money?!

INT. SEATTLE WATERFRONT - DAY

Scott and Miles eat ice cream cones, watching a touring  
street circus near the waterfront. There are jugglers, people  
on unicycles, and acrobats.

MILES  
This is fun.

SCOTT  
We have more staff now, so I can  
sneak away from the business once  
and awhile. You and I need to do  
more fun things together. Do you  
like this better than going to  
Ray's all the time?

MILES  
I like Ray. But this is funner.

A BARKER holds a microphone near a portable P-A system.

BARKER  
And now the star of our show, the  
pride of Alabama, Sailor Beal!

Sailor appears on an eight foot platform. She does a reverse  
summersault and lands on her feet. She prances a bit, then  
begins performing a mini floor exercise routine on a mat. She  
does somersaults and backflips, wowing the small crowd.

LATER

Scott and Miles speak with some of the performers. Sailor walks up and they turn to her.

MILES

Wow you are really good!

SAILOR

Thank you. I'm Sailor.

MILES

I'm Miles. This is my dad. His name is Scott.

SAILOR

Nice to meet you Miles, and Scott.

MILES

He owns an advertising company in Seattle and it's named after me!

SCOTT

Calm down Miles or I'll have to start paying you promotion fees. It's nice to meet you Sailor. You are really good. At tumbling and whatnot.

MILES

It looks fun. I want to learn how to do a back flip.

SCOTT

(Sarcastically)

Oh your mom would love that.

SAILOR

We'll be here the rest of the week. Stop by again before we head to Albuquerque and I'll show you a few exercises you can practice at home, Miles.

SCOTT

(Chuckling)

You know, I could use an acrobat like you right now for our new stunt division. Call me at Miles of Smiles Incorporated if you ever get tired of touring with this street circus.

Scott takes a sip of soda. Sailor doesn't hesitate.



SAILOR  
When can I start?

Scott sort of spits soda, brushes off his arm.

SCOTT  
You don't even know what the job  
is.

SAILOR  
A gig in Seattle? As an acrobat? At  
a company called Miles of Smiles?  
I'll take it.

INT. SEATTLE'S NEUMOS MUSIC VENUE - NIGHT

Four-piece Seattle band Crazy Lucy stand together, just stage right, awaiting to perform a show. LANE (28), tatted, indie-musician, looks back at their manager, JACK (40), messy hair, gray-spotted beard. Jack stands just behind them offstage.

LANE  
This is stupid Jack! Just let us  
play!

JACK  
The energy drink company is paying  
us two-grand Lane. That spider girl  
will swing to the bar, set the  
container on the other side of the  
stage and fly off. Then you guys  
strap on and play!

INT. BACKSTAGE AREA - NIGHT

Tino stands nervously with a burly stage hand. The STAGE HAND wears gloves and grips a rope, ready to belay the rigging for Sailor's acrobatic performance above the crowd.

TINO  
Is it strong? Enough?

STAGE HAND  
Relax, I rigged it myself. The wire  
system up there should support at  
least four-hundred pounds. Why does  
the cooler need to be full?

TINO  
So the band can fill their cups and  
drink. GO GO. Before they play.

STAGE HAND

You should have just had her fly onstage and hand them a few cans of the stuff after the first set. But, we'll make it work.

INT. THE AUDIENCE - NIGHT

The crowd murmurs and claps in rhythm, awaiting the band to play. The band waves at them. Ronny and Sophie stand in the front row.

SOPHIE

Are you okay with this baby? This is our first show we've seen since you left the band.

RONNY

I'm just worried about the stunt.

The audience grows impatient for the band to start playing.

INT. BACKSTAGE AREA - NIGHT

Tino now helps Sailor adjust to her Red Arachnid costume.

SAILOR

Wow the spiderman suit fits perfectly.

TINO

No! Do not say spiderman. It is copyrighted.

SAILOR

Sorry. Red Arachnid. I'm ready.

TINO

The cooler is heavy.

SAILOR

I can bench nearly three hundred pounds Tino. It's not the weight I'm concerned about it's the balance while I'm suspended up there. Just make sure the wires thread me back to the stage smoothly.

Sailor walks to the rear stage curtain and turns backwards. Tino grabs a knuckle laying just onstage in front of the curtain. Tino clicks it on her harness and yanks, checking the hold.

An ANNOUNCER is heard over the P-A system.

ANNOUNCER V/O  
Welcome to tonight's performance by  
Seattle's own, Crazy Lucy!

Tino and Sailor hear the announcer.

INT. SEATTLE'S NEUMOS MUSIC VENUE - NIGHT

The Red Arachnid appears from behind a curtain on the back of the stage, attached to wires. The crowd laughs, some cheer, some boo. The band looks at one another, impatiently.

ANNOUNCER V/O  
Tonight's performance is sponsored  
by GO-GO Sports Drink! When you  
need to go, reach for a GO-GO! But  
it looks like the band left their  
cooler of GO-GO at the bar! It's  
The Red Arachnid to the rescue!

INT. BACKSTAGE AREA - NIGHT

Tino rushes back to the wire system gearing area.

STAGE HAND  
She looks like spiderman.

TINO  
No no! Don't say it! Spiderman is  
copyrighted!

STAGE HAND  
Showtime.

The stage hand tugs at a rope. Looks over at other stage hands manning a pulley gear system.

STAGE HAND (CONT'D)  
(Yelling)  
Flip the gears!

## INT. SEATTLE'S NEUMOS MUSIC VENUE - NIGHT

Sailor pretends to shoot webbing at the ceiling. She rises up and sails across the crowd, landing all the way on the back bar. She does jump poses on the bar. Sailor grabs a thirty gallon aluminum cooler, sporting a GO-GO Drink logo.

She rises again, sails half-way back across the venue, and droops. Sailor hangs above the crowd, trying to hold onto the cooler with both arms. The audience gasps, and laughs.

## INT. BACKSTAGE AREA - NIGHT

TINO

Oh no!

STAGE HAND

(Yelling)

Flip the gears off and on again!

## INT. SEATTLE'S NEUMOS MUSIC VENUE - NIGHT

Sailor jerks, losing her grip on the cooler. There is a violent motion in the wires. The momentum swings Sailor stage right toward the band. The cooler top pops off and she loses control of the cooler.

Sailor flies over the band, dumping the cooler upside down, while trying to maintain a grip. Thirty gallons of sports drink rains down on Crazy Lucy, drenching every member. Sailor finally lands onstage, and runs off.

- There is stunned silence in the entire venue. Suddenly, SOMEONE in the audience shouts.

SOMEONE

BEER FIGHT!

The audience begins dowsing each other with beer, soda and other drinks. It is a melee of three hundred people drenching one another in drinks.

## INT. THE BAR AREA - NIGHT

Two bartenders laugh and look at each other. They run to separate ends of the bar and hold up water spickets. They begin spraying up at the crowd from the rear of the audience. It's now practically raining on most of the concertgoers.

INT. THE STAGE - NIGHT

Lane shakes sports drink out of his hair and turns, dumbfounded, to his bandmates. MIKEY (34), tatted, gets a smile on his face.

MIKEY

I guess we play now.

LANE

Now!? We're soaking wet!

MIKEY

They're having fun Lane, let's go with it!

Tino runs up to them from backstage.

TINO

Do not touch electric! Do not touch electric!

Lane looks at the band.

LANE

The second set begins acoustic anyways. We'll play the first set acoustic until we all dry off a bit.

Jack still stands behind them. He turns to stage hands and shouts.

JACK

(Yelling)

Get the acoustic set ready! Hurry!  
And someone grab paper towels or whatever you can find!

Stage hands run out with acoustic gear, including a standup bass. They hand out paper towels and the band wipes their faces and heads. JAYJAY (26), turns to ZOEY (27), woman of color, wild hair, tatted.

JAYJAY

I've practiced those three songs with you guys on standup bass, but not the entire first set!

ZOEY

I had drinks with Sophie earlier, I know Ronny is in the audience. He can fill in tonight on the first set.

Stage hands have the acoustic set ready to go. The band walks center stage. The crowd cheers. Lane and Zoey strap on acoustic guitars and stage hands adjust microphones in front of the guitars and their faces.

- The standup bass sits unattended.

LANE

Looks like you all are having a bit  
of wet fun tonight in Seattle  
Washington!

The crowd is still dowsing each other with drinks, in spontaneous joy. They cheer.

ZOEY

You'll have even more fun licking  
all that beer off each other!

The audience cheers louder.

LANE

But we're gonna need a little help  
tonight. I'd like to invite our  
former bass player, Ronny Wilson,  
to sit in with us on this first  
set. Ronny?

Lane looks down at Ronny. Ronny looks at Sophie. She smiles.

RONNY

Go do it baby. Go be you!

A stage hand assists Ronny up on the stage. Ronny adjusts the bass. Ronny looks over at the band.

RONNY (CONT'D)

Ready.

LANE

Then let's fade away.

Lane and Zoey begin strumming. The crowd falls silent. Mikey and Ronny join in.

LANE (CONT'D)

(Singing)

Crazy Eddie was a sex machine...

The crowd recognizes the song and cheers.

LANE (CONT'D)

(Singing)

He played a mean guitar but he sang  
off key / Long John with a silver  
tooth / he slapped a bass with his  
thumb and he walked like a goose.

Zoey and Lane look over at Ronny. He smiles back at them,  
then grins down at Sophie.

LANE (CONT'D)

Sad Sally with her story to tell /  
the night she O-D'd she thought  
she'd went to hell...

The crowd is mesmerized. Some begin taking out their  
cellphones to record the band, and the entire festive  
atmosphere of the venue.

INT. BACKSTAGE AREA - NIGHT

Sailor is unmasked, she stands with Tino.

SAILOR

I'm sorry Tino! I screwed up the  
whole thing. I told you the wires  
needed to pull smooth! It wasn't  
the weight it was the balance. The  
wires were too, jerky!

Tino looks out from behind the rear stage curtain, then back  
at Sailor.

TINO

No! It is all. Good. The people  
love it. Look!

Sailor peeks out from behind the curtain.

INT. SEATTLE'S NEUMOS MUSIC VENUE - NIGHT

The audience is entranced. Cellphones are in full bloom. It  
is a kick ass indie rock show. Sailor pulls back inside the  
rear stage curtain.

INT. BACKSTAGE AREA - NIGHT

Sailor looks at Tino. He has a huge smile on his face.

TINO  
 I told you. It is all good. The  
 client will be happy. Scott will be  
 happy.

INT. THE STAGE - NIGHT

The band, the audience, and the event is elevated into a  
 legendary Seattle musical performance.

LANE  
 (Singing)  
 Drift into night / sleep in the day  
 / hide from daylight / and fade  
 away / in the end you'll know it's  
 all just make believe / you can  
 sell your soul but it's not worth /  
 the company you keep...

The audience joins Lane and Zoey to sing the refrain.

AUDIENCE  
 (Singing)  
 OH NO NO...

Zoey skillfully shreds an acoustic guitar solo leading to the  
 second verse.

LANE  
 (Singing)  
 Mad Mikey was out of his mind / he  
 drank like a whale but he kept good  
 time.

Ronny looks down at the cahon, Mikey smiles at him.

LANE (CONT'D)  
 (Singing)  
 See Cienna light one up outside /  
 but when she jumps onstage...

AUDIENCE  
 (Singing)  
 THE PLACE WILL COME ALIVE!

INT. BAR AREA - DAY

Scott sits at the far back of the bar, drinking a Rainier. A  
 NICELY DRESSED MAN (50's), walks up to Scott on his way out  
 of the venue.



NICELY DRESSED MAN  
Are you Scott DeWitt?

SCOTT  
That's me. I'm playing third base coach tonight.

NICELY DRESSED MAN  
I'm Richard Billings. We've heard about your new advertising firm and they sent me to check it out.

SCOTT  
Nice to meet you Richard. So what did you think?

NICELY DRESSED MAN  
I think you guys got lucky on this one. Just like with that special sky meme.

SCOTT  
So, you're not a fan?

NICELY DRESSED MAN  
Let's just say M-S-I is generating a lot of local publicity and we're curious about what type of events you can handle. From what I've seen tonight, Miles of Smiles seems to have someone up there looking out for you.

SCOTT  
My dad. And Gaylord Perry.

NICELY DRESSED MAN  
Gaylord Perry? The old greaseball pitcher?

The man sort of shakes his head.

NICELY DRESSED MAN (CONT'D)  
Whatever it is, it appears to be working for you. We're interested in this, unique charm, M-S-I seems to bring to the table.

The man pulls out a business card and hands it to Scott.

NICELY DRESSED MAN (CONT'D)  
Give me a call this week and let's set up a meeting.

Scott looks at the card, the man walks away.

SCOTT

Hey! Who did you say you are with?!  
It's not on the card.

The man looks back at Scott.

NICELY DRESSED MAN

No, it isn't. Give me a call this  
week.

The well-dressed man exits the venue.

INT. THE STAGE - NIGHT

Crazy Lucy, still wet, is playing the performance of a  
lifetime. Ronny looks down at Sophie.

INT. THE AUDIENCE - NIGHT

Sophie is swaying with her hands to her face in a praying  
fashion, smiling. Sophie looks up at Ronny, touches her heart  
and points at him.

SOPHIE

(Mouths)  
I love you!

INT. THE STAGE - NIGHT

The band is hot.

LANE

(Singing)  
Drift into night / sleep in the day  
/ hide from daylight / and fade  
away / in the end you'll know it's  
all just make believe / you can  
sell your soul but it's not worth /  
the company you keep...

AUDIENCE

(Singing)  
OH NO NO...

## INT. SEATTLE'S NEUMOS MUSIC VENUE - NIGHT

Scott is now standing in the back of the audience, enjoying the show. The camera sweeps from him and flies over the wet, captivated audience.

It sweeps to Sophie swaying and singing in the crowd. It swings to Tino, and Sailor, who is now in her civilian clothing. They both stand just offstage, smiling.

The camera sweeps to Ronny, doing what he loves, playing standup bass with his band.

DISSOLVE TO:

## INT. BAINBRIDGE MANSION LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Miles is doing somersaults on the plush carpet of the large mansion living room. Rick sits reclined, watching a conservative news program.

## EXT. BAINBRIDGE MANSION PATIO BACK YARD - NIGHT

Sara is crying, looking out at the water on the edge of the property. Miles is seen jumping inside through a large glass bay window.

SARA

Trust in the Lord with all your  
heart and lean not to your own  
understanding, trust in the...

It begins pouring rain. Sara looks up at the sky.

SARA (CONT'D)

Well thanks a lot.

The rain washes away her tears. She smiles, soaking in the warm summer shower.

SARA (CONT'D)

(Singing)

When the spirit of the Lord moves  
in my heart I will dance like David  
danced.

Sara raises her arms and snaps her fingers with both hands, begins dancing. Miles spots her from inside the house. He runs out of the living room. Miles exits a sliding glass door beside the bay window and runs out to her.

Sara and Miles join hands and turn in circles, singing in the rain. Rick stands inside the living room, watching them, then disappears.

- Rick reappears on the back patio. Miles and Sara motion at him.

MILES

Come on dad! It's fun!

SARA

Join us Rick!

Rick hesitates, but finally joins them on the lawn. The family holds hands in the pouring rain, singing, laughing, and spinning circles together.

FADE TO BLACK