

SEIZE THE INITIATIVE!

Written by

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Note: This script contains themed music suggestions; please feel free to ignore them... or check them out on YouTube!

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EXT. LITTLE COTTONWOOD CANYON - MORNING

Under the OPENING TITLES, we see the snowy Wasatch Mountains east of Salt Lake City and hear SAUL (mid-20s, could be cute if he tried) in bed, talking back to a radio alarm clock.

RADIO DJ (V.O.)

The Jazz snapped a six-game losing streak, beating the Lakers 110-98.

SAUL (V.O.)

Hope springs eternal.

Skiers at Snowbird.

RADIO DJ (V.O.)

We're expecting six inches of fresh powder in the mountains: celebrate on the slopes if you can.

SAUL (V.O.)

While you can.

We see---and drive down into---a LAYER OF POLLUTION covering the Salt Lake Valley.

RADIO DJ (V.O.)

If you're stuck with me here in the valley, at least the snow will clear out the inversion.

SAUL (V.O.)

The inversion. Biggest downside to living here.

EXT. I-15 NEAR SALT LAKE CITY / STREETS IN SLC - MORNING

Rush-hour traffic and a "Salt Lake City" highway sign. We exit the highway, wind through a modest neighborhood...

EXT. SAUL'S HOUSE - MORNING

...and end up at a somewhat beat-up rental house.

RADIO DJ (V.O.)

Wherever you are, enjoy this track from Utah's own Stretch Armstrong.

Over the following six pages, we hear all four (mostly wordless) minutes of "Classic Hoagie" (Stretch Armstrong, 1994) or other upbeat, goofy ska music.

INT. SAUL'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - MORNING

SAUL

Classic!

On a bedside table: *The Cartoon Introduction to Climate Change*. Saul's hand puts his phone down on the book; he's solved the Wordle puzzle with "EARTH" and 3 more guesses.

INT. SAUL'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - MORNING

A CLUELESS MALE ROOMMATE (20s) is haphazardly loading the dishwasher. Saul puts a bowl in and rearranges to make space.

SAUL

(mostly to himself)

If saving the world meant loading the dishwasher properly, we'd be doomed.

I/E. SAUL'S HOUSE - MUDROOM - MORNING

He goes to the side door, in a mudroom with a washer/dryer, a GARBAGE CAN FOR DRYER LINT, and a coat rack on the wall with 4 pegs, one for each housemate. Through FROSTED GLASS on the door or window, a BIG BLUE RECYCLING BIN is visible outside.

Saul takes a WARM PURPLE COAT and backpack from his peg, revealing a PAPER GOAL THERMOMETER on the wall behind them; it's 10% colored in, with the goal in BIG PRETTY HANDWRITING: "1000 signatures". He grabs a SANDWICH BOARD ("Utah Voters: Sign Here to Clean The Darn Air") and heads out.

EXT. UNIVERSITY OF UTAH - STUDENT UNION - DAY

Saul gets off a bus, carrying his materials.

INT. UNIVERSITY OF UTAH - HALLWAY - DAY

Saul is wearing his sandwich board and carrying three SIGNATURE PACKETS; a rubber band around each one holds a PEN and some CAMPAIGN STICKERS. He looks awkward, his inexperience shows, and mostly what we see is a...

MONTAGE OF FAILURE

- He starts his pitch too late; students just walk past.

- He starts earlier, but with too many filler words ("Hi there..."); students still just walk past.

- A man walks by, pointing as he mouths/whispers the words:

MAN WITH HEADPHONES
[I'm wearing headphones.]

- A female SMILER walks by. She smiles big, seems supportive, but then just keeps walking, weirdly maintaining eye contact.

SAUL
Hello??

- A LATINA STUDENT (20) walks by, absorbed in her phone.

SAUL (CONT'D)
Miss, Utah voter?

LATINA STUDENT
Sorry, I don't own a boat.

SAUL
(after a long beat)
Not a "boater", a "voter"!

- Finally, some light at the end of the tunnel:

SAUL (CONT'D)
Thirty seconds for clean air?

YOUNG MAN
Sure, why not?

SAUL
Oh, you have no idea.

END MONTAGE

I/E. SAUL'S HOUSE - MUDROOM - DAY

Saul puts on a LIGHT COAT and heads out with sandwich boards and his backpack, revealing the GOAL THERMOMETER at 30%.

EXT. STREET NEAR THE PIE PIZZERIA, SLC - DAY

Budding trees and April flowers. As before, Saul is wearing a sandwich board and holding three packets. But now he's getting the hang of it, as we see during a...

MONTAGE OF DISCOVERY

- Saul is talking with a U OF U STUDENT (female, 20) and her BOYFRIEND. He offers them both packets; only she takes one. As she writes, Saul again offers the boyfriend a packet.

SAUL
Sir? Peer pressure?

BOYFRIEND
Nah. She'll do it for me.

She hands back her packet; Saul checks it, giving her a line.

SAUL
You know, Utah has vote by mail,
but we might be better off if we
had vote by female.

She laughs and elbows her boyfriend.

SAUL (CONT'D)
Want a sticker?

U OF U STUDENT
Oh, heck yeah!

She admires her sticker and FLAUNTS IT at her boyfriend.

- Saul is talking with HIPPIE GIRL (20), a cute, goofy white girl with dreadlocks. He offers her a packet; she hesitates.

SAUL
...eliminate the state sales tax on
grocery store food, replace it with
a carbon tax on fossil fuels, and
use the money that's left over to
clean the darn air.

HIPPIE GIRL
Sorry, friend, but we need a
revolution, not just carbon tax
frosting on the capitalist cake.

SAUL
It's a free country. Doesn't mean
it should be free to pollute.

Saul pivots 180 degrees, ending the conversation.

- Four FRAT BOYS (20-ish) approach.

SAUL (CONT'D)
Gentlemen: thirty seconds for clean
air?

The leader pretends to be interested but then does a PSYCH-
OUT MOVE, knocking Saul's packet to the ground.

FRAT BOY #1

Nah, I'm a felon! Hah! Ha-ha!

They CROW and DANCE OFF. Saul bends to recover his packet.

SAUL

(muttering to himself)

In Utah, felons can vote!

As Saul picks up his packet, his eyes catch the sandals of a PRETTY YOUNG WOMAN. He takes a big gulp, his Adam's apple moving up and down: even before he stands up and sees the rest of her, he's internalized that she's out of his league.

PRETTY YOUNG WOMAN

I'll sign.

SAUL

(super awkward)

Uh, print your name in the first box, uh, very legibly please, then, uh, sign to the right.

(a flash of inspiration)

Your, uh, phone number is optional.

PRETTY YOUNG WOMAN

Nice try :)

She finishes signing, returns her packet with a smile, and walks on. As Saul turns to watch her go, a look of pleasant astonishment and dumbfounded revelation spreads across his face. It's like he's found a cheat code.

END MONTAGE

I/E. SAUL'S HOUSE - MUDROOM - DAY

Saul, in CARGO SHORTS, heads out with sandwich boards, his backpack, and a bike helmet; the GOAL THERMOMETER is at 60%.

EXT. DOWNTOWN FARMERS MARKET, SLC - DAY

Mid-summer produce: apricots and cucumbers. Saul, wearing a sandwich board and holding three packets, pitches a MALE RATIONAL SKEPTIC (40).

MALE RATIONAL SKEPTIC

Can I read the details?

Saul hands him a packet. He READS IN THE BACKGROUND as...

MONTAGE OF MASTERY

...a series of people (mostly young women) sign while Saul compliments them, more or less flirtatiously. He's in his element and has become, to the limited extent that such a thing is possible, a signature-gathering sex machine.

- To a woman with a necklace and plunging neckline:

SAUL
I love your necklace.

- To a man with incredible board shorts / t-shirt:

SAUL (CONT'D)
That's a great outfit.

- To a woman with nice legs:

SAUL (CONT'D)
Those are awesome shoes.

- To one of two GRANDMAS (both have handed back packet):

SAUL (CONT'D)
Your handwriting is *beautiful*.

Grandma #1 blushes and fans herself; #2 is *scandalized*:

GRANDMA #2
Marsha!

The pace of the montage (and the music) SPEEDS UP TO 2X. The Male Rational Skeptic is still READING IN THE BACKGROUND.

- Saul hands packets to signers.

- To a couple with blueberries:

SAUL
Those berries look amazing.

- An older man in a Fox News hat:

MAN IN FOX NEWS HAT
Do you have the one about the flag?
(as Saul shakes his head
and smiles ruefully)
That's the one I wanna sign.

The pace of the montage (and the music) SPEEDS UP TO 3X.

- A pedestrian waves "blah" or makes the crazy sign.

- A petition page full of handwriting; Saul flips the page.

- To a young woman who has just signed:

SAUL
Thanks for the lovely smile.

- Saul drinks from his water bottle, sweating in the heat.
- A pedestrian walks by, crossing fingers to ward off evil.
- To a pedestrian:

SAUL (CONT'D)
Thirty seconds for clean air?

The pace of the montage (and the music) SPEEDS UP TO 4X.

- Saul puts on sunscreen.
- He hands out packets.
- An older dude signs while smoking a cigar.
- A sticker goes on a water bottle.
- To a series of pretty young women (the first two are BRINLEE and ASHLEY) who have just signed:

SAUL (CONT'D)
Your handwriting...
(next)
Your handwriting...
(next)
Your handwriting is *beautiful*.

This third woman gives him a BIG SMILE; her boyfriend, who has also just signed, gives him the STINK EYE.

SAUL (CONT'D)
Your handwriting, sir, is also quite lovely.

END MONTAGE

The pace SLOWS WAY DOWN, BACK TO 1X. The Male Rational Skeptic takes the pen from the packet, *almost* ready to sign... but then puts back the pen and hands back the packet.

MALE RATIONAL SKEPTIC
I'll think about it.

He walks off. Saul could almost kill him. Instead he gathers his materials and heads toward his TRUSTY OLD 18-SPEED BIKE.

I/E. SAUL'S HOUSE - MUDROOM - DAY

Saul, in CARGO SHORTS, heads out with sandwich boards, his backpack, and a bike helmet; the GOAL THERMOMETER is at 90%.

EXT. 800 S NEAR 1100 E, SLC - DAY

Saul pedals or pushes slowly up a hill, wearing his backpack and awkwardly carrying his sandwich boards. It's hot.

A young man on an E-BIKE zooms past, pedaling effortlessly.

SAUL

Cheater.

I/E. COMMUNITY CENTER - DAY

Saul locks up his bike and enters with his materials.

INT. COMMUNITY CENTER - HALLWAY - DAY

Saul nears an EASEL ("Signature-Gathering Training") with an arrow pointing into a room. He pauses in the open doorway.

KATHERINE (O.S.)

The secret to signature-gathering...

INT. COMMUNITY CENTER - MEETING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

KATHERINE---60, energetic, focused, holding a laser pointer--- is training 25 NEW CAMPAIGN VOLUNTEERS (mostly 20s or 60s). Everyone in sight has a NAME TAG.

On a screen behind Katherine is a POWERPOINT PIE CHART with THREE SLICES: 20%, 78%, and 2%.

Sitting behind a table with CAMPAIGN MATERIALS (stickers, packets, pens, a tape gun, sandwich boards) are two helpers: Brinlee and Ashley. (We met them briefly earlier.)

KATHERINE

(holding up three fingers)
...is knowing that there are three kinds of people in the world.

She drinks (from a stainless-steel WATER BOTTLE 50% COVERED IN CAMPAIGN STICKERS) and sees Saul in the doorway. She puts the water bottle down on the table and picks up a packet.

KATHERINE (CONT'D)
Saul, here, he's a Dream Signer.

Saul puts his materials down on the table and acts out a scene with Katherine. They have a fun and easy rapport.

KATHERINE (CONT'D)
Have you signed yet?

SAUL (AS DREAM SIGNER)
I'd love to!

Katherine hands over a packet.

KATHERINE
Great! Utah voter?
(after he nods)
Print your name, very legibly
please; then sign to the right...
Today is July 11; put your date of
birth below that and you're done.

SAUL (AS DREAM SIGNER)
(handing back packet)
Is that it?

KATHERINE
Yup. Want a sticker?

SAUL (AS DREAM SIGNER)
Oh, heck yeah!

LAUGHTER. Saul exults over his sticker and gives it to Brinlee, who giggles as she adds it to the collection on Katherine's WATER BOTTLE. Katherine turns to the trainees.

KATHERINE
Thirty seconds and *done*: one step
closer to the hundred and fifty
thousand signatures we need to be
on the ballot in eighteen months.
(flags the 20% PPT slice)
Dream Signers are like oxygen;
they're *the best*.

Saul pretends to puff himself up with pride.

KATHERINE (CONT'D)
(flags the other slices)
But getting to the *best* means
getting through the *rest*.

Saul pretends to be deflated, waving "blah" at Katherine. During her next lines, the two other helpers join in walking by / circling Katherine as they act out silent vignettes:

- Ashley smokes a pretend cigarette.
- Brinlee holds up a hand to block her view of Katherine.
- Saul, as a Smiler, seems supportive but just walks by.
- Ashley makes a "crazy" sign.
- Brinlee signs to ward off evil.
- Saul mouths "I'm wearing headphones."

KATHERINE (CONT'D)

Most of the air you breathe is *not*
oxygen, and most people you meet...
(a thumb at her helpers, a
"Hello??" to Smiler Saul)
...are *not* Dream Signers. They're
Quick Nos, most of them so quick
you won't even get a No... or
you'll just get a one-liner.

The helpers try to one-up each other, like dueling pianos:

BRINLEE

I don't believe in climate change.

ASHLEY

I don't believe in ballot measures.

SAUL

I don't believe in democracy.

BRINLEE

I don't breathe oxygen.

ASHLEY

(walking by rapidly)
I don't have time.

SAUL

(slow as molasses)
Me neither. I'm super late.

BRINLEE

(a Smiler, hand on heart)
Thank you.

KATHERINE
 (hands together in prayer)
Namaste.

LAUGHTER. Katherine flags the 78% PPT slice.

KATHERINE (CONT'D)
 Most of the air you breathe is
nitrogen, which is useless. Just
 get through it and find the oxygen.
 It's the same with signature-
 gathering.

ASHLEY
 Remember the Lord's Prayer:
 "Forgive us our trespasses..."

Brinlee and Ashley give meaningful glances at Saul.

ASHLEY (CONT'D)
 ...as we forgive those who trespass
 against us."

KATHERINE
 (flags the 2% slice)
 Don't ignore the last two percent.
 In the air it includes water vapor
 and CO2. On the street there's...
 (3 fingers, DISTINCTIVELY)
 ...Dream Signers, there's Quick
 Nos, and there's Oh Nos: conspiracy
 theorists; argumentative jerks;
 rational skeptics, *almost* ready to
 sign after *just one more thing*.
 (wags a finger)
 Break it off, even if you need to
 Stomp and Pivot.

She stomps, does a 180, and starts a new vignette.

KATHERINE (CONT'D)
 Sir, thirty seconds for clean air?

SAUL (AS CONSPIRACY THEORIST)
 Clean air?? You know about those
 white lines made by airplanes??
 Pumped full of chemicals by the
 federal [[government--]]

Katherine interrupts, STOMPING AND PIVOTING.

KATHERINE
 Sorry, I don't have time for this.

LAUGHTER. Katherine turns to the trainees.

KATHERINE (CONT'D)

Focus: 25-plus signatures an hour.
In a week, you can be in the One
Hundred Club; in a month, near the
One Thousand Club, just like Saul.

(beat)

Pretend you're running a bizarre
social experiment. The Number One
lesson?

SAUL

(flashing some stickers)
People love stickers.

LAUGHTER. Katherine nods. Then she hands Saul a sandwich
board, which he puts on.

KATHERINE

So take plenty, along with a
sandwich board, because you want
both hands free. You'll grow to
love your sandwich board, and it's
a reminder that *you* are the peanut
butter and jelly of this campaign.

Katherine turns to her helpers.

KATHERINE (CONT'D)

Tell 'em why you're here.

BRINLEE

(comically nervous)
It's therapy for my climate
anxiety.

ASHLEY

My mom has asthma. One more reason
to tax "bads" like pollution
instead of "goods" like food.

KATHERINE

(with a knowing smile)
Saul?

SAUL

(giving them a line)
I'm just doing it to meet hotties.

LAUGHTER, especially from the 20-year-old trainees, but not
so much from Brinlee or Ashley. Then, with four fingers, Saul
imitates Katherine's DISTINCTIVE COUNTING.

SAUL (CONT'D)
 Dream Signers, Quick Nos, Oh Nos,
 and Oh Yeahs.

LAUGHTER. Then Saul gets real:

SAUL (CONT'D)
 Look, I'm all about clean air and
 climate action, or I wouldn't be
 here. But you gotta have fun.

FLASHBACK TO:

MONTAGE

Quick images of Saul pitching young women, two of whom are
 Brinlee and Ashley (before they joined the campaign).

SAUL (V.O.)
 I meet hundreds of women every
 day...

KATHERINE (V.O.)
 Apparently it's like speed dating.

SAUL (V.O.)
 ...and I've got a great get-to-know-
 you question: "Do you have thirty
 seconds for clean air?"

Quick images of Hippie Girl and other young women declining.

SAUL (V.O.)
 If you don't, you're not my type.

Quick images of Saul flirting with women, including Brinlee
 and Ashley, who have handed back signed packets.

SAUL (V.O.)
 If you do, I'm gonna find something
 to compliment you on: your clothes,
 your smile, your handwriting.

END MONTAGE

BACK TO:

INT. COMMUNITY CENTER - MEETING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

SAUL
*Women love it when you admire their
 handwriting.*
 (MORE)

SAUL (CONT'D)

Because nobody gets to look at anyone else's handwriting these days; it's almost impossible to meet someone new face-to-face. But signature-gathering has to be done in person, outside, in the open air.

KATHERINE

You never know what might happen.

SAUL

At best, you could meet the love of your life. At worst, you might find someone you can rope into volunteering on the campaign. Pretend you're interested, get 'em hooked, and then, well...

A glance at Brinlee and Ashley, and then Saul shrugs, picks up his backpack and TWO MORE SANDWICH BOARDS, and walks out.

Over the following, we hear part of "Wawa Hoagies [Family Edit]" (Aaron Out, 2017) or a similar upbeat, goofy rap song.

EXT. COMMUNITY CENTER - DAY

Saul unlocks his bike and heads off, wearing his backpack and awkwardly carrying his sandwich boards.

EXT. 800 S NEAR 1300 E, SLC - DAY

Saul bicycles past an exceptionally busy 7-11.

EXT. UNIVERSITY OF UTAH - RED BUTTE CANYON ROAD - DAY

Saul slowly bicycles uphill, sweating in the heat.

EXT. OUTSIDE RED BUTTE GARDEN AMPHITHEATER - MID AFTERNOON

The sun beats down on a line of people waiting for the gates to open for this outdoor concert venue with amazing views. It's *hot*, but the people in line are making the best of it: umbrellas, camping chairs, coolers, food and drink, cards.

A steady stream of people walk by from the parking lot to join the line, which is long and wide.

Saul arrives, stopping at a PARKING LOT SIGN POLE. He puts on sunscreen, gets out his materials, and locks his bike, backpack, and helmet to the pole.

EXT. OUTSIDE RED BUTTE GARDEN AMPHITHEATRE - LATE AFTERNOON

Saul, wearing a sandwich board and holding three packets, is gathering signatures 20 feet from the end of the line, which is growing faster than ever. Two other campaign volunteers are in the background.

LANCE (60s) passes by Saul to take a spot in line, carrying a camping chair and a COOLER. He's wearing a SEATTLE MARINERS JERSEY, a WEDDING RING, and distinctive BEAT-UP SNEAKERS. He sets up his chair and sinks into it.

GRACE (early/mid-20s, carrying a tote bag with a RED-WHITE-AND-BLUE BLANKET in it) takes a spot in line next to Lance. Her phone DINGS; she studies it, then shakes her head.

Lance opens his cooler (it's decorated with SEATTLE MARINERS STICKERS) and gets out a GREEK RESTAURANT TAKE-OUT BAG and a can of POLYGAMY PORTER, a Utah beer with a hilarious label. He eagerly opens the beer and takes a LONG DRINK.

NIKKI (mid/late-20s) searches for and finds Grace, gives her a big hug, and elaborately hands over THREE TICKETS. Grace, still holding her phone, puts the tickets in her back pocket.

NIKKI

Hey you! Happy birthday!

GRACE

Thank you! Gotta enjoy the three best things about grad school...

GRACE/NIKKI

June, July, and August!

Grace indicates her phone.

GRACE

Did you see? Samantha bailed.

NIKKI

(sourly)

This is why it didn't work out for us. What's her story this time?

GRACE

(reading from her phone)

"Too stressed out about the Presidential race."

NIKKI

In *July*?? Oh, Samantha. She takes poli sci way too seriously.

We hear the BAND warming up: country music, maybe Justin Champagne. It continues off-and-on throughout the scene.

Nikki fixes a tag sticking out of Grace's clothes, then notices Saul, who is reapplying sunscreen from a small bottle. A BLOB OF SUNSCREEN stays visible on his nose.

NIKKI (CONT'D)

That guy's probably stressed out, too.

GRACE

No, he's *doing something*. He's committed.

NIKKI

(skeptical)

Not only *is* he committed, he *should* be committed.

Lance crumples his empty beer can and puts it on the ground by his cooler. He can't help eavesdropping.

GRACE

Least he's wearing sunscreen.

NIKKI

With that sandwich board, it kinda looks like mayonnaise.

GRACE

(letting herself dream)

Maybe he's a *roast beef* sandwich...

NIKKI

Yeah, or a tuna melt.

Lance LAUGHS into the lid of his cooler as he reaches for another beer. Grace and Nikki notice and it's a bit awkward, so he quotes to them from the Polygamy Porter's label:

LANCE

Why have just one?!

EXT. OUTSIDE RED BUTTE GARDEN AMPHITHEATRE - LATER

There are two crumpled cans on the ground by Lance; he's on beer #3. He starts to open his GREEK TAKE-OUT BAG when Saul interrupts, motioning at Lance's Mariners jersey.

SAUL
Long way from Seattle. Utah voter?

LANCE
Unfortunately.

Lance wipes the sweat from his brow, then rubs his nose as a hint to Saul, who rubs in his BLOB OF SUNSCREEN.

SAUL
(giving him a line)
If you think it's hot now, just wait a few decades. Have you signed yet?

Lance, resigned, reaches out and takes a packet.

LANCE
Dude, if you need a signature, I'll give you a signature.

SAUL
I also need your name, today's date, and a date of birth.

LANCE
Too much.

Lance tries to hand back the packet; Saul resists.

SAUL
It's only thirty seconds. Can you manage?

LANCE
Abso-freakin-lutely... if you fill it out for me.

This time Saul takes back the packet.

SAUL
As long as you sign it. Name?

LANCE
Lance Scott.

SAUL
(writing)
"Scott" with two "t"s... Today is July 11...

LANCE
(suddenly animated)
Oh, crap! I missed my free Slurpee!

SAUL
 I'm really sorry, sir. Maybe you
 can hit the Sev after the show.
 (beat)
 Date of birth?

LANCE
 June 6, 1960.

SAUL
 6-6-60??

LANCE
 People were born on 9-11 too.
 (beat)
 How much you get paid for this?

SAUL
 I'm a volunteer.

LANCE
 Respect. Want a beer?

SAUL
 Nah, you go ahead.

Lance doesn't need any encouragement; he gets out a beer.

SAUL (CONT'D)
 Sign here and you're done.
 (hands over the packet)
 Want a sticker?

LANCE
 (stone cold stare #1)
 Dude, do I look like the kind of
 guy who wants a sticker?

Saul shrugs. The sun hits the MARINERS STICKERS on Lance's cooler. Lance hands back the signed packet and gets a GYRO from his TAKE-OUT BAG. Saul turns to Grace and Nikki.

SAUL
 Thirty seconds for clean air?

GRACE
 (eagerly)
 Sure, I'll sign.

NIKKI
 I'll do a background check on
 you guys.

Saul hands Grace a packet.

SAUL
 Print your name, very legibly
 please; then sign to the right...
 Today is July 11...

LANCE
 (mostly to himself)
 Don't remind me.

SAUL
 ...put your date of birth below
 that and you're done.

Saul offers Nikki a packet.

SAUL (CONT'D)
 Miss? Peer pressure?

NIKKI
 Give it up, it's way too hot.

SAUL
 Hey, that's my line!

NIKKI
 Don't even try. You sound like my
 ex...
 (turns away, muttering)
 Too stressed out about the
 Presidential...

SAUL
 (to Grace)
 She always like that?

GRACE
 Heartbroken.

SAUL
 I'm sorry.

SAUL/GRACE
 (softly, each mostly to
 themselves)
 Try, try again.

Grace blushes, smiles, and hands back her packet. Saul checks
 it, getting her name and date of birth.

SAUL
 Grace Stevens, your handwriting is
beautiful. And hey, tomorrow's your
 birthday! Here's a present.

STICKERS. Nikki scowls. Grace laughs and takes one.

GRACE

Thank you!

SAUL

Thank you for the signature... and for the lovely smile.

NIKKI

(appalled and dismissive)
Are you flirting with her?

SAUL

If I wasn't working, I'd probably ask for her number.

NIKKI

If you didn't look like a BLT, she'd probably give it to you.

Grace pulls a ticket out of her back pocket.

GRACE

Lemme do you one better: extra ticket to the show. Wanna come?

Nikki pulls Grace aside, in a direction that happens to be toward Lance and his GYRO.

NIKKI

Wait, you're inviting *Jimmy John* to join us?

LANCE

(50% deep, 50% drunk)
He could be the "gyro" she's been waiting for.

NIKKI

(to Lance, but also Grace)
Or he could be a psycho...

LANCE

Nah.

NIKKI

...or a killer...

LANCE

Dude, you gotta chill.

NIKKI

...or a... *vegetarian*.

LANCE

You might be right about that one.

Meanwhile, Saul and Grace make eyes at each other. The BAND is practicing a song like "Do the Lasso" (Justin Champagne, 2020), so Saul does the "lasso dance" and "pulls" himself over to Grace.

After "You might be right..." Grace defiantly gives a ticket to Saul. He takes it in his teeth, pretending to be a killer.

SAUL

But... can we meet up when the gates open?

(to Nikki)

You can do your *background check*...

An exasperated SIGH from Nikki, with an eye roll.

SAUL (CONT'D)

...and I can finish these packets and put all this stuff away.

GRACE

Sounds great. I *would* like to see what you look like without a sandwich board on.

SAUL

Don't take this the wrong way, but I'd like to see what you look like with a sandwich board on.

(beat)

Wanna help?

Saul gives his packets to Grace, but she hesitates.

GRACE

Don't wanna take your board from you...

SAUL

No problem!

Saul lifts up his sandwich board, revealing a SECOND SANDWICH BOARD UNDERNEATH.

NIKKI

(in mock amazement)

A triple-decker club sandwich!

Saul flashes a THIRD BOARD UNDERNEATH at Nikki.

SAUL
You want one, too?

NIKKI
I'm gluten-intolerant.

Nikki sighs and gives Grace a good-luck hug.

NIKKI (CONT'D)
I'll keep our place in line.

Saul takes off a sandwich board and helps Grace into it.

SAUL
Just follow my lead. By the way,
I'm Solomon; I go by Saul.

GRACE
I'm Grace; I go by Grace.

NIKKI
(to Lance)
I'm Nikki; I go throw up.

SAUL
(with an eyebrow to Nikki)
It's a pleasure to meet you, *Miss
Stevens*. And... happy birthday!

Saul and Grace head off. The BAND finishes warming up.

NIKKI
(to Lance)
I wonder how many layers of those
things he's got on?

LANCE
That dude? I think he's sandwich
boards all the way down.

NIKKI
(calling after them)
Hey lovebirds, come back when the
gates open... and don't forget to
pack some *condiments*!

Lance chuckles and hands Nikki a Polygamy Porter. She takes it but looks apprehensively after Saul and Grace, who are working the line a little ways off.

We hear more of "Wawa Hoagies" (Aaron Out, 2017) or other upbeat rap song.

EXT. OUTSIDE RED BUTTE GARDEN AMPHITHEATRE - DAWN

Saul and Grace snuggle cheek to cheek...

GRACE

I had a great time last night.

SAUL

You were amazing. Fearless. Your stamina was incredible.

GRACE

Kept worrying my parents would show up. But I didn't wanna stop.

SAUL

Me neither. It was *beautiful*.

...on the RED-WHITE-AND-BLUE BLANKET...

GRACE

My body was covered in sweat.

SAUL

It was *hot*. You know, I could hear you. I loved every sound you made.

GRACE

Thought my *voice* would give out!

SAUL

I thought my *back* would give out! And if you think *that* was great, wait 'til we do it in *Provo*... at the farmers market!

...each of them with a signature packet nearby.

They sit up. They're on the grass, near the mostly empty parking lot. We see Saul's BIKE, with their campaign materials tucked in by his backpack, and a Lime SCOOTER.

SAUL (CONT'D)

Wanna walk the Shoreline Trail?

Grace nods and gets to her feet, checking her phone.

GRACE

We can also do the new Wordle.

SAUL

You do that too?

GRACE

Version called the Fartle. First guess has to be "FARTS".

SAUL

Not a bad guess. I use "EARTH".
(beat)
Same three letters in the middle.

EXT. BONNEVILLE SHORELINE TRAIL - CONTINUOUS

They walk along the trail.

GRACE

My ten-year-old niece invented the Fartle. She's serious about it.

They can't help getting ridiculously competitive.

SAUL

I could probably do it in four tries.

GRACE

I try to do it in three.
(indicating her packet)
And I got seventy-five signatures last night...

SAUL

(slyly, with his packet)
There *is* another concert tonight.
But I know: it's your birthday.

GRACE

We celebrated last night; I'm in!
(again with her packet)
Why does this all feel so good?

SAUL

Because ballot measures are *amazing*: you have an idea, and if you gather enough signatures your idea goes on the ballot, and if more people vote Yes than No then *your idea becomes law. That's wild!*

GRACE

Can't do it in China, or in Russia.

SAUL

Or even in New Jersey!

EXT. ENSIGN PEAK - NIGHT

They stop to look at the views of the Salt Lake Valley.

SAUL

(with sincerity)

I mean, democracy of any kind is pretty great---electing presidents and stuff---but there's something extra about taking an idea directly to the people. And then: you make the ballot or you don't; you win or you lose.

GRACE

That why you're so committed to the campaign?

SAUL

I'm just doing it to meet hotties...

Grace frowns; Saul tries to recover.

SAUL (CONT'D)

...and to try to make myself worthy of the hotties I meet.

GRACE

(a bit chilly)

Is it working?

SAUL

Um... no?

GRACE

Well, plus one for honesty.

Saul changes the subject, pointing at the trail and then at the valley, with smoke billowing into the night from the oil refinery lit up on the near side of I-15.

SAUL

Crazy to think that the trail used to be the shoreline of the Great Salt Lake, twenty thousand years ago. The refinery, almost all of Utah... would've been underwater.

GRACE

Don't mess with Mother Nature.

SAUL
 Now we're drying up the Lake... *and*
 driving up global sea levels.

EXT. ENSIGN PEAK - TRAILHEAD - NIGHT

They walk back.

SAUL
 Are you really worried about your
 parents finding out?

GRACE
 My dad *does* carry around a hunting
 knife... *and* he's got an RV garage.

SAUL
 That's probably the opposite of our
 target demographic.

GRACE
 What do *your* parents think?

SAUL
 My dad just wants me to keep my day
 job. My mom would've loved it, but
 she died when I was four.

A sympathetic murmur from Grace.

SAUL (CONT'D)
 My dad never remarried, so my
 brother and I grew up in an all-
 male household. I was twelve before
 I learned the toilet seat even *had*
 a down position...

Grace laughs.

SAUL (CONT'D)
 Maybe that's why I'm kind of
 awkward around women.

GRACE
 Mister "Do the Lasso"?!
 ?!

SAUL
 It takes a sandwich board to bring
 me out of my shell.

GRACE
 (after a beat)
 My mom would probably sign. She's
 from Finland.

SAUL
 Did they end up here 'cause they're
 Mormon?

GRACE
 No, just outdoorsy.

SAUL
 (again about the campaign)
 Too bad. It would be great to get
 more volunteers from the church.
Fudge.

GRACE
Dagnabit.

Saul stops to look at TWO UTAH FLAGS lit up nearby.

SAUL
 The flag people probably have a lot
 of Mormon volunteers.

GRACE
 The who?

SAUL
 The flag people. They're mad about
 our new state flag, so they filed
 an initiative to keep the old one.

GRACE
 Collecting a hundred and fifty
 thousand signatures *for a flag?*

SAUL
 See? That's the new flag on top;
 the old one's underneath.

They study the flags. Grace is MYSTIFIED.

GRACE
 Guess I see their point?? Maybe??

SAUL
 They don't gather in Salt Lake
 City: too many people like you. But
 in the rest of the state, they're
 serious.

GRACE

Yeah, seriously nuts. Right-wing crazies who are against change.

They continue walking.

SAUL

We're against change, too, you know: *climate change*?

GRACE

Are you saying that we are just left-wing crazies [[who are--]]

SAUL

(interrupting; a smile)
Not we; you.

GRACE

Climate of planet Earth versus... a flag. Only one of those things is important.

SAUL

Yeah, and maybe it's the flag. They have way more signatures than us.

GRACE

Now I'm hooked! We can't fall behind the *flag people*.

SAUL

Our campaigns might both fail. Only seven ballot measures have ever passed in Utah.

GRACE

(after a shrug)
"The struggle itself toward the heights is enough to fill a man's heart."

SAUL

Huh?

GRACE

Quote I put in my high school yearbook. From Camus, *Myth of Sisyphus*.

SAUL

I'll, uh, put that on my reading list.

GRACE

You better.

SAUL

My yearbook quote was about not taking life too seriously, because "in the long run, we're all dead."

Grace chuckles at this re-interpretation of Keynes.

EXT. OUTSIDE RED BUTTE GARDEN AMPHITHEATRE - NIGHT

They approach Saul's bike.

SAUL

Want a ride down the hill?

Grace looks at Saul, and his bike, and all his stuff, and then sees the Lime SCOOTER nearby; she moves toward it.

GRACE

In the short run, I wanna live. But text me about tonight. You're not gonna ghost me, are you?

Saul moves toward his bike.

SAUL

Not after last night!
(half to Grace)
Not a chance.
(quietly, to himself)
Seventy-five signatures...

Over the following, we hear part of "Don't Put Onions on Your Hamburger" (The Dellwoods, 1963) or a similar doo-wop song.

Saul rides off as Grace gets on her scooter.

I/E. CAMPAIGN HEADQUARTERS - DAY

Saul's bike is locked up near a TREE FULL OF SUMMER LEAVES.

Wearing the SAME CARGO SHORTS and carrying his backpack, Saul enters a modest office space in a single-story strip mall.

INT. CAMPAIGN HEADQUARTERS - DAY

Empty pizza boxes, sandwich boards, stickers, signature packets, yard signs, posters ("There is no Planet B"), etc.

Katherine, behind a crowded but neatly organized desk, is focused on a laptop.

On the wall behind her is a TRACKING BOARD (a poster print-out with hand-written additions) dominated by a GRAPH:

- an upward-sloping CURVE IN BLACK shows their goal: the path (from FEBRUARY TO DECEMBER) needed to get 150,000 signatures and make the following November's ballot;
- a second CURVE IN GREEN shows their PROGRESS-TO-DATE: through the start of July it's also upward-sloping, but NOTICEABLY BELOW the black line.

There's also a FILL-IN-THE-BLANKS using 3x5 index cards:

- "Week of JULY 1 we got: 3,000"
- "Week of JULY 8 we need: 6,000"

KATHERINE

Well, how is "volunteer recruitment" coming along?

SAUL

Brinlee is at five hundred, Ashley is at two-fifty, and last night this new girl, Grace, got seventy-five signatures.

(wry smile)

She can't wait to go out with me again.

KATHERINE

(with a hint of pride)

You're such a cad.

SAUL

It's not my fault if they fit better with the campaign than with me. Plus, it's for the planet.

KATHERINE

I know, I know. You're just putting the "action" into climate action.

Saul opens his backpack and hands over 2 finished packets and his "1000 signatures" PAPER GOAL THERMOMETER, now at 100%.

SAUL

Their children will thank me.

KATHERINE

Yeah, but they won't be having those children with *you*.

As they speak, Katherine gets out a stack of IDENTICAL GOAL THERMOMETERS, writes "5000 signatures" on the top one (it's the same BIG PRETTY HANDWRITING), colors in 20% to indicate the 1000 signatures he's gotten so far, and hands it to Saul. (Neither of them notice that there are TWO STUCK TOGETHER.)

SAUL

I dunno, Grace is... She invited me to comedy open-mic night at Wiseguys. She's got 3 minutes.

KATHERINE

Hey, hey, hey: focus. This summer is do-or-die. If we don't triple our pace, you'll see why people call me the Oracle of Doom.

Saul puts things in his backpack and stands to leave.

EXT. CAMPAIGN HEADQUARTERS - DAY

Saul heads off on his bike, muttering to himself:

SAUL

"Oracle of Doom."

EXT. SAUL'S HOUSE - DAY

A RECYCLING TRUCK is emptying their BIG BLUE RECYCLING BIN as Saul bikes up the driveway.

I/E. SAUL'S HOUSE - MUDROOM - DAY

Saul comes in the side door, puts his backpack on the dryer, and gets out his new PAPER GOAL THERMOMETER.

As he moves to attach it to the wall, he notices that there are TWO STUCK TOGETHER.

A beat, then he posts them side-by-side.

He writes "Grace" on the second one in messy handwriting, underlines it, then smiles and colors in 30%.

SAUL
 (to himself)
 Heck with Katherine, I like this
 girl!

Over the following, we hear the start of "Sandwiches" (Detroit Grand Pubahs, 2000) or a similar song that's sexy, funky, and a bit goofy.

INT. SAUL'S HOUSE - VARIOUS ROOMS - DAY

MONTAGE as Saul showers, dresses, combs his hair, and otherwise prepares as if for a date.

INT. GRACE'S DUPLEX - LIVING ROOM - DAY

A small, tidy grad-student apartment. IKEA bookcases with textbooks; a TV; some plants. On the wall are some family heirlooms (a carved American flag, a family photo at the U.S. Capitol) and a movie poster for *Mr. Smith Goes to Washington*.

Grace is lounging on a couch, reading a BOOK WITH A BRIGHT RED COVER: *What Makes Love Last*, by John Gottman Ph.D.

On a coffee table in front of her: a pile of political science books and some campaign stickers.

Nikki enters from the kitchen and picks up Olson's *The Logic of Collective Action*. She forces the book on Grace, tapping at it with her forefinger.

Grace puts the BOOK WITH THE BRIGHT RED COVER down on the coffee table, but not before pointedly using a CAMPAIGN STICKER as a bookmark. Nikki rolls her eyes and stands to leave, making a "knock on wood" gesture on the carved American flag.

EXT. SAUL'S HOUSE - DAY

Saul shuts the hatchback of his HONDA FIT and gets in. We don't see what he put in the back, but we do see a CAMPAIGN BUMPER STICKER.

INT. GRACE'S DUPLEX - KITCHEN - DAY

Small and tidy. A DISHWASHER. A basil plant in the window. A movie poster for *Clueless*.

Grace is at the stove, making quesadillas. She brings her plate over to a small table with three chairs. On the table: the BOOK WITH THE BRIGHT RED COVER.

EXT. GRACE'S DUPLEX - DAY

Saul parks on the street just past Grace's up/down duplex.

INT. SAUL'S CAR - DAY

He checks his hair in the rearview mirror.

INT. GRACE'S DUPLEX - BATHROOM - DAY

Small and tidy. She checks her hair in the mirror.

I/E. GRACE'S DUPLEX - DAY

Saul walks up the stairs and knocks. Grace opens the door.

SAUL

Ready?

GRACE

Almost.

Grace goes back inside, then returns with a sandwich board and a backpack.

GRACE (CONT'D)

Now I'm ready.

They head off on their signature-gathering "date".

EXT. GRACE'S DUPLEX - DAY

As they approach his Honda Fit, they joke:

GRACE

I was afraid you'd have an F-350.

SAUL

My other car is a bicycle.

EXT. MAIN STREET NEAR 200 S, SLC - LATE AFTERNOON

Saul and Grace are working the line of (mostly young) people waiting to enter an all-ages concert at the Gallivan Center.

13-YEAR-OLD KID
 (to Grace)
 I wanna sign!

GRACE
 In a few years, when you're 18.

13-YEAR-OLD KID
 I *am* 18! Don't profile me!

GRACE
 Sorry, I don't have time for this.

Grace STOMPS AND PIVOTS to join Saul, who is checking a packet signed by a bubbly TIPSY GIRL who looks barely 18.

TIPSY GIRL
 You're so smart to be out here!

SAUL
 Because there are so many people?

TIPSY GIRL
 No, because we're all drunk!!

GRACE
 In ancient Persia they debated important decisions twice: once while drunk, then again while sober.

SAUL/TIPSY GIRL
 Wha???!

Saul shakes his head; he and Grace turn to the next person.

TIPSY GIRL
 Hey! Where's my sticker?!

INT. SAUL'S HOUSE - MUDROOM - DAY

An image of Saul's twin PAPER GOAL THERMOMETERS filling up.

EXT. MAIN STREET NEAR 200 S, SLC - DAY

Saul is checking packets from two signers. Grace is about 20 feet away (within earshot), pitching two CUTE GUYS (20s).

GRACE
 Thirty seconds for clean air?

CUTE GUY #1
 (jokey / flirty)
 I like dirty air.

GRACE
 (no patience)
 You're in the right place.
 (to his friend)
 Sir?

CUTE GUY #2
 (jokey / flirty)
 I've got thirty seconds *for you*.

Grace offers them both packets.

GRACE
 Add your friend here---make it a
threesome---and you've got a deal.

They take the packets and start to sign. In the background,
 Saul smiles.

CUTE GUY #2
 You drive a tough bargain...

INT. SAUL'S HOUSE - MUDROOM - DAY

Saul's twin PAPER GOAL THERMOMETERS fill up more.

EXT. LIBERTY PARK - DAY

Grace is pitching people on a walking path; she has a
 sandwich board and two packets, one of which a man is
 signing. He returns the packet and walks off.

In the background, Saul is approaching with a PICNIC TOTE.
 He's about 40 feet (10 seconds) away.

In the foreground, Grace pitches another man walking by. He's
 60 and will turn out to be an ARGUMENTATIVE JERK, with a
 voice like Donald Trump (maybe even a voice impersonator).

GRACE
 Thirty seconds to put clean air on
 the ballot in Utah?

ARGUMENTATIVE JERK
 I'd vote to put it on the ballot...
 in China. You hypocrite, I bet you
 drove here today.

GRACE

I care about the Great Salt Lake,
but I still shower and...
(brushing-you-off motion)
...wash my hands.

ARGUMENTATIVE JERK

Me too. But not because of
"science".

Saul, from behind the Argumentative Jerk, gives Grace a
throat-slitting cut-it-off motion.

She ignores him, so---as the conversation continues---Saul
slowly ambles by, pretending to be a pedestrian but ready to
be a lifeline in case the simmering tension erupts.

GRACE

"Science" is what allows us to
predict the future.

ARGUMENTATIVE JERK

I predict your lame campaign is
going down the drain.

GRACE

Sorry, I don't have time for this.

Grace does a 180, STOMPING AND PIVOTING TO SAUL, who has
almost walked past her. She gives him BOTH of her packets.

GRACE (CONT'D)

Sir, have you signed yet?

The Argumentative Jerk is still in the same spot, but the
tension has mostly dissipated... so Saul turns flirty,
starting another round of the Innuendo Game.

SAUL (AS PEDESTRIAN)

I don't know, what's in it for me?

ARGUMENTATIVE JERK

(to Saul, from behind
Grace)
Not much.

GRACE

(to Saul; game on!)
Oh, I disagree.

She smiles: this Innuendo Game, she has a huge advantage.

SAUL (AS PEDESTRIAN)

Why is that?

Saul furrows his brow as he figures it out: the Argumentative Jerk can see Saul's face but not hers. So Saul must continue to pretend to be just a pedestrian, but Grace can lay it on thick with her eyes, her lips, her voice:

GRACE

Oh, you are gonna love what I have.

Saul's knees wobble, but he fights bravely onward.

SAUL (AS PEDESTRIAN)

Yeah? What's that?

As Grace motions at the packets, her hand skims her body.

GRACE

I've got this whole package.

SAUL (AS PEDESTRIAN)

(weakly)

Tell me more.

Grace subtly caresses Saul's hand that's holding the packets. Her other hand reaches for the pen tucked into the rubber band on the top packet. Only her words are innocent:

GRACE

(quietly)

Let me just help you take the cap
off this pen...

Saul does a HAND FLEX; he's losing his mind. Fortunately, the Argumentative Jerk interrupts, from behind Grace:

ARGUMENTATIVE JERK

Buddy, all I've got to tell you is
that I cannot wait to vote against
this piece of crap!

Grace takes the top packet (and the pen), turns back around, and offers them to the Argumentative Jerk.

GRACE

If you want to vote against it,
then you should help us make the
ballot... by signing this petition.

A pause as the Argumentative Jerk considers this.

Then he grabs the packet.

ARGUMENTATIVE JERK

Okay, I will!

SAUL (AS PEDESTRIAN)
 (almost moaning)
 Oh, me too!

Over the following, we hear more of "Sandwiches" (Detroit Grand Pubahs).

Saul's eyelids close and then open; he MOUTHS "WOW". He's so impressed, for him it's like *la petite mort*.

It's not that way for the Argumentative Jerk. He signs the packet and returns it to Grace. She's all business, so of course she offers him a sticker. He declines and huffs off.

Saul recovers, and he and Grace walk off in a different direction, to their picnic. They high five and hold hands.

EXT. DOWNTOWN FARMERS MARKET, SLC - DAY

Late-summer produce: peaches and tomatoes. Grace is gathering signatures; her backpack is by an outdoor table nearby. Nikki approaches with two SWIG DIRTY SODAS, each with a BIG SMILEY FACE IN SHARPIE, and waves Grace over to the table.

Grace walks over, gesturing to her sandwich board.

GRACE
 One month, one thousand signatures.
 Best. Birthday. Present. *Ever*.

Nikki rolls her eyes.

NIKKI
 (with a malicious click of
 her tongue on the "L")
 What about Saul-lami?

This joke is old hat by now, so Grace ignores it.

GRACE
 Oh, he's the *second-best* birthday
 present ever.
 (surprisingly sexy smile,
 recalling the meet-cute)
 Gathered yesterday at the Provo
 farmers market.

Grace puts down her packets; Nikki hands over a drink.

NIKKI
 Did you talk about the campaign the
 whole way there?
 (MORE)

NIKKI (CONT'D)

Does he ever talk about anything other than the campaign?

GRACE

I also made him a playlist. You wouldn't believe how many songs there are about sandwiches.

Another beat. Nikki chuckles ruefully.

NIKKI

I guess it's true: you really are--

GRACE/NIKKI

(laughing at an in-joke,
Nikki with skepticism,
Grace ga-ga in love)
--the *grill of his dreams*.

NIKKI

You better just go have his nerdy babies. Although, if you did that, how *would* you gather signatures?

Grace considers this, then turns her smiley-face drink into a baby's head, poking it up through her sandwich board.

GRACE

Make the straps longer, you could totally fit a baby carrier in here. But... no, it's impossible. Nine months, the campaign will be over.

NIKKI

(mock sympathetic)
There's always next time.

Grace puts down her drink and takes off her board.

GRACE

We might need a next time; I don't think we're gonna make it. Don't you wanna help us? What if we paid you?

NIKKI

I'd pay *you* to never ask me that again.

GRACE

Money could work, too. Wanna hire some folks to go door-to-door. We're calling them "emissionaries".

NIKKI

(chuckles)

And if you make the ballot, how's
Utah gonna vote for a carbon tax?

GRACE

There are Republicans who care
about climate change. And *nobody*
likes the sales tax on groceries.
You gotta have faith. Democracy is
like going to open-mic night with a
new routine. Sometimes you triumph,
but mostly you try, try again.

Grace pulls a FOLDER WITH PAPERS from her backpack.

GRACE (CONT'D)

Speaking of new routines, I've been
researching the funniest ballot
measures in U.S. history--

NIKKI

(interrupting, skeptical)

You do gotta have faith.

FLASHBACK TO:

INT. GOVERNMENT OFFICE, WASHINGTON STATE - DAY

Early 2000s. The hand of TIM EYMAN (white male, 40, wearing a
wedding ring) repeatedly puts stacks of paper on the counter:

- "\$30 car tabs"
- "\$30 car tabs--we mean it!"
- "Son of \$30 car tabs"

GRACE (V.O.)

In Washington State, a guy named
Tim Eyman filed over a thousand
ballot measures, so another guy--

A different white male hand (20s, no wedding ring) puts down
a stack of papers:

- "Horse's Ass / HorsesAss.org"

GRACE (V.O.)

--another guy filed one to label
him a "horse's ass".

(MORE)

GRACE (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 Or, as the lawyers put it, "a
 vernacular term that denotes the
 back end of a horse."

I/E. AT THE FRONT DOOR OF A SUBURBAN HOUSE - DAY

An attorney serves legal papers to Tim Eyman, his surprised
 wife (35), and his even more surprised mother (65).

GRACE (V.O.)
 Copies of the declaration were to
 be "immediately transmitted to Tim
 Eyman, his wife, and his mother."

BACK TO:

EXT. DOWNTOWN FARMERS MARKET, SLC - DAY

GRACE
 Saul's been helping me track down
 all the initiatives, since 1898--

NIKKI
 (interrupting)
 I can just see you, cracking each
 other up as you crack open dusty
 old books.

GRACE
 (surprisingly sexy smile)
 Yeah, something like that.

FLASHBACK TO:

INT. UNIVERSITY LIBRARY - NIGHT

Saul and Grace in the stacks. Saul bends down to find a book.
 Grace looks over his shoulder, her hand balancing on his arm.

NIKKI (V.O.)
 And, what else have you found?

Saul's other arm comes across; their hands touch.

GRACE (V.O.)
 Well, most ballot measures have
 been about taxes--

They kiss, tentatively at first...

NIKKI (V.O.)
Hilarious.

...then more passionately.

GRACE (V.O.)
--or about democracy itself, like
giving women the vote--

They find an alcove. Grace sits on the table, does the "lasso dance", and "pulls" Saul to her to begin a make-out session.

NIKKI (V.O.)
[Snores.]

A DISAPPROVING LIBRARIAN approaches, clearing her throat.
Saul and Grace get back to work.

GRACE (V.O.)
(amused at the memory)
--or whether various things should
be legal or illegal.

Nikki perks up at this angle.

NIKKI (V.O.)
What kind of things, legal or
illegal?

BACK TO:

EXT. DOWNTOWN FARMERS MARKET, SLC - DAY

GRACE
Like you snoring about women
getting the vote. Think of the
ladies in Oregon, where women's
suffrage passed at the ballot on
the *sixth* try... 1912.

NIKKI
It took *six tries*?

GRACE
Could've been more: all the voters
were men. I'd say the glass is half-
full.

NIKKI
(sarcastic)
Mm, a glass half-full of men.
Samantha would...
(trails off, sighs)
(MORE)

NIKKI (CONT'D)

Maybe loving *someone* and loving
democracy have the same secret
ingredient.

GRACE

Optimism?? Hope??

NIKKI

Modest expectations.

(beat)

Committing to *one person*... such a
terrifying idea.

GRACE

So's committing to *millions* of
other people. You look around...

Her gesture encompasses the farmers market crowd, some
barefoot slack-line walkers, even some homeless folks.

GRACE (CONT'D)

...and it's like, *someone's* gotta
make decisions... Why not us?

NIKKI

We might find out on a Tuesday
night in early November.

(beat)

What else, legal or illegal?

GRACE

The whole alphabet: Abortion.
Booze. Contraception. Daylight
Savings Time--

NIKKI

I'd totally vote to get rid of that
one. We should "lock the clock".

During Grace's next line, she pivots an arm to the right and
then to the left, like a windshield wiper.

GRACE

But would you lock it after *falling*
back an hour, or after *springing*
forward an hour?

Nikki takes Grace's arm and pivots it to the middle.

NIKKI

Half an hour, and then lock it.

She pulls Grace's arm down as if slicing with a sword.

NIKKI (CONT'D)

Like King Solomon and the baby.

(beat)

Now *that* was a Solomon.

Grace rolls her eyes, then consults her papers.

GRACE

After World War Two...

FLASHBACK TO:

EXT. MAIN STREET IN MINOT, NORTH DAKOTA, 1948 - DAY

Farmer HOWARD HENRY (white male, 45) approaches his parked truck as a police officer puts a ticket on the windshield.

GRACE (V.O.)

...a farmer in North Dakota got a ticket for not feeding a parking meter.

Index finger raised, Howard morphs from ticked-off farmer arguing a ticket to ticked-off candidate giving a speech.

GRACE (V.O.)

He responded, as you might expect... by running for governor.

INT. GOVERNMENT OFFICE, NORTH DAKOTA, 1948 - DAY

Howard files ballot measure papers. We see giant letters on the top of the first page: "Park Free..."

GRACE (V.O.)

Also filed a ballot measure, to ban parking meters statewide.

EXT. FARM IN MINOT, NORTH DAKOTA, 1948 - DAY

A SMALL PLANE flies low, dropping PAMPHLETS. A farmer picks one out of the dirt. The top 3 lines (out of 4) read: "Howard 'Hard Wheat' Henry / Democrat for Governor / Park Free..."

GRACE (V.O.)

Campaigned by tossing pamphlets out of his crop duster. Governor's race, got over 80,000 votes...

NIKKI (V.O.)
 In North Dakota, that might be
 enough.

GRACE (V.O.)
 Not quite. But the ballot measure
 passed--

EXT. MAIN STREET IN MINOT, NORTH DAKOTA, 1949 - DAY

Workers jackhammer up parking meters, including the one where
 Howard got a ticket; they put it in the back of his truck.

GRACE (V.O., CONT'D)
 And it's still the law of the land:

INT. FARMHOUSE IN NORTH DAKOTA, 1949 - DAY

Howard mounts his parking meter trophy in his living room. He
 and Grace speak the next line together, but we only hear her:

HOWARD HENRY/GRACE (V.O.)
 "Park Free or Die!"

BACK TO:

EXT. DOWNTOWN FARMERS MARKET, SLC - DAY

GRACE
 (energetic and rah-rah)
 Kinda crazy, but it's also what
 makes this country *so great*.

Nikki snaps her fingers, trying to bring Grace back to Earth.

NIKKI
 Yeah, if you're a white male farmer
 in North Dakota.

GRACE
 Hey, *anyone* can run a ballot
 measure. Stop it with the...
 (hoity-toity motion,
 reciting a line from one
 of her comedy routines)
 ...cisgender capitalist hetero-
 patriarchy.

Nikki laughs and imitates the hoity-toity.

NIKKI

All I'm saying is, it helps to have a sausage and some white bread.

(beat)

I don't trust Salami.

GRACE

Oh, come on. He volunteers for climate action.

NIKKI

That's what worries me. Look, you know how some men are only after one thing?

GRACE

Mmmh.

NIKKI

What if *he's* like that, but with signature-gathering?

GRACE

And I'm just a warm body he can put a sandwich board on??

NIKKI

You need to find out.

GRACE

Fine, it makes you happy I will.

Grace picks up her stuff and stalks off.

She gets on a nearly empty bus.

MOSTLY SILENT bits follow, like in one of those nature documentaries where the cheetah silently hunts the unsuspecting gazelle. We hear foreboding music: "Sandwich Man" (Paolo Conte, 2004) or something similar.

INT. COMMUNITY CENTER - MEETING ROOM - DAY

Katherine, Saul, Brinlee, Ashley, and 25 new trainees, all with NAME TAGS.

The PPT shows a grim TRACKING BOARD update. The GRAPH shows they're still struggling, as does the FILL-IN-THE-BLANK text:

- "Week of AUG 5 we got: 4,000"
- "Week of AUG 12 we need: 8,000"

KATHERINE [MOSTLY SILENT]
 We can still make it, but only if
 everybody pushes really hard.

EXT. COMMUNITY CENTER - DAY

Grace gets off the bus.

INT. COMMUNITY CENTER - MEETING ROOM - DAY

Brinlee giggles as she adds one more sticker to Katherine's
 WATER BOTTLE, which is already 100% covered in stickers.

I/E. COMMUNITY CENTER - DAY

Grace enters the building.

INT. COMMUNITY CENTER - MEETING ROOM - DAY

Saul, as a Smiler, seems supportive but just walks by
 Katherine, smiling big and maintaining weird eye contact.

INT. COMMUNITY CENTER - HALLWAY - DAY

Grace walks toward the EASEL with "Signature-Gathering
 Training" and an arrow pointing into an open doorway.

INT. COMMUNITY CENTER - MEETING ROOM - DAY

Saul, in a sandwich board, COUNTS DISTINCTIVELY to four.

SAUL [MOSTLY SILENT]
 ...Dream Signers, Quick Nos, *Oh*
Nos, and *Oh Yeahs*.

INT. COMMUNITY CENTER - HALLWAY - DAY

Grace pauses in the doorway, unseen.

NORMAL SOUND RESUMES.

SAUL (O.S.)
 ...I'm gonna find something to
 compliment you on: your clothes,
 your smile, your handwriting.

INT. COMMUNITY CENTER - MEETING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

SAUL

Women love it when you admire their handwriting. Because nobody gets to look at anyone else's handwriting these days; it's almost impossible to meet someone new face-to-face. But signature-gathering has to be done in person, outside, in the open air.

KATHERINE

You never know what might happen.

INT. COMMUNITY CENTER - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

SAUL (O.S.)

At best, you could meet the love of your life.

Grace smiles.

SAUL (O.S.) (CONT'D)

At worst, you might find someone you can rope into volunteering on the campaign.

Grace's smile fades. Her stuff falls to the floor.

INT. COMMUNITY CENTER - MEETING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

SAUL

Pretend you're interested, get 'em hooked, and then, well...

Grace barges in, MAD ANGRY. All that Saul has to defend himself with is some stickers he's holding.

GRACE

Well, what?!

SAUL

Grace! Grace, I wasn't talking about you.

GRACE

Who were you talking about?

SAUL

Um... Brinlee? And Ashley?

GRACE

Who??

Sitting at the table and identified by their NAME TAGS, Brinlee gives a rueful smile; Ashley rolls her eyes.

Grace GRABS some stickers from Saul and THROWS them at him.

GRACE (CONT'D)

You can give your sweet talk to them!

SAUL

(plaintive callback)
Plus one for honesty??

Grace's eyes widen as she comes to a *terrible realization*:

GRACE

You probably don't even really like my handwriting!

Over these MOSTLY SILENT bits, we hear the start of "You're Not My Favourite Sandwich" (Elsa Birgitta Bekman, 2019) or similar sad-sounding indie song.

INT. COMMUNITY CENTER - HALLWAY - DAY

Grace stomps out of the room and down the hallway, grabbing her things as she goes.

I/E. COMMUNITY CENTER - DAY

She storms out.

EXT. COMMUNITY CENTER - DAY

She gets on a bus.

INT. BUS - DAY

The bus is empty. Grace hurls herself into a seat.

She angrily pulls out her phone and opens the Wordle.

Hands shaking, she takes a deep breath and types in: "FARTS".

She hits Enter. The letters flip over: all gray, no correct letters. She closes her eyes and shakes her head.

She opens her eyes, full of tears, and looks out the window.

EXT. COMMUNITY CENTER - DAY

The bus drives down an empty street.

The entire Salt Lake Valley looks empty.

I/E. CAMPAIGN HEADQUARTERS - DAY

Katherine is slumped at her desk, defeated. The TRACKING BOARD behind her looks like it's been vandalized:

- The GRAPH section is full of gallows humor: a game of Hangman spells out "DOOMED", there's an R.I.P. tombstone, and the green progress-to-date curve falls off a cliff and crashes at the bottom into a hundred-piece cartoon explosion.

- The FILL-IN-THE-BLANK section has the same text as the last scene's PPT ("Week of AUG 5 we got: 4,000 / Week of AUG 12 we need: 8,000"), but the "8,000" has been viciously XXXed out.

Until the music ends, we see (but mostly do not hear):

- Grace entering;
- Grace and Katherine in animated conversation;
- Saul entering, with his backpack but no sandwich boards;
- all three of them talking and arguing, with Grace focusing on Katherine and completely ignoring Saul.

NORMAL SOUND RESUMES.

KATHERINE
(definitively)
This campaign... is doomed.

GRACE
I'm at two thousand, and I'm gonna
hit five.

SAUL
(trying to connect)
Oh, me too.

KATHERINE
(trying to make peace)
And if we had twenty more people
like the two of you, we'd make the
ballot.

GRACE
 (to Katherine)
 Gotta be something. Hire more
 missionaries?

KATHERINE
 We'd need a million dollars.

GRACE
 (to Katherine)
 Make some viral videos?

SAUL
 (can't help mocking)
 You mean like "*Carbon Taxes: The
 Movie*"??

Grace continues to ignore Saul, focusing on Katherine.

GRACE
 Other organizations?

SAUL
 The ones on the right are afraid
 that our policy is socialism; the
 ones on the left are mad that it
 isn't.

Grace finally turns to (and on) Saul.

GRACE
 Well, what's *your* idea? Try to find
 more hotties? Hey, maybe I could go
 after men like you go after the
 ladies. Hook 'em, reel 'em in, love
 'em and leave 'em... leave 'em with
 a signature packet and a bunch of
 stickers!

SAUL
 Grace, I swear--

Katherine stands up, interrupting.

KATHERINE
I'm going...
 (beat)
 ...to let you two sort this out.

She exits, speaking to herself.

KATHERINE (CONT'D)
Focus.

Saul and Grace are alone.

SAUL
This is such a disaster.

GRACE
You humiliated me. You used me.

SAUL
I swear that wasn't about you.
(beat)
It was about Brinlee... and
[[Ashley--]]

GRACE
(interrupting)
Who? Don't ever mention them again!

SAUL
I'm sorry, I didn't mean it.
(beat)
Except you do have lovely
handwriting.
(beat)
I just... messed up.

GRACE
These the same lines you fed to
Brinlee? And Ashley? And Taylee and
Oaklee and Shaylee? I've had enough
of your song-and-dance, your catch-
and-release, your "Wham Bam Thank
You for the Volunteering Ma'am."

SAUL
Grace, that's not how I feel about
you. I was gonna tell you...

GRACE
(interrupting)
When?

GRACE (CONT'D)
After the campaign?

SAUL
After the campaign.

Grace shakes her head sadly. She walks out.

Saul bangs his head against the wall.

Over the following, we hear more of "You're Not My Favourite Sandwich" (Elsa Birgitta Bekman, 2019) or similar sad-sounding indie song.

EXT. CAMPAIGN HEADQUARTERS - DAY

Saul gets on his bike with his backpack and rides off.

EXT. SAUL'S HOUSE - DAY

He bikes up the driveway.

He props his bike against the BIG BLUE RECYCLING BIN that's by the side door, drops his backpack on the ground, takes off his helmet, and slumps toward the side door.

I/E. SAUL'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

The Clueless Male Roommate, haphazardly loading the dishwasher, watches Saul come in the side door.

I/E. SAUL'S HOUSE - MUDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Saul immediately sees the twin PAPER GOAL THERMOMETERS on the wall; both are 90% colored in.

He rips them down, crushes them, dumps them into the GARBAGE CAN FOR DRYER LINT, and storms out, slamming the door.

I/E. SAUL'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

The Clueless Male Roommate walks toward the mudroom to get his holier-than-thou revenge.

CLUELESS MALE ROOMMATE
(calling out)
Shouldn't you be *recycling* those??!

Before the roommate even finishes, Saul storms back in (he's had the same thought), digs the papers out of the garbage can, and slams the door again on his way out.

Through the FROSTED GLASS on the door, we see him lift the lid of the BIG BLUE RECYCLING BIN and dump the papers in.

Saul storms in a third time, grabs his sandwich boards, and slams the door one final time on his way out.

EXT. UNIVERSITY OF UTAH - RED BUTTE CANYON ROAD - DAY

Saul slowly bikes uphill with his backpack and sandwich boards. *It's so hot.*

Lance, wearing another MARINERS JERSEY, opens the tailgate and pulls over his COOLER. He doesn't recognize Saul, or even acknowledge him.

SAUL

Lance??

Saul mimes a sandwich board and the "lasso dance".

SAUL (CONT'D)

Remember my sandwich board??

LANCE

Oh yeah: the *happy vegetarian*.

Lance does the "lasso dance" and "pulls" himself a Polygamy Porter from his cooler.

As he opens his beer and takes a long drink, Lance is only half-listening, which is totally fine because Saul, in self-absorbed misery, is mostly speaking to himself:

SAUL

(hands imitate airplanes
taking off and colliding)
My love life and this campaign have
collided in mid-air. Now they're
both in free fall...

LANCE

(under his breath)
"Cause I'm free, free fallin'"

SAUL

...I don't know which one to save,
or how.

LANCE

And you want *my* advice?

SAUL

Well, I *am* desperate.

LANCE

Dude, there's only two things I
know anything about. The list is
short. There's sports...
(tugs at his jersey)
...and there's beer.

He drinks.

LANCE (CONT'D)

What's great about beer is that *I*
can have a beer, and *you*...

He gets out a beer for Saul.

LANCE (CONT'D)

...*you* can also have a beer.

SAUL

Lance, I don't know if I want a
beer right now.

Lance ignores him and gets out two more beers.

LANCE

I can have *two* beers, and *you*...
you can also have two beers.

SAUL

Lance, I don't know if I want your
advice right now either.

Lance moves to get more beers.

LANCE

I can have *three* beers, and *you*...

SAUL

(interrupting)
Lance, I get your point.

LANCE

Dude, I'm not sure you do... Don't
you want a beer?

SAUL

No.

Lance is so stunned he can barely open a BAG OF CHIPS.

LANCE

You want some chips?

SAUL

No!

LANCE

Too bad. *Chips*... chips are like
beer. *I* can have some chips, and
you can also have some chips.

Lance eats a chip, then fingers his WEDDING RING.

LANCE (CONT'D)

Love... love is like beer. *I* can be
in love, and you can also be in
love.

A FAMILY OF FOUR walks by in the background. We hear a GIRL
(11) and BOY (7) totally cracking themselves up:

GIRL

...Farts Boogers!

BOY

Then *I'm* gonna call you Moo-Face
Butt-Cheeks!!

LANCE

Children... children are *really*
like beer: two or three, you're
just fine; six or eight, you go
crazy.

Lance drinks; his mind wanders.

LANCE (CONT'D)

Where were we?

SAUL

Love is like beer.

Lance NODS in agreement.

SAUL (CONT'D)

Chips are like beer.

Lance DRINKS in agreement.

SAUL (CONT'D)

Everything is like beer.

Lance SHAKES HIS HEAD NO; he tugs at his jersey.

LANCE

Sports is not like beer. We can
both have a beer, but in sports,
every year there's only one winner.
*And every year, since 1977, it has
never been the Seattle Mariners!*

SAUL

I think the Jazz have it worse.

LANCE

Only if you count their five years
in New Orleans.

(MORE)

LANCE (CONT'D)

And at least you *have* an NBA team.
(big sigh)
Why do we keep doing it?

SAUL

Because *this* year might be the
year?

LANCE

For cryin' out loud, don't jinx it!
That's strike one.

SAUL

Because watching sports gives you
an excuse to drink beer?

LANCE

(stone cold stare #2)
Dude, do I look like the kind of
guy who needs an excuse to drink
beer? Strike two.

SAUL

Okay, then... I give up.

LANCE

Me too. I have no idea why anyone
roots for the Seattle Mariners.
Strike three. With the Mariners,
it's always strike three... except
when we're pitching.

SAUL

Sounds like Sisyphus.

LANCE

Guy from the Astros?? Designated
hitter??

SAUL

Guy from Greek mythology.
"Designated pusher."

LANCE

Oh yeah, keeps pushing a big rock
up a steep hill; near the top, the
rock always rolls back down. That's
the Mariners, all right.

SAUL

I just read an essay about him, by
some guy named *COME-moo* or *KAY-moo*
or *COO-moo*, some absurd *Franch*
name.

(MORE)

SAUL (CONT'D)

About the futility of life, and why
don't we all just, you know...

(throat-slitting motion)

...call it quits.

LANCE

(drinks)

Last night's game was pretty bad.

SAUL

You know what *KEY-moo* says? "The
struggle itself toward the heights
is enough to fill a man's heart.
One must imagine Sisyphus happy."

A beat.

LANCE

I don't buy that.

SAUL

Me neither. I mean, to always be
dreamin' about the top of the
hill...

LANCE

Maybe he's not dreamin' about the
top of the hill.

SAUL

What's he dreamin' about? The
bottom of the hill??

LANCE

Maybe.

SAUL

What's at the *bottom* of the hill?

Lance lifts his beer.

LANCE

The man's gotta hydrate.

(drinks)

How can his heart be full if his
glass is empty?

SAUL

You're tellin' me Sisyphus pushes
the big rock up the steep hill
'cause there's a cold drink back at
base camp? *That's* the motivation?

LANCE

Not the *motivation*. The *foundation*. Maybe it's the beer---the chips, the love, the children---that gives us the strength to try again. With the rock. With politics. With the Mariners.

SAUL

Lance, I can't tell if you're a genius, or just drunk. You mean the campaign is... like sports? And Grace is like... beer?

Lance opens his cooler and takes out a SANDWICH IN A JIMMY JOHN'S PAPER BAG.

LANCE

Need me to dumb it down for you?

SAUL

(sarcastic)
Oh, yes please!

With a flourish, Lance takes the sandwich out of the bag and flings the bag at Saul.

LANCE

In the Great Sandwich of Life...

SAUL

(to himself, and the universe, as he picks up the bag and stares at it)
Why's everyone keep talkin' about sandwiches all the time?

LANCE

*...it's the bread---*made with yeast, just like beer---it's the *bread* that unites the sandwich, that holds the pickles, that keeps your [[fingers clean--]]

SAUL

(interrupting)
Sandwiches! Lance, that's it! You are a genius!

LANCE

I know!

Saul starts to pick up his campaign materials to walk away. Then he turns back.

SAUL

But how do we save the campaign?

LANCE

Dude, for that you don't need a genius. You need a miracle.

Over the following, we hear more of "You're Not My Favourite Sandwich" (Elsa Birgitta Bekman, 2019) or similar sad-sounding indie music.

I/E. CAMPAIGN HEADQUARTERS - DUSK

There's no miracle, just MOVING BOXES. They're being carried inside by Katherine and other campaign folks. We see all this through the TREE FULL OF SUMMER LEAVES.

EXT. CAMPAIGN HEADQUARTERS - NIGHT

Night falls on the campaign. It's over.

INT. GRACE'S DUPLEX - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Grace sits on the couch, alone. She sighs and shakes her head. Discarded under the coffee table: stickers and the BOOK WITH THE BRIGHT RED COVER.

INT. SAUL'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Saul finishes making a sandwich and puts it in a paper bag. Then he loads the dishwasher, rearranging to make more space.

EXT. CAMPAIGN HEADQUARTERS - MORNING

Only a few LATE-AUTUMN LEAVES remain on the TREE. The office is empty; there's a "For Lease" sign on the window.

EXT. VOTING LOCATION - MORNING

Workers plant yard signs ("Vote Here") and put red, white, and blue balloons around the entrance.

COMEDY CLUB M.C. (V.O.)

Last but not least... Grace
Stevens!

APPLAUSE (V.O.) from the comedy-club audience.

EXT. STREET CORNER - NIGHT

People wave election-related placards at rush-hour drivers.

GRACE (V.O.)
I know many of you are stressed out
about the election tomorrow.

EXT. WISEGUYS COMEDY CLUB - CONTINUOUS

Patrons entering the club.

GRACE (V.O.)
I'm gonna tackle it head-on.

INT. WISEGUYS COMEDY CLUB - FOYER - CONTINUOUS

A few people in line at the counter. A sign: "Open mic: \$5".

GRACE (V.O.)
The way most people think about
politics...

INT. WISEGUYS COMEDY CLUB - MAIN ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The room is nice and spacious, with a good open-mic crowd of 75 near the stage. In the back, stage right, there's a raised seating area with the M.C. and a large red COUNT-DOWN TIMER that's visible from the stage.

Nikki is in the audience.

GRACE
...is left wing and right wing, so
you folks over here, on my left...

She gestures to the folks on her left.

GRACE (CONT'D)
...I need you to play along with me
here...
(beat)
...for the next couple of minutes,
you all get to represent the *left
wing of the American political
spectrum.*

Grace leads the audience on her left in what is (inevitably) a WEAK ROUND OF APPLAUSE.

A pause. LAUGHTER.

GRACE (CONT'D)

That was actually an appropriate amount of enthusiasm for the left wing of the American political spectrum.

(LAUGHTER)

Now you folks over here, on my right...

Grace turns to the folks on her right.

GRACE (CONT'D)

...I need you to come through for me: you all get to represent the *right wing of the American political spectrum!*

Grace leads MUCH MORE ENTHUSIASTIC APPLAUSE from the folks on her right, and then amps them up even more.

GRACE (CONT'D)

Not bad, right wing... but in Texas they'd be chanting "USA!"

(LAUGHTER)

I want you to do that for me, c'mon you all are my right wing!

Grace leads her right wing in a VERY ENTHUSIASTIC CHANT: "USA! USA! USA!"

GRACE (CONT'D)

Very good, right wing!

She turns to the folks on her left.

GRACE (CONT'D)

And you folks over here on the left, you all were *perfect*.

(LAUGHTER)

Because while the right wing was chanting "USA!" you were just sitting there, looking befuddled and vaguely unpatriotic.

LAUGHTER. Then a MALE AUDIENCE MEMBER (40) makes a show of getting up as if to move from the left to the right.

GRACE (CONT'D)

You can move if you'd like, sir.

(LAUGHTER)

Now, that's how most people think about politics...

She gestures left, then right.

GRACE (CONT'D)
 ...left wing, right wing... but
 that actually leaves out the most
 important part of the American
 political spectrum.
 (beat)
 The left wing is actually way over
 here...

She gestures to the leftmost 1/4.

GRACE (CONT'D)
 ...and the right wing is way over
 here...

She gestures to the rightmost 1/4.

GRACE (CONT'D)
 ...and you all in the middle...

She gestures to the center.

GRACE (CONT'D)
 ...you all are the most important
 part of the American political
 spectrum.
 (beat)
 You all are my swing voters.

FEMALE SWING VOTER
 Woot!

GRACE
 Too much enthusiasm, ma'am; tone it
 down.
 (LAUGHTER)
 Now, a couple of very important
 things about swing voters.
 (beat)
 First: in America, there are a lot
 of swing voters. If you are not a
 communist...

LAUGHTER as she gestures to the leftmost 1/4.

GRACE (CONT'D)
 ...or a fascist...

LAUGHTER as she gestures to the rightmost 1/4.

GRACE (CONT'D)
 ...then you are probably a swing
 voter.

A beat as she gestures to the center.

GRACE (CONT'D)

And if you do not know the
difference between communists and
fascists...

She gestures left, right, then center.

GRACE (CONT'D)

...then you are *definitely* a swing
voter.

(LAUGHTER)

Now, your job, swing voters...
extremely important.

(beat)

Your job is to pay absolutely no
attention whatsoever...

(LAUGHTER)

...and then every four years you
determine the fate of the free
world.

(LAUGHTER)

Sounds like a big responsibility,
but trust me: don't give it a
second thought.

(LAUGHTER)

And that's how the American
political spectrum is *actually*
divided...

She gestures to the leftmost 1/4.

GRACE (CONT'D)

...the left wing: spineless;

She gestures to the rightmost 1/4.

GRACE (CONT'D)

...the right wing: heartless;

LAUGHS and WHOOPS; then she gestures to the middle.

GRACE (CONT'D)

...and the center: clueless.

(LAUGHTER)

Clueless and apathetic.

(beat)

You're so clueless you don't know
what apathetic means...

(LAUGHTER)

...and you're so apathetic you
can't be bothered to look it up.

(LAUGHTER)

(MORE)

GRACE (CONT'D)

You all are the idiot savants of
democracy...

(beat)

...and we're all counting on you to
come deliver on Election Day.

(beat, then a stage
whisper)

That's tomorrow, remember?

(LAUGHTER)

I'm Grace Stevens, thanks for
supporting live comedy!

Nikki and others WHOOP and APPLAUD as Grace leaves the stage.

COMEDY CLUB M.C. (O.S.)

Thanks for coming everyone! Don't
forget to tip the veal and try your
waitstaff...

Audience members exit.

Grace approaches Nikki's seat.

NIKKI

Not bad!

GRACE

Thanks. Remember what you said
about the secret to loving
democracy?

NIKKI

Modest expectations?

GRACE

That's also the secret to loving
open-mic night.

I/E. ON A TRAX (LIGHT RAIL) TRAIN - NIGHT

NIKKI

How's the ballot measure routine?

GRACE

Still working on it. I'd like to
mention how state legislatures keep
trying to kill ballot measures.
Like in South Dakota, where
petitions now have to be printed on
pages the size of beach blankets.

As Grace speaks, she takes a GIANT PETITION PAGE out of her
backpack, unfolds it, and hands it to Nikki.

Grace exits the train; Nikki follows, struggling to fold up the paper.

I/E. GRACE'S DUPLEX - NIGHT

Grace and Nikki walk up the stairs to Grace's front door.

There's a BROWN PAPER SANDWICH BAG on her doorstep.

GRACE

I'm always so hungry after shows.

NIKKI

(goofy fake accent)

Is Croque Monsieur still making you sandwiches?

Grace picks up the bag, which has BIG LETTERS IN SHARPIE that we (and Nikki) can't read, then opens the door.

GRACE

On my doorstep, every Monday.
Thirteen weeks and counting.

NIKKI

(impressed, even inspired)

Maybe I should try that with Samantha.

INT. GRACE'S DUPLEX - NIGHT

Standing at the kitchen counter, Grace puts the sandwich on a plate and hands Nikki the empty bag with writing.

Nikki READS ALOUD as Grace takes a bite.

NIKKI

"I ham in love with you"??

Grace is chewing; her face is impossible to read.

Nikki puts down the bag and puts up a trial balloon:

NIKKI (CONT'D)

You think we misjudged this guy?

(a beat, giving herself an
out)

I mean, maybe he's not a
vegetarian.

The tell: Grace takes the bag and tucks it into a drawer.

NIKKI (CONT'D)

Wait, you're saving them?!

Nikki opens the drawer, finds a PILE OF BAGS, and reads:

NIKKI (CONT'D)

"We could brie perfect together"

(next)

"Gimme another chance, rye don't you?"

(next)

"If I can't see you today, can I see you toe-MAH-toe?"

GRACE

(interrupting)

Gonna read all thirteen of them?

NIKKI

Oh, I want to. Grace, you're gonna give him another chance, right?

GRACE

Now that it's too late, you're on his side?

NIKKI

It's not too late. You're talking about trying again with the ballot measure, aren't you?

Nikki puts the bags down on the counter between them. Grace absent-mindedly rifles through them.

GRACE

Yeah, but ballot measures are about *ideas*, not about *people*. Once you lose trust in a person, they're toast.

NIKKI

Then make some *croutons* or something. I mean, what if you make the ballot and voters say No? Will you lose trust in *everyone*?

GRACE

Being disappointed by a million people is a statistic. Being disappointed by one person is a tragedy.

NIKKI

You gotta give Sloppy Joe another chance. If you don't, you could be making a big mistake.

Grace sighs, then shows a bag: "I falafel about what I did."

GRACE

Might be right. Then I'd "falafel".

Over the following, we hear the end of "You're Not My Favourite Sandwich" (Elsa Birgitta Bekman, 2019). Turns out it's a love song!

EXT. STATE LIQUOR STORE - MAGIC HOUR

The sun sets over the Oquirrh Mountains west of Salt Lake City. It's beautiful, but VERY COLD: everyone is bundled up.

Grace is wearing a sandwich board and holding two packets; her backpack is nearby. She pitches a FEMALE RATIONAL SKEPTIC (50s) with a raspy voice who smokes, coughs, and talks slowly: a total nightmare, like a crazed Lieutenant Columbo.

GRACE

Thirty seconds for clean air?

FEMALE RATIONAL SKEPTIC

Sounds *interesting*. How are you going to clean the air?

GRACE

Eliminate the state sales tax on grocery store food, replace it with a modest carbon tax on fossil fuels, and use the money that's left over for things like cleaner school buses.

FEMALE RATIONAL SKEPTIC

In-ter-esting. How's a carbon tax work?

Saul approaches from behind Grace, unseen. All he has with him is his WARM PURPLE COAT and a SANDWICH BAG WITH WRITING.

GRACE

It's based on the carbon content of coal, oil, and natural gas, the fossil fuels that are the main cause of local air pollution and global climate change.

FEMALE RATIONAL SKEPTIC
In-ter-esting. What about *nuke-u-lar* power? I like *nuke-u-lar* power.

Grace offers her a sticker. Other customers are approaching.

GRACE
 I'm just a volunteer; here's our website. Gotta talk to these other people.

The Rational Skeptic takes the sticker but refuses to leave.

FEMALE RATIONAL SKEPTIC
 But don't you think the real
 [[problem is--]]

GRACE
 (interrupting)
 Sorry, I don't have time for this.

Grace STOMPS AND PIVOTS, ending up FACE-TO-FACE with Saul.

A beat.

GRACE (CONT'D)
 (stage whisper)
 Rational Skeptics are *the worst*.

As if to prove the point, the Female Rational Skeptic refuses to leave, speaking aggressively to Grace's back.

FEMALE RATIONAL SKEPTIC
Excuse me, but don't you think the real problem is overpopulation?

Grace whirls back around. She and Saul respond in unison:

GRACE/SAUL
 No!

The Female Rational Skeptic stalks off, muttering to herself:

FEMALE RATIONAL SKEPTIC
 Some people!

Grace turns to Saul again.

SAUL
 Sometimes I think you're a Rational Skeptic. On the verge of giving me another chance, after *just one more sandwich*.

Saul hands over the sandwich bag. We can't read it but Grace does; she smiles and puts it on top of her backpack.

GRACE

You're sweet.

SAUL

And you're *committed*. To the campaign.

GRACE

That's what I said about you, the first time I saw you. *Committed*.

SAUL

Campaign's over now.

GRACE

I still have a week to hit my five thousand.

SAUL

And then what?

GRACE

Move on with life, get ready to try again for the ballot in two years.

SAUL

I'm ready to move on, too. I don't know what else to do.

GRACE

Maybe you should help me gather a few more signatures.

SAUL

I already hit my five thousand.

GRACE

Don't be an Argumentative Jerk.

SAUL

I don't even have any materials.

Grace gives him her sandwich board; there is (of course) ANOTHER ONE UNDERNEATH.

GRACE

A triple-decker club sandwich!

Saul reluctantly puts the board on and takes a packet.

SAUL

I think I'm getting PTSD. Grace,
you and I... We've gone on long
walks--

GRACE

Saul, can we focus on business?

SAUL

We did those worksheets from the
Gottman Love Lab--

GRACE

Solomon--

SAUL

We read *KAY-moo*--

GRACE

Sorry, I don't have time for this.

Grace STOMPS AND PIVOTS.

Saul sees the custom-made message on the back of her sandwich
board: "SOLOMON, LETTUCE TRY AGAIN TO BE GOUDA TOGETHER".

Saul embraces Grace from behind in an enthusiastic sandwich-
board hug.

Grace smiles, then wriggles to get free.

GRACE (CONT'D)

Okay, okay, can we get back to
business now?

SAUL

As you wish.

Saul unwinds the embrace as two LIQUOR STORE PATRONS (50s)
walk up from behind Saul (and Grace); they see Saul's
signboard and then the "gouda" sign on Grace's back.

MALE LIQUOR STORE PATRON

Excuse me, I hope we're not
interrupting.

FEMALE LIQUOR STORE PATRON

(playing on "gouda" and
"lettuce")

Would you be good enough to let us
sign?

Saul and Grace hand them packets.

SAUL

Print your name, very legibly
please; then sign to the right.
Today is November 13... put your
date of birth below that and you're
done.

MALE LIQUOR STORE PATRON

I'm surprised these pens work in
the cold.

GRACE

Ballpoints don't.
(pointing)
Gel pens.

FEMALE LIQUOR STORE PATRON

Wow, you're professionals.

SAUL/GRACE

(knowingly)
Bet you want a sticker.

MALE LIQUOR STORE PATRON

Heck yeah!

FEMALE LIQUOR STORE PATRON

Absolutely!

They take stickers, admire them, and speak as they walk away.

MALE LIQUOR STORE PATRON (CONT'D)

You think they need a permit to be
here?

FEMALE LIQUOR STORE PATRON

Like maybe a food handler's permit?

Grace chuckles at that line, then goes BACK-TO-BACK with Saul
to hide the "gouda" sign on her back.

GRACE

You need to get my back.

SAUL

No problem. I don't want some other
guy named Solomon to give you the
cheese.

GRACE

Was afraid you were gonna volunteer
for the flag people.

SAUL

They're not gonna make the ballot
either.

GRACE
 (with quiet enthusiasm)
 Yes!

SAUL
 Maybe we can try again and work together: we help them in Salt Lake County, they help us in Carbon County...

GRACE
 (interjecting)
 Carbon County? I don't think we'll get many carbon tax signatures there.

SAUL
 Our bill does have some money for rural economies... but you're probably right.
 (beat)
 When do we start the next campaign for real?

GRACE
 Not for another 18 months.

SAUL
 (subtle invitation to start the Innuendo Game)
 What are we gonna do between now and then?

Grace backs up to him to rub the backs of their sandwich boards together; she reaches back for his hand.

GRACE
 I've got some ideas.

Over the following, we hear the start of "Sandwiches Are Beautiful" (Bob King, 1980) or a similar upbeat, goofy song.

EXT. 900 S 1100 E, SLC - LATER THAT NIGHT

We see the giant colorful whale sculpture on this roundabout.

EXT. DOLCETTI GELATO (9TH AND 9TH, SLC) - NIGHT

A charming shop, with the whale sculpture in the distance.

INT. DOLCETTI GELATO (9TH AND 9TH, SLC) - NIGHT

Cozy and warm. The walls and tables are covered with oddball artworks and dioramas. Saul and Grace share a cup of gelato.

EXT. ARCHES NATIONAL PARK - DAY

March. They hike to Delicate Arch.

EXT. UNIVERSITY OF UTAH - HUNTSMAN CENTER - DAY

May. Grace and Nikki graduate and throw their caps in the air. There are hugs all around, including with a woman nearby who will turn out to be SAMANTHA (late 20s, super butch, with tattoos and one earring: a double-headed axe [Labrys]).

INT. COMMUNITY CENTER - MEETING ROOM - DAY

Grace, Brinlee, and Ashley have coffee drinks and plot campaign strategy. A whiteboard has a SWOT analysis: Strengths, Weaknesses, Opportunities, Threats. They smile at each other and laugh, clearly having a good time.

EXT. RED BUTTE GARDEN - ROSE GARDEN - DAY

July. Saul and Grace walk hand in hand, admiring the garden.

INT. GRACE'S DUPLEX - KITCHEN - NIGHT

There's an empty TOFU CONTAINER on the counter, along with some dirty pots and such. Grace and Nikki are helping to clear the table as Saul loads the dishwasher.

Saul rearranges the dishes to make more space, and (as he did with his Clueless Male Roommate) he starts to lecture Grace:

SAUL

You know, if you angle the bowls on
the [[top rack--]]

Grace interrupts, smacking him on the butt.

GRACE

Modest expectations.

They laugh and kiss.

EXT. OUTSIDE RED BUTTE GARDEN AMPHITHEATRE - DAY

August. Saul, Grace, Brinlee, Ashley, and Nikki (who is smiling and holding hands with... holy cow, is that *Samantha*?!) have coolers and chairs and walk along the line of people, looking for... Lance (!), who is in his camping chair, drinking beers.

He does the "lasso dance" to "pull" them over.

Nikki elaborately hands Lance a ticket. We READ HER LIPS as she introduces her girlfriend: it *is* Samantha!

Lance offers Samantha a POLYGAMY PORTER. She looks at the image on the can, recoils, and blows up at Lance.

SAMANTHA

What kind of garbage [[is this--]]

Nikki interrupts, smacking Samantha on the butt.

NIKKI

Modest expectations.

SAMANTHA

(blowing up at Nikki)

What are you talking about??

LANCE

(motioning to his cooler)

It's just a beer.

(beat)

I mean, not *just* [[a beer--]]

Saul notices that the cooler now features a CAMPAIGN STICKER, so he takes the opportunity to change the subject.

SAUL

(interrupting)

Lance, nice sticker!

EXT. MILL CREEK CANYON - DAY

September. Saul and Grace ride bikes downhill through the fall foliage. The beauty and tranquility of the scene is rudely interrupted by the BEEP of an ANSWERING MACHINE.

SAUL (V.O.)

(chipper)

Hi there, this is a message for Judge... Virginia Wall.

INT. NATURAL HISTORY MUSEUM OF UTAH - DAY

They goof around with the dinosaurs.

SAUL (V.O.)

My fiancée told me to find a judge
for our wedding who won't remind
her of the patriarchy.

(a beat, then a smile)

If that's you please call me back
at 801... [fade out]

EXT. UTAH STATE CAPITOL - DAY

January. Another INVERSION. We see the TWO UTAH STATE FLAGS
plus Saul (in his WARM PURPLE COAT), Grace, and Katherine.

INT. UTAH STATE CAPITOL - DAY

Saul, Grace, and Katherine walk up the stairs of the rotunda,
speaking with legislators. They hand out stickers.

We hear another BEEP.

SAUL (V.O.)

(less chipper)

Hi there, this is a message for
Judge... Maria Lopez. [fade out]

EXT. GRAND CANYON - DAY

March. Saul, Grace, Nikki, Samantha, Brinlee, and Ashley are
at Ribbon Falls.

I/E. LANCE'S HOUSE - DAY

Lance welcomes Saul into his house; Lance's truck is parked
outside. Inside the house is a big TV, with Mariners
memorabilia on the wall, including a Toyota Echo owners
manual signed "To Edgar T. Echo, best wishes, Edgar Martinez"
and a Ford F-350 owners manual signed "To Felix T. Ford, from
Felix Hernandez".

LANCE

The "T" stands for "the".

SAUL

Maybe the next one will be Julio T.
Hybrid.

Another BEEP.

SAUL (V.O.)
 (exhausted)
 Hi there, this is a message for...
 [fade out]

I/E. RED BUTTE GARDEN - ROSE HOUSE - DAY

July. Final preparations for a wedding at this indoor/outdoor venue. We see the wedding favors: large shot glasses featuring a made-in-1990s-China bowdlerized version of Joyce Kilmer's poem "Trees" that reads: "NATURE / I think that I shall never see / A poem lovely as a nature."

Guests arrive and mill around. They're dressed nicely, but with *character*: a cowboy hat, an African wrap dress, etc.

One couple stands out: in their 50s, she's a former Finnish beauty queen, he's crisply but oddly dressed in a bolo tie and traffic-light clothes (solid colors but very bright), with a silver belt buckle. In a sheath on his belt is a HUNTING KNIFE: it must be GRACE'S FATHER and GRACE'S MOTHER.

Grace's parents encounter SAUL'S FATHER (60). They warmly shake hands, hug and congratulate each other, and continue to talk in the background.

In the foreground, Nikki is chatting with Katherine, who has a pen and a signature-packet-ish MARRIAGE CERTIFICATE.

KATHERINE
 "Saul-lami"... and they still asked
 you to officiate!

A beat.

NIKKI
 Well, they did set a strict three-
 sandwich-joke limit.

Katherine takes some NUMBERED CARDS out of her cleavage.

KATHERINE
 I know: they made me the enforcer.

Katherine hands Nikki the marriage certificate.

KATHERINE (CONT'D)
 They also want me to get witnesses
 for the marriage certificate. It
 only takes thirty seconds to sign,
 but it should last a lifetime.

NIKKI

I'll print very legibly.

KATHERINE

You do that. And when it comes to the toasts, *focus*. Be *ruthless*.

NIKKI

Don't worry, it won't become open-mic night.

In a bit of foreshadowing, Lance approaches. He's finishing a SLURPEE and wearing a sports coat, his usual BEAT-UP SNEAKERS, and an EARBUD in his right ear.

NIKKI (CONT'D)

Do you two know each other?

KATHERINE

I'm Katherine. Although some people call me the Oracle of Doom.

LANCE

Dude, are you a Mariners fan too?!

KATHERINE

A what?

Lance reveals a MARINERS JERSEY under his sports coat, then points to his EARBUD.

LANCE

They're down 2-to-1 in the fifth.

KATHERINE

Hey, I know who you are. Congrats on being the best man!

NIKKI

(to Katherine)

An unusual choice, but two of the bridesmaids are Brinlee and Ashley, and Grace keeps saying she's never heard of them!

(beat)

Lance was there when Saul and Grace met, two years ago *on this very day*, July 11...

Lance grins and holds up his Slurpee.

KATHERINE

Cute! Lance, what's *your* version of how they met?

LANCE

Dude, it's like this. There's only two things I know anything about. The list is short. There's sports...

(tugs at his jersey)

...and there's beer.

Lance flags down a server carrying a tray of beers (in PILSNER GLASSES) and exchanges his empty Slurpee for a beer.

LANCE (CONT'D)

What's great about beer is that *I* can have a beer, and *you*...

(gets a second beer and gives it to Katherine)

...*you* can also have a beer.

(gets a third beer)

I can have *two* beers, and *you*--

Nikki interrupts, shooing away the server and taking the third beer from Lance (so that they each have one).

NIKKI

Lance, why did you move from Seattle to Salt Lake City?

LANCE

For every *one* sunny day in Seattle, there are *three* sunny days in Salt Lake City.

(beat)

The amount of money it costs to buy *one house* in Seattle will buy *three houses* in Salt Lake City.

Another beat. A server wheels by with the WEDDING CAKE. Even from a distance it clearly has unusual decorations.

LANCE (CONT'D)

The amount of time I spend dealing with traffic congestion *each week* in Seattle, that gets me through, like, *three months* in Salt Lake City.

(beat)

And when I stick my foot in my mouth, accidentally, when I'm talking about feminism, in order to elicit the same amount of rage I'd get from *one woman* in Seattle, it takes *three women* in Salt Lake City.

Lance drinks.

KATHERINE

Lance, you're walking on mighty thin ice.

LANCE

Nah, it's totally fine. I cleared that joke -- with my *wives*. And I got the thumbs up from the *vast majority* of them.

Katherine and Nikki don't like this joke much, but Lance doesn't notice. He finishes his beer and gives the glass to a passing server. Then he pulls a BASEBALL out of the pocket of his sports coat and starts tossing it to himself.

KATHERINE

If you're going to offend Mormons, polygamists, and feminists, you should at least name-drop Hughes Cannon.

LANCE

Hughes Cannon?? Outfielder??

KATHERINE

Martha Hughes Cannon. First woman elected to a state senate seat in the U.S. In Utah, in 1896, in a campaign in which she defeated *her own polygamist husband*.

(beat)

Speaking of husbands, shouldn't you be in charge of the groom?

LANCE

(stone cold stare #3)

Dude, do I look like the kind of guy who should be in charge of the groom?

KATHERINE

Do you at least have the rings?

Lance TWISTS OPEN THE BASEBALL: it's a WEDDING RING HOLDER! (Hollowed out and held together with magnets.)

Over the following, we hear more of "Sandwiches Are Beautiful" (Bob King, 1980) or similar upbeat, goofy song.

The server stops wheeling around the WEDDING CAKE and transfers it to a table.

It's a two-tiered cake, for about 50 guests. And it's got CARBON TAX FROSTING: there are "CO2" clouds with red slashes through them, alternating with green dollar-bill rectangles.

Grace's Father and Grace's Mother walk by. He does a double-take at the cake and pulls her over for a closer look.

He instinctively reaches for his HUNTING KNIFE. She instinctively reaches for his arm to calm him down.

EXT. RED BUTTE GARDEN - ROSE GARDEN - DAY

The ceremony. Brinlee and Ashley are bridesmaids. Grace is wearing blue. Saul has on a nice suit. Best man Lance touches his EARBUD on occasion: he's still listening to the game.

NIKKI

I, Grace

GRACE

Grace

NIKKI

(hinting at "Saul-lami")

Take you, Saul-omon

Katherine reaches for the #1 sign, but decides against it.

GRACE

You, Solomon

NIKKI

To have and to hold

GRACE

Have and hold

NIKKI

To love and to *relish*

Katherine holds up a #1 sign.

GRACE

Love and *relish*

NIKKI

For all the days of my life.

GRACE

All the days of my life.

NIKKI
 (with sarcasm on "Great")
 By the authority vested in me by
 the Great State of Utah, I
 pronounce you husband and wife.

The guests begin to CHEER.

NIKKI (CONT'D)
 You may now *butter up* the bride.

MORE CHEERS as Saul and Grace embrace. Katherine holds up a #2 sign. Lance THROWS UP AN ARM in frustration, his other hand on his EARBUD.

LANCE
 That's the ballgame!

*Over the following, we hear more of the upbeat, goofy song, preferably the 3rd verse of "Sandwiches Are Beautiful" (Bob King, 1980). Lyrics: "Once I knew a pretty girl, the fairest in the land / All the young men in the county was askin' for her hand / They'd offer her the moon and they would offer her the sea / **But I offered her a sandwich and she said she'd marry me!**"*

I/E. RED BUTTE GARDEN - ROSE HOUSE - LATER

Echoing Lance, Grace's Father THROWS UP AN ARM in frustration at the carbon tax frosting on the WEDDING CAKE.

Grace's Mother and Saul's Father are trying to calm him down.

Grace's Father pulls out his HUNTING KNIFE and starts to scrape the frosting off the cake.

Grace's Mother stops him, trying to get him to be sensible.

GRACE'S MOTHER
 Try it, you might like it.

Grace's Father looks dubious, but he uses a finger to scrape some frosting off his knife and gives it a taste. Not bad!

They're interrupted by DING DING DING: a fork on a glass. We see a bottle of (non-alcoholic) MARTINELLI'S CIDER.

Nikki, with a WIRELESS MIC, raises her CHAMPAGNE GLASS OF MARTINELLI'S.

NIKKI
 Please join me in the ceremonial
 call for toasts.

The wedding guests all call out "TOAST! TOAST! TOAST!"

Katherine starts to hold up a #3 sign.

NIKKI (CONT'D)
 (aside, to Grace)
 That doesn't count as my three!

Grace subtly indicates "No". Katherine goes back to #2.

Everyone raises a CHAMPAGNE GLASS OF MARTINELLI'S... everyone except for Lance: he's got a PILSNER GLASS full of beer.

NIKKI (CONT'D)
 I'll go first, since I was always
 rooting for you two.
 (beat)
 From the get-go, I knew you were
 destined to ride off into the
 sunset and make beautiful paninis
 together.

Katherine holds up a #3 sign.

NIKKI (CONT'D)
 Now you'll never be provolone. A
 bit of mustard, a bit of mayo...

Katherine moves to stop Nikki.

NIKKI (CONT'D)
 Wait, wait!
 (composes herself)
 Mayo days and nights be filled with
 joy.

CHEERS AND DRINKS. Katherine takes the mic for her toast.

KATHERINE
 The bride and groom have asked, as
 a non-traditional wedding present,
 for each of you to gather a hundred
 signatures for the next campaign.
 So when you sign the guestbook, *put
 down your phone number.*

NIKKI
 (loudly, since she doesn't
 have the mic)
 Samantha will be there to help out.
 (with a ton of emotion)
 She's got stickers!

KATHERINE

Let's hear it for democracy, and
for Saul and Grace!

CHEERS AND DRINKS. Katherine moves toward Saul and Grace; she gives the mic to Nikki, who is still thinking about Samantha.

NIKKI

(absent-mindedly)
Anyone else want to [[give a to--]]

Lance steps forward and grabs the mic. His glass is now mostly empty. (He was described earlier as being 50% drunk and 50% deep, but this time the percentages may be off.)

NIKKI (CONT'D)

(stage whispers to Grace)
Sorry!

Lance looks at the mic, and then at his glass, trying to prioritize. He finishes his drink, then starts his toast.

LANCE

I don't know much about democracy,
or about marriage, or even about
Paul and Grace.

AWKWARD LAUGHTER causes Lance to pause, confused and nervous. He tries to drink, but his glass is empty; that makes it even worse. Then he remembers how to get his courage back up.

LANCE (CONT'D)

In fact, there's only two things I
know anything about. The list is
short. There's sports...
(tugs at his jersey)
...and there's [[beer--]]

SAUL

(interrupting)
Lance, would you like a beer?

LANCE

Yeah, I would.

Grace motions to a server. There's an AWKWARD PAUSE as everyone waits. Lance still has the mic, and so:

LANCE (CONT'D)

I'm glad you two dudes like each
other. A lot of people really don't
like each other. I mean, *nobody*
likes Red Sox fans.

(beat)

(MORE)

LANCE (CONT'D)

But we have to live with them. And with each other. Maybe that's why democracy can feel like a kind of awkward marriage.

(NERVOUS LAUGHTER)

And sometimes marriage can feel like a kind of awkward democracy.

(MORE LAUGHTER)

A few years after *I* got married, I had a vasectomy--

MORE LAUGHTER. The server approaches with some beers.

GRACE

Lance, would you like *two beers*?

LANCE

Yeah, I would.

Lance hesitates, torn between the mic and the beers.

LANCE (CONT'D)

They call it "elective surgery", like there was an election. Yeah: I had a vote, and my wife had a vote, and I lost the election.

(MORE LAUGHTER)

Anyway, I hope you two make it. Go Mariners!

HALF-CHEERS. Lance makes a bee-line for the beers.

On the way he hands the mic to Nikki, who wraps it all up.

NIKKI

And now, for their first dance as a married couple, please join me in welcoming Saul and Grace, *Mr. and Mrs. Reuben!*

Saul and Grace dance as MUSIC PLAYS and the guests APPLAUD.

TITLE OVER:

Inspired by true events

Over the following, we hear an upbeat, goofy song like "The Hamburger Song" (Bobby Moore and the Rhythm Aces, 1966).

We see Katherine talking with her real-life inspiration (KATHERINE BRAGDON) and otherwise see, interspersed with the CLOSING CREDITS, photos etc. from real-life inspirations:

- actual carbon tax ballot measure campaigns in Washington State (I-732, which made the ballot in 2016 but lost) and Utah (Clean The Darn Air, DarnAir.org, efforts ongoing);
- photo of a cake with carbon tax frosting;
- Leonardo DiCaprio's 2016 Twitter endorsement of I-732;
- photos of the real-life Katherine, the real-life "stand-up economist", and the real-life inspiration for Saul (Ben S.);
- photo of signature-gathering with a baby carrier;
- images from a 1995 high school yearbook: photo and mangled quote from Keynes about "enjoy life because 'in the long run we are all dead'";
- screenshot of Washington Post editorial on I-732 titled "The left's opposition to a carbon tax shows there's something seriously wrong with the left";
- Howard Henry's parking meter "trophy", and "Park Free or Die" political science paper on North Dakota parking meters.
- cartoon books: *The Cartoon Introduction to Climate Change*, *The Cartoon Introduction to Economics* (two volumes), and *The Cartoon Introduction to Calculus* (plus foreign translations);
- images of Tim Eyman and the Horse's Ass campaign;
- ballotpedia.org entries on women's suffrage in Oregon;
- statue of Martha Hughes Cannon at the Utah or U.S. Capitol;
- photos from the production of this project in SLC ("I tried polygamy in Utah" t-shirt, maybe also birthday card that says "I can have two beers, but I only have one dad"); and
- at the end, add a note about "In memory of Casimir Pokorny, the producer of Wawa Hoagies (Aaron Out, 2017)." (In 2019 Cas was one of three pedestrian fatalities during a high-speed police chase that ended in tragedy; there's a scholarship named after him at Temple University for Audio and Live Entertainment majors.) *Double-check permissions from his friends and family; we've been in touch with Aaron and with Cas's mother Gail.*
- ###