

SEIZE THE INITIATIVE!

Written by

Yoram Bauman

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

Yoram Bauman
Cell: 206-351-5719
yoram@standupeconomist.com
www.Yoram-Com.com
© May 11, 2026



EXT. LITTLE COTTONWOOD CANYON - MORNING

We see the beautiful mountains and busy ski slopes east of Salt Lake City; we hear SAUL (mid-20s, could be cute if he tried) in bed, talking back to a radio alarm clock.

DJ (ON SAUL'S RADIO)
The Jazz snapped a six-game losing streak, beating the Lakers 110-98.

SAUL (V.O.)
Hope springs eternal.

DJ (ON SAUL'S RADIO)
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 descend into a LAYER OF POLLUTION covering Salt Lake City.

DJ (ON SAUL'S RADIO)
If you're stuck with me here in the valley, at least the snow will clear out the inversion.

SAUL (V.O.)
Biggest downside to living here.

EXT. I-15 NEAR SALT LAKE CITY - MORNING

Rush-hour traffic and a "Salt Lake City" highway sign.

EXT. SAUL'S HOUSE - MORNING

A modest rental house.

DJ (ON SAUL'S RADIO)
Wherever you are, enjoy this track from Utah's own Stretch Armstrong.

Over the following five 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) finishes randomly loading the dishwasher. Saul puts a bowl in and rearranges to make space.

SAUL

If saving the world means loading
the dishes properly, we're doomed.

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

The mudroom has a washer/dryer, a garbage can for dryer lint, and 4 coat-rack pegs on the wall, one for each housemate. A big blue recycling bin is visible through a window.

Saul takes a warm purple coat and a backpack from his peg, revealing a PAPER GOAL THERMOMETER on the wall; 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 the side door.

EXT. UNIVERSITY OF UTAH - STUDENT UNION - DAY

Saul gets off a bus, carrying his materials.

INT. UNIVERSITY OF UTAH - HALLWAY - DAY

Saul, inexperienced and awkward, is wearing his sandwich board and carrying three SIGNATURE PACKETS; a rubber band around each one holds a pen and some CAMPAIGN STICKERS.

MONTAGE OF FAILURE

- He starts his pitch too late or has too many filler words ("Hi there..."); students just walk past.

- A man walks by, pointing as he mouths 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, distracted by 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?

MALE STUDENT
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. Saul, with a sandwich board and three packets, starts to get the hang of it during a...

MONTAGE OF DISCOVERY

- Saul talks with a FEMALE STUDENT and her BOYFRIEND (20s). As she signs, 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)
Wanna sticker?

FEMALE STUDENT
Oh, heck yeah!

She admires her sticker and FLAUNTS IT at her boyfriend.

- Saul talks 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 (20s) approach.

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

Frat Boy #1 FEIGNS INTEREST, then KNOCKS down Saul's packet.

FRAT BOY #1
Nah, I'm a felon! Hah! Ha-ha!

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

SAUL
(half-heartedly)
In Utah, felons can vote!

As Saul picks up his packet, he sees the sandals of a PRETTY YOUNG WOMAN. His Adam's apple GULPS: she's out of his league. Then he stands and sees the rest of her.

PRETTY YOUNG WOMAN
I'll sign.

SAUL

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

(inspired desperation)

Your, uh, phone number is optional.

PRETTY YOUNG WOMAN

Nice try :)

She returns her packet with a smile and walks on. As Saul watches her go, a look of dumbfounded revelation spreads across his face. *It's like he's found a cheat code.* He belatedly offers a sticker in her general direction.

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

Apricots, June flowers, and Saul in his sandwich board.

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 is in his element and has become, to whatever extent such a thing might be 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 one of two GRANDMAS (both have handed back packets):

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.

MAN IN FOX NEWS HAT

Do you have the one about the flag?
 (as Saul shakes his head)
 That's the one I want to sign.

- Saul drinks from his water bottle, sweating in the heat. Then he turns to a couple with blueberries:

SAUL

Those berries look amazing.

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

- A petition page full of handwriting; Saul flips the page.
- A pedestrian waves "blah" or makes the sign of the cross.
- Saul puts on sunscreen from a small bottle.
- To a young woman who has just signed:

SAUL (CONT'D)

Thanks for the lovely smile.

The pace of the montage (and the music) SPEEDS UP TO 4X. Saul hands packets to signers. An older dude signs while smoking a cigar. A sticker goes on a water bottle. Then Saul addresses a series of pretty young women 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 is *almost* ready to sign... but then doesn't:

MALE RATIONAL SKEPTIC

I have to think about it.

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

Saul, in cargo short, heads out with sandwich boards, his backpack, and a bike helmet; the goal thermometer is at 95%.

EXT. E KENSINGTON NEAR 1300 E, SLC - DAY

Saul pedals or pushes slowly up a hill, wearing his backpack and awkwardly carrying his sandwich boards. It's *hot*. A 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). A table near the door has campaign materials; behind it are helpers BRINLEE and ASHLEY (20s). NAME TAGS are everywhere.

On a screen behind Katherine is a POWERPOINT PIE CHART with three slices: 20%, 78%, and 2%. She holds up three fingers.

KATHERINE

...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
(handing over a packet)
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 hands back the packet.

KATHERINE (CONT'D)
Want a sticker?

SAUL (AS DREAM SIGNER)
Oh, heck yeah!

LAUGHTER. Saul passes the sticker along 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 next year's ballot. Dream
Signers are *the best*---like *oxygen*.

As Saul puffs himself up, Katherine flags the 20% PPT slice.

KATHERINE (CONT'D)
But oxygen is only 20% of the air
you breathe: most people are *not*
Dream Signers. [[Most people--]]

Saul interrupts, pretending to be deflated and waving "blah". During her next lines, he joins Brinlee and Ashley in circling Katherine as they act out silent vignettes:

- Ashley smokes a pretend cigarette.
- Brinlee does "talk to the hand".
- 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)
 (a thumb at her helpers, a
 "Hello??" to Smiler Saul)
 Most people are *Quick Nos*, so quick
 you won't even get a No... or
 you'll just get a one-liner.

The helpers continue to circle Katherine and 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, as we forgive...
 (a glance at Saul)
 ...those who trespass against us.

KATHERINE

(flags the 2% slice)

Don't forget the last two percent.
In the air it includes water vapor
and CO2. On the street there's...

(COUNTS DISTINCTIVELY on
three fingers)

...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*.
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)

You know about *chemtrails*?? 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.
Pretend you're running a *bizarre
social experiment*. The #1 lesson?

SAUL

(flashing some stickers)

People love stickers.

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

KATHERINE

So take plenty, along with a
sandwich board. You'll have both
hands free, and it's a reminder
that you are the peanut butter and
jelly of this campaign.

(MORE)

KATHERINE (CONT'D)
 (turns to her helpers)
 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
 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 OF SAUL FLIRTING WITH WOMEN

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?"

Images of Hippie Girl and other young women declining.

SAUL (V.O.)

If you don't, you're not my type.

Images of Saul flirting with women signers, including Grandma #1 and Brinlee and Ashley (before they joined the campaign).

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

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 heads off on his bike, carrying sandwich boards etc.

EXT. 800 S NEAR 1300 E, SLC - DAY

Saul bicycles past an exceptionally busy 7-11.

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.

Saul arrives, locking his bike and backpack to a parking lot sign pole. A steady stream of people walk by to join the line, which is long and wide.

EXT. OUTSIDE RED BUTTE GARDEN AMPHITHEATRE - LATE AFTERNOON

Saul, with a sandwich board and three packets, is gathering signatures 20 feet from the end of the fast-growing line.

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.

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 covered with Mariners stickers), gets out a take-out bag of Greek food, and opens a can of POLYGAMY PORTER, a Utah beer with a hilarious label.

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's not working 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.

The band starts warming up. (Maybe Justin Champagne.)

Nikki fixes a tag sticking out of Grace's clothes, then
 notices Saul, who is applying 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 tosses it 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 restaurant 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 talks to himself as he writes:

SAUL
 "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 does, but only has one free hand, so he IMITATES Lance:

SAUL
 Abso-freakin-lutely... if you open
 it for me.

Lance opens his STICKER-COVERED COOLER and gets out a beer.

SAUL (CONT'D)
 Wanna sticker?

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

Saul shrugs. Lance closes his cooler and opens Saul's beer.

SAUL
 Sign right here and you're done.

They trade: a beer for a packet. Lance signs, then tries to
 hand back the packet...

...but Saul, draining the beer, holds up an index finger: "Wait". Lance is annoyed, then amused, then impressed. Finally they trade back.

SAUL (CONT'D)
Double thanks.

LANCE
Double welcome.

Lance crumples Saul's empty can, puts it by the other two, and gets a gyro sandwich from his take-out bag.

Meanwhile, Saul turns to Grace and Nikki.

SAUL
Thirty seconds for clean air?

GRACE
(eagerly)
Sure, I'll sign.

NIKKI
I've gotta 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...
(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 sandwich.

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 works on a song like "Do the Lasso" (Justin Champagne, 2020), so Saul does the "lasso dance" and "pulls" himself to Grace, who defiantly gives him a ticket.

SAUL

But... can we meet up when the gates open?
(to Nikki)
You can do your background check...

An eye-rolling SIGH from Nikki.

SAUL (CONT'D)

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

GRACE

(boldly flirting)
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!

As Saul and Grace head off, Lance gives Nikki a beer.

NIKKI

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. Nikki looks apprehensively after Saul and Grace, who are working the line a little ways off. We hear more of "Wawa Hoagies" (Aaron Out, 2017).

EXT. OUTSIDE RED BUTTE GARDEN AMPHITHEATRE - LATE NIGHT

Saul and Grace lay side-by-side on their backs.

GRACE

I had a great time tonight.

SAUL

You were amazing. Fearless. Your stamina was incredible. I can't believe that was your first time.

They recognize that they're playing the Innuendo Game, and they lean into it.

GRACE

My parents could've showed up! And my body... 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* was gonna give out!

SAUL

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

They sit up on the red-white-and-blue blanket, each with a signature packet nearby. They're on the grass by the parking lot, which is empty except for Saul's bike (with 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

At midnight we can 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 niece Zadie came up with 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 tonight...

SAUL

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

GRACE

We celebrated tonight; 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 - CONTINUOUS

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 all that---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 - LATE 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. Just right-
wing crazies, 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 - LATE 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 tomorrow. You're not gonna ghost me, are you?

As Saul moves toward his bike, he speaks to Grace, then half to Grace, then (quietly) to himself:

SAUL

Not after tonight! Not a chance. Seventy-five signatures...

Saul rides off as Grace gets on her scooter.

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

I/E. CAMPAIGN HEADQUARTERS - DAY

Saul locks up his bike near a tree full of summer leaves.

Wearing the same cargo shorts and carrying his backpack, he enters a modest office space in a single-story strip mall.

INT. CAMPAIGN HEADQUARTERS - CONTINUOUS

Katherine, behind a crowded but neatly organized desk, is focused on a laptop. She's surrounded by empty pizza boxes, campaign materials, posters ("There is no Planet B"), etc.

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

- an upward-sloping CURVE IN BLACK showing 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 showing 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're a better fit for the campaign than they are for 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 PAPER GOAL THERMOMETER; it's at 100%, filled in up to the big pretty handwriting that says "1000 signatures".

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...
(trails off)
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 his stuff 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, 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. 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 pointedly uses a CAMPAIGN STICKER as a bookmark for the BOOK WITH THE BRIGHT RED COVER before putting it down on the coffee table. Nikki rolls her eyes and starts 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 (we don't see what he put in) and climbs in. It's got 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

You know, 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 FLIRTY GUYS (20s).

GRACE

Thirty seconds for clean air?

FLIRTY GUY #1

(jokey / flirty)

I like dirty air.

GRACE

(no patience)

You're in the right place.

(to his friend)

Sir?

FLIRTY 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 start to sign. In the background, Saul smiles.

FLIRTY 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 walks 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 remains in the same spot, but the tension has mostly dissipated... so Saul turns flirty:

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: in this iteration of the 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
 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 iced drinks, 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?

(a rhetorical question)

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 a sigh)

--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

Might need a next time; 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'm researching the funniest ballot measures in U.S. history--

NIKKI

(interrupting, skeptical)

You do gotta have faith.

(with more compassion,
asking for an example)

Okay, hit me.

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--

NIKKI

How come these stories are always about dudes?

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". 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 every ballot measure 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.
(MORE)

GRACE (CONT'D)

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)

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: Animal rights.
Booze. Contraception. Daylight
Savings Time--

NIKKI

I'd totally vote to get rid of that one. "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 the parking meter where Howard got a ticket; they put it in the back of his truck.

GRACE (V.O.)

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, they're 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, as in a nature show with a cheetah hunting a gazelle. We hear foreboding music like "Sandwich Man" (Paolo Conte, 2004).

INT. COMMUNITY CENTER - MEETING ROOM - DAY

Katherine, Saul, Brinlee, Ashley, and 20 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 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

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: "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 videos... go viral?

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

Grace continues to ignore Saul.

GRACE
 (to Katherine)
 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.

(to herself)

Focus.

She exits. 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, once again 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 window, we see him lift the lid of the big blue recycling bin and dump the papers in.

He storms in a third time, grabs his sandwich boards, and slams the door yet again on his way out. (He doesn't know what else to do, so his instinct is to go gather signatures.)

Or maybe we figure it out from the flags on the truck:

SEATTLE MARINERS FLAGS.

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

(throat-slitting motion)

...call it quits.

Lance drinks and ponders this.

LANCE

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: campaign 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 are left 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)
 (MORE)

GRACE (CONT'D)

...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.

A beat as she gestures to the leftmost 1/4.

GRACE (CONT'D)
 The left wing is actually way over here...

She gestures to the rightmost 1/4.

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

She gestures to the center.

GRACE (CONT'D)
 ...and you all in the middle, 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. First: in America, there are a lot of swing voters.

She gestures to the leftmost 1/4.

GRACE (CONT'D)
 If you are not a communist...

LAUGHTER; then she gestures to the rightmost 1/4.

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

LAUGHTER; then she gestures to the center.

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

GRACE (CONT'D)
 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)
 You all are the idiot savants of
 democracy...
 (beat)
 ...and we're all counting on you to
 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?
 (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.

(MORE)

NIKKI (CONT'D)

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, like a nightmare version of Detective 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 over---]]

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
can; 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.

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 joke as they walk away.

FEMALE LIQUOR STORE PATRON (CONT'D)
It was gouda them to lettuce sign.

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. Saul and Grace hike to Delicate Arch.

EXT. UNIVERSITY OF UTAH - "LOVE" SCULPTURE - 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 plot campaign strategy, smiling and laughing. A whiteboard has a SWOT analysis (Strengths, Weaknesses, Opportunities, Threats).

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. Grace and Nikki are clearing the table as Saul loads the dishwasher. He rearranges 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, 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*...

Saul notices that Lance's 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

Saul and Grace 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.
Saul (in his warm purple coat), Grace, and Katherine enter.

INT. UTAH STATE CAPITOL - DAY

Saul, Grace, and Katherine speak with legislators and 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 and Grace at Ribbon Falls.

I/E. LANCE'S HOUSE - DAY

Lance welcomes Saul into his home; Lance's truck is outside.
Inside there's a big TV and framed Mariners memorabilia,
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. The wedding favors are 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 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: a HUNTING KNIFE.

It must be GRACE'S FATHER and GRACE'S MOTHER. They meet and exchange congratulations with SAUL'S FATHER (60).

Katherine, who has a pen and a signature-packet-ish MARRIAGE CERTIFICATE, is chatting with Nikki:

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

NIKKI
 (after a beat)
 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's a lifetime commitment.

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 and his usual beat-up sneakers; there's 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 odd choice, but 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 dark 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 time I spend *each week* dealing with traffic congestion 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 match the 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!

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

The server transfers the WEDDING CAKE 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.

Saul and Grace kiss. Katherine holds up a #2 sign. Lance touches his earbud, then THROWS UP AN ARM IN FRUSTRATION.

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 dark 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)
 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)

LANCE (CONT'D)
 (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.*