SEIZE THE INITIATIVE!

Written by

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

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1 EXT. LITTLE COTTONWOOD CANYON NEAR SALT LAKE CITY - MORNING 1

Beautiful mountains and ski slopes are the visuals as SAUL (mid-20s) talks back to a morning DJ on an alarm clock radio.

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.

Cars descend into a layer of pollution over 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.

2 EXT. I-15 NEAR SALT LAKE CITY - MORNING 2

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

3 EXT. SAUL'S HOUSE - MORNING 3

A modest rental house with a yard sign about "I fight the light for birds."

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

4 INT. SAUL'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - MORNING 4

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

SAUL
Classic!

Over the next five pages, we hear all four minutes of the upbeat, goofy ska song "Classic Hoagie" (Stretch Armstrong, 1994).

5 INT. SAUL'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - MORNING 5

A CLUELESS MALE ROOMMATE (20s) randomly loads the dishwasher. Saul puts a bowl in, rearranges to make space, and mutters:

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

6 I/E. SAUL'S HOUSE - MUDROOM - MORNING 6

By the side door there's 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 outside.

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, "1000 signatures", in big pretty handwriting. He grabs a sandwich board ("UTAH VOTERS: SIGN HERE TO CLEAN THE DARN AIR") and heads out the side door.

7 EXT. UNIVERSITY OF UTAH - STUDENT UNION - DAY 7

It's snowing. Saul gets off a bus, carrying his materials.

8 INT. UNIVERSITY OF UTAH - HALLWAY - DAY 8

Saul wears his sandwich board and carries three signature packets; a rubber band around each one holds a pen and some campaign stickers. Inexperienced and awkward, he's in a...

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 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

9 I/E. SAUL'S HOUSE - MUDROOM - DAY 9

Saul puts on a light coat and heads out with sandwich boards and his backpack, revealing the goal thermometer at 30%.

10 EXT. STREET NEAR THE PIE PIZZERIA, SLC - DAY 10

Budding trees and April flowers. Saul, with a sandwich board and three packets, is getting the hang of it during a...

MONTAGE OF DISCOVERY

- Saul talks with a FEMALE STUDENT and her BOYFRIEND. As she signs, Saul 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, 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 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
In Utah, felons can vote!

Two lovely pedicured feet appear, ensconced in cute sandals.

PEDICURED YOUNG WOMAN
I'll sign.

He stands and stares: she's *gorgeous*. His Adam's apple gulps. Awkwardness is followed by words of inspired desperation:

SAUL
Uh, print your name, very legibly please, uh, then sign to the right. Your, uh, phone number is optional.

PEDICURED YOUNG WOMAN
(flashing a wedding ring)
Nice try :)

She smiles, signs and returns her packet, and walks off. Saul watches her go, a grin of dumbfounded revelation spreading across his face. *It's like he's found a cheat code.*

He makes a belated offering of a sticker in her general direction.

END MONTAGE

11 I/E. SAUL'S HOUSE - MUDROOM - DAY 11

Saul, in cargo shorts, heads out with sandwich boards, his backpack, and a bike helmet; the goal thermometer is <u>at 60%</u>.

12 EXT. DOWNTOWN FARMERS MARKET, SLC - DAY 12

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

MONTAGE OF MASTERY

MALE RATIONAL SKEPTIC
Can I read the details?

Saul hands him a packet. As he reads in the background, Saul shows that he 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, at 2:22) speeds up to 2x. In the background, the Male Rational Skeptic reads on.

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 (at 2:34 in 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 pretty young woman who has just signed:

SAUL (CONT'D)
Thanks for the lovely smile.

At 2:45, the pace speeds up to 4x. A cigar-smoker signs. Saul hands out packets. A sticker goes on a water bottle. Saul speaks to a series of pretty young women who have 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. At 2:55 in the music, the pace slows way down, back to 1x.

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

- The Male Rational Skeptic *seems* ready to sign... but then:

MALE RATIONAL SKEPTIC
I'll think about it.

- Saul heads toward his bike, giving himself encouragement:

SAUL
Try, try again.

END MONTAGE

13 I/E. SAUL'S HOUSE - MUDROOM - DAY 13

Saul, in cargo short, heads out with sandwich boards, his backpack, and a bike helmet; the goal thermometer is at 90%.

14 EXT. E KENSINGTON NEAR 1300 E, SLC - DAY 14

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.

15 EXT. STREET IN SLC - DAY 15

He rides past an exceptionally busy 7-Eleven store.

16 I/E. COMMUNITY CENTER - DAY 16

Saul locks up his bike and enters with his materials.

17 INT. COMMUNITY CENTER - HALLWAY - DAY 17

Saul pauses by an easel ("SIGNATURE-GATHERING TRAINING"); an arrow points to an open doorway. (The music ends, at 3:52.)

KATHERINE (O.S.)
The secret to signature-
gathering...

18 INT. COMMUNITY CENTER - MEETING ROOM - CONTINUOUS 18

KATHERINE---35+, focused, tightly wound, holding a laser pointer---is training 25 new CAMPAIGN VOLUNTEERS (mostly 20s or 60s). A table near the door has campaign materials, plus Katherine vape pen; behind it are helpers BRINLEE and ASHLEY (20s). Everyone has a name tag.

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 half-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 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.
(takes back the packet)
Want a sticker?

SAUL (AS DREAM SIGNER)
Oh, heck yeah!

LAUGHTER. Saul passes the sticker along to helper Brinlee. She giggles and adds it to the collection on the water bottle as Katherine turns to the trainees.

KATHERINE
Thirty seconds and *done*: one step closer to the hundred and fifty thousand signatures we need to make next year's ballot. Dream Signers are like oxygen: they're *the best*.

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

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

Saul INTERRUPTS, pretending to be deflated and waving “blah”. During Katherine’s next lines, the three helpers circle her and act out silent vignettes:

- Ashley smokes a pretend cigarette (maybe the vape pen?).

- 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??” at 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, trying to one-up each other:

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
I don’t have time.

SAUL
Me neither. I’m super late.

BRINLEE (AS SMILER)
Oh, thank you.

KATHERINE
Namaste.

LAUGHTER. Katherine flags the 78% PPT slice.

KATHERINE (CONT’D)
Air is mostly *nitrogen*, which is... useless.
(MORE)

KATHERINE (CONT'D)
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 so they--]]

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
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.
(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.

Katherine turns to Saul with a knowing smile.

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 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. And combining lower taxes on "goods" like food with higher taxes on "bads" like pollution is *intellectually beautiful*. But intellectual beauty is not the only kind of beauty. And you gotta have fun.

FLASHBACK TO:

19 EXT. VARIOUS LOCATIONS (MONTAGE OF FLIRTATION) 19

Quick images of Saul asking women to sign.

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 Brinlee and Ashley (before they joined the campaign), Pedicured Young Woman, and Grandma #1.

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:

20 INT. COMMUNITY CENTER - MEETING ROOM - CONTINUOUS 20

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 joining 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 0:00-1:04 of "Wawa Hoagies [Family Edit]" (Aaron Out, 2017) or a similar upbeat, goofy rap song.

21 EXT. COMMUNITY CENTER - DAY 21

Saul bikes off with his backpack and sandwich boards.

22 EXT. 9TH AND 9TH, SALT LAKE CITY - DAY 22

More SLC scenes: Coffee Garden, the whale, Wizard Ten (the guy who wears a black cape and carries a staff and chains).

23 EXT. UNIVERSITY OF UTAH - RED BUTTE CANYON ROAD - DAY 23

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

24 EXT. OUTSIDE RED BUTTE GARDEN AMPHITHEATRE - MID AFTERNOON 24

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.

Appearing in cameos as regular people are Utah celebrities: singers Post Malone, Donny Osmond, and Brandon Flowers; actors Katherine Heigl, Ty Burrell, Patrick Fugit, and Roseanne Barr; reality TV's Tan France, Derek Hough, and Julianne Hough; the U of U and BYU football coaches playing chess; prominent members of the LDS Church (Emily Belle Freeman, Young Women General President; Bradley R. Wilcox, former young men's leader; Luke Nichols, Outdoor Boys YouTuber) Utah's Congressional delegation, with RepublicEn's Bob Inglis hanging out with Senator John Curtis; former U.S. Senator Mitt Romney; current Governor Cox and Lt Gov Henderson; former governors Herbert, Huntsman ,and Leavitt; Gail Miller family; Ken Garff family; Ryan Smith family; Eccles family; Jazz greats John Stockton and Karl Malone; figure skater Nathen Chen; football player Steve Young; authors Terry Tempest Williams and Tracy Hickman; Ken Jennings from *Jeopardy*; model Chrissy Teigen and John Legend; musicians associated with this movie: Scott van W et al., Aaron Out, Gail Garin, Elsa Birgitta Bekman, Bob King, etc.

There's a sign near the front of the line with "VIP" pointing to the right, an area covered by umbrellas. Security guard DALE is at the sign, pointing all the famous people to the left (away from the VIP section). They scowl.

25 EXT. OUTSIDE RED BUTTE GARDEN AMPHITHEATRE - CONTINUOUS 25

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.

26 EXT. OUTSIDE RED BUTTE GARDEN AMPHITHEATRE - AN HOUR LATER 26

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 sets up his chair and sinks into it, 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
Didja 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 <u>stressed out</u> about the Presidential race."

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

The band starts warming up.

Nikki fixes Grace's clothes (a tag or bra strap), 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 <u>stressed out</u>, 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.

LANCE
If it gets any hotter, we're all gonna melt.

27 EXT. OUTSIDE RED BUTTE GARDEN AMPHITHEATRE - LATER 27

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!!! 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 7, 1989.

SAUL
Six-seven-eighty-nine??

LANCE
My grandpa was born on one-two-thirty-four [ALT: twelve-three-forty-five].
(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 (or maybe choking on it?), 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
What's it about?

SAUL
Cleaner air and cheaper food: we want to eliminate the state sales tax on grocery store food and replace it with a modest carbon tax on polluting fossil fuels.

Grace enthusiastically takes a packet. Nikki declines.

NIKKI
I'll do a background check.

SAUL
(to Grace)
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.

GRACE
Try, try again.

Grace 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.

Grace defiantly offers Saul a ticket, and he takes it.

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 <u>without</u> 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. Wanna help?

Saul gives Grace his packets; she takes them but 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 pretends to be amazed:

NIKKI
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 again, gives Grace a good-luck hug, and whispers:

NIKKI (CONT'D)
Come back when the gates open... and don't forget to pack some *condiments*.

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!

Over the following, we hear 1:03-1:35 of "Wawa Hoagies" (Aaron Out, 2017) or a similar upbeat, goofy rap song.

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 looks apprehensively after Saul and Grace, who are working the line a little ways off.

28 EXT. OUTSIDE RED BUTTE GARDEN AMPHITHEATRE - LATE NIGHT 28

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

GRACE
That was fabulous.

SAUL
You were amazing. Fearless. Your stamina was incredible.

GRACE
Didn't wanna stop.

SAUL
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 at any minute! 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.

29 EXT. BONNEVILLE SHORELINE TRAIL - CONTINUOUS 29

They walk along the trail.

GRACE
My niece Zadie invented the Fartle.

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, *your idea becomes law. That's wild!*

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

SAUL
Or even in New Jersey!

30 EXT. ENSIGN PEAK - CONTINUOUS 30

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 turning the Lake into toxic dust... *and* driving up global sea levels.

31 EXT. ENSIGN PEAK TRAILHEAD - LATE NIGHT 31

They walk back.

SAUL
Are you really worried about your parents finding out?

GRACE
My dad *does* carry around a hunting knife. Has an RV garage, too.

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.

32 EXT. OUTSIDE RED BUTTE GARDEN AMPHITHEATRE - LATE NIGHT 32

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?

Saul moves toward his bike, speaking at first 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, and perhaps interspersed with the last line, we hear 0:00-0:59 of "Don't Put Onions on Your Hamburger" (The Dellwoods, 1963) or a similar doo-wop song.

33 EXT. CAMPAIGN HEADQUARTERS - DAY 33

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. There's a sandwich board campaign poster in the window.

34 INT. CAMPAIGN HEADQUARTERS - CONTINUOUS 34

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. Also a vape pen.

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.
(MORE)

SAUL (CONT'D)
(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 better 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.

35 EXT. CAMPAIGN HEADQUARTERS - DAY 35

Saul heads off on his bike, muttering to himself:

SAUL
"Oracle of Doom."

36 EXT. SAUL'S HOUSE - DAY 36

A recycling truck is emptying their big blue recycling bin as Saul bikes up the driveway.

37 I/E. SAUL'S HOUSE - MUDROOM - DAY 37

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)
To heck with Katherine, I *like* this girl!

Over the following, we hear 0:00-0:36 of "Sandwiches" (Detroit Grand Pubahs, 2000) or a similar song that's sexy, funky, and a bit goofy.

38 INT. SAUL'S HOUSE - VARIOUS ROOMS - DAY 38

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

39 INT. GRACE'S DUPLEX - LIVING ROOM - DAY 39

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* near a flat-screen TV.

Grace is lounging on a couch, reading a book with a bright red cover: *What Makes Love Last*, by John Gottman Ph.D.

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

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

Grace puts down the book with the bright red cover, but not before she pointedly uses a campaign sticker as a bookmark.

Nikki rolls her eyes and starts to leave, making a "knock on wood" gesture on the carved American flag.

40 EXT. SAUL'S HOUSE - DAY 40

Saul shuts the hatchback of his Honda Fit (it's got a campaign bumper sticker) and climbs in.

41 INT. GRACE'S DUPLEX - KITCHEN - DAY 41

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.

42 EXT. GRACE'S DUPLEX - DAY 42

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

43 INT. SAUL'S CAR - DAY 43

He checks his hair in the rearview mirror.

44 INT. GRACE'S DUPLEX - BATHROOM - DAY 44

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

45 I/E. GRACE'S DUPLEX - DAY 45

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".

46 EXT. GRACE'S DUPLEX - DAY 46

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.

47 EXT. MAIN STREET NEAR 200 S, SLC - LATE AFTERNOON 47

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 BOY
(to Grace)
I wanna sign!

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

13-YEAR-OLD BOY
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?!!

48 INT. SAUL'S HOUSE - MUDROOM - DAY 48

An image of Saul's twin paper goal thermometers filling up.

49 EXT. MAIN STREET NEAR 200 S, SLC - DAY 49

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

GRACE
Thirty seconds for clean air?

FLIRTY GUY #1
I like dirty air.

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

FLIRTY GUY #2
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...

50 INT. SAUL'S HOUSE - MUDROOM - DAY 50

Saul's twin paper goal thermometers fill up more.

51 EXT. LIBERTY PARK - DAY 51

Drone shot establishing Liberty Park.

52 EXT. LIBERTY PARK - DAY 52

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 reminiscent of Donald Trump.

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, who has stopped 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, starting another round of the Innuendo Game:

SAUL (AS PEDESTRIAN)
I don't know, what's in it for me?

ARGUMENTATIVE JERK
(to Saul, from behind Grace)
Not much.

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

She smiles: 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 0:36-1:00 or 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.

53 EXT. DOWNTOWN FARMERS MARKET, SLC - DAY 53

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

GRACE/NIKKI
(laughing at an in-joke, Nikki with a sigh, Grace in love)
--the *grill of his dreams*.

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

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

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

NIKKI
(mock sympathetic)
There's always next time.

Grace puts down her drink and takes off her board.

GRACE
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
(skeptical)
You do gotta have faith.
(MORE)

NIKKI (CONT'D)
(with more compassion,
asking for an example)
Okay, hit me.

FLASHBACK TO:

54 INT. GOVERNMENT OFFICE, WASHINGTON STATE - DAY 54

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.)
--so 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."

55 I/E. AT THE FRONT DOOR OF A SUBURBAN HOUSE - DAY 55

An attorney serves legal papers to Tim Eyman, his surprised wife (30s), and his even more surprised mother (60s).

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

Nikki LAUGHS.

BACK TO:

56 EXT. DOWNTOWN FARMERS MARKET, SLC - DAY 56

GRACE
Saul's been helping me track down every ballot measure since 1898--

NIKKI
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:

57 INT. UNIVERSITY LIBRARY - NIGHT 57

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:

58 EXT. DOWNTOWN FARMERS MARKET, SLC - DAY 58

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

NIKKI
It took *six tries*?

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

NIKKI
(sarcastic)
Mm, a glass half-full of men. Samantha would...
(trails off, sighs)
Maybe loving *someone* and loving *democracy* have the same secret ingredient.

GRACE
Optimism?? Hope??

NIKKI
Modest expectations.
(beat)
Committing to o*ne 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. We should "lock the clock."

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

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

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

NIKKI
Lock it right in the middle; split it in half.

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:

59 EXT. MAIN STREET IN MINOT, NORTH DAKOTA, 1948 - DAY 59

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.

60 INT. GOVERNMENT OFFICE, NORTH DAKOTA, 1948 - DAY 60

Howard files ballot measure papers. There are giant letters on the top of the first page: “Park Free...”

GRACE (V.O.)
Also filed a ballot measure, to ban parking meters statewide.

61 EXT. FARM IN MINOT, NORTH DAKOTA, 1948 - DAY 61

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...

62 EXT. MAIN STREET IN MINOT, NORTH DAKOTA, 1949 - DAY 62

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:

63 INT. FARMHOUSE IN NORTH DAKOTA, 1949 - DAY 63

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:

64 EXT. DOWNTOWN FARMERS MARKET, SLC - DAY 64

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 stalking prey. Foreboding music plays: 0:00-0:30 of "Sandwich Man" (Paolo Conte, 2004).

65 INT. COMMUNITY CENTER - MEETING ROOM - DAY 65

Katherine, Saul, Brinlee, Ashley, and 20 new trainees, all with name tags. Katherine has her vape pen.

It's similar to the earlier community center scene, but now the PPT has 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.

66 EXT. COMMUNITY CENTER - DAY 66

Grace gets off the bus.

67 INT. COMMUNITY CENTER - MEETING ROOM - DAY 67

Brinlee adds one more campaign sticker to Katherine's water bottle, which is already completely covered with them.

68 I/E. COMMUNITY CENTER - DAY 68

Grace enters the building.

69 INT. COMMUNITY CENTER - MEETING ROOM - DAY 69

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

70 INT. COMMUNITY CENTER - HALLWAY - DAY 70

Grace walks toward the easel with “SIGNATURE-GATHERING TRAINING” and an arrow pointing into an open doorway.

71 INT. COMMUNITY CENTER - MEETING ROOM - DAY 71

Saul, in a sandwich board, counts distinctively to four.

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

72 INT. COMMUNITY CENTER - HALLWAY - DAY 72

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*.

73 INT. COMMUNITY CENTER - MEETING ROOM - CONTINUOUS 73

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.

74 INT. COMMUNITY CENTER - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS 74

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 joining the campaign.

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

75 INT. COMMUNITY CENTER - MEETING ROOM - CONTINUOUS 75

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 0:02-0:54 of "You're Not My Favourite Sandwich" (Elsa Birgitta Bekman, 2019), a sad-sounding indie song.

76 INT. COMMUNITY CENTER - HALLWAY - DAY 76

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

77 I/E. COMMUNITY CENTER - DAY 77

She storms out.

78 EXT. COMMUNITY CENTER - DAY 78

She gets on a bus.

79 INT. BUS - DAY 79

The bus is empty. Grace sits and stares out the window.

She angrily pulls out her phone; it opens to 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.

80 EXT. COMMUNITY CENTER - DAY 80

The bus drives down an empty street.

The entire Salt Lake Valley looks empty.

81 INT. CAMPAIGN HEADQUARTERS - DAY 81

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 tombstone (”R.I.P.”), 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 emissionaries?

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 and focus on Katherine.

GRACE
Other organizations?

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

Grace finally turns to (and on) Saul.

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

SAUL
Grace, I swear--

Katherine interrupts, standing up.

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
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 and slumps.

Over the following, we hear 0:55-1:50 of "You're Not My Favourite Sandwich" (Elsa Birgitta Bekman, 2019), the sad-sounding indie song.

82 EXT. CAMPAIGN HEADQUARTERS - A FEW MINUTES LATER 82

Saul walks out. Katherine is there (near the sandwich board campaign poster in the window), hitting her vape pen.

83 EXT. CAMPAIGN HEADQUARTERS - CONTINUOUS 83

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

84 EXT. SAUL'S HOUSE - DAY 84

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.

85 I/E. SAUL'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS 85

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

86 I/E. SAUL'S HOUSE - MUDROOM - CONTINUOUS 86

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.

87 I/E. SAUL'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS 87

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.)

88 EXT. UNIVERSITY OF UTAH - RED BUTTE CANYON ROAD - DAY 88

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

An open-top Jeep rolls up next to him. Inside are the four Frat Boys, a.k.a. the personal trainers from hell:

FRAT BOY #2
Too slow! Too slow!

FRAT BOY #3
You call that pedaling?!

FRAT BOY #4
Get outta the granny gear!

Saul tries to ignore them and focus on the road. Bad idea:

Frat Boy #3 lobs a 24oz Swig dirty soda at him. Frat Boy #3 must be left-handed because...

FRAT BOY #2
Oh man!

FRAT BOY #4 (CONT'D)
Direct hit!

FRAT BOY #3
(to #1, the driver)
Go! Go! Get out of here!

They zoom away.

89 EXT. OUTSIDE RED BUTTE GARDEN AMPHITHEATRE - DAY 89

Saul arrives at the parking lot sign pole, tosses his helmet to the ground, and then dumps himself on the ground as well.

He gets out some stickers and absent-mindedly tries to toss them one-by-one into his helmet, which is 5-10 feet away.

Then a truck (F-350?) backs into the adjacent parking spot, crowding him. The tailpipes spit in his face. MUSIC BLARES.

We (and the previous indie song) are overpowered by a classic FM radio song like 0:33-0:54 of "Cheeseburger in Paradise" (Jimmy Buffett, 1978).

The driver cuts off the engine, but that just means the BLARING MUSIC comes through even more clearly.

After what feels like forever, the driver's door opens; the MUSIC STOPS, but the driver SINGS ALONG, finishing a stanza.

Maybe we recognize the driver's voice.

Or maybe we recognize the distinctive beat-up sneakers.

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.

SAUL (CONT'D)
Remember my sandwich board??

LANCE
Oh yeah: the *happy vegetarian*.

Lance gets himself a beer from the cooler. As he opens it and takes a long drink, he's only half-listening, which is totally fine because Saul, in self-absorbed misery, is mostly just talking 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
(singing under his breath)
"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 (12) and BOY (8) 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've *had* 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 the big rock up the 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 deeply.

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 2:16-2:30 of "You're Not My Favourite Sandwich" (Elsa Birgitta Bekman, 2019), the sad-sounding indie song.

90 I/E. CAMPAIGN HEADQUARTERS - DUSK 90

There's no miracle. Katherine takes down the sandwich board campaign poster in the window. Others (maybe Brinlee and Ashley?) carry boxes out the door. We see all this through the tree full of summer leaves.

91 EXT. CAMPAIGN HEADQUARTERS - NIGHT 91

Night falls on the campaign. It's over.

92 INT. GRACE'S DUPLEX - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT 92

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.

93 INT. SAUL'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT 93

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

94 EXT. CAMPAIGN HEADQUARTERS - MORNING 94

Only a few late-autumn leaves are left on the tree. The office is empty; there's a "For Lease" sign in the window.

KARAN REDDY (V.O.)
You Americans, you think you're so great because you have freedom of speech, freedom of religion. No. America is great because you have freedom from monkeys.

95 EXT. HALLOWEEN HOUSE - NIGHT 95

Giant Halloween display at 1542 S 900 E.

96 EXT. VOTING LOCATION - MORNING 96

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.

97 EXT. STREET CORNER - NIGHT 97

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

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

98 EXT. WISEGUYS COMEDY CLUB - CONTINUOUS 98

Patrons entering the club.

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

99 INT. WISEGUYS COMEDY CLUB - FOYER - CONTINUOUS 99

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

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

100 INT. WISEGUYS COMEDY CLUB - MAIN ROOM - CONTINUOUS 100

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, <u>c'mon you all are my right wing!</u>

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;

LAUGHTER 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.

101 I/E. ON A TRAX (LIGHT RAIL) TRAIN - NIGHT 101

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.

102 EXT. GRACE'S DUPLEX - NIGHT 102

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.

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

Grace moves to open the door.

NIKKI
(impressed, even inspired)
Maybe I should try that with Samantha.

103 INT. GRACE'S DUPLEX - NIGHT 103

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
(interjecting)
Gonna read all thirteen of them?

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Over the following, we hear 3:34-3:57 of "You're Not My Favourite Sandwich" (Elsa Birgitta Bekman, 2019). Turns out it's a love song!

104 EXT. STATE LIQUOR STORE - MAGIC HOUR 104

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-pop---]]

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

Grace stomps and pivots, ending up face-to-face with Saul.

A beat, then a whisper.

GRACE (CONT'D)
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 *over-population*?

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.

105 EXT. 900 S 1100 E, SLC - LATER THAT NIGHT 105

We see the giant colorful whale sculpture on this roundabout.

106 EXT. DOLCETTI GELATO (9TH AND 9TH, SLC) - NIGHT 106

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

107 INT. DOLCETTI GELATO (9TH AND 9TH, SLC) - NIGHT 107

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

108 INT. COFFEE GARDEN, SLC - DAY 108

Saul, Grace, and others at Coffee Garden, with the visible sign saying “No Wifi. Pretend it’s 1995. Talk to each other.”

109 EXT. ARCHES NATIONAL PARK - DAY 109

March. Saul and Grace hike to Delicate Arch or Double Arch or North Window Arch.

110 EXT. FORREST GUMP POINT - DAY 110

March. Saul and Grace drive along this iconic section of US-163 looking south.

111 EXT. GRAND CANYON, SOUTH RIM - DAY 111

March. Saul and Grace prepare to hike down. Maybe Mather Point or Lipan Point. Or film at the Desert View Watchtower by the Desert View East Entrance to the park.

112 INT. GRACE’S DUPLEX - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT 112

April. Saul and Grace are snuggling on the couch, watching the 2008 romantic comedy *27 Dresses*. After an unexpected and unpleasant revelation, JANE (played by Katherine Heigl) says in dismay: “My god. I feel like I just found out my favorite love song was written about a sandwich.” Saul and Grace look at each other and go bananas.

113 EXT. UNIVERSITY OF UTAH - “LOVE” SCULPTURE - DAY 113

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 Labrys axe).

114 INT. COMMUNITY CENTER - MEETING ROOM - DAY 114

Grace, Brinlee, and Ashley plot campaign strategy, smiling and laughing. A whiteboard has a SWOT analysis (Strengths, Weaknesses, Opportunities, Threats).

115 EXT. RED BUTTE GARDEN - ROSE GARDEN - DAY 115

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

116 INT. GRACE'S DUPLEX - KITCHEN - NIGHT 116

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 [[then you can fit--]]

Grace INTERRUPTS, smacking him on the butt.

GRACE
Modest expectations.

They laugh and kiss.

117 EXT. OUTSIDE RED BUTTE GARDEN AMPHITHEATRE - DAY 117

August. More cameos. (See list above.)

118 EXT. OUTSIDE RED BUTTE GARDEN AMPHITHEATRE - CONTINUOUS 118

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
Lance, nice sticker!

119 EXT. MILL CREEK CANYON - DAY 119

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.

120 INT. NATURAL HISTORY MUSEUM OF UTAH - DAY 120

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]

121 EXT. SOLITUDE OR OTHER SKI AREA - DAY 121

January. Saul and Grace ski or snowboard and flirt, maybe doing ski-jump tricks and then one falls down and pulls the other one down and they roll in the snow and kiss.

122 EXT. UTAH STATE CAPITOL - DAY 122

January. Another inversion. We see the two Utah state flags. Saul (in his warm purple coat), Grace, and Katherine enter.

123 INT. UTAH STATE CAPITOL - DAY 123

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]

124 EXT. GREAT SALT LAKE GILLMOR SANCTUARY - DAY 124

A beautiful winter day with bald eagles and other birds.

AUDUBON VOLUNTEER
Caring for birds helps us care for each other and our shared future. Climate change is the #1 threat to birds, and we can see that here at the Great Salt Lake, which is a year-round home to birds like the bald eagle as well as a key resting and feeding spot for 12 million migratory birds that travel north and south along the Pacific Flyway each year.

125 EXT. GRAND CANYON, RIBBON FALLS - DAY 125

March. Saul and Grace at Ribbon Falls.

126 EXT. GRAND CANYON, NORTH RIM - DAY 126

March. Saul and Grace at the North Rim (Cape Royal, Bright Angel, or Point Sublime).

127 EXT. THE WAVE - DAY 127

March. Saul and Grace at The Wave. (ALT: NV Valley of Fire.)

128 EXT. KANAB SLOT CANYON - DAY 128

March. Saul and Grace at a slot canyon near Kanab. Or Coral Pink Sand Dunes near Kanab. Saul slips past a tight squeeze and Grace emphasizes her body's curves and jokes:

GRACE
Easy for you!

129 EXT. ST. GEORGE OR ZION NATIONAL PARK - DAY 129

March. Saul and Grace at Snow Canyon or at Zion. Maybe Riverside Walk or driving out of the Zion-Mt Carmel Tunnel.

130 EXT. BRYCE CANYON NATIONAL PARK - DAY 130

March. Saul and Grace at the hoodoos. Maybe Sunrise Point or Sunset Point or the switchbacks of the Queens Garden / Navajo Loop trail.

131 EXT. CAPITOL REEF NATIONAL PARK - DAY 131

March. Saul and Grace at a slot canyon.

132 EXT. LANCE'S HOUSE - DAY 132

Lance welcomes Saul into his home; Lance's truck is outside.

133 INT. LANCE'S HOUSE - DAY 133

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]

134 I/E. RED BUTTE GARDEN - ROSE HOUSE - DAY 134

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". It should say "NATURE: I think that I shall never see / A poem lovely as a tree." It actually says: "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 (and maybe a vape pen?), 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! 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*.
(MORE)

LANCE (CONT'D)
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 reaches for his arm to calm him down.

135 EXT. RED BUTTE GARDEN - ROSE GARDEN - DAY 135

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!****"*

136 I/E. RED BUTTE GARDEN - ROSE HOUSE - LATER 136

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 flute 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 flute 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
(calling out, since she doesn't have the mic)
Samantha will be there to help out.
(with a *ton* of emotion)
She's got <u>stickers</u>!

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 t--]]

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 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. Filmed with real actors on location in Utah, Arizona, North Dakota, and Washington State.

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

- List of Kickstarter supporters: “We gratefully acknowledge the financial support of the following people who are not in the film industry who thought it would be a good idea to make a romantic comedy about carbon taxes”, followed by a long list, followed by “We gratefully acknowledge the financial support of the following people who *are* in the film industry who thought it would be a good idea to make a romantic comedy about carbon taxes”, followed by blank lines.

- 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 Garin.*

137 INT. SLC AIRPORT 137

The actor playing Lance goes through TSA security with a carry-on bag containing the baseball wedding-ring holder. Other bags go down the conveyor belt for their owners to pick up, but Lance’s bag gets shifting to the inner area for extra screening. The TSA agent digs through the bag and finds the baseball wedding-ring holder. “Lance” demonstrates how it works.

LANCE
It’s a baseball wedding-ring holder.

TSA AGENT
Where is she??!