

MADE IN ARIZONA

Pilot

by

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UTA

COLD OPEN

INT. "MADE IN ARIZONA" FACTORY - DAY

Workers test wind-chimes, pour vats of "Sacred Tribal Gemstones" into tiny retail bags, inspect scorpion paperweights. A well-oiled machine of gift shop junk.

High above them, a bank of windows looks out onto the floor. A sign dangles nearby: "Office of the Vice Presidents. Hi!"

INT. VICE PRESIDENTS' OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

TIM and COLIN BRADOW (26 and 24, brothers) are eating at their desks. Tim reads a dog-eared textbook, Colin a dog-eared "Maxim."

TIM

How's your salad? Too much mesclun?

COLIN

The perfect amount.

Tim sighs contentedly. Then a LOUD SCREAM sounds from the floor. They rush to the window and narrate what they see.

TIM

Oh my god -- Section 14, Tomahawk Sharpening. His arm sliced right off!

COLIN

I've seen worse.

TIM

But you can see inside of him!

COLIN

I once saw a tiger shark bite the mouth off a blue whale. That was way bloodier than this.

Tim stares at Colin.

COLIN (CONT'D)

I'm just saying, that whale swam away, so my expectations for this dude are high.

TIM
(panicking)
But shouldn't we be doing something,
with an employee of ours bleeding out
and what-not?!

A SIREN WAILS in the b.g.

COLIN
The medi-van's already coming. I
guess we could write a report?

TIM
Yes, a report!

COLIN
But that's probably H.R.'s job.

TIM
Damn, H.R. I know, I'll check my B-
school textbook! It always has the
answer.

Tim seizes his BUSINESS SCHOOL TEXTBOOK from its prized spot
on his desk.

TIM (CONT'D)
What do I look up? I'm a bundle of
nerves!

COLIN
(trying to be helpful)
Try "Replica Weapon Wounds." No.
"Production Line Management, Limb Chop
Off."

TIM
I can't think under this pressure!
Maybe we should wait for a call.

Tim stares at their phones. They're silent.

TIM (CONT'D)
We really could be more useful around
here.

COLIN
What do you mean?

TIM

Well, Grandpa started this company,
we're vice presidents now, but I grow
baby lettuces in my filing cabinet and
you use your computer as a shot glass
stand.

REVEAL their workspaces are as described.

COLIN

Collecting shot glasses is cool.
Bachelor Tip #14, May '06 Maxim.
(then)
I can't help you with the lettuce.

TIM

It's just-- do you ever feel like
we're not *integral* here? Like people
still view us as little kids?

FLASHBACK TO:

INT. HALL - EARLIER THAT DAY

Tim walks by an EMPLOYEE.

EMPLOYEE

Hey, buddy! I work for your dad!
Say, do you like race cars?

The employee produces a toy car and drags it along the floor
making REVVING sounds.

INT. VICE PRESIDENTS' OFFICE - BACK TO SCENE

COLIN

I like that the employees feel they
can give us a toy now and then.

TIM

But one of them just lost a limb.
Shouldn't our phones be ringing off
the hook?!

COLIN

I'm sure Dad's taking care of it.

TIM

(getting worked up)
But we could be taking care of it.
(MORE)

TIM (CONT'D)
We're adults now, we deserve
responsibility!
(then)
I've had it! I'm talking to Dad.

INT. HALLWAY

A FEMALE GUIDE is leading a group down a windowed hall.

GUIDE
...And this is the nerve center of the
"Made In Arizona" Corporation, the
largest non-Asian producer of
Southwest goods and equine cosmetics
in the world.
(re: factory floor)
And as you can see, our products are
tested on animals!

She points to some HORSES being groomed below them.

GUIDE (CONT'D)
Savor this view of our Horse
Cosmetology division testing out a new
shampoo, perfect for rodeo season!
(quickly)
Ignore the detectives in Tomahawk
Sharpening.

Tim strides by.

GUIDE (CONT'D)
Only executives on this level! Are
you with the New Employee Tour?

TIM
New Employ-- I am a vice president!
How don't you know that? Am I really
that unimportant around here?!

Tim barrels away. Mortified, the guide calls after him.

GUIDE
My deepest apologies! Are you Tim by
chance?
(pulling item from pocket)
I hear you like race cars!

END OF COLD OPEN

ACT ONE

INT. PRESIDENT'S OFFICE RECEPTION AREA

Tim storms toward a closed door: "MARTIN BRADOW, PRESIDENT." He reaches for the knob as a HUGE CLEANING CART slides before him, blocking his path.

TIM
Hello, Lupe.

LUPE (60s, thick Cuban accent), a custodian, grins.

LUPE
Did I show you my roses, Mr. Tim?
They growing like crazy!
(opening photo lab envelope)
It's 'cause I feed them Brita waters.
My sister gave me a Brita. Do you
have a Brita--

TIM
(terse)
I'm actually pretty busy now, Lupe.

LUPE
Oh. Everybody always busy busy busy.
I'll just keep scrubbing Lean Cuisine
off the microwaves and never talk.

TIM
Well played. Look, I'm sorry I
snapped. I'm just all fired up and
need to talk to my dad.

LUPE
(brightening)
Apology accepted. So you want to see
my roses now then?

TIM
(pained)
Yes, I want to see your roses now then.

INT. PRESIDENT'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

MARTIN BRADOW (60s) holds court before a conference table of EMPLOYEES. An aquarium bubbles behind him.

MARTIN
Elite Team, great news: I am finally a self-published author.

APPLAUSE as Martin holds up his book: "Walk Fast and Carry Papers."

MARTIN (CONT'D)
All my business knowledge in one hundred chapters. Today we'll discuss my favorite: Cost Cutting.

Martin points to a shelf of antiques, including a PORTRAIT of a PLUSH SAGUARO CACTUS HOLDING A BRIEFCASE.

MARTIN (CONT'D)
My father traveled door-to-door dressed up like a cactus, battling naysayers and heatstroke, building this company one (re: antique on shelf) howling coyote gravy boat at a time. The world's first not to leak out its tail.

Many nod. Martin moves to his window.

MARTIN (CONT'D)
When you gaze at that gleaming factory today, the business looks indestructible. But it's only gleaming because we just mopped up arm blood. We have sixty divisions, countless patents, thousands of employees. And some are dead weight.

Tim bursts through the door. Everyone stares.

TIM
Dad, I want more responsibility--

Martin raises a finger and presses on.

MARTIN
"Small leaks sink great ships."
That's a quote I just made up. Please write it down.

The employees do.

MARTIN (CONT'D)
Timothy, I'm cost-cutting with my Elite Team. Can this wait?

TIM
This won't take much time--

MARTIN
Time is free, but it's priceless.
(to group)
Please also write down that quote I
just made up.

TIM
I've been wanting to talk about this
for a while--

MARTIN
Also: "Dance like no one's watching."
I didn't make that up, but my friend
did and he told it to me before anyone
else.

(to Tim)
You look stressed. Take my town car
to the water park.

TIM
(breaking)
Colin and I aren't kids anymore!

Colin enters.

COLIN
(re: aquarium)
Aw, the stupid clownfish is hiding?

TIM
I have my JD/MBA. Colin is also
educated.

MARTIN
He has an E-Certificate in Oceanography.

COLIN
(defensive)
With an E-Emphasis in Communications.
(re: aquarium's motionless
sea cucumber)
Why do you think Marley is so outgoing
now?

TIM
We're ready to start taking the
reigns, Dad.
(points to his textbook,
which he brought)
I've learned how to run a company.

Martin purses his lips. He points down a line of employees seated nearby.

MARTIN

Adam Gergle raised Toy profits 14% by growing a Mexican jumping bean that could technically enter the Olympics.

ADAM

We're looking at Rio 2016.

MARTIN

Dylan Fonk brokered peace between our Pageant Glue and Horse Advocacy groups.

DYLAN

We now use a soy adhesive.

MARTIN

And Lacy Ballast hid for six months under a fish market in Pyongyang just to introduce North Koreans to the pleasures of cactus jam.

LACY

(ashamed)

I'll be faster next time.

MARTIN

(to Tim)

They have demonstrated their worth here. You may have book smarts, but you lack on-the-ground experience. And that's what adds value to a company.

Now Tim purses his lips.

TIM

Really. Well, if we can't add value to the company's bottom line by the end of today... you can fire us.

COLIN

What?!

MARTIN

Don't make a promise you can't keep. A man's word is his honor.

Martin turns, but the group is already writing it down.

TIM

Come on, Colin. We've got work to do.

LACY stands up dramatically.

LACY
I will go with you!

But they're already gone. They clearly didn't hear her.
Lacy looks around, then slowly sits back down.

INT. VICE PRESIDENTS' OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Tim and Colin.

COLIN
What the hell was that?! We have
great jobs -- spending accounts,
(re: computer)
shot glass holders! And now that's
all gone because we're fired in eight
hours.
(desperate)
Coming to work and reading magazines
is what gives my life meaning, so if--

TIM
We are not getting fired. Adding to
the bottom line is easy. This is our
balance sheet.
(off Colin's expression)
A document that shows how we spend
money. We just have to cut the
biggest non-essential line item.

They pour over the document. Tim soon blanches.

COLIN
We're the biggest non-essential line
item.

TIM
Clearly a typo...

COLIN
The next biggest is the plumbing for
your lettuce cabinet. We could cut
that?

TIM
(walls closing in)
But then how will we have fresh
radicchio?
(re: balance sheet)
(MORE)

TIM (CONT'D)
Here's something! "New Small Retail
Shop, \$9000 monthly loss."

COLIN
Of course they're losing money, that
is a terrible name.

TIM
(steely)
Let's go close a business.

MONTAGE:

Tim and Colin gear up for their first business outing:

- Tim rips the tape off a dusty box and removes business cards from inside as if they're exotic artifacts.
- Colin tests a calculator by rapidly punching its keys.
- Tim swathes his textbook in a new layer of book-wrap.
- Colin tries to get his calculator into his briefcase. It won't fit. He reaches inside and removes a ton of packing paper -- his briefcase has never been used.
- Tim nods confidently as his printer spits out driving directions. He bites into a head of iceberg like an apple.

INT. SHOP - LATER

Tim and Colin march into a ramshackle shop. It brims with vintage, desert-themed housewares and clothing; a place an elderly tourist with early dementia might love.

Tim notices a TEEN CLERK behind a counter.

TIM
We're from corporate.

TEEN CLERK
Corporate what?

TIM
...The corporation that owns here.
After careful consideration, we're
closing this shop due to its
significant losses.

TEEN CLERK
Whatever.

COLIN
Whatever? You're cool with this?

TEEN CLERK
Signing up for unemployment will be
more exciting than working here. But
my boss will care.

TIM
Ah, so you're not the apathetic tween
proprietor of this store. Is your
boss in?

The clerk points to a PETITE, WELL-COIFFED WOMAN (50s)
emerging from a back room. She spots Tim and Colin.

WOMAN
What in the world? Give me a hug, you
two!

Beat.

TIM/COLIN
(through plastered smiles)
Hiiii, Mom.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

INT. SHOP - MOMENTS LATER

Tim and Colin are hugging their mom, HELEN.

HELEN (WOMAN)
What a treat! I was waiting to show
you my new store until it was further
along but, ta-da!

They take in all the southwestern detritus -- old sun tea
jars, cowboy boots, kachinas, sombreros...

COLIN
Cool, Mom -- it's like a sad attic!
(clarifying)
Were you trying to open a sad attic?

TIM
Where is all this stuff from?

HELEN
The divorce. Your father got the
lodge in Aspen, I got the storage
locker in Yuma.
(trying to stay positive)
But it was filled with the company's
original inventory. This is what your
grandpa went door-to-door with. And
now they're chic antiques.

Tim spots his grandpa's OLD CACTUS COSTUME slouched flaccidly
in a corner. Colin fixates on a nearby COW SKULL.

HELEN (CONT'D)
It's not much yet, but it's all I have
since your father left, since you boys
abandoned me in that big house.

Helen sniffles.

TIM
We didn't abandon you, Mom, we went to
college. And besides this store, you
have a big house.

COLIN
With its own staff.

TIM
And tram system.

Helen pulls herself together.

HELEN

I just need to keep pouring my soul in here. Now that I'm a divorcée and my sons don't need me anymore, this shop is what defines me.

(then)

So, why'd you boys drop by?

Colin nods at Tim, "I got this."

COLIN

We're shutting you down.

Tim clasps Colin's shoulder hard.

TIM

Emotionally he means, from not visiting enough. So we came by just to say hi! Right, Colin?

COLIN

...Right?

TIM

To start our chit-chat, what would you change here if you wanted to, say, raise profits 3000%, hypothetically?

HELEN

Easy. I'd shut down my competitor.

She points to a competing shop across the breezeway.

HELEN (CONT'D)

All the rich shoppers flocked to her store once she got the exclusive on Swarovski bolo ties. I'm dreading tonight's Art Walk sale. She's a shark.

Inside the shop, a HOMELY GIRL is scratching her knee, slack-jawed, staring into space.

COLIN

Shark? That girl looks like she models Mormon frontier dresses. I'll go see if I can change her plans for the sale.

TIM

Not a bad idea to feel out the competition, Mom.

COLIN
Plus I brought a secret weapon...

Colin takes out a "Maxim" from his briefcase. The cover screams, "Make any girl your SEX PUTTY!"

TIM
No.

COLIN
Just replace 'sex' with 'negotiation,'
and I'm gonna have a ton of negotiation
putty on my hands in five minutes.
(re: Teen Clerk)
This girl knows what I'm talking
about.

The Teen Clerk reacts uncomfortably.

COLIN (CONT'D)
Not sexual harassment 'cause I didn't
hire you.

TIM
Not how that works.

COLIN
Tim, let me help for once! This may
shock you, but there's smarts under
this jacked body.
(re: Teen Clerk)
This girl still knows what I'm talking
about.

Colin winks and exits, disappearing into the rival shop.

TIM
(to Teen Clerk)
He means well. Please don't sue.

INT. RIVAL SHOP - CONTINUOUS

Colin approaches the homely worker, MORGAN (late 20s, moley up-close). He makes a suave face, furtively reading from the "Maxim" by his side.

COLIN
Thought I'd beat the heat coming in
here, but I see you're the source of
global warming.

Morgan looks at him...

COLIN (CONT'D)
So, is this store--

Then she pounces. She has a surprisingly crisp sales voice.

MORGAN
If you're warm, I'd swap those slacks
for a bush-pant made of breathable
cotton. You've got the build to pull
them off. A 32, right?

COLIN
I always thought I had a bush-pant
build.

Morgan grabs some pants and leads Colin to a fitting room.

INT. SHOP - CONTINUOUS

Tim consults his textbook with Helen.

TIM
While Colin neutralizes your
competition, let's size up your sales
skills.

HELEN
Oh, I don't know--

TIM
I've learned selling is just like a
date. You want to be easy-going,
relatable. Not tense.

HELEN
I'm not tense! Watch me.

Helen shakes out her limbs as a customer enters. It's LACY, the girl from Martin's meeting.

TIM
PULL BACK, MOM!

Helen tenses up again.

TIM (CONT'D)
Did my dad send you to sabotage us? I
knew it! You're a spy! No? Then
how'd you survive under a North Korean
fish market?!

LACY
 Lupe told me you were here! I came to help you.

The LIGHTING DIMS, leaving only Tim and Lacy illuminated...

LACY (CONT'D)
 You inspired me in that meeting. I respect that you want to work instead of being handed things. I don't want you gone in four hours. I like you for the man you want to be, and the man you almost are!

TIM (to Teen Clerk) Let's go with a higher wattage.	LACY (to self) Stop falling asleep to "Jerry Maguire."
---	--

REVEAL the Teen Clerk was fine-tuning the track lighting. She turns a knob, restoring the lights.

HELEN
 Wait, what happens in four hours?

TIM
 It's nothing, Mom--
 (looking off-camera)
 Oh my god.

Colin enters the store wearing an ENTIRELY NEW OUTFIT.

TIM (CONT'D)
 You bought things?!

COLIN
 My old pants weren't breathable.
 (removing new sunglasses)
 But don't worry, I talked her down on the warranty for these snake-chaps.

TIM
 (stifling rage)
 Did you at least get her plans for the sale?

COLIN
 In theory: no. But she didn't mention any art walk, so maybe she forgot about it.

They see Morgan hanging a giant display: "WELCOME, ART WALK SALE PATRONS!"

HELEN
I told you she's good. It's no use.

Helen unravels.

HELEN (CONT'D)
I can't make a sale, my rent's too
high,
(opening cash drawer)
my cash register is filled with Panda
Express napkins!

TIM/COLIN/LACY
Why?

HELEN
Because this goddamn kokopelli napkin
dispenser broke and I don't know how
to order office supplies!

She hurls the antique dispenser at the door, scaring off an approaching customer.

HELEN (CONT'D)
I can't manage this store. I was
never meant to do anything but raise
babies and be divorced.

Tim takes Helen by the arms.

TIM
This place will make money tonight.
It has to. We'll fix it up.
(surveying the disorder)
We just have to pick a place to start.

Tim looks a bit unnerved. The piles are daunting.
Mercifully, Lacy speaks up.

LACY
What if we move the small items to the
window, so they're not overwhelmed by
the larger pieces?

Tim nods, regaining confidence...

COLIN
And I could resell my snake-chap
warranty for full pric--
(suddenly pointing at Lacy)
SPY!

Tim calmly lowers Colin's arm.

TIM
You guys keep working while I see what
our competition's planning and not buy
stuff from her.

Tim exits in a huff. Helen approaches Colin.

HELEN
(re: pants)
Are those moisture-wicking?

COLIN
Oh yes they're very nice.

INT. RIVAL SHOP - MOMENTS LATER

Tim takes a deep breath and approaches Morgan.

TIM
Hi there, my mom owns the--

Morgan looks up at Tim. Her eyes widen.

MORGAN
Hi there, yourself. That unstructured
coat fits you well. Very well.

TIM
Really? I ordered it online but
wasn't sure-- wait a minute! No! I'm
not buying anything.

Morgan giggles, flashing her prettiest smile. Her teeth are a mess.

MORGAN
I don't want to sell you anything.
I'd pay you to let me watch that
seashell mouth of yours talk all day.

TIM
"Seashell mouth"?...

She moves from behind the counter.

MORGAN
Not a lot of men my age come in here.
And the ones that do try to smooth-
talk me.

TIM
(re: her appearance)
They do?

Morgan steps closer.

MORGAN
But if I'm not selling them, I like to
wear the pants. And when I see
something I want, I go for it.
(fingering Tim's lapel)
And I would like this.

TIM
My jacket?

MORGAN
You.

TIM
You're very confident.

MORGAN
I model frontier dresses.
(then)
And you're very... obedient, I hope?

Tim reflexively grabs for his textbook, but it's not in his briefcase. He glances at it sitting back on Helen's counter.

TIM
I'm not sure I'd--
(suddenly worried)
Is that mole malignant or tattooed?

MORGAN
It's a scab. I cut it shaving. It'll
clot.

Morgan grabs a tissue and presses it to her upper lip.

MORGAN (CONT'D)
We should take this show on the road.
I'm free tonight.

TIM
Tonight? But don't you have a sale?

MORGAN
I can close the shop.

TIM
Really. Let me think here...

Tim gazes over at his textbook, at Lacy rearranging items, Colin moving the cactus costume, Helen pointing new lights at her store sign. Tim sees her shop's name is ALL I HAVE.

TIM (CONT'D)
Let's go on a date tonight!

MORGAN
Wunderbar. I'd hug you right now, but I have to keep applying pressure.

Tim smile-grimaces as Morgan pushes tissue on her mole.

EXT. ART WALK - EVENING

Artists peddle their wares at tables as permanent shops welcome in scores of tony families and empty-nesters.

Morgan and Tim walk through the crowd, hand in reluctant hand.

TIM
Your hands are so warm.

MORGAN
(not embarrassed)
Sweat. My hands are like dog tongues.

TIM
That's accurate. Thanks again for letting us have our date where you work.

MORGAN
I don't plan on us being here long, if you know what I mean.
(then)
Sex.

Morgan pinches Tim's butt. A nearby YOUNG MOTHER glares.

TIM
That was a little hard.

She squeezes his other cheek.

TIM (CONT'D)
Ow!

MORGAN
 I need to see what I'll be dealing
 with later. You're about a size seven
 face-leash, right?

TIM
 (panic)
 HAHAHA let's check out this random
 store I've never been to around the
 corner.

Tim strains for a glimpse of Helen's shop. The crowd parts revealing...

Helen, Colin, and Lacy EXTINGUISHING A TINY FIRE in the store's window. The shop is EMPTY save for Lupe, who is scraping fire extinguisher foam off a taxidermied roadrunner.

Across the path, Morgan's shop is OPEN AND PACKED.

TIM (CONT'D)
 I thought you were closed!

MORGAN
 I was, but I have customers who love
 the store so much they volunteer when
 I can't come in.
 (to Volunteer)
 Hi, Vicki! Keep selling!
 (to Tim)
 Excuse me, I need to grab her some
 more receipt tape.

Morgan crosses off. Tim beelines for his team.

EXT. SHOP - CONTINUOUS

He reaches them as they stamp out a smoldering item.

TIM
 Really, we're literally putting out a
 fire right now?!

Tim notices the charred mass at his feet. It's his TEXTBOOK.

TIM (CONT'D)
 My book!

COLIN
 These new light bulbs ignited an old
 corn husk doll. Your book was right
 there.

HELEN

If it makes you feel better, that doll was terrifying. You could tell it had secrets.

TIM

That actually makes this worse -- a magic doll would fetch a high price, and we need income or we're all gonna fail!

Lupe approaches.

LUPE

Hi Mr. Tim, did I show you my--

TIM

I don't have time for your roses, Lupe, we're in crisis!!

LUPE

(small)

I just wanted you show you my birthday cupcakes. Today's my birthday.

Lupe hands Tim a huge cupcake and plods away.

TIM

(calling after her)
I'm sorry! I didn't mean to snap!

Lacy spots a TOWN CAR pull up nearby.

LACY

I think your dad's here.

TIM

Already?!

HELEN

Wonderful, now your father will see what a failure I am without him.

COLIN

What a failure we all are.

(then)

Except Lacy. She walks out of this fine.

Lacy shifts awkwardly. Tim watches in horror as Martin exits his car. Colin gets on his iPhone.

TIM
What are you doing?

COLIN
Seeing how much a mint condition Señor
Frog's shot glass signed by Aaron
Carter is worth on eBay.
(then)
We're about to get fired.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

EXT. SHOP - CONTINUOUS

Martin makes his way toward them. Tim scrambles to read any of his textbook but it disintegrates in his hands.

TIM
Dammit! There's gotta be something we
can do...

Tim wracks his brain. He surveys the posh families milling about, their many children, his grandpa's old wares. Then:

TIM (CONT'D)
Stall him for thirty seconds.

HELEN
I won't speak to your father!

LACY
We'll do it.

Tim grabs Colin and disappears as Lacy pulls Helen around the corner. They nearly crash into Martin.

LACY (CONT'D)
Good evening, Mr. Bradow.

HELEN
Marty, what a nice surprise.

MARTIN
Helen, Lacy. What are you two doing
together?

LACY
(quick-thinking)
We know each other.

HELEN
(less quick-thinking)
We carpool to our gynecologist.

MARTIN
...I see.

Martin tries to move on, but Helen drapes herself inelegantly before him.

HELEN

Uh, I've been going there a lot
lately. For checkups. STD checkups.

Lacy gapes at Helen.

HELEN (CONT'D)

Yes, men are throwing themselves at
me. Probably because my store's so
popular.

MARTIN

Odd, I heard your store was tanking.
Perhaps that's why you're stalling me,
to hide the carnage around the corner?

HELEN

Don't be ridiculous.

MARTIN

Then let's have a look--

LOUD MARIACHI MUSIC cuts him off. They round the corner to
find...

EXT./INT. SHOP - CONTINUOUS

Colin in VINTAGE COWBOY ATTIRE, holding a stereo.

COLIN

(cowboy accent)

Saddle up, kiddies, the friendliest
face in the desert is here! Give a
big 'howdy' to Mesquite the Saguaro!

Crumpled nearby, GRANDPA'S CACTUS COSTUME SPRINGS TO LIFE.
Lupe screams, crossing herself.

TIM

(goofy voice, within costume)

Don't be afraid, I'm a cordial cactus!
And I love to dance!

Tim sidles up to Lupe and dances to the mariachi music. He
lets her pluck a foam saguaro blossom from his costume. Some
KIDS laugh and approach...

TIM (CONT'D)

Besides dancing, I love to play! And
my favorite toys come from this shop!

He reaches for an old toy wagon, but can't bend. He grabs an item dangling at face-height instead.

TIM (CONT'D)
Like this Sioux Indian dreamcatcher,
used to trap the evil spirits that
live above your bed!

The children are HORRIFIED.

TIM (CONT'D)
Uh, it's also a princess crown!

Tim places it atop a girl's head. She grins.

LITTLE BOY
What are these?

The boy grabs a pair of turquoise old lady napkin rings.

TIM
Um...

COLIN
(stepping forward)
Those are superhero bracelets!

He slips them over the kid's hands. The boy makes superpower sounds, thrilled.

LITTLE BOY
Can I have them, Papa?

His father nods. Colin leads them to the register as OTHER KIDS AND PARENTS begin playing with/grabbing up antiques.

Helen walks over.

HELEN
What did you boys do?!

TIM
You were targeting the wrong market,
Mom. These aren't rich people
antiques, they're rich kid toys.
(re: line at register)
Now go sell 'em!

Helen beams and goes to help Colin as Martin approaches. He looks into Tim's cactus-eyeholes.

MARTIN
I haven't seen this costume in forty years.

(coming close)
It smells like death.

TIM
Yeah, rats have used it to die in.
But I didn't have my textbook, so I had to go with my gut.

Lacy walks up.

TIM (CONT'D)
And we would've been lost today without Lac--

LACY
This is all because of Tim's leadership, Mr. Bradow. He's a great on-the-ground thinker.

Beat. Martin looks almost proud. He considers Tim, pulling a book from his coat.

MARTIN
Read my chapter on Advertising. Our frozen tamale line needs a new mascot. For some reason, 'Loco El Ratón' is causing a media stir.

Martin points to a nearby WALL AD depicting a cartoon rat scaling the border fence to get to a Made in Arizona tamale.

MARTIN (CONT'D)
But, all publicity is good publicity.

Martin waits.

TIM
Oh, I should write that quote down -- I've got a pen... Damn these cactus arms!

MARTIN
It's okay. Write it at tomorrow's Elite Team meeting.

Martin wedges the book in Tim's costume and exits. Tim turns to Lacy.

TIM
We really would've been lost without
your help today. I froze after my
mom's meltdown.

LACY
I made one stupid suggestion...

TIM
Stupid? My dad's never treated me
like an adult and I've dreaded work
since high school. But for the first
time, I'm on the job doing this:

Tim goes quiet. Lacy searches the cactus's inert foam face.

TIM (CONT'D)
(clarifying)
I'm smiling in here.

Lacy blushes and starts to say something, but a FRANTIC WOMAN appears. It's Morgan. Tim stiffens.

MORGAN
Have you seen a really cute guy with a
seashell mouth and sort of a boxy
orchid face around here?

LACY
(puzzled)
No one like that.

Lacy smiles at Tim and steps away. Morgan looks to the cactus, a little emotional.

MORGAN
I think I was stood up.

TIM
(goofy cactus voice)
There there, I bet your date was just
intimidated by your beautiful
(scanning for any redeemable
trait)
Finger... nail... grain.

Morgan looks at her fingers.

MORGAN
That doesn't make any sense.

At a loss, Tim offers Morgan a foam flower from his costume. She sobs and grabs the cactus into a hug.

TIM
(goofy cactus voice)
My arms don't move so I can't hug
back.

MORGAN
That's okay. I like restriction.

Morgan pinches the cactus's butt.

END OF ACT THREE

TAG

INT. VICE PRESIDENTS' OFFICE - NEW DAY

Tim and Colin are eating at their desks.

TIM

How's your salad? Too much frisée?

COLIN

The perfect amount.

LACY (O.S.)

The cafeteria makes a surprisingly
good salad.

REVEAL Lacy is eating with them. Tim nods happily. His filing cabinet is now filled with paperwork, lettuce-free.

A SHRIEK. They rush to the window.

TIM

Oh my god -- Tomahawk Sharpening! Her leg severed at the hip!

COLIN

I have never seen worse than that.

LACY

We really should shut down that division.

The PHONE RINGS.

TIM

They're calling us. We're finally being valued!

COLIN

(nervous)

They probably want us to go down there.

LACY

Or break the news to her family.

Tim stares at the phone, not happy with either option.

TIM

This feels like an H.R. thing, right?

COLIN/LACY
Yeah. / Definitely H.R.

TIM
I'm gonna let it ring.

They return to their lunches.

END OF SHOW