

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 HOMEY 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 price--

(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