

ALWAYS GREENER



Episode 1: "Pilot"

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INT. ALWAYS GREENER HQ - NIGHT

1

We open with the ticking hands of a GREEN MAN CLOCK on an office wall. It's 3:16am.

Suddenly a hurling object CRASHES into the Green Man clock. The clock shatters to the ground.

Moonlight illuminates the room as a figure rummages through desks, overturning desktops, keyboards, office supplies.

The figure steals landline phones and touchscreen tablets.

TRANSITION TO:

INT. FLARE'S APARTMENT - DAWN

2

An alarm goes off.

'Doodles' by Rose Betts plays.

A woman bolts up from bed wide awake.

The woman: **MIRANDA 'FLARE' FLAHERTY (30)** a charming, tomboy.

Dawn's golden light pours through her apartment's window.

Her walls adorn various pictures and certificates for 'Always Greener Best Sales Rep'. One of the pictures is of a little boy and girl (young Flare).

EXT. HAMILTON STREETS / LANDMARKS / COFFEE SHOP - MORNING

3

Flare drives through downtown Hamilton. We see the torch. We see various Hamiltonian landmarks and prominent buildings.

She waves to various people.

She exits an ICONIC HAMILTON CAFE, coffee in hand.

Various shots of her routine.

EXT. PINK CATWALK, CORKTOWN PARK - MORNING

4

Flare hanging out by a funky, graffiti scribed pink catwalk adjacent Corktown Park. She lights a cigarette. A fully customized off-road JEEP is solely parked by a nearby bar/apartment complex. Flare SURVEYS CURIOUSLY as a man exits a door atop the building, descends the staircase and gets into the Jeep, before driving away.

EXT. ALWAYS GREEN HQ - MORNING

5

The Always Greener HQ is a decrepit place full of weeds and structural problems.

INTRODUCE NIKKI CARSON (26), a female with a soft, reserved, strong presence. She sits in her car, watching Youtube on her phone.

A video of herself playing piano, singing an original song.

It's not so much bad as it is charming. She can't help but scroll the comment section, stopping on one in particular: YngIvoryK3y says: *Dis TRASH pawn your piano and delte your accownt asap. MAJOR L!*

She stares at the comment. And without hesitation she scrolls to delete video button, tapping it. Just as she does--

TAP-TAP-TAP! **ZSIDO (45)**, a mangy and insecure recovering addict is standing at her window. She's startled, which startles him in the process.

Nikki composes herself, hiding her phone as she steps out of her car.

NIKKI
Morning Zee.

ZSIDO
Did I scare you Nik? Sorry, --so
so-sorry Nikki.

NIKKI
All good.

ZSIDO
My bad. --Hey, I just got here, and
I'm not really sure, but like I
think something's off. You know
what I'm saying. It's weird right?

Nikki looks around. Seems normal, just real quiet.

NIKKI
C'mon, let's go in.

INT. ALWAYS GREENER HQ - CONTINUOUS

6

People standing around awkwardly, confused, disgruntled.

Nikki and Zsido notice the strangeness in the air.

Come running towards them is **ADAM GARSTEN (35)** a power trip of a man, slick hair, tight pants, brown belt + loafer combo, sans socks, hitting a vape; He's panicky.

ADAM
FREAKIN ROBBED! Cat burglars! Cat burglars! They took the tablets, Nicolette! --And the landline phones! Who frickin does that?!

Nikki processes, noticing everything that's out of place.

ADAM (CONT'D)
Who has the spares? How do you get in? Who has keys?!

NIKKI
I have one. Kitty has one... I think your mom does. And yours.

ADAM
Okay. Okay. Yeah. Just narrowing down the suspects.

NIKKI
Excuse me--

ADAM
No, it's not like that. Detective stuff --Like The first 48. We've basically, got like two days to solve this thing. Kitty, start a timer! Where the hell is Kitty? Son of a-- WHO THE HELL DOES THIS!?--

Adam spins around frantically searching for Kitty.

Meanwhile Nikki and Zsido are side-by-side absorbing the shit-show. When a pair of arms wraps around their shoulders, squeezing them together.

FLARE
(mischievous)
Wa'gwan?

It's Flare. She pokes her head playfully between them.

NIKKI
(composed)
Lord please.

ZSIDO
(terrified)
I have a daughter!

FLARE
Did you change your hair?

NIKKI
Yeah, changed it up.

FLARE
Well, *change* is good.
Speaking of *change*, Zsido. I ain't
got none, sorry.

ZSIDO
Oh hardy-har. A homeless joke, so
funny --never gets old.

Flare playfully ribs him.

FLARE
So what's the dealio? Some joker
made off with our *priceless* Hua-Wei
tablets?

ZSIDO
And the landlines. The only
question left is...
(long beat)
Who?

ADAM
Someone who wants us out! That's
'Who'. Steal our territory. DUH!

FLARE
Yeah. Like a turf battle!

ADAM
Exactly.

ZSIDO
Then I guess the only remaining
question now is...
(another long beat)
Why? And when? And also how?

ADAM
Thank you Detective-Captain
Obvious. And isn't it obvious that
we've got a target --or *targets*-
plural on our back --backs! Nikki?!

NIKKI
Yes?

ADAM
Round up everyone up--
(to the room)
CONFERENCE ROOM! FIVE MINUTES!
(MORE)

ADAM (CONT'D)
 NOT A DRILL!
 (quiet to Nikki)
 Conference room in five.

Adam storms off.

NIKKI
 Heard.

ZSIDO
 Don't worry boss, we'll find them.
 Once I get a whiff. I'll be on 'em
 like a bloodhound tracking
 pheasants.

ADAM
 Shut up Zsido! Just shut up.

RYDER (18) the natural, smug Gen-Z, who looks as if he could pitch a successful business proposition on *Dragons' Den* leans on a desk, arms crossed.

RYDER
 Told you we never needed those
 janky tablets anyway.

NIKKI
 Nobody asked, Ryder.

RYDER
 Unfortunately not. Cause if someone
 did, this job would be a lot
 easier. Like a lot.

Standing in the corner, bewildered is **OSCAR JIMENEZ (45ish)**, a Colombian immigrant, shy and highly educated.

OSCAR
 (to Nikki)
 Excuse me--

A bubbly over the top woman approaches. This is **KITTY (35)** a cringe-worthy office administrator who is always either on her phone or sipping a trendy beverage.

KITTY
 (interrupting)
 Copier's down again! Nikki you're
 creative, can you draw up some maps
 for me?

NIKKI
 Sure, let me just grab my painter's
 palette & geometry tin.

KITTY

Don't be silly, I have pencils at my desk.

NIKKI

You're right that's more practical.

Nikki and Kitty walk to her desk. We stay with the group.

RYDER

There's a new guy here, Kitty.

Kitty is distracted at her desk. Everyone looks to Oscar.

OSCAR

Hello. I am Oscar. I am very hard--
[working]

KITTY

--Thank gaaawd! They didn't steal my Hogwarts House pencils.

FLARE

Kitty, new guy here. Says "He's very hard".

KITTY

(concerned)
Okaaaay.

Kitty walks back to the group.

OSCAR

Hard working I mean to say. My name is Oscar Jiminez. I am told to report to Mister Adam Garsten.

KITTY

Oscar... --Jiminez. From The Fresh Start incentive? Yes, you're in the right place. I'm the office administrator, Katherine --but everyone calls me Kitty.

FLARE

You make us call you that.

KITTY

Anywho... Mr. Garsten is currently occupied---umm so where are you from-- originally?

OSCAR

Colombia.

KITTY
Wow neat, fancy. It is so nice to--
[have you here]

ADAM
(from afar)
HEY HEY HEY! ENOUGH CHITCHAT! TIME
IS MONEY PEOPLE! CONFERENCE ROOM
NOW!! LET'S GO! VAMONOS!

NIKKI
(to Adam)
Coming.
(to Kitty)
Kitty, could you give Oscar a quick
tour and set up for training. We'll
be heading out after-- this.

KITTY
Sure Nikki.

Nikki and the crew head for the conference room.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - CONTINUOUS

7

Adam at the podium. Nikki beside him, reps take their seats.
Flare shows up last. She and Nikki exchange glances.

ADAM
Everyone sit down. Sit down sit
sit. You're all here, good. So I
gathered you all here to advise you
all here that-- due to this
morning's --unforeseen
circumstances-- the break in, slash
robbery.
(beat then quickly)
Commissions are being cut.

Everyone gasps and shouts "What!? "Are you kidding me?!"
"Why??" "The humanity" "THIS IS HORSE SHIT!"

INTERCUT TO:

INT. ALWAYS GREENER HQ - SAME

8

Kitty and Oscar do the walk-and-talk.

KITTY
Welcome to Always Greener lawn care
Hamilton, Ontario-Canada.
(MORE)

KITTY (CONT'D)
 Originally established in 1981 by
 entrepreneur Richard Garsten,
 Adam's dad, who bought and turned
 this humble building into what you
 see today--

Someone--an electrician?--falls through the ceiling landing
 on someone's desk, breaking it. The person at the desk also
 collapses.

Only Oscar seems to react.

KITTY (CONT'D)
 --That was a while ago. Like before
 I was born. Some people say it's
 charming.

OSCAR
 And Mr. Richard Garsten? He is
 still owning the compania--company?

KITTY
 Umm No. Mr. Garsten passed away --
 tragically. Adam runs the company
 now. So...

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - SAME

9

ADAM
 Look, I've been your fearless boss-
 man these last seasons with expert
 precision. You don't know what's
 it's like. It's difficult and
 delicate. All transparency: Our
 margins are stretched to the max.
 And the situation this morning has
 now put us into the deep red. Like
 rich mahogany, merlot, you name it-
 -

CREW: Burgundy! Desert Sand! Crimson! Sangria! Scarlet
 Johansson! Maroon 5!

FLARE
 Menstrual cycles!

ZSIDO
 Ketchup!

ADAM
 Moron. Covid, inflation, climate
 change, bitcoin all this stuff
 negatively effects us.

The attention shifts to Nikki to speak for the team.

NIKKI

(hesitant)

Yeah, I mean-- I think--

FLARE

I got this, Nik. Adam, If I may--
What the fuck are you rambling-on
about? I've sold more these last 2
seasons than I ever have. So,
please I'm gonna need a bit more
explanation than *boss-manning* it or
whatever.

INT. ALWAYS GREENER HQ - SAME

10

KITTY

So over here is our trustee water
cooler, where all the office gossip
goes down. Haha JK, only a little
gossip--

(whispers)

Between us, I bring my own water.
You should too.

Oscar nods. He notices a big, yellow-faded map on the wall. A
green zone covers Hamilton to Niagara, including Fort Erie.

OSCAR

This is --Ontario?

KITTY

Yeah! Well, kind of. This is the
greater Hamilton region. --It
actually hasn't been updated in a
while, but all those outlined areas
were territories we *used* to
maintain.

Kitty points to various areas on the map.

KITTY (CONT'D)

Now, we're mainly in this section
here and a few sprinklings here
aaand here, one here, *womp-womp*.
Adam says we'll get all these areas
back, but it's umm-- Well, I'm
optimistic. Y'know, you just go and
manifest it. --Wait, do they have
manifestation in Colombia?

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - SAME

11

ADAM

--Okay look. Guys, this isn't permanent. Temporary, I promise. Just until we get our old clients to come back home--

FLARE

Pfft--I call bullshit-- You've been saying that for god knows-- If I had a dollar for every time-- Well, you'd probably just take it back. Bull. Shhh-

ADAM

--Enough! Running a business is tough! My dad taught me everything he knows, it's just growing pains. Taking some time to spread my wings. Only temporary.

Quiet.

ADAM (CONT'D)

Okay so, get out there and... Try not to think about it.

The room erupts again : 'Try not to think about it?!' / 'Easy for you to say!' / 'Are you fuckin' serious?!' / 'GET ME A BROWN PAPER BAG! I'M HYPERVENTILATING'

INT. ALWAYS GREENER HQ - CONTINUOUS

12

Shouting is heard from the conference room.

OSCAR

Is everything okay? Should we check to see?

KITTY

No, it's fine. Just passion in the workplace.

(beat)

This is our call centre, where we take customer calls, make bookings, cold calls, etcetera. But cause of the break-in, there are no phones. So this is just a room.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - CONTINUOUS

13

ADAM

Passions are high, I get that. But, we've been working together for along time, right? We persevere, pull up our boot straps, dig deep and man the F up. A little adversity is good, Nikki knows what I mean.

NIKKI

(caught off guard)

Ya- yup. For sure. Gay black girl. Piece a cake.

ADAM

You see? That's the perspective we all need to have. Gay black girl.

FLARE

Coughing Tone deaf! 'Scuse me. --Tell us why we shouldn't just walk. Like right now.

ADAM

Guys, please. I really need you right now. Once we get this robbery situation sorted, we'll incentivize commissions, talk bonuses all the good stuff. For now, it comes down to this season, we need to crush it. Starting today.

(beat)

Do it for dad.

Adam gestures to a hanging picture frame of his dad RICHARD.

Guilt washes over Flare, she reluctantly surrenders.

FLARE

Whatever.

Nikki looks confused by Flare's easy submission.

ADAM

Yeah? Really? Uhh okay. Sweet.

(beat)

Meeting adjourned. Go get selling --peasants.

NIKKI

Super unnecessary.

The crew begin dispersing, muttering frustrations.

RYDER

Hey, Adam! Mind if I talk to you a second? I've got some great ideas on how we can streamline service calls--[without tablets]

ADAM

Not right now champ. I need you out there, knocking on doors, bringing me sales.

RYDER

Oh, th-this is about that, I think it could really streamline--[that process]

ADAM

--DUDE! Read the room.

Adam leaves. Ryder stands defeated.

INT. ALWAYS GREENER HQ - CONTINUOUS

14

The crew begin streaming out of the conference room.

KITTY

--And that is pretty much it. --So ya. Welcome to the team. We're just so happy you're here! Oh perfect timing, they're finished.

KITTY (CONT'D)

Hey! Nikki, how'd it go? We heard shouting.

NIKKI

sighs Memorable. Is Oscar up to speed?

KITTY

Yupper.

NIKKI

Kay cool. Ready for training?

Oscar nods.

NIKKI (CONT'D)

Zsido, Ryder you're with me. Flare?

Flare brushes by full of piss and vinegar

FLARE
 --Right fuckin here.
 (deadpan to Kitty)
 Katherine.

KITTY
 Miranda. Remember our slogan; *With us, the grass is ALWAYS--*

FLARE
 --Yellow and patchy from dog piss.

NIKKI
 Charming. Alright team, suit up!

INT. ALWAYS GREENER HQ - (MONTAGE) DAY 15

An original *Always Greener Theme* composition will play over this tongue and cheek 'Choose Your Fighter' montage.

The team getting ready in HQ and driving in A.G truck.

EXT. ALWAYS GREENER TRUCK - (MONTAGE) DAY 16

Zsido, Ryder & Oscar in the back. Nikki & Flare in the front.

MONTAGE ENDS

EXT. LOW-INCOME HISTORICAL HAMILTON NEIGHBOURHOOD - DAY 17

The Always Greener work truck is parked curb-side. Our crew of Flare, Nikki, Zsido, Ryder and Oscar are gathering things before door knocking commences.

NIKKI
 Okay Zee and Ryder, you two hit the north side. Take Oscar with you, show him the basics.

They exit the truck. Oscar silently follows.

Nikki and Flare stay by the truck.

FLARE
 Welp, we gotta hit like one thousand homes today to make any profit... Fuckin' Adam.

Flare goes to exit the truck.

NIKKI

Flare wait. I wanna talk to you.

FLARE

Alrighhht.

NIKKI

What's the deal? You suddenly just roll over for Adam now.

FLARE

What's this now?

NIKKI

Flare--

FLARE

Look, I guess I just felt bad for him, regardless of how much of a entitled piece of shit he is--- It is what it is. You're not the only one with empathy, *Nicolette*.

NIKKI

I didn't say that.

Flare begins grabbing her sales stuff, and puts on a vintage Always Greener cap.

FLARE

Well, it's coming off that way. Maybe you should be more concerned about how your delegates are gonna earn a living. So if you don't mind, I'd like to get our commissions back. --Ma'am.

Flare tips her brim like a cowboy in attempt to escape the conversation.

NIKKI

Flare, you're manic again. I'm just showing concern--

FLARE

You're always fucking concerned.

Flare tears through her backpack, searching for cigarettes, muttering annoyances. Nikki notices an AG tablet sticking out of Flare's bag.

Flare pulls out a pack of smokes, zips up her bag and leaves.

Nikki quietly processes.

EXT. LOW-INCOME HISTORICAL HAMILTON NEIGHBOURHOOD - SAME 18

Ryder and Zsido walking down the street surveying houses. All the lots have micro lawns.

ZSIDO

How're we supposed to sell here?
There's no God damn grass.

RYDER

Literally. Whatever, I can sell
anywhere.

ZSIDO

Ya right. This shit's hard.

RYDER

It's actually not. Shall we make it
interesting?

ZSIDO

Like for money? 'Cause, right now--

RYDER

What else you got?

Zsido ponders, then magically pulls a hand-full of POGS from his pocket. We don't acknowledge why he carries them.

ZSIDO

Alright, I bet you *these* Pogs, that
you can't ummmm--- How 'bout, no--
Actually-- you have to--No.. You've
gotta-- hop on one foot and you
also can't talk with any vowels
and-- you've also gotta-- or I
mean, you can't-- umm...

RYDER

Okay, don't hurt yourself. How
about you pick a house- And I'll
sell them a birdbath package.

ZSIDO

HA! Birdbath package!? Is this guy
mental? Nobody's sold a birdbath
pack, not since like-- malaria
became a thing. Dang skeeters.

RYDER

So we have an agreement?

ZSIDO
 (dancing)
 Hell ya we do. I'mma be rich!!

Zsido points to the most decrepit home on the street.

ZSIDO (CONT'D)
 That one, right there.

RYDER
 Oooff! Good eye. Alright, bet.
 (beat)
 So like, what are Pogs, exactly?

ZSIDO
 They're like 90s NFT's.

RYDER
 Shit.

EXT. HISTORICAL HAMILTON STREET CORNER - LATER

19

Flare and Nikki on opposite sides of the street. They hesitantly make their way towards each other. They exchange looks: Any luck? No, you? Nope. Followed by AWKWARD SILENCE.

FLARE
 Why does that cum-stain Adam micromanage our routes--Fuckin' jackass, can't even handle basic office security.

NIKKI
 Yeah...

Long silence. Nikki studies Flare. Flare doesn't bend.

NIKKI (CONT'D)
 (suddenly)
 --Was it you?

FLARE
 Was what me?
 (beat)
 Why do you care so much, Nikki - about this bullshit --when you can commit to something real, like your music. At least you got that.

NIKKI
 My music? What are you-- I do NOT want to hear the word "commit" from you.

FLARE

OH-That's what this is! You and me.
Oh god. You have no chill. Zero.

NIKKI

No. Stop gaslighting--

FLARE

*Gaslighting--Again more shrink
shit. Maybe music isn't your
passion. Cause lately, it seems
like you desperately wanna start an
advice blog.*

NIKKI

You can't handle my advice.

FLARE

Pffft --Sounds like a song off your
mixtape. Is that the chorus?
(singing + miming piano)
Youuu cann't handle my adviice--

Nikki notices Oscar patiently standing by. She's not sure
what he's heard.

NIKKI

--Oscar. Hi, how's training? Wait,
where's Zsido and Ryder?

OSCAR

Hello. Umm-- They send me to
looking for homes with--large-- *big*
yards with grass.

Flare walks away.

NIKKI

Oh lord. Okay. That's not-- Sorry I
uhh --Wait Flare! Where are you--

ZSIDO (O.S.)

Yo Nik! This whole fuckin
neighbourhood's one big epic fail.

Zsido and Ryder walk up from behind.

ZSIDO (CONT'D)

--Well actually, this kid actually
sold a god damn birdbath. But other
than that, nothin'.

NIKKI
 Birdbath, as in a 'Birdbath
 package'? For real?

RYDER
 Best salesman, West of the Nile.
 (throwing Pogs)
 Awwyea makin' it rain up in this
 mother--

ZSIDO
 HEY! Show some respect!

Zsido JUMPS down, SCOOPING up Pogs like they're blood
 diamonds, stuffing them in his pockets.

NIKKI
 Are those Pogs? --Good job Ryder.
 Very impressive.

RYDER
 But, Pog-man's right, this area's a
 dead zone.

NIKKI
 Yes, heard, but Adam told us to
 profile it. So unfortunately--

FLARE
 Oh fuckin profile it, shmrofile it.
 You wanna sell or not?

They all turn to Flare -she's smoking a cigarette under the
 shaded canopy of an old mighty tree.

The crew gives nods/*I guess so* shrugs. Flare steps out into
 the sunlight, putting her sunglasses on.

FLARE (CONT'D)
 Good, I know a spot.
 (beat)
 But it's kind of a Hail Mary...

INT. ADAM'S OFFICE - ALWAYS GREENER HQ - DAY

20

Adam is at his desk. He makes the sign of the cross.

ADAM
 Come on baby! Everything is riding
 on this-- final----- spin.

Carnival game soundFX. Adam's playing digital slots. We dramatically watch the wheels spin. The first two hit in his favor, the 3rd is excruciatingly closes. But he loses

ADAM (CONT'D)
 Mother-freakin' DAMMIT! LEMONS!?!
 I needed watermelons you dumb slut!
 I'll burn your eyes with citric
 acid! ARRRGHHH!!!

He moans and groans, tossing his tablet on the desk. Kitty walks by, peeking in.

KITTY
 Casino's are a dark place.

ADAM
 sighs I'm starting to think these
 games might be fixed. Maybe I just
 need more rabbits feet off Amazon--

Adam reaches back for his tablet. RING! Interrupted by his cellphone. He checks the display: EXPO INSURANCE BROKERS

KITTY
 I could light some sage. I find
 that usually-- [does the trick]

ADAM
 Shut up shut up shut up. It's the
 insurance people. I'm getting my
 claim for the break in.

Adam answers. A female broker on the line.

ADAM (CONT'D)
 Go for Garsten.

He waves Kitty out. She reluctantly leaves, feeling left out.

BROKER
 Hello Mr. Garsten, this is Priti
 from Expo Insurance Hamilton.

ADAM
 Yes yes, Hi.

BROKER
 Hi. So, there's no easy way to say
 this, but unfortunately your claim
 has been denied.

ADAM

What?! Why? How'd-- When was-- Ah!
Who decided that!?

BROKER

--Our records indicate that your
policy for the company --Always
Greener, recently opted for basic
coverage. Which unfortunately
doesn't cover B&E.

ADAM

Basic? But--that's- you --I. Are
you effing kidding me?! You
insurance companies. It's like your
friggin job to weasel out of
claims. Find the loopholes; "*Oh,
looks like they didn't cross this T*
buzzer sound *DENIED!*"--

Kitty eavesdrops outside his office, while picking up pieces
of the broken Green Man clock from the opening scene.

BROKER

Mr. Garsten, this has nothing to do
with loopholes or fine print. It is
solely based on the fact your
company opted to change the policy
upon your last renewal, which was--

ADAM

You have no idea how much you're
screwing me right now. I was
banking on this claim. Okay fine,
Have it your way, Burger King.
You'll be hearing from my lawyer,
Karen. Have a miserable friggin
day!!

BROKER

Excuse--

Adam hangs up. Throws a fit. Kitty quickly pops in.

KITTY

What happened?

ADAM

What the heck do you think, Kitty?
She denied us. Said; *We're not B&E
covered.* I changed our coverage
last year cause we were paying so
much so I--ARGH! This is such crud!

KITTY

Oh. I see. Well, good thing you got your lawyer, Karen on it.

ADAM

Karen, what? No I was calling *her* Karen!

KITTY

Who?

ADAM

--Who? Priti!

(beat: Kitty's confusion)
The frickin' insurance lady! She was being-- I was saying it in like the internet meme way--

KITTY

OoOoh gotcha. So what is your lawyer's name, anyway?

Adam pulls his hands down, stretching his face. His head goes face down on the desk, defeated.

ADAM

(groaning)

Oh my god, Kitty. I don't have a lawyer. I was obviously bluffing. Can you just go do something. Keep cleaning or whatever.

Kitty approaches the desk, gently placing the BROKEN GREEN MAN CLOCK down, before bowing out. Adam lifts his head, seeing the clock, then he looks up to a photo of his dad.

EXT. TIGER MANSION DRIVEWAY - AFTERNOON

21

A CLOSED cast-iron gate stands before the AG truck and a cobblestone driveway up to a gaudy mansion in the distance.

FLARE

Buzz that talk-box, will ya.

Nikki reaches out and hits the button on the intercom.

MAN (O.S.)

Hello?

Flare leans over Nikki, belting out the window.

FLARE

Ya hi, is Bo there? Tell 'em
Miranda's here.

MAN (O.S.)

Miranda. As in Miranda Flaherty?

FLARE

Yes; As in *Miranda Flaherty*. Jesus,
how many Miranda's does he know?

(silence)

Uff.. Forget I asked. Can you just
buzz me in, please. I wanna offer--

(sultry)

My services.

Silence. Flare and the crew hold their collective breath.

Nikki's expression to Flare; Seriously?! Flare: Just wait--

CLINK. The cast-iron gate slowly opens epic. The truck drives
through, up the magnificent driveway, weaving around flower
beds, fountains and wise-old trees; A would-be dream client.

ZSIDO

This is nuts! Who lives here; The
Mayor? Eugene Levy? Royalty, I bet.

FLARE

This is how they live up at the
tippy-tippy top eh guys?

(to Oscar)

--What do they call one of these
back home, A hacienda or something?
Eh --buddy there?

NIKKI

(assisting)

Oscar.

FLARE

Yea, I know his name. Sheesh.

Each of the crew absorbs the scenery in their own way.

OSCAR

Un Castillo.

EXT. TIGER MANSION FRONT DOOR - MOMENTS LATER

22

KNOCK! KNOCK! Flare slams a brass TIGER-HEAD door-knocker.

FLARE

(to crew)

Alright. It goes without saying--
Lemme do the talking. You guys are
here for moral support and a little
added production value. Got-- [it?]

The door opens. Out steps 2x CFL MVP and 2x Grey Cup Champion
AND current Hamilton Tiger-Cats Quarterback **BO LEVI MITCHELL**
(34) sporting a stylish black and gold Ti-Cats tracksuit.

FLARE (CONT'D)

Heeey----[Bo]

RYDER

OH MY GOD! YOU'RE BO LEVI
MITCHELL! You're like the
GOAT of the CFL! GOAT! GOAT!
GOAT! GOAT!

ZSIDO

Yooo! Bro, holy fuck! Your
house is so sick. --YA CFL
GOAT! GOAT! GOAT! GOAT! --
Fuck ya!

RYDER (CONT'D)

Mr. Mitchell, it's truly an honour-

FLARE

(to Ryder)

CAN-IT MINECRAFT! He's not your
friend.

(to Zsido)

And no cussing in front of Bo Levi.
He's a devout Texas Christian for
Christ's sake. Treat him as the
southern belle he is.

(beat to Bo)

'Sup Bo.

BO

(smiling)

'Sup Flare. What do I owe the
pleasure?

FLARE

Pleasure. Oh stawwp. The pleasure's
mine.

Ryder and Zsido are bewildered by their cool rapport.

BO

Mmmhmmm.

Bo crosses his arms, get on with it.

FLARE

Right. So 'member I told you I
worked landscaping?

(MORE)

FLARE (CONT'D)

We'll this is that. And these are--
this is my team. Nikki, Ryder,
Zsido and-- uhhmmmm-a guy from--
South America. Boom, nailed it.

Flare notions the gang behind her, they wave 'Hi'

BO

Nice to meet ya'll.

FLARE

So being the model team player you
are. I figured you'd appreciate our
team, landscaping your magnificent
--uhh landscape for the season.

BO

It's a lot to manage. Can you
believe I do it myself?

FLARE

Yourself? What'd you lose a bet?

BO

(chuckles)

No, I like it. It's therapeutic;
I've always found interest in
botany.

FLARE

Botany? Look at this guy. The big
gladiator wants to cultivate
plants.

BO

You putting me in a box, Flaherty?

FLARE

NO, no, no --not at all, Bo. It's
just --You're a complex dude.

(beat)

But, let's be real; This is a
MASSIVE landscape. Lots of footage,
lots of floral, genus, beds,
weeding etc. Shouldn't you be
focused on-- I dunno --
Quarterbacking?

BO

Joel Embiid said it best; Trust the
process. This is mine.

FLARE

Okay. Well, I don't know what that is, but it sounded brave and cool and--

Flare ponders.

FLARE (CONT'D)

Kay, how about this. You wanna learn about all this flora, fauna, biennial, perennial shit? Hire us. We're certified expert gardeners. We'll educate you *AND* curate the shh--heck out of your property, together --as a team; The full package. It will be the best-ever project for you to *practice your process* or whatever that quote was.

(beat)

How's about that?

Bo studies the misfit crew and their gleaming puppy dog eyes. Flare stands in front of them confident, proud.

BO

(big smile)

How's about that.

EXT. ALWAYS GREEN HQ - LATER

23

Back at HQ, the crew's still riding the high of Flare's mega sale. They exit the truck continuing to celebrate her.

ZSIDO

That was fuckin' crazy dude! How'd you pull that off? '*Flora, pharma, binary, perpetually*'. I never even heard of ANY of that in my life.

FLARE

It's whatever, I just said shit.

ZSIDO

No, Flare, seriously. You fuckin' rule dude, you saved us.

Flare shifts uncomfortably from all the praise and attention. A revving engine is heard in the distance.

RYDER

Yeah, not gonna lie, that was sick. For real; Bo Levi Mitchell. How do you even know each other?

FLARE

Thanks. We umm-- Well, it's uhh
kind of ambiguous.

ZSIDO

Damnn. You saved our lives man! I
declare this day --Flare Day; The
day of the Flare! Legendary.

Flare hears engine revving louder. She looks to see where
it's coming from.

NIKKI

The guys are right, y'know. You
were incredible. I'm mean, I've
seen you sell before, but that,
back there-- The whole off-the-cuff
thing, you've really got a gift--

Flare looks at Nikki blankly, she's screaming inside.

NIKKI (CONT'D)

Hey. Everything okay?

The engine revs higher. Shifting gears, picking up speed.
Nikki's affectionate praise turns into concern.

ZSIDO

Hey Flare! Can you teach me some of
that like charming-salesmen shit.
Like, is it freestyle or do you
have like catchphrases or whatever-

Nikki steps in.

NIKKI

Hey Zee, can you take Ryder and
Oscar inside and get ready to close
up.

ZSIDO

Inside? But, I don't--

NIKKI

Please. Kitty's there, ask her for
help.

Zsido nods, he and the crew make their way inside HQ.

NIKKI (CONT'D)

So. What's up? How come you're
tense? Aren't you happy? You did
great.

FLARE

Yeah I know-I know. I'm just tired.
I'm sorry.

NIKKI

Sorry? Listen Flare, if you ever
wanna talk about anything--- I'm
always here [for you and...]

Nikki's voice becomes inaudible. The engine is so loud it's
overbearing. Flare stares at Nikki's lips moving but can't
hear a word.

-FLASHBACK- The picture of the little boy in her apartment.
Then: Little hands playing with toy trucks / HotWheels. A POV
of a hand grabbing a pencil and stabbing the little boys arm.

FLARE

STOP! Enough coming to my rescue
Nikki! I've told you twice already
today. Stop being my therapist! I
don't need you analyzing my every
waking breath or micro expression.
Please back the fuck up. You're
driving me up the fucking wall.
Back the fuck up. Jesus Christ. I'm
done with today, I'm out. Peace.
Make sure the Goddamn doors are
locked in that piece of shit. FUCK!

Nikki stands SPEECHLESS, in an EMOTIONAL WHIRLWIND. She
watches Flare FRUSTRATED gather her things and leave.

INT. GARSTEN HOUSE - GOLDEN HOUR

24

Adam is zoned out on the couch, eating fast food, playing a
mind numbing app game on his tablet.

A tailored AD appears on his screen of **LOUIE V (35)**; A slick
and sleazy loan shark type. Adam is forced to watch.

LOUIE V (ON TABLET)

Short on cash flow??

Adam nods, slurping a fountain pop.

LOUIE V (ON TABLET) (CONT'D)

Need money yesterday? I'm Louie V
aka Luciano the 5th aka Owner, CEO
and chairman of Hamilton's number
one investment firm Stacks on
Stacks Financial.

ADAM
(approving)
Chairman.

LOUIE V (ON TABLET)
Give your boy Louie V a call right
this second at Stacks on Stacks.
We'll getchu stable and able baby.

Adam looks up to a hanging picture of his dad.

Two different types of women in aerobics/spandex onesies
enter frame on each side of Louie, regaining Adam's attention

LOUIE V (ON TABLET) (CONT'D)
(gesturing the women)
Through thick AND thin --whatever
your preference is. And we never
discriminate.

SPANDEX WOMAN (ON TABLET)
Call now.

Adam's fixates on the luminous screen. Cut to ECU of his
dad's photo giving us the Mona Lisa effect.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. HAMILTON LANDMARKS - TIMELAPSE MONTAGE TO NIGHT 25

Over Hamilton Mountain; a bird's eye view of the city.
Beautiful Downtown/Jackson Square. Commuters at bus stops.
Homeless encampments.
Industrial sector as the Hamilton Torch goes out.

EXT. PINK CATWALK, CORKTOWN PARK - NIGHT 26

'STRANGERS IN THE NIGHT' by CAKE begins.

Moonlight illuminates the park. Flare strolls the Catwalk
tunnel. She comes out the end and sees that ultra-customized
off-road Jeep from earlier parked by the apartment complex.

Flare approaches the complex and nonchalantly scales the iron
staircase, opening the door a-top. We see a piece of duct
tape has been promptly placed over the door's deadbolt
release function. Flare enters.

We stay outside overlooking Corktown Park as the music continues. And just like that, the metal door reopens to Flare's exit. She casually descends the staircase and enters the JEEP. The vehicle ignites with a FEROCIOUS GROWL, the catlike halogen headlights BLAST the camera. An extreme close up of Flare; the slightest of smirks --she's at peace.

We watch the Jeep slowly drive away, turning at an intersection out of frame, leaving us a serene view of Hamilton Mountain in the moonlight.

CUT TO BLACK.

END EPISODE ONE