

JEFF

~~Come on, Michael. Just last month you were complaining about hosting Good Morning Buffalo. You said you wanted to tell stories "that really make a difference," remember?~~

MICHAEL

~~I did say that.~~

JEFF

~~And the weather in Miami...~~

MICHAEL

~~(flatly, finishing the familiar pitch)
It's 72 and sunny today. I know.~~

~~The words hang in the air between them. Michael's attention drifts across the room to where Daphne, Cruz, and Mia sit by the window. From his vantage point, he watches the three of them clink their soda glasses together, erupting in laughter at something Mia has said. A genuine smile crosses his face.~~

JEFF

~~(bringing him back)
Once the deal is done, I can set you up with a realtor I know down there. Get you a convertible, maybe a place on the beach...~~

~~Michael snaps back to attention, recalibrating himself.~~

MICHAEL

~~(trying to convince himself)
Perfect. Yeah. Onward and upward, right?~~

~~Through the large windows, movement catches Michael's eye. A kid on a skateboard races by outside, and strapped to his back are unmistakable GOLDEN GLIDERS, gleaming in the sunlight! Michael's eyes widen. He immediately stands.~~

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

~~(to himself, disbelief)
The gliders--~~

JEFF

~~Huh?~~

MICHAEL

~~I'll call you later, I've got to go.~~

22
Start

JEFF

~~What?! We're not even finished--~~

~~But Michael is already weaving quickly through the tables toward the exit.~~

EXT. STREET - DAY

22

Michael runs after HENRY, 15, a kid on a skateboard who's now stopped across the street.

MICHAEL

(out of breath, calling out)

Hey! Kid! Wait up!

Henry turns, the golden gliders still strapped to his back like wings.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

(pulling out his wallet)
How much? Name your price for those gliders.

HENRY

(shaking his head definitively)
No way, man. I can go twice as fast on my skateboard with these on.

MICHAEL

(still winded, frustrated)
Yeah, I'm well aware of that feature.

Henry studies Michael with the shrewd eyes of a teenager.

HENRY

Why do you want 'em so bad anyway?

MICHAEL

(catching his breath)
Look... I've hit multiple toy stores like I'm on some kind of retail scavenger hunt, pestered every person in my contacts list, nearly got trampled by a horde of Christmas candy shoppers, and engineered a gravity-defying pyramid of wrapped gifts- just to be awarded the grand prize of gold-dusted buffalo wings.

(MORE)

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
ALL this--just to try to find a
pair of golden gliders.

HENRY
Seriously?!

MICHAEL
Seriously.

Henry considers this, his expression softening slightly. Then
a mischievous twinkle appears in his eyes.

HENRY
(grinning)
Tell you what, mister. I'll do it.
I'll sell them to you...

Michael's eyes brighten before...

HENRY (CONT'D)
...IF YOU CAN CATCH ME!

With that, Henry jumps onto his skateboard and takes off, the
golden gliders catching the sunlight as he speeds away.

HENRY (CONT'D)
(yells back)
Take it up with Fitz Theodore!

MICHAEL
(confused)
Who?

~~Michael stands there for a beat, processing what just
happened. Then, with renewed determination, he launches
forward in hot pursuit.~~

23 INT. NONNA'S RESTAURANT - MIA'S TABLE - CONTINUOUS 23

~~Mia, Cruz, and Daphne watch from the window.~~

DAPHNE
~~Where's he going? That's the
fastest I've ever seen him run.~~

MIA
~~No idea, but I think I better
follow him.~~

~~Mia signals to the server for the check.~~

~~MIA (CONT'D)
Kids, grab your coats--I'll be
right back.~~

ACT FIVE

24 EXT. STREET - DAY 24

~~Mia stands on the sidewalk looking in all directions.~~

MIA
(to herself)
~~How far could he have gone?~~

~~In the distance, she spots Michael walking back toward them,
shoulders slumped, looking utterly defeated.~~

~~Michael approaches, slightly out of breath and disheveled.~~

MICHAEL
~~Before you say anything, I almost
had him. Twice.~~

MIA
(amused)
~~I bet you did. It was a very
valiant effort.~~

MICHAEL
~~Yeah, but then I remembered I'm
forty. And he has wheels.~~

MIA
~~And wings.~~

~~Mia's watch BEEPS with an alarm. She checks her notebook.~~

MIA (CONT'D)
(suddenly remembering)
~~Oh, my Zoom meeting! I need to get
home. Are you still sure you don't
mind watching the kids?~~

MICHAEL
~~Absolutely. I'd love a chance to
regroup.
(then quietly)
And pretend that never happened.~~

end