

GARBAGE PEOPLE

Written by

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COLD OPEN

INT. OFFICE - MORNING

KACIE AMARO (31, snobby rich girl) talks into her phone.

KACIE

This is so unfair.

It's a video chat with her sister MAGGIE PINARD (36, exhausted) as she wrangles her kids' breakfasts.

MAGGIE

So you have to spend *one* day working a job, Kacie. You know how Dad gets, you do something to piss him off, he pulls some crazy stunt as a "punishment."

KACIE

Well this punishment is cruel. And unusual! How come you've never had to get a punishment job!?

MAGGIE

Because I don't have the same knack for screwing up as you do! And I have a job- Parker's a lawyer!

KACIE

Your husband's job doesn't count!!

MAGGIE

Hey! I *also* sell weight-loss supplements to insecure girls from high-school! And I'm apparently a world-class Eggo chef. (CALLED OUT) Ansley eat your damn waffles!!

KACIE

You don't understand, Maggie. I'm at the city dump. This isn't just any job- This is the most disgusting, demeaning, lowest of the low on planet earth! Anybody who works here is positively coated in disgusting filth! Inside and out!

VOICE (O.S.)

(CLEARS THROAT)

WIDEN TO REVEAL: Kacie is having this phone call across the desk from MARY "CHIEF" DOOLEY (56, burly and self-assured), the head of the Fulton County Sanitation Department.

KACIE

Ugh, I gotta go.

Kacie hangs up.

KACIE (CONT'D)

It's considered rude to eavesdrop.

CHIEF

Look my dear, frankly I don't want you here as much as you don't want to be here, maybe more. But your Dad's the mayor, and it seems he calls the shots in *both* our lives.

KACIE

He's always doing stuff like this! He thinks he knows what's "best" for me just because I live in his mansion and he pays for my entire lifestyle. It's like do you try to control the lives of the... rats and mean dogs that... live here and eat the trash or whatever--

CHIEF

Miss Amaro, if I may- and I do apologize because it's possible I gave you the impression that I care very much about your particular circumstance when, in fact, I do not. In any case we've got you all set to spend a day here with us as a sanitation worker.

KACIE

(PURE DISTAIN) ...A garbageman.

CHIEF

A garbageman, if we want to go that route. But yes. The most disgusting, demeaning, lowest of the low on planet earth, as it were.

Kacie's face can hardly containing her fury.

CHIEF (CONT'D)

Welcome to the team.

TITLE: GARBAGE PEOPLE

ACT ONE

EXT. FULTON COUNTY SANITATION DEPARTMENT - MORNING

Trucks navigate through hills of garbage on the horizon, behind the central office of the Fulton County Sanitation Department (FCSD).

INT. FCSD - BULLPEN - CONTINUOUS

Employees with coffee schmooze before the workday.

CRAIG KASEK (32, stocky and optimistic) bounces his knee, with his eyes on Chief's office door.

CRAIG

She's just going to become a sanitation worker for one day, as a punishment?

Craig's coworker, CLAUDIA GABBO (56, has it all figured out) sits nearby.

CLAUDIA

She's the Mayor's daughter, Craig. And we're all just his playthings.

Across the room, at a desk outside Chief's office, sits MAX (27, uppity ladder climber), Chief's assistant.

MAX

He's still the Mayor, Claudia. You have to respect him.

A very, very old man in a leather jacket known plainly as FONZ, the sanitation department's janitor, leans on a mop.

FONZ

No way! That jolly old *freak* can keep his presents *and* his horny reindeer!

MAX

What?

CLAUDIA

Ignore him. He's talking about Santa Claus.

JAMES MORAN (36, aspiring American Ninja Warrior) approaches with coffee.

JAMES

Fonz, I've told you once, I'll tell you again: Leave Santa Claus out of your dirty mouth.

FONZ

(ANIMAL-LIKE SCREECH)

AHH!

JAMES (CONT'D)

CRAIG

I just don't see how working here is supposed to be a punishment. I love this job!

CLAUDIA

Not everybody sees the world of sanitation with the same rosey lenses you do, Craig. Least of all some spoiled rich kid who's probably never worked a day in her life.

CRAIG

But we're the back bone of modern society! Before us garbage would just stack up in a bunch of piles around villages and stuff. Now we collect it from around the whole city and stack it all up in one big pile! Anybody should be lucky and excited to have this job.

MAX

Well, from what I gather, you'll have an opportunity to pass on that sentiment to our little social-class exchange student.

CRAIG

What?

Chief's door opens as she and Kacie enter.

CHIEF

Craig, James...

Craig jumps up, James stands like a soldier at attention.

CHIEF (CONT'D)

...this is Kacie Amaro, the Mayor's daughter. Thanks to a series of complicated family issues that have nothing to do with us, she'll be joining you on your route today. Let's keep her out of trouble.

Kacie steps up onto a chair, clapping for attention from the whole room.

KACIE

Hello everyone. Yes it's true. I am the Mayor's daughter, which I know makes me a big, hot fish in your very small and gross pond. But, as you might imagine, I'd like to get out of this pond as soon as possible. So, let's all just... get to work, shall we?

Nobody has looked up to pay her any mind at all. Except Craig. He holds a hand up to her to help her down.

CRAIG

Great to meet you, Kacie. And looking forward to working together.

Kacie grabs his hand and steps down, then applies hand-sanitizer from a little bottle hanging off her bag.

KACIE

It's just for one day. Then I can return home, maybe stop at a Korean Spa. Scrub this place out of my whole aura.

CRAIG

Well... there's a lot to love about being a Fulton county sanitation worker. Who knows you may even have fun today!

KACIE

No thank you.

CHIEF

And Miss Amaro, this is James--

James aggressively grabs and shakes Kacie's hand.

JAMES

James Moran. Brown belt in Brazilian jui jitsu. I could grapple you to the ground in two seconds flat. Like THAT! Out of respect for having just met you, I won't. But also, out of respect for gender equality- *I would*.

James stares Kacie dead in the eyes. She applies more hand sanitizer.

CHIEF
Okay great. (TO THE ROOM)
Everybody, let's get out there
and... Do! Our! Jobs!

Nobody is particularly roused.

CHIEF (CONT'D)
Wonderful.

Chief heads to her office.

CRAIG
Uh, Chief, hey... real quick...

CHIEF
Look, Craig, I know she's annoying
and prissy and looks like she'd
probably yell at a puppy for
wagging it's tail near her boots.

CRAIG
...But?

CHIEF
That's all.

CRAIG
Okay... Well, I was thinking, maybe
I'll try out some of the new
training exercises I was telling
you about? I've been working on a
curriculum to welcome new recruits--

CHIEF
I wouldn't go out of your way,
Craig. And she's not a new recruit.
Just make a show of it for her. At
the end of the day we can call the
mayor, tell him she's all better
now and drop her off at the nearest
Starbucks. Or American Girl Doll
Cafe. Whichever's closest.

CRAIG
Okay, yeah. You got it, Chief. But
hey, I love this job! And you never
know, that trademark "Craig Kasek
Passion", I might rub some off on
her!

Chief pauses for a beat of confusion and disgust.

CRAIG (CONT'D) CHIEF
I didn't mean that to sound-- How else could it sound?

Chief heads towards her office.

CRAIG (CONT'D)
(CALLED OUT) Okay! Good talk! And
maybe I'll just *try* some of those
training exercises, ya know? Just
for fun!

Chief waves him off, nearly in her office when Max intercepts.

MAX
Hey, Chief, I've got something I'd
like to pick your brain about, do
you have a moment this morning? I
mean, I run your schedule, so, I
know you have a few moments,
actually, but--

Chief waves Max in.

Craig turns back to Kacie. She's watching James put all his
effort into a very strenuous-looking pushup.

JAMES
(STRAINED GRUNTS) ...Two!!

INT. FCSD - CHIEF'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Chief sits at her desk as Max approaches.

MAX
So Chief, I was thinking about the
department, what I offer. To the
team. And where I stand.

CHIEF
Well, let's see. You do assistant
things for me. And you *sit* out
there. But I supposed you could
stand.

MAX
Oh! Could I get a standing desk?

CHIEF
No sir.

MAX
Well... that's not really the
point! What I mean is, I want to
contribute.

(MORE)

MAX (CONT'D)

And I was thinking, the department could use some revamping. And seeing as I minored in marketing and cattle brand design at Georgia State. Maybe I can come up with a new, fresh, look for the FCSD?

CHIEF

What's wrong with the old, current look we have now?

Chief looks to the Truck Bay outside her window.

ANGLE ON: An incredibly dirty FCSD garbage truck. A barely legible poster on the side reads "Keep Atlanta BEAUTIFUL!"

MAX

I just think it could use some... sprucing.

CHIEF

Sprucing... Hm. You know what, why not? Bring me some ideas, we'll take it from there.

MAX

YES! I'll have a pitch prepared by three! I won't let you down!

Max exits, beaming.

EXT. FCSD - TRUCK BAY - A LITTLE LATER

Kacie is in a tan jumpsuit, standing amongst garbage trucks.

KACIE

Wow. This is an absolutely atrocious look. If *I* look this terrible, I can only imagine how you two feel.

Craig and James look down at their same jumpsuits.

CRAIG

Anyways, big day ahead of us! If you just follow me over here, I'll introduce you to...

Turning a corner, Craig extends his arms to showcase a truly derelict truck, the oldest in the bunch.

CRAIG (CONT'D)

Weird Al Yanko-Truck!

KACIE

Who?

JAMES

Craig named it after his deceased uncle.

CRAIG

What? No I didn't! He's a famous comedy musician. And he's alive.

KACIE

Sheesh, uncle brag...

CRAIG

No, not my uncle, the truck! I mean the guy-- Weird Al! James, you've been riding this truck with me for years, you don't know who Weird Al is?

JAMES

I don't listen to the radio.

CRAIG

He's not on the radio. He does parody songs. "Eat it"? "I'm Fat"?

JAMES

Eat what?

KACIE

You're not fat, you're short.

CRAIG

Those are his songs!!

James pulls out his phone.

JAMES

Hey Siri, who's Craig's Uncle?

KACIE

UGH! Look, I don't really care about your uncle Weird and his body dysmorphia, okay?? Can we just go about getting this day over with?? So I can go about never returning to this place ever again??

CRAIG

Fine. James is wing-man, so he rides on the back. You sit up in the cab with me, hop out at stops to help James with loading the trash.

KACIE

Oh hell no. I'm not touching any disgusting garbage today. No way.

CRAIG

You're a *garbageman*-- Er, woman. You're a *garbagewoman*! How do you expect to get through today without touching any garbage?

KACIE

Easy. I'll drive. You do the rest.

CRAIG

Absolutely not. My truck, I drive.

Craig holds up the keys. Kacie snatches them.

CRAIG (CONT'D)

Hey!

Kacie hustles to the cab, climbs into the drivers seat, and slams the door. Craig storms over.

CRAIG (CONT'D)

Hey! Get out of that seat! Right now!

Kacie dramatically locks the door. James approaches Craig, showing him his phone.

JAMES

Is this the guy?

CRAIG

(RE: PHONE) That's a dog.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

EXT. FCSD - ESTABLISHING - MORNING

The sun climbs higher over the central office of the FCSD. Trucks are slowly starting up and heading out.

EXT. FCSD - TRUCK BAY - CONTINUOUS

Craig is pulling on the driver-side door of Weird Al Yanko-truck, Kacie remains locked inside the cab. James hangs on the back of the truck.

CRAIG
(DEEP BREATH) Kacie. Please open
this door.

KACIE
Ew don't talk calm to me like that.
You sound like my Dad's second
wife. And you too are not my Mom! I
already told you, I'm driving or
nothing.

CRAIG
I'm kind of leaning towards nothing.

Trucks start pulling out around them, off on their routes.

JAMES
(CALLED OUT) Time to go to work,
Craigs Benedict!

Craig stares at Kacie. She stares right back. Stalemate.

KACIE
I'm ready to go.

Kacie reaches over and unlocks the passenger side door.

KACIE (CONT'D)
Hop in!

Craig stews, then trudges over and opens the passenger door.

INT. WEIRD AL YANKO-TRUCK - CAB - CONTINUOUS

Craig climbs into the seat.

CRAIG
Okay listen - I'll allow you to
drive--

KACIE

Wee!

CRAIG

Just to the first stop! But in exchange, you *have* to go through one of my training exercises when we get there. And yes- you will have to *touch* the garbage.

KACIE

But--!

CRAIG

None negotiable! But you will be wearing sanitary gloves. They're part of the uniform. Deal?

Craig holds out the gloves and a handshake.

Kacie thinks it over. James BANGS on the truck.

JAMES (O.S.)

(CALLED OUT) Let's rooooooll!

KACIE

Fine.

Kacie puts on the gloves and shakes Craig's hand.

KACIE (CONT'D)

Deal. (THEN, RE: STICK SHIFT) Now I'll just put this thingy to R for "Ready" and--

CRAIG

R is "Reverse"!

KACIE

(LAUGHS) Relax, I'm kidding! Party busses have steering set-ups just like this. And this one time in Barbados, I drove one off a cliff. Okay! Hey, today might be fun! Putting it in D for "Dump Truck Time"!

CRAIG

Oh my god.

EXT. FCSD - TRUCK BAY - SAME TIME

Weird Al Yanko-Truck pulls out of the bay and onto the road.

INT. FCSD - BULLPEN - DAY

Max stands at a whiteboard, tapping his temple with a marker.

MAX

Okay. Ideas. Brain... *storm!*

Claudia and Fonz saunter up behind him.

CLAUDIA

What's this? March Madness?

MAX

It's my ideas board. And it's June.
Chief said I could present some
plans to revamp the FCSD's image.

CLAUDIA

What's wrong with our image?

FONZ

Yeah! What's wrong with our image?

WIDEN TO REVEAL Fonz standing in his mop bucket.

MAX

I just think we could freshen it
up! Branding, maybe a local
commercial or two, new uniforms...

CLAUDIA

Oh, I don't want a new uniform.
I've had this one so long it's got
a little bit of natural stability
built-in. I haven't worn a bra in
six years.

MAX

Okay. But! What if the new uniforms
were more breathable? Curb some of
the sweating on hot days.

CLAUDIA

Hey, that's not a bad idea.

MAX

And maybe for added safety on the
road, little flashing lights like
life jackets on airplanes.

FONZ

What's an airplane?

CLAUDIA
Ya know, you've got some pretty
good ideas, Max. I'm impressed.

MAX
I'm just getting started! Sit, sit!

Claudia and Fonz take seats.

MAX (CONT'D)
Now, let's talk social media. We
could run a full campaign about the
new Fulton County Sanitation! Are
you guys on Instagram?

CLAUDIA
No.
FONZ
Yup. (HOLDS UP A POTATO)

EXT. SUBURBAN ROAD - LATER

Craig stands with Kacie outside Weird Al Yanko-Truck.

CRAIG
Okay! Welcome, Kacie, to your first
training exercise!

KACIE
Do I really have to do this?

CRAIG
Yup! Okay, in order to fully
understand what we do here, you
gotta understand garbage. Now--

Kacie raises her hand.

CRAIG (CONT'D)
Uh, yes, Kacie, you have a
question?

KACIE
Hi, yes, thank you. What if I don't
want to understand what you do here
or garbage because it's disgusting
and makes me want to vomit?

CRAIG
Question time is over. James!

James rolls out a trash bin and sets it in front of Kacie.

CRAIG (CONT'D)
James and I have hidden a treasure
in this bin.
(MORE)

CRAIG (CONT'D)
You just have to reach in, root
around, and pull it out! I call it,
"Treasure in the Trash"!

KACIE
How am I supposed to know if I've
found the treasure?

CRAIG
Oh, you'll know...

KACIE
Yeah, no, I don't want to do this.

CRAIG
You have to we made a deal! We
shook on it!

KACIE
Yeah but I was wearing gloves! So
it doesn't even really count!

They glare at each-other, unflinching.

JAMES
Oh just kiss already!

CRAIG
James! What? That's not--

KACIE
Ew. Ew. No. And how *dare* you--

JAMES
Everybody's thinking it.

KACIE
Fine!! I'll do it.

CRAIG
Wait what?

KACIE
The *training* exercise.

Craig half relaxes. Kacie hesitantly reaches in the bin.

KACIE (CONT'D)
Ew. Ew. Ew. Ew, ew, ew, ew, ew!

JAMES
(RUBBING HIS EYE) I think I dropped
a contact in there, too. So holler
if that turns up.

KACIE

Wait a second! I *do* feel something,
the treasure! Haha! I found it!

Kacie pulls out an ornate vase.

KACIE (CONT'D)

Aha! The treasure in the trash!

CRAIG

Oh, hey wow.

JAMES

How about that...

KACIE

Huh? Is this not the treasure?

CRAIG

We... didn't put any treasure in
there.

JAMES

Yeah, I just filled that bin with
random garbage from the hopper that
never got fully dumped.

CRAIG

No matter what you grabbed we were
gonna say you found the treasure.
Make it a whole "one man's trash is
another man's treasure" thing. But
hey, you actually found, like,
treasure! So that's cool.

KACIE

Huh, that is kinda cool, I guess. I
mean the day's not even half over
and I'm already like, the greatest
garbageman that's ever lived.

CRAIG

Garbagewoman. And actually I'm the
greatest garbageman that's ever
lived. It's kinda my passion, so...

KACIE

(SARCASTIC) Oh? (LOOKING AROUND)
Where's your garbage treasure vase?

Kacie examines the vase, sees something inside, and pulls out
a ziplock bag filled with a gray powder.

KACIE (CONT'D)

And look at this, bonus treasure!

CRAIG
A bag of dust? Hm. Well the truth
is one man's trash *is* usually just
trash.

JAMES
Those're ashes.

Kacie and Craig freeze, unsure how to proceed.

CRAIG
... They're what?

JAMES
Ashes. Human remains.

CRAIG
How... do you--

JAMES
(POINTING) There's a tooth.

Craig and Kacie both look at the bag in horror.

CRAIG
Oh my god.

KACIE
AHHHHHHHHHHH--

INT. WEIRD AL YANKO-TRUCK - CAB - MOMENTS LATER

Craig drives as he and Kacie sit in silence.

CRAIG
So, crazy weather we're--

KACIE
(FLAT) I'm not doing anything else
for the rest of the day.

CRAIG
Right, right. Totally fair

INT. FCSD - BULLPEN - LATER

Max writes furiously on the white board.

MAX
And-- and new bins, robotic ones,
that come into your home, bag up
your trash, and take it out to the
curb for you!

CLAUDIA
Write it down!

FONZ
Write it down!

MAX
Of course we'd have to ensure they
abide by Asimov's Three Laws of
Robotics. Don't want an iRobot
scenario. (GASP) We get Will Smith
to do a commercial??

CLAUDIA
Write it down!

FONZ
Write it down!

Max is loving this!

EXT. SUBURBAN ROAD - MIDDAY

The truck is at a stop. James jumps off (with a mid-air kick) and loads a bin up to truck arm. It lifts and dumps the garbage into the hopper. James returns to the truck as it continues on.

INT. WEIRD AL YANKO-TRUCK - CAB - CONTINUOUS

Craig and Kacie sit in silence.

CRAIG
So... I heard you pissed off your
Dad or something? *Parents*, right?

Kacie doesn't respond.

CRAIG (CONT'D)
I remember when I was a kid, uh, my
parents got so, uh... *mad at me*,
that... I was grounded. I mean-- I
got grounded. They grounded *upon* me--
I'm sorry that was a lie, I was
always a very good and polite child
and my parents loved me very much.

KACIE
Listen, Craig, I get you're trying
to relate to me here, but it's
pretty obvious we're not the same.

Silence again.

CRAIG
... So... what did you do?

Kacie takes a beat, then...

KACIE
(EXASPERATED SIGH) I broke the
Olympic Torch.

CRAIG
You what the what?

KACIE
The Olympic Torch. I broke it.

CRAIG
*The Olympic Torch? As in the
solitary flame that journeys from
Greece and around the globe before
arriving at the Opening Ceremonies
of the Olympics, metaphorically
bridging the gap between the past
and the present of our entire
civilization?? That Olympic Torch??*

KACIE
I don't know! It wasn't on fire
when I broke it!

CRAIG
What-- Why-- How do you have an
Olympic Torch?! (GASP) How are we
going to start the next Olympics??

KACIE
Oh my god I don't care! It was my
Dad's. Before he was mayor he led
the commission to bring the 1996
Olympics to Atlanta. And as a thank
you the city gave him the torch.

CRAIG
...And, uh, how did--

KACIE
UGH!

INT. KACIE'S FAMILY HOME - FLASHBACK, ONE NIGHT

Kacie drunkenly stumbles into the house. Reaching to
stabilize herself, she unknowingly grabs the Olympic Torch
displayed on the wall, pulling it down with a CRASH.

KACIE
(GASP) I should make s'mores!

INT. WEIRD AL YANKO-TRUCK - CAB - BACK TO PRESENT

KACIE

But *nobody* on Postmates delivers
marshmallows!

Craig is silent.

KACIE (CONT'D)

Great, you're mad at me too now.

CRAIG

Oh, uh, no! I'm not... mad. I just--
I mean, I knew we were different.
But, like, I didn't expect to be
able to pinpoint one ultra-specific
thing that would truly encapsulate
our difference. But that's it. You
have an Olympic Torch. I *do not*
have an Olympic Torch.

KACIE

You don't know my life. Ugh I just
want this *horrible* day to be over
already!

CRAIG

Well I know this job, aka *my life*,
isn't as bad as you think it is--

KACIE

Oh my god Craig will you shut up
about being a garbage man and how
much you love it?!

CRAIG

Not until you shut up about how
much you hate it!

KACIE

Wow! We get it, okay?? This job is
your destiny! Your one true purpose!
All hail Craig! Oh mighty Garbage
Lord! Newsflash, not everybody has
the amazing, intuitive, cherry-
picked sense of self and direction
you do! So please, just let *me*
continue to sit here and do what *I*
do best- *Nothing*.

CRAIG

Fair enough.

The silence returns as they drive along.

INT. FCSD - BULLPEN - LATER

Max surveys the whiteboard full of ideas.

MAX

But, it would be tough to get that much helium on such short notice...

CLAUDIA

Write it down!

FONZ

Write it down!

MAX

You guys are the best! So supportive!

CLAUDIA

No problem, kid.

Claudia and Fonz get up to leave.

MAX

Wait, I have other ideas to run by you! And I still need to come up with one big thing to really sell the whole pitch! Like when Don Draper's trying to sell an ad for that projector, so he *brings out the projector and...* uses it? Wait why did I think that was cool? That's nothing.

CLAUDIA

This was fun, but I've got real work to get back to. My files aren't gonna organize themselves. I've devised a particularly confusing sorting system to prevent that exact thing from ever happening.

MAX

This is real work!

She walks off. Fonz goes to replace a trash can liner in the back of the room. Max watches as he struggles with the bag, fighting to escape from inside it. Then, Max gets an idea...

INT. WEIRD AL YANKO-TRUCK - CAB - A LITTLE LATER

The truck pulls to a stop.

CRAIG

Alright so at this next stop--

Kacie ignores, typing on her phone.

CRAIG (CONT'D)
Right, not doing anything for the
rest of the day. Got it.

Craig gets out.

Kacie watches him go, stewing. She calls Maggie.

MAGGIE
(WAKING UP) Hello?

KACIE
Maggie I'm having a horrible day!
Did you just wake up?

MAGGIE
I was napping. The kids are playing
video games and watching Netflix so
I have to take full advantage of
all four and a half hours. (RE: THE
CAB) Where are you?

KACIE
I'm in a garbage truck!!

MAGGIE
Oh my god I forgot about that!

Maggie finds a sippy cup, she sniffs it before taking a sip.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)
What happened again? You broke a
lamp?

KACIE
It wasn't a lamp, it was Dad's
Olympic Torch. And now I have to get
through this awful day to, like,
prove I'm responsible or whatever.

Kacie looks in her side view mirror. She sees Craig dragging
a bin to the back of the truck.

MAGGIE
Responsible? Please. Dad sent you
to the city dump because you pissed
him off and that was the most
humiliating punishment he could
come up with. Dad doesn't care if
you're responsible or whatever.

KACIE

Really? But... shouldn't I be...
responsible? Or whatever...

MAGGIE

What? No! You're Kacie! You're my
crazy, aimless little sister!

KACIE

Aimless?

Screaming children are heard through the phone.

MAGGIE

Ansley!! Do not eat your sister's
Legos! Hey-- HEY! I *refuse* to dig
through your poop again! I *just*
cleaned the strainer!

KACIE

Maggie! I'm having a crisis of self
here and my inner-monologue is not
nearly pulling her weight!

Kacie clocks her side-view mirror, where she sees Craig
wrestling a garbage bag away from an OLD WOMAN.

Kacie hangs up the phone and gets out of the truck.

EXT. SUBURBAN ROAD - CONTINUOUS

Craig is grappling with the Old Woman for the trash bag,
James stands by. Kacie runs up.

KACIE

Hey! What the hell leave her alone!

Kacie jumps in and starts pulling the bag away from Craig,
boxing out the old woman.

CRAIG

Kacie what are you doing?? Stop!

KACIE

Back off Garbage Lord!

CRAIG

Let go of the bag, Kacie!

KACIE

You are so holier-than-thou about
your job and your responsibility
and the freakin' trash!

OLD WOMAN
Get it! Get it!!

KACIE
You're. Not. So. Perfect!

Kacie pulls hard on the bag, it tears down the middle and trash goes flying onto the curb.

CRAIG
No!

OLD WOMAN
Whee!

The Old Woman dives for the trash and gathers as much of it as she can into her arms: Old newspapers, worn out clothing.

KACIE
You're welcome ma'am.

Kacie wipes her hands, "job well done." Craig pushes past her towards the Old Woman, quietly pleading with her.

KACIE (CONT'D)
What the hell? Just let the lady keep her trash.

CRAIG
Stop Kacie! Just go back to the truck and do what you do best: nothing.

Kacie is taken aback, she confers with James.

KACIE
What his problem? He's terrorizing that old lady about her garbage!

JAMES
I'm with you. Hoarders gonna hoard.

KACIE
...Hoarders?

JAMES
Oh, Mrs. Teller? Yeah, she's a hoarder, big time. Never wants to throw anything away. Craig's always just so chill with her though. He just wants to help.

Kacie watches Craig as he calmly helps the old woman to part with her things.

JAMES (CONT'D)
(LAUGHS) Yup, classic Garbage Lord.

INT. FCSD - CHIEF'S OFFICE - LATER

Pitch time. Chief sits at her desk, Max stands in front of a projector screen with a mockup image of a sexy model wearing a skin-tight sanitation worker jumpsuit.

MAX

And with these new uniforms,
cleanliness is next to more than just
godliness. It's next to *sexiness*!

Chief sips her coffee, unmoved.

MAX (CONT'D)

But that's not all! The final stage
of our new strategy: We get the
kids involved in loving what we do!
(SING-SONGY) Oh Trashie!

Fonz enters wearing a garbage bag with big googley eyes and pool noodle arms. Pharrell's "Happy" starts to play but Max has recorded "Trashie" over every instance of "Happy."

MAX (CONT'D)

Meet Trashie! The lovable Fulton
County Sanitation department mascot!
Picture him at job fairs, carnivals,
mall food courts handing out samples!

CHIEF

Samples of what?

MAX

Samples of love!

Max presses a button and the screen shows an image of kids holding hands with Trashie in a big heart.

MAX (CONT'D)

This concludes the presentation.
Questions? Compliments?

CHIEF

Great job, Max. And I have... *a lot*
of questions. But mainly, how much
is all this gonna cost?

MAX

Well, I did a preliminary budget-
taking into account new uniform
tailoring fees and an in-suit AC
unit for the Trashie costume.

(MORE)

MAX (CONT'D)

Nothing fancy, just to get OSHA off our back... Total cost comes to four hundred ninety... thousand dollars.

Chief spits out her coffee.

CHIEF

What the hell Max! We don't have the budget for that!

MAX

These initiatives are necessary to revamp the FCSD's image! Do you want our citizens to continue thinking we're outdated and gross?

CHIEF

Our citizens pay the taxes that provide our budget in the first place! I'm more concerned with what they'll think if we spend all their tax dollars on silly uniforms and walking trash-bag monsters!

ANGLE ON: Fonz struggling to find the head-hole in the Trashie costume.

MAX

Trashie is not a monster!! He is a friend to all!

CHIEF

Alright, I appreciate your ideas Max, I do. But clearly you got a little carried away. We don't need any of this stuff.

MAX

This *stuff* is my attempt at contributing to this team! So... I guess, then... you don't need me!

CHIEF

Max, come on you're being dramatic--

MAX

(SHRIEKING) AM I!?

Max storms out. Chief puts her head in her hands. Then, she notices Fonz on the floor, not moving. Hesitantly, Chief steps closer and kicks him. Suddenly, he flops around.

FONZ
(MUFFLED) WHO WANTS A SAMPLE?!

GAH!

CHIEF

INT. WEIRD AL YANKO-TRUCK - CAB

Kacie waits in the passenger seat. The driver side door opens as Craig gets in.

KACIE
How's Mrs. Teller? James told me
her name. And her... condition.

CRAIG
She's fine. Believe it or not she's
come a long way.

KACIE
I didn't realize you, like, knew
these people...

CRAIG
Yeah, some of them. Her daughter
lives nearby. She stopped me one
day, said she's been helping her
Mom purge. And to expect some
resistance when we come around.
That was five or so years ago.

KACIE
Wow. And, uhm... you don't think--

CRAIG
Watching us tug-of-war her garbage
until it exploded onto her lawn set
all her progress back a ways? Maybe
a little.

KACIE
I am truly the worst.

CRAIG
No, no. (THEN) I mean, you're not
the worst...

KACIE
I'm sorry.

CRAIG
Really. It's okay.

KACIE
I actually thought I was helping
back there. And it felt good!
(MORE)

KACIE (CONT'D)

I mean, I *voluntarily* touched the garbage!

CRAIG

That was a huge step for you.

KACIE

I was so *annoyed* at you for making such a big deal about this job. And being a garbage person. I didn't understand how someone could--

CRAIG

Love it?

KACIE

Okay so it's still annoying.

CRAIG

(LAUGHS) I know I go on and on about it, but it doesn't just feel like a job to me. I've spent seven years picking up garbage for this neighborhood! I feel like I'm part of it. And I play an essential role. *That's* what I love.

KACIE

I don't think I've ever felt "essential" in my entire life. Just today my sister called me aimless. She celebrated it, like it's her favorite thing about me. And I'm pretty sure my dad set this whole day up just to get me out of the house. He's such a dick. Sorry, I know you work for the city, so you like, probably adore him.

CRAIG

What?? Oh, no, no, no- we *all* hate your dad. The Mayor's office is an unrelenting pain in our collective, city-controlled ass. Did you know we don't get holidays off? We just have to run our normal route *the following day*. And if you call to complain, they make you listen to this awful hold music--

KACIE

Sauron's Theme from Lord of the Rings.

CRAIG

Yes oh my god what the hell is that about??

Kacie laughs, Craig smiles.

CRAIG (CONT'D)

Hey, I guess we do have something in common. We both hate your dad. Though, I may hate him even more now since, ya know, he stuck us with you for the day.

Craig playfully punches her shoulder. Kacie smiles.

CRAIG (CONT'D)

But today hasn't been a total loss. I mean, you drove the truck! Honestly that was impressive. I didn't want to make a big deal of it earlier because I thought only I could handle Al Old Gal.

KACIE

Weird Al's a woman?

CRAIG

Okay. Weird Al, *the man*, is a man. Weird Al *the truck*, is a woman. Technically all trucks are women.

KACIE

And your uncle is...?

CRAIG

Not involved! Let's forget it, I've decided I'm changing the name forever. (MOVING ON) But, hey! Also, you found actual treasure in the Treasure in the Trash exercise!

KACIE

Yeah but it turned out to be an urn filled with a human remains.

CRAIG

That's even better! Who knows, maybe by pulling it out of the trash, you set free some lost, wandering soul.

KACIE

Yeah, maybe I did--

CRAIG

Then again, maybe you actually doomed yourself to be forever haunted by an eternally *tortured* soul.

Suddenly a loud KNOCK KNOCK KNOCK on Kacie's window.

KACIE

AHHH!! IT'S THE HOARDER!! DON'T LET HER HOARD ME!!!!

It's James. Craig rolls down Kacie's window. James reaches in, hanging on the side of the door.

JAMES

Hey are we gonna get going or what, I'm losing my grip.

CRAIG

Why didn't you just jump off until we started rolling?

JAMES

Hey you got to wrestle with an old lady, let me have *my* fun!

Craig gets an idea.

CRAIG

You know Kacie, there is one last aspect of this job you really shouldn't go home without experiencing first hand.

KACIE

(SIGH) Okay, what is it?

EXT. WEIRD AL YANKO-TRUCK - MOMENTS LATER

Kacie is riding wing-man on the back of the truck.

KACIE

(WIND IN HER HAIR, LAUGHING) This is incredible!! I'm flying!!!

WIDEN TO REVEAL the truck is going really slow, crawling.

INT. WEIRD AL YANKO-TRUCK - CAB - CONTINUOUS

Craig drives. He and James watch Kacie in the side mirror.

CRAIG

Can't she tell how slow we're going?

JAMES

Time just moves different back there
my dear Craigs Florentine.

EXT. WEIRD AL YANKO-TRUCK - CONTINUOUS

KACIE

Haha!! I'm king of the wooor-- ACK!!
(SPITTING OUT A BUG) Ahh! Haha!! A
bug flew into my mouth and I don't
even care!! I! AM! INVINCIBLE!!

INT. WEIRD AL YANKO-TRUCK - CAB - CONTINUOUS

CRAIG

Man, listen to her now! Wind in her
hair, bug in her mouth, not hand
sanitizer in sight. You know what,
James? I think Kacie really went
through something today. And came
out on the other side! All thanks
to us! We did a good thing--

JAMES

Kacie fell off the truck.

Craig looks in the side mirror, Kacie is gone. He slams on
the brakes.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

EXT. SUBURBAN ROAD - MOMENTS LATER

Kacie is lying in a pile of knocked over bins and garbage bags. Craig and James run up and help her to her feet.

CRAIG

Kacie! Are you okay??

JAMES

It's the rush of the truck. It's too freeing! Dammit Craig!!

KACIE

Guys, it's okay, I'm fine! I'm... great actually.

CRAIG

You're great?

JAMES

You don't look great. You're covered in garbage. And your mascara is bunched up at the corner of your eye. It's been like that all day actually, it's driving me *nuts*!

KACIE

All day I just wanted to get this whole job over with and go home. But go home to what? While I was riding Weird Al--

CRAIG

Yeah, I mean, gotta change the name.

KACIE

I realized, I kinda had a good day today! And, I want to have *more* good days just like this! (DAWNING) I want to move out of the Mayoral Mansion...

CRAIG

(TO JAMES) They have an Olympic Torch.

JAMES

Big whoop? I have one of those.

CRAIG

No, *the* Olympic torch.

JAMES

I know, I got it from *the* Skymall.

KACIE

I want to live in my own house.
Make my own rules. And-- and make
my own money!

CRAIG

Wait. Kacie, what are you saying...?

INT. FCSD - BULLPEN - LATER

Max stands at his whiteboard of ideas. He's crossed them all out save for one:

"- Replace all garbage trucks with garbage blimps"

He sadly crosses it out.

Chief watches from her office door.

CHIEF

Hey, Max, got a minute?

She waves him in and Max heads over.

INT. FCSD - CHIEF'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Chief leans against her desk, as Max enters.

MAX

Look, Chief, I'm sorry I got so
worked up before, but--

Chief holds up a hand to stop him.

CHIEF

Max, I think I owe you an apology.
I had no idea you felt like you
weren't part of this team.

Max softens, sits down.

MAX

It's just-- I believe so much in
what we do! Cleaning up the city is
vital work! We shouldn't be
overlooked. And I know I'm just
your assistant, sometimes I feel
overlooked, too.

Chief puts a hand on Max's shoulder.

CHIEF

Max- People may see you as just my assistant, and you are just my assistant, but you're also so much more than just my assistant. That presentation you did was impressive. Don't get me wrong, it was insane. It *looked* great! But also insane.

MAX

Thanks. I had Claudia and Fonz cheering on my ideas, maybe I could have used a more critical eye.

CHIEF

Oh god those maniacs? Claudia's a fine accountant, but she's a total "yes man." And I trusted Fonz more when he was the trash bag.

MAX

He refused to wear anything underneath that, by the way.

CHIEF

You are great at your job, Max. And I appreciate everything you do. You are a vital part of this team. And I'm sorry if I ever led you to believe you're not.

MAX

Thanks, Chief.

CHIEF

Truth is, I'd be lost without you! Literally, your handwritten directions to off-site meetings are informative and beautiful.

MAX

And to think you called my fifty-color Sharpie set a "waste of perfectly good ethanol."

CHIEF

Tell you what, we don't have the budget for all your ideas. And again, some of them were truly insane. But I do think we could stand to replace the signs on the trucks. And I want you to head up that initiative.

MAX

(LIGHTING UP) You mean it?! Because I was thinking, "We Eat Garbage Like You For Breakfast!" Or, "Atlanta, you're filthy!" Hm, "Trash Trash Trash Trash"??

CHIEF

Let's... run out a few more options before we commit to anything. I don't want to rush your process.

Max nods, excited and reinvigorated.

Suddenly, Kacie runs in, followed closely by Craig and James.

KACIE

Chief, you got a minute?

Chief looks to Max. Max looks back and with pride, nods yes.

CHIEF

How can I help you, Miss Amaro? Is there some Mayor's class credit slip I need to sign or something?

KACIE

I want to work here.

Chief looks astounded.

CRAIG

For good.

JAMES

Forever.

KACIE

Well. Not forever. I mean. I don't know! Today! And tomorrow. And then just keep going like that for a while.

CHIEF

You want a real job? Here?

KACIE

Yes. I do.

CHIEF

Really? I, uh-- Okay, I guess. What made you come to this decision?

KACIE

I just... I had a good day.

Kacie looks to Craig.

KACIE (CONT'D)

And a good team. You know, Craig
ran some great training exercises.

Chief looks impressed, nods to Craig. Craig beams.

CHIEF

Well, okay then. Max, why don't you
help Kacie with her starting
paperwork.

KACIE

Amazing! Thank you!

Kacie turns to Craig and James, excited.

KACIE (CONT'D)

Ha! Oh my gosh. I'm a garbage
person! We're garbage people!

CHIEF

Hey, I like that. Simple, succinct.
(MARQUEE HANDS) "Fulton County
Sanitation, We're Garbage People."

MAX

I mean, It kind of sounds like--

CHIEF

Let's roll with that, Max! I want
that printed on the side of our
entire fleet of trucks!

MAX

...You're serious?

KACIE

Oh my god, I'm incredible at this?

CRAIG

Nice one, Kacie!

JAMES

It says it all.

MAX

I mean, I have a much longer list
of options if--

CHIEF

It's perfect, nothing else could
possibly top it.

Max snaps a pencil in his fist.

MAX

(STIFF) Great call, Chief. Mrs.
Amaro, if you'll just follow me...

Max leads Kacie to his desk to fill out her paperwork.

CHIEF

Oh and Max set an appointment
tomorrow morning for me and Kacie
to go over some job stuff.

MAX

(SNAPS ANOTHER PENCIL) Sure thing!

JAMES

Chief, seriously, Craig's got some
great training ideas. I mean Kacie
was driving the truck today,
digging through garbage, wrestling
garbage away from unruly citizens.
She even rode wing-man! And she was
good at it too before falling off
onto the side of the road.

Chief stares dead-eyed at a sheepish Craig.

CHIEF

(CALLED OUT) Hey Max, set up a time
for me and Craig, too. I want to go
over some of these "training
exercises" of his.

MAX (O.S.)

(SNAPS PENCIL) YOU GOT IT, CHIEF!!

END OF EPISODE