

FLIES AND OTHER PEOPLE

Script and concept by Clinton Smith

EXT. SKY. DAY.

Air-to-air view of long-haul airliner against the clouds. We hear the far-off roar of its engines.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Ever wonder what would happen if your wildest wish came true? One man in this aircraft is about to find out.

Theme up and super title: "JUST ONE WISH"

INT. CABIN. DAY.

The bleary passengers have been in the plane for hours. MORRIE SEARLE, a business-class passenger has exercised his limbs by walking the length of the plane and now joins waiting passengers at the toilets.

A HUGE WOMAN, Maori or Tongan, comes out of a toilet and tries to get back to the aisle. The reluctant Morrie moves back to let her past. She smiles at him tiredly but he glares at her.

An ELDERLY MAN holding his shaving kit, moves toward the vacant toilet but a pig faced WOMAN with a nasty little GIRL pushes ahead of him.

ELDERLY MAN

Hang on. I was next.

WOMAN

No you weren't. Come on, Tess.

The girl pokes out her tongue at the man who shakes his head but accepts it.

MORRIE

(TO THE MAN.) People. Make you want to cut your throat.

ELDERLY MAN

(FEELS HIS NECK) Right now, I'll settle for a shave.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

This is Morrie Searle, a practical businessman who happens to be born under the sign of Aquarius. Which means he loves humanity as much as he hates people. But, in two minutes, he's going to discover how important people are.

Super title: FLIES AND OTHER PEOPLE.

Another toilet door opens and, as the elderly man goes in, a KID takes a rubber band off a packaged game and threatens good naturedly, to flick it at Morrie.

Morrie glares at the kid. If he'd gone along with the game, the kid would have been satisfied, but now he dislikes Morrie.

A supercilious SENIOR STEWARD sidles up, carrying customs forms.

MORRIE

S'cuse me. Can I have...

The man pushes past, not hearing him.

The kid aims his rubber band at Morrie and lets fly.

The rubber band stings Morrie's face.

MORRIE

You little...

He points a threatening finger at the kid.

Another toilet door opens. Morrie grabs it.

INT. TOILET CUBICLE. DAY.

He enters toilet. It is filthy and we can tell from his face that it stinks.

MORRIE

Shit. Filthy pigs.

INT. BUSINESS CLASS CABIN. DAY.

GWEN, the Facilitator of the Department of Wishes and Disbursements, is in the normal clothes of a middle aged matron. She sits in the window seat, placidly reading a book, "Human Evolution - Fact or Myth?" The seat beside her is vacant.

INT. ECONOMY CLASS CABIN. DAY.

As Morrie edges back down the aisle toward his seat a LARGE MAN stands up in the aisle to get something out of the overhead locker. He is a cumbersome type who can

only move slowly, so obliges Morrie to wait. It is not done to cause inconvenience but the irritable Morrie fumes.

INT. BUSINESS CLASS. DAY.

As Morrie subsides into his seat beside Gwen, she glances up.

MORRIE
Flies and other people!

GWEN
Pardon?

MORRIE
They say the world'd be a great place if you could get rid of flies and other people.

GWEN
Except we're social animals.

MORRIE
Speak for yourself.

GWEN
So, you'd get rid of people?

MORRIE
In a flash.

GWEN
Wouldn't be so good for business.

MORRIE
(CURSES UNDER HIS BREATH) Maybe. But, right now, I'd be thrilled if I were the only person in the world.

She smiles and returns to her book.

MORRIE
(GRUDGINGLY DECIDING HE MIGHT HAVE BEEN A BIT OVER THE TOP, GLANCES AT COVER OF HER BOOK, RAISES BROWS.) So what's your line, anyway?

GWEN
Pardon?

MORRIE
Don't tell me. (POINTS AT HER) University professor?

She shakes her head.

MORRIE

Public servant?

GWEN

Closer.

MORRIE

Give up.

GWEN

I make wishes come true.

MORRIE

U-Huh.

He's half-listened and really doesn't care what this middle-aged matronly woman does. He pulls book out of the pocket in front of him, "Ultralite Flying for Dummies", and begins where he left off.

Gwen suddenly - FWWWIT - vanishes from the seat beside him. But he doesn't notice.

INT. THE DEPARTMENT.

It's a space with no horizons or joins, (photographer's `egg') and painted light orange. This is the Department of Requests and Disbursements. STAFF, in all-orange office clothes slightly darker than the background orange, are moving through frame, carrying small glass balls. In foreground is a orange office chair in front of a large orange crystal ball. Suddenly Gwen appears on chair - FWWWIT - dressed in the clothes she wore in the plane, in stark contrast to the clothes of the others.

UNA, an attractive staff member is surprised to see her appear back in her chair.

UNA

Gwen. I thought you were on holiday.

GWEN

I am. Just popped back for a tick.

UNA

Why?

She points to the glass ball in front of her. Una stares into with her.

UNA

Who's he?

GWEN

The man sitting beside me in the plane.

UNA

What's he want?

GWEN

He wishes he were the only person in the world.

UNA

Nice one. But we can't approve that.

GWEN

I know. But it'd do him a power of good if he had a preview.

Another orange-suited figure ambles up, the sage-like bifocal-wearing DEPARTMENT HEAD.

DEPARTMENT HEAD

Gwen! You're supposed to be on holiday. Something wrong?

GWEN

I came across this inadvertent wish.

DEPARTMENT HEAD

Let's see. (STARES INTO THE BALL.) No. Quite out of the question, I'm afraid.

GWEN

Even as a preview?

DEPARTMENT HEAD

Mmm! You think that would do any good?

GWEN

Well he's an irritable sod. At least it'd show him there's more to life than sales figures and self-interest.

DEPARTMENT HEAD

It might. Or, if he has a weak heart, it might simply scare him to death. Are you prepared to take that risk?

GWEN

His heart's pretty good.

DEPARTMENT HEAD

Well, you've rarely been wrong before. If you'd like to try, go ahead. But just a preview. That's all.

GWEN

Thank you, sir.

DEPARTMENT HEAD

And, Gwen. After this, please forget department matters and enjoy your break.

GWEN

Yes, sir. I will, sir. Thank you, sir.

He goes off. Gwen smiles.

Una stares into the globe over Gwen's shoulder, grinning.

UNA

Should be a riot. Can I watch?

INT. BUSINESS CLASS. DAY.

Morrie reads on, oblivious, then, as he presses the button to adjust his seat, he notices Gwen is gone. He frowns. He can't remember her pushing past him.

An unattended drink trolley rolls past down the aisle. It prompts him to glance at the middle row of seats. The whole row is vacant. He looks surprised and glances down the aisle but can see no one. He stands up and looks along the seats. No heads. Rugs and personal items are still on the seats but not even the cabin staff remain. Long shot of cabin. We see the length of the cabin - deserted except for him.

He starts to panic. Pushes aside the curtain that obscures business class from economy. No one there either. The plane is empty. He rubs his eyes and looks again.

MORRIE

No. NO!

He hurries down the economy class aisle, looking for people. Just row after row of empty seats. Even a baby in a crib is gone.

He checks the rear galley. Picks up the intercom.

MORRIE

Hello? Hello?

No response. He leaves the handset dangling, dashes back up the aisle, searches the whole length of the plane. The forward galley is empty. Even first class is vacant.

He hauls himself up the stairs to the top floor. It's just as deserted there.

INT. UPPER CABIN. DAY.

He sits on a chair-arm, hyperventilating.

MORRIE

No. NO! NO! Please...(CRINGES, HEAD IN HANDS) Pleeeeee...!

He retreats to a drink trolley and pours himself a double scotch.

MORRIE

All right. All right. Get yourself together. It's a dream.

He stares out of a window.

A sea of clouds and thundering engines.

It's definitely not a dream. Distraught, he thinks back.

FLASHBACK. BUSINESS CLASS CABIN. DAY

He is seated beside Gwen as before.

GWEN

I make wishes come true.

INT. UPPER CABIN. DAY.

He realises what he's done.

MORRIE

Oh, God....!

He is staring at the cockpit door. A blink shows us what he's thinking. Who's flying the plane?

He goes to the door, tests it. Locked. He knocks, waits, then bashes on the door.

MORRIE

Hello! We've got an emergency here.

He moves back and runs at the door to try and break it down. It holds and he hurts his shoulder. He retreats, wondering how he can breach it.

He goes back for the heavy drink trolley, releases the foot brakes and runs it down the aisle toward the door. This time, the door bursts in.

INT. FLIGHT DECK. DAY.

Empty. No pilots. No engineer.

His terrified eyes as the enormity of his situation hits.

The captain's headset lies on his seat, as if it fell there when its wearer vanished.

Morrie gets into the seat and puts the headset on.

MORRIE

Hello? Hello?

He stared around at the complexity and finally discovers the mike switch on the left hand side of the control column. A moment of hope. He presses it.

MORRIE

Hello? Hello? Mayday. Mayday.

No answer. He takes deep breaths, looks frantically along the instrument panels, trying to keep his cool. He locates the radio frequency selector, flicks the frequencies. Just crackle. The air-waves seem abandoned.

MORRIE

Hello? Hello? Mayday. Mayday. Can anyone respond?

Only empty crackle. He frantically tries more settings - starting to realise that he may be the last man on earth.

MORRIE

Is anyone out there? Hello? This is flight...

He can't remember, pulls out his wallet and papers, including boarding card, glances at flight number.

MORRIE

...Flight Q314 Auckland - Sydney, flying at (FINDS THE ALTIMETER)
thirty four thousand feet. And everyone's disappeared.
I'm in an empty plane. And it flying on autopilot.
Mayday. Mayday. Hello? Please, someone, will you
respond?

Nothing.

The open wallet in his lap has a window with a picture of his family. A pleasant looking wife and a daughter about 13. He glances at it in despair. Have they disappeared, too?

FLASHBACK. INT. LUXURY CAR. NIGHT.

He is driving along in the rain. His wife JEN is beside him. His daughter SUSAN, in the back.

MORRIE

I went for a joyride in his Cessna Skyhawk and he let me fly it for a bit.
Not easy. One moment, you're nose-up and about to stall, next you've lost your heading. It's not seat-of-the-pants stuff because you can't trust your senses. Got to keep checking the horizon indicator and... Anyway, I picked up a few pointers. Quite liked it. Thought it might be nice to learn to fly.

Jen shrugs, looks underwhelmed.

SUSAN

You're such a spaz.

They drive in silence for a moment. In on Jen who's thinking. Then she turns to him.

JEN

Do you ever see what's in front of you?

MORRIE

I'm on high beam.

JEN

Very funny. You're daughter's probably pregnant. Your wife's got a lump in the breast. And all you... think about is learning to fly?

MORRIE

You two always gang up on me.

SUSAN

Major drag, huh?

JEN

Know the real problem?

He doesn't respond.

JEN

You never even notice us. It's like we don't exist. You don't relate to people, Morrie. You never have. Just to... things.

SUSAN

(AGREES) Ka-pow! Shafted.

MORRIE

That's an exaggeration and unfair.

JEN

You always think you can handle everything.

MORRIE

If you're practical, methodical, positive, you generally can.

JEN

Things you can handle. Not people. People you have to *relate* to. There's a difference.

MORRIE

You reckon? People management is a science just like anything else.

SUSAN

(DISGUSTED WITH HIM) What a cack. You're sad.

JEN

Okay. When did you last spent time with Susan? You don't even know how she's doing at school. And when was the last time you noticed what I was wearing? Or whether I had a new hair-do. Or took me out?

MORRIE

All right, all right. I'm not perfect. But I've got a lot on my mind. You think it's easy running a company? I look after you, don't I? You're both at the top of the food chain.

JEN

That's not the argument.

MORRIE

It's not?

JEN

We're people, Morrie, not furniture.

INT. FLIGHT DECK. DAY.

He tries to put them out of his mind. He has to do something about his situation. After all he's a practical man.

MORRIE

Christ. I'm going to have to land this or it'll fall out of the air. Be positive. Focus. Focus.

He examines the mass of controls with bewilderment, reading the labels beside them or on the handles, touching them as he goes. Starting to piece things together.

MORRIE

So what the hell's all this? Throttle. One to four. Right. Trim. Right. I suppose that's for the tailplane. And... flaps. Okay. What's this one? Rudder trim? God. Leave that alone. Aileron trim? Lots of bloody trim.

He peers at the indicators ahead.

MORRIE

So what do we have here? Artificial horizon. Airspeed. Altimeter. Rate of climb... Okay. .

He looks at the mass of central dials.

MORRIE

And here we have... Engine pressure. RPM. Fuel flow. Forget all that. Where's the bloody autopilot switch?

He finds it.

MORRIE

Disengage. Switch - off.

Quite pleased with himself, back in charge of the situation, he gets his feet on the pedals, grabs the control column.

MORRIE

And we're in business!

He pulls column back experimentally.

MORRIE

Wow. Can climb!

The "stick shaker" cuts in and the control column begins to shake. Alarm buzzers start and warning lights flash.

AUTO VOICE

Check pitch. Stall warning. Check pitch. Stall warning.

MORRIE

Oh, God.

He pushes column forward and tries to push the throttles forward as well. But they won't move.

AUTO VOICE

Auto-throttle disconnect. Auto-throttle disconnect.

MORRIE

What? Auto-throttle? Where?

The strident buzzers continue.

AUTO VOICE

Trim warning. Monitor trim. Trim warning. Monitor trim.

MORRIE

Trim? Trim? Which one? There are three of the bloody things.
Which one?

He starts to panic, pulls the wrong lever.

There is a sudden increase in sound and we go in on a flashing warning light labelled UNDERCARRIAGE INDICATOR.

EXT. AIRCRAFT. DAY.

From beneath plane we see undercarriage lowering.

INT. FLIGHT DECK. DAY.

The nose is now well down and he's too busy to fly the plane. He realises what he's done.

MORRIE

Christ! I've put the gear down.

Pushes the lever back.

The undercarriage warning light goes off and one of the buzzers stops. He looks a little more composed, is still trying to stay on top of things.

AUTO VOICE

Trim warning. Monitor trim. Trim warning. Monitor trim.

MORRIE

Trim. Trim. Which trim? Christ!

His initial intrigue at being in charge of the aircraft has changed to horror and fear. He grabs the trim lever for the tailplane.

MORRIE

Which way? Which way?

He pulls it back, then grabs the control column again.

The aircraft, still in a dive, is now unsteady, shaking.

MORRIE

You can have this for a laugh.

His re-engages the autopilot switch.

The plane steadies itself and rides smoothly.

He lurches out of the seat, covered in sweat, and sags against the engineer's panel.

His jacket pocket snares on something. We cut in to see switch marked EMERGENCY FUEL DUMP flicked up. (Note: generally, in aircraft, up-position is 'on'.)

Exhausted, he staggers back to the cabin.

INT. UPPER CABIN. DAY.

He pours himself another drink, slumps into a window seat, downs it in two gulps, then pulls out his wallet and again tearfully looks at the picture of his family.

FLASHBACK. INT. HOUSE. DAY.

He is standing in the doorway to the kitchen. His daughter is on the phone with her back to him.

SUSAN

Tongue wrestling. And he went, 'Are you for real?' And it was like, I went, 'huh?' So how about yours? Good looking?

Huge!

She spots him.

SUSAN

Oops. Sprung. Got company. Gotta split. See ya.

She hangs up.

MORRIE

So what're you doing at school?

SUSAN

Oh, please.

MORRIE

No tell me. I'm interested.

SUSAN

You for real?

MORRIE

Your mum says you're doing an assignment.

SUSAN

(BIG SIGH) Civilisation in the 20th Century. No piece of cake. I mean, does it exist?

MORRIE

Pretty comprehensive topic.

SUSAN

No kidding? Hello-o.

He's getting some orange juice for himself from the fridge.

MORRIE

So are you pregnant or not?

SUSAN

Like you care?

MORRIE

I want to know.

SUSAN

You're such a dork. If you did, you wouldn't remember. You're just sucking up. I'm outa here.

Goes out of room as her mother comes in.

JEN

What was that about?

He pours himself juice.

MORRIE

I just asked her about her assignment and whether she was pregnant.

JEN

Did she tell you to get lost?

MORRIE

Didn't get an answer.

JEN

Well she's not.

MORRIE

Good. She called me a dork. Should have given her a kick in the slats.

JEN

She's a young girl who's not sure of herself and she's trying to get your attention. Early teens is a terrible age. You have to be patient.

He grunts.

JEN

Morrie?

MORRIE

Mmm.

JEN

I got my results today.

MORRIE

U-huh.

JEN

Maurice. Look at me.

MORRIE

What?

JEN

Did you hear what I just said?

MORRIE

You got... results?

JEN

The lump? (POINTS TO HER BREAST)

MORRIE

U-huh.

JEN

Does it *matter* to you? Whether I live or die?

She rushes from the room.

MORRIE

Jen?

INT. UPPER CABIN. DAY.

He looks up from picture, mortified, and gazes out the window. He's disoriented, in mild shock. Then he realises what he's looking at. Fuel streaming from the trailing edges of the wing.

He gasps.

The drone of the plane changes. As if the engines are cutting out.

He doubles back to the flight deck.

INT. FLIGHT DECK. DAY.

Warning lights flashing from the panels.

AUTO VOICE

Fuel flow emergency. Two and three. Fuel flow emergency. Two and three.

He gets back into pilot's seat and stares at the engine readouts in the central column.

AUTO VOICE

Fuel flow emergency. One and four. Fuel flow emergency. One and four.

Close up of panel. All fuel flow indicators point to zero. The pressure ratio, exhaust gas, RPM readouts for the two inboard engines are at zero and as the outboard pair flame out their indicators are winding back.

Now only the sound of the wind.

AUTO VOICE

Stall warning. Stall warning.

He disengages the autopilot and takes the controls, thrusts the control column forward.

EXT. PLANE. DAY.

The plane dips its port wing as if about to go into a slow spin.

INT. FLIGHT DECK. DAY.

The systems are running on auxiliary power. He has presumably disengaged the autopilot and is fighting the controls as the dive steepens.

His hands yank the wheel to starboard.

His foot thrusts on a rudder pedal.

Terror on his face.

His frantic eyes.

AUTO VOICE

Pitch warning. Check pitch. Pitch warning. Check pitch.

MORRIE

No. No.

Altimeter winding around.

INT. THE DEPARTMENT.

Pull back to Gwen and Una staring into the globe, thoroughly enjoying themselves.

UNA

Does it really have all those buzzers and automatic warnings?

GWEN

(LAUGHS) No. Well, not all of them. I'm just winding him up.

UNA

(LAUGHS) You're evil.

GWEN

Hey, I'm on holiday. You've got to have a bit of fun.

INT. FLIGHT DECK. DAY.

Morrie terrified, covered in sweat.

MORRIE

All right. All right. I'm sorry. I'm sorry. I *need* other people.
Please...

FLASHBACK. INT. HOUSE. DAY.

He meets his daughter coming down the stairs as he goes up.

MORRIE

Where's your mother?

SUSAN

How would I know?

He goes into bedroom, finds Jen sitting glumly on the bed.

MORRIE

Look. I wasn't thinking.

JEN

Don't touch me.

MORRIE

I'll get the best doctors in the country - get you straight into a private room and, if it has to come off, who cares? You're what matters. Not whether you have two breasts. You'll be fine as long as it hasn't spread to the lymph. You don't have secondaries do you? Look it's amazing what they can do now. Even if it's disseminated, they can keep you alive for years. Jen?

Pulls away from him.

MORRIE

Look. I don't care what it costs. If there are better treatments overseas, we'll go there. All that matters is getting you well again. I'm making this top priority. I'll take six months off from work if I have to. Be a good test for the new management team. See if they can handle things. I mean, with communications these days you can keep in constant touch. So that's doable. And we'll get you right. You understand?

JEN

My God. So I have to be dying before you actually notice me?

MORRIE

You're not going to die. We're going to get on top of this.

JEN

Are you worried about *me*? Or is this just another logistical challenge?

MORRIE

Worry's counter-productive. If you don't stay positive, you lose your aim.

JEN

So it's like... fixing up a chair if the rungs get loose?

MORRIE

I don't get it.

JEN

All this sudden concern. It's not about me at all. It's about... about... maintenance.

MORRIE

What?

JEN

Like you're trying to repair something you own. I'm not part of the equation at all.

MORRIE

I'm missing something here.

JEN

Yes. You are. I'm a person, Morrie. Not a thing. I have feelings. I need to... feel something *back* from you.

MORRIE

Look. I've said I'll do everything I can to help. I've put myself on the line.

JEN

Don't you see? It's still all about YOU!

He doesn't see.

MORRIE

I'm not going to let you die.

JEN

Which is arrogance.

MORRIE

For Christ's sake...

JEN

All I can say is thank God it's not malignant.

MORRIE

It's not?

JEN

It's a cyst. It just has to be aspirated.

MORRIE

So you're all right?

She looks away sullenly.

MORRIE

So why the hell didn't you say so up front instead of frightening me half to death? Are you trying to upset me or something?

JEN

(A MOAN OF FRUSTRATION) Ahhhhhh!

EXT. PLANE. DAY.

It's in a deep and screaming dive.

INT. FLIGHT DECK. DAY.

He is frantically fighting the controls. Everything is shaking. Warning lights. Buzzers. To add to the confusion, the ground proximity warning system cuts in.

AUTO VOICE

Caution. Terrain. Caution. Terrain.

He can't stand it. He covers his eyes and howls with fear.

AUTO VOICE

Terrain. Terrain. Pull up. Terrain. Terrain. Pull up.

Suddenly at the base of the forward window, a fly appears - PLING- and starts crawling along.

But he doesn't notice it.

AUTO VOICE

Monitor radar display. Windshear ahead. Terrain. Terrain. Pull up.
Windshear. Windshear. Windshear.

Maddened by it all, he runs from the flight deck.

INT. UPPER CABIN. DAY.

He stumbles down the stairs.

The plane is beginning to tilt. The shriek of the wind outside.

INT. MAIN CABIN. DAY.

He's running through the empty cabin when he sees a single head above the vacant rows of seats.

It's Gwen, calmly reading her book.

He gawks, amazed.

MORRIE

What the...

He reaches her.

MORRIE

It's a dream. Isn't it? A dream? Tell me it's a dream.

GWEN

No. But reality's always relative. It depends on your level of perception.

MORRIE

We've got to get to the tail. Tail's the safest place.

GWEN

How practical you are. But you see, a nuts and bolts attitude only takes you so far.

She smiles at him. Such an enigmatic smile. And suddenly he realises she can reverse this.

MORRIE

You can *fix* this. Can't you? (FALLS ON HIS KNEES BESIDE HER, HANDS CLASPED.) Pleeeeeease...! Pleeeeeease...!

GWEN

So people are important?

MORRIE

Important. Important.

GWEN

And worthy of your respect and attention?

MORRIE

Worthy of my respect and attention.

GWEN

Even your wife and daughter?

MORRIE

(CRYING) I've been so stupid. I'm just...

GWEN

A two-dimensional, self-centred idiot.

MORRIE

Yes. Yes. I've - been - absolutely stupid and wrong. And I'm terribly,

terribly, sorry.

GWEN

And you'll try and do better in future?

MORRIE

I'll try. I'll try.

GWEN

I hope you will.

Suddenly, everything's normal. The plane is in level flight and people are in their seats. But the nearby passengers are staring down at Morrie with surprise. He is still on the floor in the aisle facing Gwen in an attitude of supplication. The officious steward with the arrival forms stands in the aisle directly behind him, waiting for him to get out of the way and gazing down at him with a superior stare.

STEWARD

Everything all right, sir?

Morrie, tearful, disoriented, too shocked to be embarrassed, gets up and resumes his seat.

The other passengers smile among themselves.

INT. AIRPORT ARRIVAL LOUNGE. DAY.

Morrie pushes his baggage down the ramp.

His family wait at the barrier. Jen has new hairdo.

He drops his stuff and puts his arm around Jen, kisses her. It's so needy, so genuine, they can't believe it.

JEN

What's got into you?

MORRIE

I've missed you so much.

JEN

You feeling all right?

Hugs his daughter, overflowing with genuine affection. He's so thrilled to be with them, to see them.

MORRIE

Wonderfully all right. Hi, ya, kiddo.

SUSAN

You for real?

But they are pleased.

MORRIE

So, what if we all go out tonight? To the Steakhouse. (TO JEN) We'll get an excellent red. You and I'll drink far too much and (TO DAUGHTER) you'll pig out with a double banana split.

SUSAN

Far out.

JEN

Sure you're all right?

MORRIE

Feel wonderful. (TO DAUGHTER) How's the assignment?

JEN

She got an A.

They're moving away and into the crowd.

MORRIE

Fantastic!. Do I get to read it?

SUSAN

Like you wanna read my stuff?

MORRIE

Of course I do. (TO JEN) Hey! Love the new hairdo. It's great. You should always wear it like that.

JEN

(TO DAUGHTER) He noticed?

SUSAN

Radical!

Theme under.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Morrie Searle, self-sufficient, practical businessman, has finally understood that the most important thing in the world is relationships. And there's a good chance he and his family... will never be the same.

Theme up and roll titles.