

MIA GOLDEN AUDITION SCENE

MIA GOLDEN (65, female) - Sam's recently deceased mother and now sponsor. Mia didn't go to a "proper afterlife" - instead, she is sent back to help her son who is a recovering alcoholic going through a troubled marriage. Mia is (was?) not the perfect mother. She was a drunk, unfiltered, compulsive woman, who didn't even attend her own son's bar mitzvah.

EXT. SEATTLE PARK - DAY

MIA
(chanting)
Step 2 of Mia's 10 Steps to
Sobriety: Get Woodstock and find
your zen.

Sam takes a deep breath.

SAM
Is this Steps 2 & 3 put together?
Believing in and surrendering to a
higher power to bring us sanity or
whatever--

MIA
I said find your zen, punk.
Meditate or some shit. Close your
eyes and breathe.

SAM
Jesus Christ. I... Damnit. Fine.

He closes his eyes and takes a deep breath, in through the nose. Out through the mouth. And again. We start to hear the mundane peace of the park: sweet birds, gentle breezes, the rustling grass.

Another breath. There's a focus. An ease starting to settle in.

SAM (CONT'D)
...Actually, this is nice. The air
is... Cherry flavored?

He opens his eyes. Mia holds his vape. Again. She exhales.

MIA
(mid-vape)
What're you lookin' at?

SAM

My dead mother using my vape. Do you even NEED to breathe?

MIA

No, but you do if you wanna get sober. Stop getting distracted!

SAM

Stop being distracting!

MIA

I'm helping! Here, I'll guide you. I learned some shit during my Thailand stint in '71.

Sam sighs and closes his eyes again. Starts to breathe.

MIA (CONT'D)

In through the nose. Out through the mouth. Feel the air in your belly. Let any thoughts drift away.

Sam starts to relax again. Focus begins to settle in when--

MIA (CONT'D)

(chortling)

You know what's funny, now that I'm doing this? I thought I learned this from a monk in Thailand, but he wasn't a monk. He was a shaman - well, he said he was a shaman - I met while backpacking. And he was packing, if you know what I mean.

SAM

...Just breathe. Just breathe. In through the nose, out through the mouth.

MIA

(laughing)

What was his name? Dirk? Dick? Anyhoo, he asked me if I wanted to participate in some cleansing ritual that required removing all impurities from our bodies, including clothes--

Sam gets up and walks away.

SAM

Nope. Nope. Nope. I'm done. Zen fucking gone.

