

*Michael and George-Michael are in the stair car driving down the road. George-Michael is drinking from a water bottle.*

NARRATOR: Michael and his son had finally inked a deal to sell FakeBlock to the Chinese government, and were heading out of town in search of greener pastures.

MICHAEL: We're going to have such a great time. It's a vacation resort and an incorporated community all in one. So they've got golf, swimming, rock-climbing, all of that, *plus* there's a grocery store, and a movie theater ... you know what, there's a brochure in the back seat, take a look.

*George-Michael grabs the brochure and Michael's cell phone. The brochure cover reads "Greener Pastures".*

GEORGE-MICHAEL: Hey, it looks like you've got some missed calls ... a lot of them, actually ...

MICHAEL: Here, give me that. *(Michael grabs the phone from George-Michael's hand and scrolls through the list of calls.)* Of course. It's the family. Three from Pop-Pop, four from Gangee ... *(surprised)* only one from Buster ... forget it. Just going to ignore it. I haven't taken a vacation for ten years, I've already booked our room for a month ...

GEORGE-MICHAEL: A month?!?

MICHAEL: ... and I'm not going to let them ruin it.

GEORGE-MICHAEL: So you're not going to call them back?

MICHAEL: Nope. *(Determined)* No more call-backs. I'm tired of all the begging for money, the lies, your grandmother criticizing me for every little ...

*(While gesturing, Michael knocks over George-Michael's water bottle, spilling water on the brochure.)*

MICHAEL: Dammit!

GEORGE-MICHAEL: Dad, it's okay, it's just a little water ...

MICHAEL: George-Michael, what did I tell you about leaving the bottle cap off! We're in a drought, that bottle has to last you until lunch tomorrow!

GEORGE-MICHAEL: Oh, so that was directed at me.

MICHAEL: You just don't ... *(takes a breath)* you're right. It's just a little water. *(Michael brushes the brochure off)* It'll dry out by morning. I'm sure they've got hundreds of these. *(Michael*

*resumes scrolling through the phone*) Oh man, seven from Gob. You know, now that we sold FakeBlock, he probably found some other “President-in-name-only” job and wants me to write him a reference.

GEORGE-MICHAEL: I guess we aren’t doing those either?

MICHAEL: No we are not, son. No call-backs, no references. I know they think that’s what they want, but they need to learn to grow beyond that sort of thing.

GEORGE-MICHAEL: Yeah, I guess. But fifteen calls, that does seem urgent, don’t you think?

MICHAEL: Ah, you worry too much. How about we play a game! Only 30 more miles to paradise!

*(The stair car continues down the road, and pulls up in front of the entrance to Greener Pastures. It’s noticeably darker, just past sundown.)*

NARRATOR: Thirty minutes and ten underwhelming rounds of “I Spy” later, the guys arrive at Greener Pastures.

*(Michael and George-Michael enter their suite, Michael carrying four suitcases, George-Michael carrying one.)*

MICHAEL: Well, everything’s probably closed by now, but starting tomorrow, we’ve got 29 days of non-stop fun in the sun. Hey, maybe you’ll finally get a tan! You’re so pale. Why are you so pale? We live in Calif- ... never mind. *(Michael plops on the couch and turns on the TV)*

JOHN BEARD (on TV): ... and with the discovery of Lucille Austero’s body, the police are back on the hunt for the man who confessed to her murder. *(An image of Michael Bluth appears on screen.)*

MICHAEL: Oh, you have got to be kidding me.

*(There is a knock at the door. Michael opens the door.)*

GREENER PASTURES EMPLOYEE: Welcome! I know it’s late, but I wanted to deliver this gift basket as a thank you from all of us here at Greener Pastures for purchasing ... hey, have I seen you somewhere before?

MICHAEL: *(blocking TV screen)* No! I mean, no ... idea. *(shrugs shoulders)* This happens to me all the time. I guess I just have one of those faces. If I had a nickel ...

JOHN BEARD (on TV): ... ten thousand dollar reward for any information ...

MICHAEL (*loudly*): I'd have ten thousand dollars! Ha ha ha! That's right, son, ten thousand ... so many nickels. (*Michael takes the gift basket, and there is a long pause*) Bye!

(*Michael closes the door and leans his back against it, wearily.*)

MICHAEL: Well, I should probably head back.

(*George-Michael gets up from the couch and walks towards the door.*)

MICHAEL: No, George-Michael, you stay here. They don't want you, they want me. I want you as far away from this as possible.

GEORGE-MICHAEL: Sure, that's fine. I guess this is what all those calls were about. I think you should probably let everyone know you're on your way.

(*Michael looks at his phone thoughtfully.*)

NARRATOR: And so Michael decides to make an exception to his "no call-backs" rule.

(*Michael makes a call and holds the phone up to his ear.*)

BUSTER (*on phone*): Michael?

MICHAEL (*high-pitched, timid*): Heyyyyyy, brother.

[OPENING CREDITS]