

GET A JOB

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GET A JOB

INT. ACADEMIC OFFICE - DAY

WILL DAVIS, 22, sits in a chair. Looks straight at the camera.

WILL
Look, I appreciate that this is your job, but I've already got something lined up.

VOICE (O.S.)
Where at?

WILL
Windy City Magazine. I interned there last summer. They told me to come back after I graduated and they'd have a job for me. I just talked to them again couple weeks ago. We're all set.

VOICE (O.S.)
Wow. You really have it together.

Will's CAREER ADVISOR sits across from him.

CAREER ADVISOR
You're a lot more fortunate than most of the students I talk to. Most of these turn into me soothing students' fears and telling them not to freak out. That there's a job out there for them somewhere.

Will smiles: he is special.

CAREER ADVISOR (cont'd)
Are you ready to hit the ground running?

WILL
Oh, yeah. I read The Sun-Times online every morning this semester: cover to cover. That's very time consuming. You know during political debates when they ask the candidates who the head of some obscure country is? And they don't know? I always know the answer. And I write every day. I have a blog.

CAREER ADVISOR
So do I.

WILL
My blog's probably funnier than your blog.

(MORE)

WILL (cont'd)
 And people actually read it.
 (beat)
 Whitemanblackcock.com.

EXT. CEMETERY - DAY

A beautiful, solemn tree-lined GRAVEYARD. A FRISBEE flies through the air. Hits a HEADSTONE that reads REYNOLDS. Falls limply to the ground.

WILL (O.S.)
 Birdie!

Will pumps his fist. Four friends surround him:

MILES
 And Will leads at six under.

MILES marks on a scorecard. He simply thinks he's two steps ahead of everyone else. He looks like Fry from Futurama. Will takes the JOINT from Miles' hand, smokes.

CHARLIE
 We should start a pro frisbee golf tour.

CHARLIE, the big, lovable dog, carries an eighteen pack of canned MILLER LITE under his arm. He wears a dark blue Illinois shirt. Will takes a beer from him.

WILL
 Set it up, baby. I'm your poster boy.

CHARLIE
 Can't, dude. I'll be leaving no child behind.

WILL
 Yeah, you're exactly what our education system needs.

Charlie throws a frisbee.

MILES
 Let's see if I understand this whole Teach For America thing. They get idiots like you who don't know what they want to do with their lives to take a job in the inner city that allows them to say they're doing something productive. Is that about it?

Miles cocks back. Lets it fly. It's a sad, pathetic throw.

LUKE
 I talked to my buddy about the crashpad. We can move in right after graduation.

LUKE, the alpha male, throws a graceful frisbee. Veined biceps underneath a Pi Beta Phi sorority shirt, cut off at the sleeves. Oh, and he's black.

LUKE (cont'd)

Which is good because I need a new Bone Zone, a place to keep the LZA at A-game interview fighting trim. The goal is two interviews a day, five days a week. I'm armed with an MBA, now I need a firm that fits me as well as I fit it. Like a good condom.

MILES

That's how it felt when I interviewed at The Genius Bar.

CHARLIE

We're all amazed, Miles.

WILL

You're equal to or greater than Luke, okay?

MILES

Fuck you. I'm sorry it's not as exciting as your little magazine job. You're gonna be writing reviews about Polish sausage stands for the next five years.

WILL

Don't be jealous.

Will throws. It flies over the grass, lands perfectly... atop a stone casket, a Raphaelite baby angel looks down in beatific love.

WILL (cont'd)

Hole in one!

EXT. UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS - DAY

We move over the beautiful school to... The giant basketball and event arena. Parking lot filled with cars.

INT. ASSEMBLY HALL - DAY

"POMP AND CIRCUMSTANCE" plays. The packed-to-the-rafter crowd cheers the soon-to-be grads as they stream into the auditorium.

Will walks down the aisle in hat and gown. One of many.

CUT TO:

The white-haired, white-bearded DEAN grips the podium, speaks with passion.

DEAN

I look out today at your bright, shining faces with tremendous pride. Men and women of every race and creed who have grown at this institution. Full of hope and optimism. Ready to carry the torch of enlightened education into American society.

Will zones out.

DEAN (cont'd)

And you're going to need that torch because the American economy today is a dark, dark, place.

This wakes Will up.

DEAN (cont'd)

To make matters worse, students graduating this very day in India and China are better prepared to meet the demands of the new global order, and feel less entitled!

Silence in the auditorium. Awkward.

WILL

Jesus. That's a lot for my massive hangover to deal with.

The guy next to him has "HIRE ME" written on the top of his cap.

HIRE ME

(whispers)

I dropped X an hour ago.

WILL

Bold move.

DEAN

The future of America is in your hands!

(beat)

Surprise me!

CUT TO:

The HONORS STUDENTS walk across the stage, fancy yellow sashes across their chests. Among them...

DEAN (cont'd)

Jillian Stewart. Accounting. With High Honors.

JILLIAN STEWART is smoking hot in that 22-year-old smoking hot kind of way. She gets her diploma, flashes a dazzling smile. Will stands and claps. She waves.

CUT TO:

DEAN (cont'd)
William John Davis. English.

Will strolls across stage, smiles to the crowd. He takes the diploma with one hand, shakes the Dean's with the other.

DEAN (cont'd)
Good luck. We're all counting on you.

WILL
I won't let you down.

The Dean nods.

EXT. AUDITORIUM - DAY

A circus of joyful reunions. Will works his way through the crowd.

STUDENT
Hey! White Man Black Cock!

They high-five. Will heads towards his parents, ILENE and ROGER, and sister KARA.

MOM
That's my boy! That's my...
(tear)
Young man.

His Dad holds up a DV Camera that he just bought.

DAD
Will, say something to the camera.

WILL
(waves to camera)
Seriously guys, I love you and I want to say thanks for paying for college. It means a lot.

DAD
Think again, Einstein. I'm not an ATM. You're paying those loans off yourself. Comprende, amigo?

WILL
No hablo espanol, senior!

JILLIAN (O.S.)
Hi, Davises!

MOM
Jillian!

Jillian comes over, gives them all hugs. Hugs Will last, hands him a box.

JILLIAN
 Congratulations, fellow graduate.

WILL
 Congratulations to you.

He opens the box: a BRIGHT YELLOW AND BLUE PASTEL TIE.

WILL (cont'd)
 What am I gonna do with this?

JILLIAN
 You're gonna wear it. To work.

WILL
 Jillian, people at your office will
 have to wear ties. Not mine.

DAD
 Will tells us you got a job.

JILLIAN
 Yep. Proctor and Gamble.

MOM
 Oh, my gosh, Jillian! That's
 amazing!

JILLIAN
 You're looking at the newest member
 of the Purchase Management Team,
 Chicago branch.

KARA
 That is awesome! Even though you
 dumped my brother, can we still be
 friends? I need a mentor.

WILL
 No one got dumped, okay? We're
 taking a break.

JILLIAN
 We'll always have Facebook.

Jillian and Kara hug.

INT. RESTAURANT - EVENING

Will eats at a table with his parents and sister. Everyone
 except Kara drinks wine. Roger hands a stack of papers to
 Will, one by one.

DAD
 And here is your cell phone bill.
 You may want to downgrade to a
 cheaper plan until you settle on a
 workable monthly budget.

WILL
What's a budget?

DAD
Very funny. I'm in stitches on the inside.

WILL
Do we really have to do this here?

DAD
Where? The real world?

MOM
I don't understand this "break" thing with Jillian. How is "doing it" with other people for a while going to help you two decide if you're right for each other?

WILL
She's not gonna be "doing it" with anyone else, Mom. Trust me. This isn't real. It's just about her feeling independent or something stupid like that.

DAD
Here's your car insurance. Be careful until you're twenty-five, and your rates will drastically decline.

WILL
You want me to go three years without a wreck?

DAD
I don't care what you do. You're no longer on my policy. And this...

He hands across a check, made out in the amount of \$1,000.

DAD (cont'd)
Is a graduation present from your mother and me. That should help 'til you get a job.

WILL
Thanks, guys. And I'm heading into Windy City as soon as I get settled.

MOM
You know you'll have to clean up for the interview. They don't hire vagabonds.

WILL
Yes, Mom.

MOM

Well, I don't know, Will. You don't seem to care what people think of you. That awful website. Why would you even want to write that kind of stuff? I don't see why Luke stays friends with you.

WILL

He came up with the name when we were suitemates Freshman year!

MOM

Then he should be ashamed of himself too. People must think you come from a broken home.

WILL

I tell everyone it was a perfectly normal crackhouse upbringing.

DAD

So now you have everything you need to start your own life.

Will gathers up the papers.

WILL

Awesome. I'll let you know how it turns out.

DAD

It's certainly a thrill for me.

MOM

You know your father's the only man I've ever had sex with.

KARA

Ew.

DAD

Son, I love you. And I'm sad that you're leaving our home and protection. But know that it is for good. I volunteer at homeless shelters. I don't run one. You can't come back.

(beat)

Get a job.

John Lennon's "Nobody Told Me" kicks on.

EXT. ILLINOIS STATE HIGHWAY - DAY

Bird's-eye view of the Pathfinder flying down the highway.

INT. PATHFINDER

Will drives. All of his worldly possessions in the back: His full cardboard box. An OLD STYLE BEER sign. And his 52-INCH FLATSCREEN HD TV.

EXT. CHICAGO - DAY

The impressive Chicago skyline. The Hancock, the Sears Tower, the Prudential Standard Oil. The Pathfinder pulls off the highway....

EXT. CRASHPAD - DAY

Pulls up in front of Will's new home. Old and barely standing, yet kind of cozy. In a seedy kind of way.

INT. CRASHPAD - DAY

Will enters. BACKPACK over his shoulder. BOX in his hands.

Charlie, Luke and Miles lounge around the wood-floored living room playing MADDEN on a SMALL TV. The place is already completely TRASHED. They cheer his arrival.

LUKE
Alright!

CHARLIE
Finally!

MILES
Where's the TV?

WILL
Where's my room?

A pregnant pause.

MILES
There are no rooms left.

WILL
What are you talking about?

LUKE
There's only three bedrooms upstairs.

WILL
Where am I supposed to sleep?

Miles pats the couch.

WILL (cont'd)
 I'm not sleeping on the couch.
 This is not 'Nam, Walter. We have
 to do this democratically.

MILES
 Our stuff is already upstairs.

WILL
 I don't care. Take it out.

MILES
 Fuck you!

WILL
 Fuck you! What if I have a girl
 over?

LUKE
 Will. You're the last one here.
 When someone moves out, you take
 their room. And someone new comes
 in and gets the couch and so on and
 so on. This is a time-honored
 tradition.

Will slumps onto the couch. Looks down at it.

WILL
 This is my bed. This.

CHARLIE
 Here.

Charlie chucks him an OLD STYLE. Will opens it. It EXPLODES
 in his face.

INT. CRASHPAD - MORNING

Will groggily opens his eyes. Sees Luke head out the door in
 suit and tie, attache case over his shoulder.

LUKE
 Scheduled an eight a.m. interview.
 Show 'em I can play with the big
 dogs.

WILL
 Mmpf.

He closes his eyes.

The clank of dishes. Will opens his eyes again. Charlie
 runs out the door, a satchel over his shoulder.

CHARLIE
 I'm late for my first day. Start
 shooting out emails for your move-
 in party.

He's out the door. Miles flies down the stairs.

MILES
Do some dishes.

He's out the door. Will's left alone.

FADE TO:

EXT. JESSE JACKSON MIDDLE SCHOOL - MORNING

A two-story brick building. In front, an American flag flies at the top of a pole.

INT. CLASSROOM - MORNING

Charlie peeks his head in. A class of rowdy 6TH GRADERS sit on each others desks. Talk, yell, play cards, dance to iPods. Charlie walks to the desk. Puts down his stachel.

CHARLIE
(deep breath)
Hello. I'm Charles Baxter the
third. I will be your homeroom and
history teacher this year.

The kids don't even pay attention to him.

ROLAND walks up to Charlie, sticks out his hand.

ROLAND
Can I have a dollar?

Charlie pulls out his wallet. Takes out a dollar.

CHARLIE
Wait. I don't know if I'm allowed
to give you money.

ROLAND
Damn.

Roland heads back to his seat, bumps fists with DEJUAN, who sits right next to him.

ROLAND (cont'd)
Couldn't pimp him for shit.

Charlie's eyes go wide.

CHARLIE
(tries again)
I'm Charles --

DEJUAN
Cracker!

The class LAUGHS! Charlie frowns.

EXT. WATERTOWER - DAY

Chicago's Apple Store sits right on Michigan Avenue. Unmistakable in its large silver frontage with a huge apple plastered on it.

INT. APPLE STORE STORAGE ROOM - DAY

Miles sits in a fold-out chair, hands crossed. Surrounded on all sides by stacked boxes bearing the Apple brand.

LANCE, a bulbous tech geek with large, square, glasses, stands over him.

LANCE
You are my Padawan and I your Jedi Master. If you follow my every move, you will soon learn the way of the Genius. Pop quiz hotshot: Some nimrod comes to the bar and says his volume indexing files have been corrupted. What do you tell him?

MILES
(thinking)
Uh...That the problem can be solved by either DiskWarrior or Techtool Pro.

LANCE
And?

MILES
And you can purchase both of those downstairs.

Lance nods. Pleased. He tosses something at Miles. He unfolds it. ANGELS SING:

The sacred black Apple Store shirt.

Miles pulls on the shirt. Tucks it in.

Lance pushes open a swinging door. Yellow light streams through. Miles steps through the portal and into...

INT. GENIUS BAR - DAY

A group of mere mortals wait patiently, broken computers in hand, like peasants waiting for the touch of the witch doctor. The "Geniuses" stand behind the bar.

GENIUS
Do you have Apple Care?

MORTAL
 (cringes)
 I think it expired.

GENIUS
 You can renew it for 349 dollars.
 Then I'll be able to look at your
 computer.

Miles takes his place at the end of the row.

The "GENIUS" in "Genius Bar" hangs directly over his head.
 Miles smiles, satisfied: He is a genius.

He looks at an electronic waiting list.

MILES
 (proud)
 Plaschke!

INT. WINDY CITY MAGAZINE - DAY

The ELEVATOR doors open and Will steps out into a hive of activity. He wears slacks, a polo shirt, and a beat-up sport coat. Doing his best to look like a reporter. Will steps up to the front desk and a put-together receptionist, headset ready for action.

WILL
 Hi, Laurie!

RECEPTIONIST
 Hello?

WILL
 Will? I interned here last summer.

RECEPTIONIST
 Oh. Right. Nice to see you again.

INT. OFFICE - DAY

Will sits across from BRIAN BENDER, mid 30's, but trying to look as young as possible. Behind Will, a glass wall that gives a great view of a busy bullpen area.

BRIAN
 Good to see you, Will.

WILL
 Good to see you, too, Brian. I'm
 here for my job.

BRIAN
 We don't have anything.

Will looks around, confused.

WILL

But... You told me last summer you'd have a job for me when I graduated. Then I e-mailed with you recently and you told me to come in. So you can see why I might be confused.

BRIAN

Yes, I can.

WILL

Because you gave me your word.

BRIAN

And I usually keep my word.

WILL

I'll take whatever you can give me. I don't need to do features. Local stuff, calendar of events, obituaries, christenings, funerals, births, circumcisions, any event in the human cycle will suffice.

BRIAN

There's nothing I can do, Will. Our numbers just aren't what they used to be. We're competing with web sites and blogs. We're not hiring anyone right now. We're actually letting people go. We're in a depression here. We're fighting for our lives.

Will just stares.

BRIAN (cont'd)

Okay, look. This is just as hard on me as it is on you. But... it's just not gonna happen. I don't have a job for you.

(beat)

I'm sorry.

Will's in shock.

WILL

Well. All I have to say to you is... that... this... is not how you do business.

BRIAN

Excuse me?

WILL

This is not how you do business! You do not just let someone do things for you around the office for three months just because they say they'll do it for free. Those people expect something in return!

BRIAN
They get valuable experience.

Will stands.

WILL
No! You owe them a job! Where you
pay them! In money!

Outside the office, people in the bullpen stop and look.

WILL (cont'd)
You pay them money because they
depended on you. Because they told
their parents and friends and
career advisors and women they
wanted to have sex with that you
would! Because you told them you
would. Because if you take work
from people and don't pay them for
that work, then they are slaves!

BRIAN
No. They're interns.

WILL
Without a paycheck, everyone out
there right now is a slave.

Will turns and points at a row of workers.

WILL (cont'd)
He is a slave, and he is a slave
and she is a slave and he --

The black guy he points at squints. Will whirls to Brian.

WILL (cont'd)
And you are the slave master!

Brian stands, leans forward against his desk.

BRIAN
I don't owe you shit, Will. I
don't know who told you life was
fair, but it's not. It's not fair
that I have male-pattern baldness
at the age of thirty-five. But in
the grand scheme of things, I think
both of us have had a pretty good
shake of the dice so far. We
weren't born in Sub-Sahara Africa,
and we have all our limbs. If I
were you, I would make a serious
attitude adjustment, and get out
there and bust ass looking for
another job. Comprende, amigo?

Will blinks. He can't believe it.

WILL
No hablo espanol.

He strides out of the office, through the office full of people staring at him, and out the front doors.

Everyone goes right back to work.

INT. CRASHPAD - NIGHT

A PARTY RAGES. GUITAR HERO rocks on the HUGE TV. The small TV plays a Cubs game beside it. Will and Charlie guitar battle. People walk in front. Get screamed at to move. Will's character loses.

WILL
Fuck!

CHARLIE
Who will challenge the Rock God?

Charlie rips open his button-down shirt. A CHICK grabs the guitar from Will. Luke, not fully out of his suit, grooves over with two CUTIES.

LUKE
This is Will! This is his move-in party!

WILL
(shakes hands)
Hey!
(to Luke)
Why are you wearing a suit? You don't have a job.

Luke laughs, leads one cutie up the stairs.

LUKE
This way, sweetheart! Enter the Bone Zone 2.0.

CUTIE
(to Will)
Which room is yours?

WILL
This one!

She makes a face.

WILL (cont'd)
I don't actually mind it. The rent's low! Which is good, cuz some asshole just turned me down for a job cuz he doesn't know how to run a magazine.

CUTIE
(looks around)
Oh.

Will stares at her. What a bitch.

WILL
You're not even going to pretend
like you're interested anymore, are
you?

CUTIE
Huh? No, I am.

WILL
Since I don't have a job, I'm going
to write a book. Wanna hear what
it's about?

CUTIE
(No.)
Sure.

WILL
It's about a woman who goes to get
an abortion, and falls in love with
the abortion doctor. But, he
doesn't love her. So, the only way
to keep seeing him is to keep
getting pregnant, and keep getting
abortions.

She's horrified. Charlie looks over with a smile.

WILL (cont'd)
Until finally, they fall in love
and she comes in one day and says,
"I'm pregnant. It's yours. And
I'm keeping it."

She looks at Will, eyes wide.

WILL (cont'd)
And then, as just a final "gotcha"
for the reader, he whips out a
scalpel and says, "I don't think
so!"

CUTIE
That's disgusting.

She walks away. Charlie cracks up.

CHARLIE
You should call it "Womb Raider!"

WILL
I was thinking "Vacuum of Love."

INT. NICE RESTAURANT - NIGHT - INTERCUT AS NECESSARY

Jillian sits across the table from a nicely dressed, very professional YOUNG BUSINESSMAN with dark, spiky hair. She pulls out her vibrating phone, gestures "excuse me" to her date, turns away.

JILLIAN
I am so sorry.
(into phone)
Hi.

WILL
Where are you!

JILLIAN
I'm at dinner.

WILL
I'm having a party and you're not here!

JILLIAN
I told you I'm --

WILL
I'm going to keep calling until you come.

JILLIAN
Then I'll turn my phone off.

WILL
Then you'll have to delete 200 messages. Cuz I'm gonna leave one every time.

Jillian rolls her eyes, smiles.

WILL (cont'd)
And we both know I'll do it.

INT. CRASHPAD

Jillian walks in the door. The party's even louder than it was. Charlie, now shirtless, runs over, shoves a drink into her hand, pulls her through the crowd.

CHARLIE
Jillian! Drink! I'll take you to Will! Are your tits bigger?

JILLIAN
That's wildly inappropriate, Charlie. How's TFA?

CHARLIE
The kids are monsters! And they fucking hate me. They call me Mr. Saltine! Me! No one loves the black man more than me. But, I might get to help coach the baseball team. So, hopefully I'll meet some hot moms. You know how I feel about African-American women.

They walk up to Will and Luke next to the keg.

JILLIAN
Have you ever dated a black girl?

CHARLIE
No, but I watch a lot of inter-racial porn.

Will and Jillian laugh.

LUKE
Just because you bottomed out with your own race doesn't mean you have to start harassing mine.

CHARLIE
I know, Luke, but I need a fresh start. And you've eaten sushi with me. I have no chance with Asian women.

Charlie throws his arms around them.

CHARLIE (cont'd)
I love you, Will! I love you, Jillian! I wish you would just love each other and then we could all be in love and not have to worry about rubbers!

INT. CRASHPAD

The party's died down a bit. A core of ten or so people left. Will and Jillian sit on the couch, drink. Miles practically holds the now-plastered bitchy Cutie up against the wall.

WILL
Miles, testing the boundaries of date rape once again.

JILLIAN
Did you talk to the magazine about when you can start?

WILL
Yeah, that's not going to work out.

JILLIAN
What?

WILL
There's a hiring freeze because of the "economy" and the "recession" or "depression" or whatever they decide to call it. It should be called "The Great Fucking Over Of Will Davis."

JILLIAN
Okay, let's stop it there.

WILL
 You know what's really depressing?
 Blogs are the reason magazines are
 in trouble. I am the agent of my
 own demise.

JILLIAN
 Are you claiming credit for the end
 of traditional media?

WILL
 Yes, I am.

JILLIAN
 What are you going to do?

WILL
 I'm gonna ask for a little loan
 from my folks. They're the
 generation that's fucking us. It's
 the least they can do.

JILLIAN
 No, I mean what are you going to do
 for work?

WILL
 I'm going to get out there. Get a
 job.

Jillian checks her watch.

JILLIAN
 Speaking of jobs, I have to get
 going. Bye, guys.

The guys ad-lib goodbyes. Will walks Jillian to the door.

WILL
 Stay a little longer?

JILLIAN
 Where would I stay? On the couch?

He frowns. She kisses him on the cheek. Will watches her go.

WILL
 It's really comfortable!

The door closes.

WILL (cont'd)
 Shit.

Miles leans in to kiss the DRUNK GIRL. She slides down the
 wall. His face hits the wall.

INT. CRASHPAD - MORNING

Will sits in his robe, sips coffee. On the coffee table next to him, the stack of bills from his dad. Will types on "White Man, Black Cock":

"THE PROS & CONS OF DATE RAPE: Sure, it can lead to unwanted pregnancy, increased risk of STD contraction, and lasting emotional trauma. But Eric and Caroline are here to testify that it can also lead to a happy, life-long commitment."

A picture of a perfect-looking couple on their wedding day. Along the bottom: "RUPHYNOL: THE NEW MATCH-MAKER."

Charlie runs down.

CHARLIE
You're up early.

WILL
Couldn't sleep.

CHARLIE
Jillian?

WILL
Or the fact that car insurance is fucking expensive. Or maybe it's just that I live on a couch.

CHARLIE
Good party, though.

He's gone. Will presses a button. Puts his cell to his ear.

WILL
Hi, Mom.

INT. WILL'S PARENT'S HOUSE - INTERCUT AS NECESSARY

Ilene holds the phone to her ear as she makes breakfast. In the living room, Roger sits in a recliner, reads a paperback book.

MOM
Hi. Did you go on your interview?

WILL
Yeah.
(deep breath)
It's not going to work out.

MOM
Why not?

WILL
It's not me. There's a hiring freeze. It's the FUCKING economy.

MOM

A bad economy is no reason to use that kind of language.

WILL

I might need a small loan to get me through. I'll pay you back as soon as I get a job.

MOM

Your dad just gave you a thousand dollars.

WILL

I know. It's just... I mean I added up all these bills and I have to give my first and last month's rent and then I have to split electric and water and food and stuff with my roommates. And this isn't the 30's. A thousand dollars doesn't leave me with anything.

MOM

Will...
(deep breath)
Your dad lost his job.

Will freezes. This hits him like a bat.

WILL

Are you serious?

MOM

He's close to retirement. And he made a good salary, so they think they can replace him with someone a lot younger, who they can pay less.

WILL

(emotional)
Well, fuck them!

MOM

Will.

WILL

He worked his ass off for them for like, thirty years! Great. That's what I have to look forward to?

MOM

To be fair, your father GOT a job before he LOST it.

WILL

(deep breath)
How is he?

MOM

Your father is an adult, Will.
He'll be fine.

Roger reads. Totally at peace.

MOM (cont'd)
It might take your dad a while to find something else. Kara's in college. So right now we just can't --

WILL
No, of course not. I'm sorry, Mom.

MOM
It's okay, sweetie. Please don't worry about it.

WILL
Okay. Tell Dad I love him.

Will hangs up. Opens MONSTER.COM on his laptop.

INT. FEDEX KINKO'S - DAY

Will steps to the fax machine, dials a number, feeds his resume through. A long line of TWENTY-SOMETHINGS wait behind him, resumes in hand. It's the modern version of the food lines from The Depression.

INT. HARRIS BANK - DAY

Will sits across from a LOAN OFFICER. The loan officer fills out some paperwork.

LOAN OFFICER
Against my better judgement, I'm going to extend to you a line of credit up to five-hundred dollars.

WILL
That's it?

LOAN OFFICER
Do you want it or not?

Will quickly signs a paper.

INT. SALON - DAY

Will's face is perfectly shaved for the first time. All except for a small mustache. The Stylist claps, giggles and whirls Will's chair around.

STYLIST
Look everybody! Hitler!

The Stylist slides Will's brand new Chicago Cubs credit card.

INT. OFFICE DEPOT - DAY

A SALES CLERK with an Office Depot nametag scans a business binder. A yellow legal pad. A really fancy pen. Scans the Cubs card, smiles up at Will.

INT. MEN'S WEARHOUSE - DAY

Will walks in the front doors dressed in Adidas sweatpants. A MENS WEARHOUSE SALESMAN ambushes him.

SALESMAN
Code Red! Code Red!

INT. LUKE'S BEDROOM - DAY

Will sits on black satin sheets. Eats LIFE cereal from the box. A shirtless Luke flips through his clothes.

LUKE
When I was in business school, we took whole classes on interviews. This was the best tool they offered:

ON TV: Luke, dressed in a suit, sits in a chair and looks at the camera.

T.V. LUKE
(to camera)
I'm Luke Geary. It's nice to meet you, too.

WILL
You taped a practice interview of yourself?

LUKE
It helps you see what you look like to others. Find your interview face.

He runs his hand over his face... the result is an "interview face" just like the one on TV.

T.V. LUKE
(to camera)
I think as social secretary of my fraternity I developed many valuable team-building and leadership skills which would prove highly effective in the workforce.

Real Luke mouths the lines along with his TV self.

T.V. LUKE (cont'd)
 I planned and effectively executed the Columbus Day Clam Bake my last two years. I was also a Big Brother to Pedro Ramirez all four years of college. And I can honestly say that for every bit of math and science I taught Pedro... he taught me twice as much. About life.

WILL
 Alright, that's enough.

LUKE
 How many second interviews do I have lined up?

This gives Will pause.

WILL
 Yeah, but you have that whole Obama thing going for you. I'm just an average white American male. Let's face it. We were already on the decline. Bush finished us off.

Luke sighs. Rubs his shoulders.

LUKE
 I know.

T.V. LUKE
 (to camera)
 If I had one weakness, what would it be?
 (thinks)
 I come from a long line of workaholics. Sometimes I just work too hard.

EXT. CHICAGO STREETS - DAY

Will, dressed in his Men's Wearhouse suit, walks down a downtown street. Looks from his phone to the address on a building. He takes a deep breath.

INT. OAK OFFICE - DAY

Will sits across an oak desk from NEVIN PATEL.

NEVIN PATEL
 I see you went to Champaign. We've hired a lot of people from there.

WILL
 Oskiwah Illinois! I have to admit I expected more from Zook.

A long beat. Nevin looks again at the resume.

NEVIN PATEL
Is he the head of the English
Department?

WILL
No, he's the football coach.

NEVIN PATEL
I see.
(frowns)
There's a strong logic component to
being a marketing associate, Will.
So I'm going to ask you a question
to get a feel for your thought
process.

WILL
Fire away.

NEVIN PATEL
How many dogs are in the greater
Chicago area?

Will stares, blank-faced.

INT. SERIES OF OFFICES - MONTAGE

A series of INTERVIEWERS stare at the camera.

INTERVIEWER #1
You have thirty seconds to address
the Super Bowl audience. What is
your message?

INTERVIEWER #2
You're on a bridge. Someone below
is drowning in freezing water. Do
you dive in, or call a paramedic?

INTERVIEWER #3
A train leaves Chicago at 7 p.m.
Another train leaves St. Louis at --

Will forces a smile.

INTERVIEWER #4
In this environment, we're looking
for someone with more experience.
Come back and talk to us in ten
years.

INTERVIEWER #5
It's a difficult market out there.
Maybe if you were bilingual. Or
even Asian.

INTERVIEWER #6
You should think about going back
to school. The economy will be back
in a few years. Ride out the storm
in comfort.

Will shakes hands, even the fake smile gone now.

INTERVIEWERS #7, 8, 9
Good luck. Good luck. Good luck.

RIIIIIIIING!

INT. CLASSROOM - DAY

The school bell rings as the kids grab their bookbags, head out the door.

CHARLIE
(above the din)
Please remind your parents that
tonight is Parent-Teacher Night. I
look forward to meeting them!

Roland freezes.

ROLAND
Man, why you wanna meet my dad?

CHARLIE
Well, Roland, because education is
a team effort between teacher and
parent.

DEJUAN
Shit. He's gonna punk us.

CHARLIE
I'm not gonna punk you, DeJuan.
I'm going to meet your parents and
have an honest conversation.

ROLAND
Damn. About what?

CHARLIE
Your language for one thing.

Beat.

DEJUAN
This bitch is gonna punk us!

INT. CLASSROOM - EVENING

Charlie sits at his desk. "Mr. Baxter" is written on the blackboard above his head. He flips through the "teacher's comments" section of a file.

"DeJuan Lamark -- uncooperative, belligerent, annoying, obnoxious, little shit"

KNOCK KNOCK!

Charlie closes the file, walks to the door and opens it.

MIRANDA LAMARK stands there. The hot mom of Charlie's dreams. Young, beautiful and black.

MIRANDA
Mr. Baxter?

CHARLIE
No. I mean, yes. I mean you can call me Charlie. Please come in.

Miranda slides into a chair in front of Charlie's desk. Charlie sits in his chair. A happy grin on his face.

MIRANDA
How is DeJuan doing?

CHARLIE
Oh, he's a great kid. Full of vitality.

MIRANDA
Really? The other teachers told me he can be a lot to handle.

CHARLIE
Perhaps he could use some... discipline.

MIRANDA
(sighs)
I know. You're probably right. But, I work as a paralegal, and the firm doesn't let me out until late.

CHARLIE
Hey, no. That's admirable.
(beat)
What does DeJuan's father do?

MIRANDA
He's not in the picture.

CHARLIE
That's very interesting.

He gives her a meaningful look.

CHARLIE (cont'd)
Are there any other male influences in DeJuan's life?

MIRANDA
DeJuan usually goes over to Roland's after school. Maybe I could have a talk with Roland's dad, but... I don't really feel comfortable talking to him about child-rearing.

CHARLIE
(the big strong man)
Don't you worry.
(MORE)

CHARLIE (cont'd)
 I'll be talking to Roland's father
 later tonight. When we're done, I
 can assure you he'll be providing a
 quality environment for your child.

INT. HALLWAY - JESSE JACKSON MIDDLE SCHOOL - NIGHT

Parents mill about. Charlie steps into the hall looks down
 at his list. Takes a deep breath. Sets his jaw.

CHARLIE
 Robert McGriff. Roland's dad.

A large black man stands up. Charlie gulps. Then the man
 turns towards him with a big smile...

CLERICAL COLLAR around his neck.

PASTOR BOB
 Mr. Baxter?

CHARLIE
 (shakes his hand)
You're Roland's dad?

PASTOR BOB
 Yep. Pastor Bob. I was afraid I
 wouldn't make it. My wife runs a
 women's Bible study at the church
 on Wednesday nights and I was the
 special guest. It ran later than I
 expected. But, you know how it is
 when you start in on Galatians
 Five!

CHARLIE
 Ha! Yeah! Those Galatians!

Pastor Bob smiles at him.

EXT. SANDS MOTEL - DAY

Will's Pathfinder pulls into the PARKING LOT, slides into an
 open space. There's a lot of them. This is five notches
 below Motel 6. This place is seedy.

The CLASSIFIED section of the newspaper stares up at Will
 from the passenger seat.

INT. SANDS MOTEL - DAY

Behind a bullet-proof glass welcome window is GARRETT, an
 elderly man with a very dated gabardine jacket, and a toupee
 for the ages. He smiles creepily at Will.

GARRETT
 You have a college degree?

WILL
 Yep.

GARRETT
 And you want this job?

WILL
 I need something, anything to pay
 bills 'til I get a real job.
 (beat)
 Not that this isn't a real job.
 Because it clearly is.

GARRETT
 No, it's fine. I was just
 remembering when I said the same
 thing. Never forget that day. I'd
 just graduated from the University
 of Illinois. I stopped in here on
 the way back from voting. For
 Reagan. The first time.

INT. SANDS MOTEL - LATE NIGHT

Will sits behind the bullet-proof window. He reads Kerouac's
 "Dharma Bums". An ESCALADE pulls up outside, blasts 50 Cent's
 "P.I.M.P." Out jumps a black guy with baggy clothes, and a
 jewelry stand around his neck.

Out of every car door pours HOOKERS of every race. The pimp
 walks up to the window.

SKEEZY D
 Wuzzup? You the new guy?

WILL
 I am new.

SKEEZY D
 Skeezy D.

SKEEZY D puts his fist to the glass. Will bumps it.

WILL
 Will.

SKEEZY D
 Three rooms.

WILL
 (punches numbers)
 Two-thirteen, eighty-seven.

Skeezy D pulls out a packet of money.

WILL (cont'd)
 Good Lord.

He hands over three one-hundred dollar bills.

SKEEZY D
Keep the change.

WILL
Thanks, man.

SKEEZY D
And if you want a go, just holler.
I'll hook it up for a free room.
That's the deal I had with the last
cat.

Will peeks his head out. Watches the hos hit the street.

WILL
I'm okay.

SKEEZY D
You gay?

WILL
No. It's just, I kind of have a
girlfriend. Well, I mean it's kind
of an on-again, off-again thing at
the moment, but I'm hoping things
will work out.

Skeezy D stares at Will. Confused.

SKEEZY D
So... you gay.

WILL
Yeah, I guess I am.

FADE TO:

EXT. SANDS MOTEL - NIGHT - MONTAGE

Will takes money from a progression of night-life freaks in
the slot under the bulletproof glass.

Reads a series of books: A Tramp Abroad. Hard Times. Look
Homeward, Angel.

Watches late-night TV fare: Dick Van Dyke. Andy Griffith
Show. Infomercials for the Ginsu Knife.

Types on WhiteManBlackCock: "I've hidden my heart behind
bulletproof glass: A Story of Heartbreak and Depression."

FADE TO:

INT. SANDS MOTEL - INTERCUT AS NECESSARY

Will leans against the glass. His face is scruffy with week-
old growth. Skeezy D leans against the counter outside.

SKEEZY D
 Man, I'm bangin'! It's only a
 downturn for you if you didn't
 prepare! I saw it all comin'
months before those motherfuckers
 on Wall Street.

WILL
 You did?

SKEEZY D
 Shit yeah. When shit looks like
 it's gonna go down, niggas get all
 anxious. And when niggas,
 especially white niggas, get
 anxious, they need more time with
 hos. So when I saw my hos turnin'
 tricks like David Copperfield, I
 sold off my more high-end bitches
 and invested in cheaper ones. So
 now I'm offerin' more hos, at
cheaper prices. And my shit's off
 the hook! Skeezy ain't in a
 recession!

WILL
 You should be Secretary of the
 Treasury. I'm amazed. Seriously.

SKEEZY D
 Thanks, dawg.

Will thinks.

WILL
 Skeezy?

SKEEZY D
 Wuzzup?

WILL
 Have you ever been formally
 interviewed?

INT. OFFICE - SANDS MOTEL - NIGHT

Behind the bulletproof glass Will and Skeezy sit across from
 each other. Two DV cameras are set up, shoot over their
 shoulders.

Will wears a suit. Skeezy is all bling'd out for the cameras.

SKEEZY D
 You ain't gonna show my face?

WILL
 I'll make it fuzzy, like you were
 in the witness protection program.
 You may want to take off the giant
 gold medallion with your name on
 it, though.

SKEEZY D
Good lookin' out.

Skeez lifts the bling over his head. Puts it next to him on the ground.

WILL
Okay, let's get started.

THROUGH VIDEO CAMERAS:

WILL (cont'd)
(to camera)
This is a special segment for White Man Black Cock that I'm calling 'How To Survive An Economic Downturn And Other Life Lessons I Learned From A Pimp.' I'm your host, Will Davis. Our guest is going by an alias for the obvious reason that he is a criminal. He's requested we call him King Ding-a-ling.

Will turns to Skeezy.

WILL (cont'd)
Thanks for coming, King Ding-a-ling.

SKEEZY D
(high-pitched voice)
No doubt.

WILL
What are you doing?

SKEEZY D
I'm fuckin' up my voice. Like on 60 Minutes and shit.

WILL
Your Highness, in these tough times, with stocks in freefall and banks closing shop, many Americans wonder if they should change their saving strategies. When you collect your share of the money from your ho, how do you allocate it?

Skeez snorts.

SKEEZY D
First off, there ain't no "collectin' my share." I take all that bitch's cream.

WILL
Fair enough. After you've taken all that bitch's cream, how do you allocate it?

SKEEZY D

I allocate it with ma brain. I put five outta every hunnie towards my "new ho" fund. I always gotta be in the market for new hos. When you a pimp, if you ain't expandin', you dyin'. Then I throw some into my emergency fund, for when five-oh picks one of my bitches up. Spend the rest on bling and my ride. Whatever I got left, I give to my bitches as pocket money.

(looks into the camera)

Bitches don't need more money in they pockets than they can spend on food. Cuz you and I both know bitches gonna spend whatever green their poppa gives 'em.

Will nods seriously.

WILL

Hmm. Fascinating insights.

INT. SANDS MOTEL - EARLY MORNING

TOM BOGGS, a well-groomed elderly gentleman in a sweater-vest, holds the phone to his ear. Will notices his watch and ring. Upscale.

TOM

(into phone)

Well, my wallet's in my Jaguar WITH the keys. My wife is still with the car. I need to get back to her. Okay. Just send the locksmith. I'll figure something out.

Tom hangs up, hands Will the phone book.

TOM (cont'd)

Say, Will. I hate to impose. My wallet is in the car, and the locksmith won't open the car without being paid first. Is there any way I can borrow two hundred dollars, and then get the money back to you as soon as I get my wallet?

WILL

Sorry. I can't do that.

Tom pops off his watch.

TOM

Totally understand. I have a Movado watch. It's worth about six-hundred dollars. I can leave this with you as collateral. Please. I don't want to leave my wife alone in this part of town.

(MORE)

TOM (cont'd)
 When I come back, I promise I'll
 make it worth your while.

Will thinks.

WILL
 Okay.

Will opens the register and hands Tom money. Tom hands Will the watch.

TOM
 Thank you so much. I'll be right
 back.

Will watches Tom walk away. The clock reads 5:00 AM.

FADE TO:

The sun rises. The clock reads 6:30 AM. Garret arrives with his morning paper, and a steaming cup of coffee. Will looks at the watch, then at Garrett.

Wee-oo! Wee-oo! Wee-oo! Three POLICE CARS fly into the parking lot. COPS jump out, pull guns, head upstairs.

Garrett whips his head to Will. What the fuck?

EXT. SANDS MOTEL - MORNING

Will and Garret watch two COPS pull a struggling, handcuffed Skeezy D to a squad car as a PROSTITUTE screams at him.

SKEEZY D
 I am not resisting arrest! I am
 not resisting arrest!

PROSTITUTE
 That's what you get, asshole!

GARRETT
 You were renting out rooms to pimps
 and hookers?

WILL
 I didn't know he was a pimp! I
 didn't engage in conversation with
 the guy!

SKEEZY D
 Will! Will! I thought you were my
 boy! I thought you had my back!
 You said I should be Treasury
 Secretary!

The cops stuff him into the car. Garrett looks at Will, pops open the register. Empty except for a fiver. He looks up slowly at Will. Will grimaces.

EXT. WRIGLEY FIELD - DAY

Will sits with his roommates in the cheap seats. Behind a pole. They all cheer a game, down beers. Will holds up his wrist, wearing the Movado.

WILL
On the plus side, I got this sweet watch.

CHARLIE
Dude, it's not real.

WILL
What?

LUKE
It's a fake. That guy totally conned you.

MILES
He gave you a five dollar fake and you gave him two hundred bucks.

Will processes this. Looks at the watch.

WILL
But... It looks real.

The roommates all laugh.

WILL (cont'd) (CONT'D)
It's not funny. I got fired.

MILES
That's cuz you're a fucking idiot.

WILL
How was I supposed to know he was a con-man? I didn't know that was a real profession. Fuck! I can't keep a shit job, how the fuck am I gonna get a real one? I'm an English major with no practical work experience in the middle of the worst economy since The Black Plague. Why didn't I have a real major? Luke, why didn't you make me major in business? Then jobs would have come after me! Hey, Old Style!

A BEER VENDOR comes over, hands him a beer.

LUKE
Sorry, buddy. Never even crossed my mind. And you hate math.

BEER VENDOR
Seven seventy-five.

Will hands him eight.

MILES
Now you'll be around the house
again. You can do some fucking
dishes.

The beer guy moves on.

WILL
Hey! Where's my change?

BEER VENDOR
You gave me eight bucks.

WILL
So I want my quarter back.

CHARLIE
Dude, it's his tip.

WILL
I paid thirty dollars for a seat
behind a pole. Now I'm paying seven
seventy-five for a beer and I'm
supposed to tip the guy a quarter,
too? I'm sorry. I'm drawing the
line. That's laundry money.

The beer guy runs up the stairs.

LUKE
Will. I'll give you a quarter at
home.

WILL
I don't want your money. I want
mine.

Will stands, steps into the aisle to chase the guy.

LUKE
I can afford it.
(beat)
I start as a Trader's Assistant at
Jacobsen tomorrow.

The guys all turn to him.

LUKE (cont'd)
That's right! Boom!

CHARLIE
Boom!

MILES
Alright!

Luke, Charlie and Miles all high-five, bump beers!

Will looks on from the aisle. Not happy. CRASH! A fan walks down the stairs and right into Will, spills beer all over him!

WILL
Ah, come on!

INT. WRIGLEYVILLE BAR - NIGHT

Will stands over the jukebox, next to Charlie. They're a little tipsy.

CHARLIE
Dude! Just be happy for Luke!

WILL
What was that whole dramatic reveal?

CHARLIE
He's excited!

WILL
Alright! Fine! I'm thrilled for him! Is that what you want to hear?

Will presses a button. Oasis' "Don't Look Back In Anger" comes on the speakers.

Will grabs a couple of bottles off the bar. A meaty paw clamps down on his wrist. The beefy BARTENDER stares at Will.

BARTENDER
Your credit card was declined.

Will puts his head on the bar.

WILL
Just cut it up.

CHARLIE
I'll pick these up.

CUT TO:

Drinks in hand, Charlie and Will walk back down a row of dimly lit booths. Charlie stops short.

CHARLIE (cont'd)
(shocked)
Jillian?

Jillian looks very cute in a Cubs cap.

JILLIAN
Oh. Hey, Charlie.

Will sees her.

WILL
Oh, good God.

JILLIAN
Holy shit.

JEREMY PUTT
Hi. Jeremy Putt.

JEREMY PUTT sits across from Jillian: early thirties, in khaki pants and polo shirt. He's the guy from Jillian's date earlier. He sticks out a hand. Will stares at him, takes his hand.

WILL
Will Davis.

JEREMY PUTT
Won't you join us?

JILLIAN
You really don't have to --

WILL
I think I will.

CHARLIE
I'm gonna go.

Will sits down next to Jillian. Charlie walks away, eyes wide.

JEREMY PUTT
How do you two know each other?

JILLIAN
Will and I went to college together.

WILL
We're peers. Gen Y'ers.

JEREMY PUTT
It's always nice to run into old friends. Jill and I went up to Wisconsin last week with my ol' college crew.

Will blinks. That hurts. Jillian puts her head in her hands.

WILL
Where did you and "Jill" meet?

JEREMY PUTT
At a Young Business League function.

WILL
Ah. "Jill" here always was a go-getter. When exactly did you graduate?

JEREMY PUTT
Ninety-eight.

WILL
And you're in the "Young" Business League?

JILLIAN
Will.

WILL
I'm just saying, that makes you, what...?

JILLIAN
Thirty-two.

WILL
Ten years older than us? Maybe you should just make it the Under-Forty Business League.

JILLIAN
Come on, Will. We're all adults here.

WILL
Especially Jeremy. He's thirty-two.

JILLIAN
Alright, let's go.

She pushes him out of the booth and down the row.

EXT. WRIGLEYVILLE BAR - NIGHT

Jillian pulls Will out of the entrance and down the steps.

WILL
Are you fucking joking? You're actually dating someone?

JILLIAN
What? We are taking a break, Will! That's what you do on a break! You see other people! That's why it's called a break!

WILL
I thought you were just saying that! I didn't know you were gonna start dating a fucking young Republican!

JILLIAN
For your information, he was a Ron Paul supporter.

WILL
 Libertarian? That's just a
 Republican who likes coke and
 hookers. How could you date
 someone like that?

JILLIAN
 Will, you're a --

She bites her tongue. Will points.

WILL
 What? You were going to say
 nightclerk. Wow. You really have
 changed. I don't even know you
 anymore! You're too good to date a
 nightclerk? Well, I'll have you
 know I'm not a nightclerk. I was
 fired.

JILLIAN
 Oh, my God. What is wrong with
 you?
 (deep breath)
 Will, all my life people dangled
 carrots in front of me, and I
 grabbed them. I did what people
 expected of me, I got rewarded. I
 did cheerleading, and my mom got me
 a car when I turned sixteen. I
 studied my ass off, and I got a
 scholarship to the school I wanted.
 Then I wanted to be a Pi Phi so I
 whored myself out during Rush and
 got in.

Will gives her a look.

JILLIAN (cont'd)
 Then I met you. And you wanted to
 talk about why we were chasing a
 carrot. Or, you didn't even know
 there was a carrot to be chased.
 You were smart and witty and cute.
 And I liked that. It was
 refreshing. It was what I wanted
 at the time.
 (beat)
 But now what I want has changed.
 And you haven't.

WILL
 I don't need to change myself.

Jillian's look is devastating.

JILLIAN
 I want someone I can build a life
 with. Or at the very least be able
 to take me to dinner and a movie
 once in a while.

(MORE)

JILLIAN (cont'd)
 And you don't seem that interested
 in making even the smallest change
 to make that possible. And if
 that's too much to ask, then maybe
 we shouldn't talk anymore at all.

WILL
 Good. That's a relief. Because
 now I don't have to act like I
 haven't been sleeping with other
 people.

JILLIAN
 (that hurts)
 You have?

WILL
 Yes. Lots. Tons.

Beat.

JILLIAN
 Well... so have I. I've slept with
 just as many guys.

WILL
 No, you haven't. You're saying that
 just to upset me.

JILLIAN
 You're just telling yourself that
 because you're in denial.

WILL
 Okay. List them.

JILLIAN
 Fine! I will! You want me to go
 alphabetically?

WILL
 Alright! I concede! You win!
 You're a slut!

JILLIAN
 Okay, so if you sleep with a lot of
 people that makes you a cool guy,
 but if I do it than I'm a slut?

Will laughs, walks away, heads for his Pathfinder.

JILLIAN (cont'd)
 Where are you going?

WILL
 I'm driving home.

JILLIAN
 Give me your keys.

WILL
 Why? I need them to drive.

Jillian grabs the keys from his hand, and chucks them into some bushes.

JILLIAN
They'll be there tomorrow. You can
get them when you sober up.

Will looks in disbelief. He starts laughing. Jillian walks back into the bar. Will stops laughing. Realizes there's nothing funny going on.

EXT. GROCERY STORE - MORNING

A taxi idles. The meter reads \$9.20 The DRIVER stares daggers at...

Will, who stands in front of an ATM. On screen: "How Much Would You Like to Withdraw?" He presses "\$20."

BEEP BEEP! "Insufficient Funds." Will closes his eyes, leans his forehead against the machine.

DRIVER
Ey! Come on!

CUT TO:

Will writes out a check... to himself. In the amount of \$20. Slips it into a deposit envelope. Presses "Deposit" onscreen. Types in "\$20." Feeds the envelope into the ATM.

Will presses "Withdrawal." Presses "\$20" Holds his breath.

BEEP BEEP! "Please take your cash." The machine spits out a \$20 bill. Will can't believe it.

WILL
No shit.

EXT. GROCERY STORE

Will walks out of the sliding double-doors, both hands filled with plastic bags. He's become Jeff Lebowski.

SEAMAN MCMURPHY (O.C.)
Excuse me?

Will turns. A buzz-cut, thirtysomething in NAVY WHITES, SEAMAN MCMURPHY.

SEAMAN MCMURPHY (cont'd)
Are you presently employed?

WILL
(looks down at himself)
What do you think?

SEAMAN MCMURPHY
 (big smile)
 If you give me one minute, I will
 change your life.

WILL
 Make it quick. I'm packing ice
 cream and milk.

Seaman McMurphy leads Will to a small plastic table. Navy
 pamphlets stacked on top.

SEAMAN MCMURPHY
 I bet you are totally unaware of
 the unbelievable opportunities
 available through the Navy.

WILL
 You're absolutely correct.

McMurphy takes out a pen, and points it at the bottom of a
 contract.

SEAMAN MCMURPHY
 Just sign right here and I will
 tell you all about it.

WILL
 I don't think so. You don't want
 me, anyway. I do drugs. I have
 massive authority problems.

SEAMAN MCMURPHY
 The military is a lot more open-
 minded than you think.

WILL
 That's because there's a war going
 on. You'll take anyone.

SEAMAN MCMURPHY
 Not true. We don't take convicted
 felons, and the chances of you
 being sent to war, are... very
 small.

WILL
 What about Iraq and Afghanistan?

SEAMAN MCMURPHY
 Those will be through before you
 finish boot camp.

WILL
 I have ice cream melting.

Will starts to walk away.

SEAMAN MCMURPHY
 You can't get fired from the
 military unless you're a complete
 sociopath!

(MORE)

SEAMAN MCMURPHY (cont'd)
 You pretty much have to kill
 someone! We're about as recession
 proof as it gets!

Will stops, looks long and hard at the Seaman. Is he
 actually considering it?

SEAMAN MCMURPHY (cont'd)
 (grabs his arm)
 Let me tell you what the brochures
 don't say.
 (whispers)
 The Navy is the biggest pussy-party
 in the world. It's like going to
 college in Arizona. You dock all
 over the world. Do you know how
 horny European girls are? And don't
 even get me started on the Asian
 sex tours.

Will's cellphone rings...

He shakes off the Seaman, puts down a bag, pulls out his
 phone.

WILL
 (into phone)
 Hello?

STACY (V.O.)
 Will Davis?

WILL
 Speaking.

STACY (V.O.)
 My name's Stacy Sellers and I'm
 calling from the Wilheimer
 Executive Search Firm. You sent in
 a resume in regards to our open
 technical writer position?

SEAMAN MCMURPHY
 Lots and lots of pussy!

Will waves the Seaman away.

WILL
 Right! Yes! Hi!

STACY (V.O.)
 Sorry it took so long to get back
 to you. If you're still
 interested, we'd love to have you
 in for an interview.

WILL
 I am definitely still interested.

Will walks away.

SEAMAN MCMURPHY
 Imagine a global beaver hunt!

EXT. DOWNTOWN CHICAGO - MORNING

Taxis fly by. Suits walk to and fro with briefcases. A bustling workspace.

INT. BATHROOM - MORNING

An arm slides through an ORANGE JACKET. The jacket is pulled over the shoulders. Cuffs are pulled taut. Watch straightened. Jacket buttoned. Tie adjusted.

Luke stares in the mirror. Cracks his neck on both sides.

LUKE
Game time for the LZA.

He pushes open the bathroom door.

INT. PIT HALLWAY - MORNING

Like a fighter headed to the ring, we follow behind Luke as he heads to a set of double doors. The closer he gets, the more the noise grows. He pushes open the doors and steps into...

INT. PIT - MORNING

Traders scramble to and fro, dressed in different colored jackets, each representing their trading team. They SCREAM orders. Scream at each other. Make hand signals.

Luke heads over to DILLER, mid-30's, the alpha of the orange jackets: JASON, WICK, and HUNTER. They are interchangeable.

Diller puts his hand on Luke's shoulder, faces the group.

DILLER
This is Geary. He's going to be clerking for us. I fired that other faggot douchebag because I couldn't stand to look at his fucking face anymore. Put in your orders through him.

The Traders surround him. Luke pulls out a notepad, excited.

JASON
Go across the street to the coffee shop. Grab three triple espressos. Put three sugars in each one. None of that splenda shit. I want the real thing.

Luke jots it down.

JASON (cont'd)
 You're a college graduate. You have
 to write that down?

Luke pockets the notebook.

LUKE
 Sorry.

WICK
 No, write it down, so you don't
 forget it, you dumb fuck.

LUKE
 Sorry.

Luke pulls out the pad again.

WICK
 Swing by Mickey D's. Bring back
 fifteen egg and sausage McMuffins.
 (to the group)
 That should be enough.

JASON
 Until lunch.

HUNTER
 Go to 7-11 and buy fifty lottery
 tickets. Scratch them off yourself.
 Go! Go!

They shove him off.

INT. PIT - MORNING

Luke re-enters the pit. He carries a coffee tray. A large
 McDonald's bag. And a plastic 7-11 bag.

The floor is eerily quiet. Traders stand in little clusters
 with others wearing the same colors. Like financial gangs.

A trader in a BLUE COAT hangs up a phone.

BLUE COAT
 I'm buying Altech at five!

All the traders look up. At each other. Then...

Pure pandemonium! Traders rush Blue Coat like he dropped a
 bag of money on the ground!

A trader SLAMS into Luke. The coffee flies. The McMuffins
 scatter. The lottery tickets flutter through the air.

Diller wraps his bulky arm around another trader's neck!
 Throws him out of the way!

The trader's computer falls to the ground and SMASHES! Blood
 streaks across the trader's face!

INT. PATHFINDER - DAY

Will, dressed in his Men's Wearhouse suit, drives with one hand, scrolls through the WILHEIMER WEBSITE on his iPhone with the other.

DING DING DING. He looks at his dashboard. The GAS LIGHT is on. He looks at his gas gauge: Way below empty. The car sputters to a stop. He looks at the clock: 2:49pm.

WILL

Fuck me.

EXT. VALERO - DAY

Will pushes his car, one hand on the frame, the other on the wheel, in front of a gas pump. He punches CASH on the screen, starts to pump. Will checks his watch. 2:53.

WILL

Come on. Come on.

The handle clicks. The price freezes: \$45.27.

WILL (cont'd)

Fucking Saudis.

Will opens his wallet. Two dollars. He sees the tattooed, bald, mustached ATTENDANT staring right at him. *"Don't even think about it."*

A lone SPAGHETTI WESTERN flute plays.

Will holsters the nozzle. Jumps for his car. The Attendant runs out after him.

INT. PATHFINDER - DAY

Will locks the door. Fumbles with his keys. The Attendant bangs on the window with his FISTS.

ATTENDANT

You're dead! You're dead! I'm going to make a call and have you killed!

Will manages the key into the ignition. The car starts. Chamillionaire's "Ridin'" blares on the radio. The Attendant punches the window. CRACKS the glass. Will panics, throws the truck in drive, peels away.

WILL

Fuck me!

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

The Pathfinder flies down the interstate. Weaves in and out of traffic. The ode to life on the run blares.

EXT. THE WILHEIMER COMPANY - DAY

The Pathfinder fishtails into the PARKING LOT. Quickly finds an empty spot. Will jumps out, grabs his jacket, runs for the doors.

INT. WILHEIMER COMPANY - DAY

Will runs up to the receptionist desk. Straightens his tie.

WILL
Will Davis. I have an interview
scheduled for three o'clock.

The receptionist looks over Will's shoulder. 3:05.

RECEPTIONIST
Nice start.

INT. WILHEIMER'S OFFICE - DAY

Will sits down across a DESK from LAWRENCE WILHEIMER. A gray-haired gentleman in an expensive suit.

LAWRENCE
Normally, you'd be interviewing
with one of my VPs, Katherine Dunn,
before you met me, but she's out on
maternity leave, so I'm handling
all interviews myself.

WILL
Okay.

LAWRENCE
I Googled you.

WILL
Really?

LAWRENCE
Yes, people my age also use the
internet. You are the editor of
a... "humor" website.

Will sits up, ready to leave.

WILL
Yes. I am.

LAWRENCE

It appears to me that your website consists mainly of absurd and vulgar writing, most of which seems to be deliberately offensive.

WILL

I like to think it's equally offensive to all races, creeds and cultures. My attitude is, until we can all offend each other, we haven't achieved harmony. And may I add that my website had quite a following at school. I don't want to call it a cultural barometer, but I did receive an award from a minority organization. Sigma Alpha Mu.

LAWRENCE

And what is that?

WILL

It's a Jewish fraternity.
(beat)
It was an honorary membership. They were big fans.

Lawrence just scrolls with his mouse.

LAWRENCE

Why is White Man, Black... you know... funny?

WILL

Well...

Lawrence peers over his glasses, reads off the computer screen in front of him.

LAWRENCE

(reads)
"My big black... you know... has always been both my blessing and my curse. It comes in handy sometimes, but on the other hand I have to carry it with me everywhere I go. And it's heavy. Women love to touch it, but sometimes they get scared of it. I assure them that it doesn't bite. Except sometimes. And then I wink."

(beat)

And so on.

WILL

Yes, but, then at the end, you see the picture.

Lawrence scrolls down to: A photo of Will. Holding a really big black rooster.

WILL (cont'd)
And... you realize when I wrote
"big black... you know" I was
referring to that.
(beat)
Because the cock is a rooster.
(beat)
And that rooster is black.
(beat)
And... I'm white.
(beat)
So I was really playing on your own
prejudices.

LAWRENCE
I don't have any prejudices.

WILL
I'm sure you don't, sir.

LAWRENCE
Will. I'm worried this job wouldn't
be... creative enough for you.

WILL
Sir, if that's a polite way of
saying you think I'd get bored and
slack off, I guarantee you, at this
moment, there is no one better
qualified to write about men and
women looking for a job.

Wilheimer cracks a small grin.

WILL (cont'd)
Over the past few months I have
come to very clearly understand the
importance of working. That being
denied gainful employment can be
one of the most frustrating and
demoralizing situations a person
can find themselves in. A few
months ago this is not a job I even
would have wanted. Not because it's
a bad job, but because I had very
unrealistic expectations about what
my first job out of college should
be. I can honestly say now that
receiving a steady pay-check for
doing work that I'm good at is all
the motivation I need to give one-
hundred percent of my effort.

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

Will steps out of Wilheimer's office, heads down the hall.
STACY SELLERS -- 30s, professional, nice smile -- holds out a
hand, walks with him.

STACY
Hi. Stacy Sellers. Human
Resources. We talked on the phone.
How did it go?

WILL
(shakes her hand)
Oh, yeah. Hi. Will Davis. I'm
not sure. Started a little shaky,
but I think I ended strong.

STACY
I'll talk to him.

They arrive at the lobby. Will stops.

WILL
Will you do me a favor? I know I
have no right to ask you this,
but... Maybe you could put in a
good word for me? I really need
this job. I mean, I'm desperate. I
literally stole gas to get here.

STACY
Wow. That's a lot of sincerity for
the guy who wrote, "I Like To
Masturbate To Erin Andrews On ESPN
While My Girlfriend Studies."

Will turns red.

WILL
You read it, too?

STACY
(nods)
That was my favorite one.

WILL
I always thought that was one of my
better moments, because, you
know...
(taps his heart)
It's real.

STACY
I'll talk to Lawrence.

WILL
Okay. Thank you.

They shake hands.

EXT. INNER CITY BASEBALL DIAMOND - DAY

The CRACK of a bat. A ball rolls by the shortstop, an 11 year-
old who can't quite reach it. Roland scrambles for first
base.

CHARLIE
Yes! Great hit, Roland!

Charlie, dressed exactly like a little league coach, waves his player on.

CHARLIE (cont'd)
Slide! Slide!

Roland hits the dirt a second before the tag. Safe! PARENTS jump and CHEER!

Will and Luke sit on old, rotting bleachers. Sip beer from cans wrapped in brown paper bags. They clap. Charlie turns in the dugout.

CHARLIE (cont'd)
Hey! I don't know if you noticed, but we have the winning run in scoring position... with two outs... in the last inning.

WILL
Why are all those cop cars parked in the outfield?

CHARLIE
To keep the gangs away. They don't want the kids to have other options. It's easier to recruit that way.

LUKE
That's really fucked up.

CHARLIE
I know. Fortunately, I'm the last line of defense.
(back to the game)
Alright, guys! Let's turn this motherfucker out!

CRACK! All heads turn. DeJuan drops his bat. Watches the ball. It hangs in the air.

CHARLIE (cont'd)
Run! Run!

DeJuan snaps back into reality. Takes off running. The ball drops into the outfield. Roland rounds third. Charlie waves him on. The guys jump to their feet.

GUYS
Go! Go!

Roland steps on home plate! The guys throw their arms in the air. Cheer. Spill beer! Hug parents!

Charlie runs over, scoops Roland up into his arms. Swings him around. The whole team piles on. Jumps around and cheers. Charlie dances right in the middle. Huge smile.

LATER

Charlie sits with his friends and players. They all eat KFC.

CHARLIE
Guys, when you finish, just throw
the bones in the bucket. I'll chuck
them in the trash.

KIDS
Yes, Mr. Baxter.

CHARLIE
Don't call me Mr. Baxter. Mr.
Baxter is my dad.
(beat)
Call me... coach.

MIRANDA
Hi, Charlie. Good game today.

Miranda walks by, holding DeJuan's hand.

CHARLIE
Make sure he does his homework
tonight.

MIRANDA
I will.

She winks at him. Charlie raises his eyebrows to Luke.

LUKE
Oh, my God. I need a drink.

Will's phone RINGS.

WILL
(into phone)
This is Will.

STACY (V.O.)
I told you I'd talk to Lawrence.

WILL
Stacy?

STACY (V.O.)
Okay. This probably isn't exactly
what you've been waiting to hear,
but...

WILL
(sotto)
Fuck.

STACY (V.O.)
We're prepared to offer you thirty-
seven thousand five hundred
dollars.

Will blinks. A few times.

WILL
You're hiring me?

Charlie and Luke look over.

STACY (V.O.)
We're negotiating with you.

WILL
But you want to hire me?

STACY (V.O.)
For thirty-seven thousand five
hundred dollars.

WILL
I'll take it.

STACY (V.O.)
You're supposed to negotiate.

WILL
Okay. How much higher will you go?

STACY (V.O.)
Thirty-seven thousand five hundred
dollars.

WILL
I'll take it.

STACY (V.O.)
Okay, but I would recommend working
on your negotiating skills in the
future.

WILL
Deal. So, I have a job?

STACY (V.O.)
After you sign a contract.

He high-fives Luke and Charlie.

WILL
Just put it in front of me.

STACY (V.O.)
And pass a drug test.

Will freezes.

INT. APPLE STORE - DAY

Miles stands behind the Genius Bar, works on a computer.

CUSTOMER
Excuse me. My computer screen is black.

MILES
Have you tried turning it on, sir?

He rolls his eyes, presses down the POWER key.

CUSTOMER
Oh, my God.

MILES
That's why they call it a Genius Bar. Here's my card. I also do private consulting. For ninety dollars an hour I would be happy to come to your house to perform these small miracles.

Will runs in, frantic!

WILL
Miles! I have to pass a drug test! Help!

MILES
(hushed)
Dude, I'm working here. I'll see you later.

WILL
I don't have later! I know you can help me!

MILES
Why would I know how to help you?

WILL
Because you're the kind of guy who changes his own oil and fixes computers and pays his own bills and come on, man, you're a fucking know-it-all! And you smoke pot every day!

Everyone in the store looks over. Miles comes around the bar, pulls Will to the wall.

MILES
(quiet)
Okay. How long has it been since you smoked?

WILL
(quiet)
I don't know. Like, a week.

MILES
(thinks)
Okay. But, you're going to have to do everything I say.

WILL
Help me, Obi-Wan. You're my only
hope.

R. Kelly's "I Believe I Can Fly" comes on the soundtrack...

EXT. LAKE MICHIGAN - DAY

Will, buried in layers of sweats, sprints down the beach.
Miles rides a bike behind him.

INT. BATHROOM - DAY

Will stands in the bathtub, sloppily chugs a giant bottle of
water. Miles fills a second bottle in the sink
simultaneously.

Will pees into the toilet. Miles stares at the stream,
analyzes it.

INT. YOGA STUDIO - DAY

Will does Bikram Yoga, hot women all around. Will goes into
a weak Cobra pose. Sweat pours from his body.

INT. STEAMROOM - DAY

Will does push-ups as fat old men in towels watch.

INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

Will chugs the last drop of water. The last of his pee hits
the toilet. Drip... Drip... Drip...

The MUSIC fades...

INT. CLINIC - DAY

Will sits next to Miles in a clinic. He looks exhausted. A
nurse walks out a door with a SMALL PLASTIC CUP. He takes the
cup. Miles gives him an encouraging slap on the ass.

MILES
Go get 'em, champ.

INT. BATHROOM - DAY

Will steps up to the toilet. We hear him UNZIP. Look down.
Place himself. A long wait. Then...

PSSSSSSSS... It's a short one. He holds up the plastic cup,
NOW WITH PISS.

INT. CRASHPAD - DAY

Will stares at the phone. Miles smokes a joint. The clock reads 12:06.

MILES
You know what they say. A watched
phone never rings.

WILL
They said they'd have the results
by noon. Why haven't they called?

MILES
I don't know. Maybe you have
syphilis and they have to wait for
a real doctor to tell you that.

Will looks at him. RING! Will grabs the phone.

MILES (cont'd)
See?

WILL
Hello?
(beat)
It's automated.

MILES
At least you don't have syphilis.

Will punches in numbers. Waits. Waits. Waits. His eyes go wide.

And he raises his fist in triumph! R.Kelly Hits the high note!

MILES (cont'd)
Yes!

He grabs Will, jumps up and down. It's kind of gay. But also kind of sweet.

FADE TO:

INT. NICE RESTAURANT - NIGHT

A WAITER pours Jillian a glass of wine. She sits across from Will at a table for two. Candles between them. They both look very nice. He sets the bottle on the table, walks away.

JILLIAN
Thank you for inviting me to
dinner.

WILL
Thank you for accepting.

Awkward. Quiet. Jillian raises her glass.

JILLIAN
 To Will Davis. Joe Six-Pack.
 Johnny Paycheck. Working man.
 Proud member of the bourgeois.

They clink, drink.

WILL
 Get whatever you want.

JILLIAN
 Are you sure?

WILL
 Hey, I make thirty-seven thousand
 five-hundred dollars a year.

JILLIAN
 Alright, the New York strip looks
 good, or, ooh, braised lamb...or
 lobster.

WILL
 You're not scaring me.

JILLIAN
 I'll do it.

WILL
 I want you to.

JILLIAN
 Alright.

WILL
 You said you wanted someone who
 could take you to dinner and a
 movie once in awhile.

Jillian knows this is a loaded statement. A WAITER
 approaches.

WAITER
 Are you ready?

JILLIAN
 Yes. I'll have the lobster.

INT. THEATER - NIGHT

Will and Jillian sit next to each other in a dark theater. A
 movie plays on the screen. Jillian types on her blackberry.
 Its screen glows in the dark.

WILL
 (whispers)
 Hey! Why don't you watch the
 movie?

JILLIAN
 (whispers)
 I know, I'm sorry. I just gotta
 get off this email for work.

WILL
 You're missing a good part.

JILLIAN
 I know, I know, one second.

DUDE (O.S.)
 Hey!

They look over their shoulders. A DUDE stares down at them,
 reaches into a bucket of popcorn, stuffs it into his mouth.
 A girl next to him.

DUDE (cont'd)
 Turn the fucking Blackberry off.
 I'm trying to watch a movie.

JILLIAN
 Maybe if you ask me nicely I'll
 think about it.

DUDE
 Bitch.

Will jumps up.

WILL
 Hey, asshole!

The Dude takes another mouthful of popcorn, stands up. He's
 huge. And has the higher ground.

DUDE
 You picked the wrong guy to call
 asshole, asshole.

WILL
 (gulp)
 You picked the wrong guy's
 girlfriend to call bitch.

DUDE
 You need to put a leash on her.

The dude shoves more popcorn in his face.

JILLIAN
 Why don't you stuff a few more
 kernels in your mouth?

DUDE
 I'll shove something in your mouth.

WILL
 That's a nice way to talk to a
 girl. I can only assume you beat
 your girlfriend.

The girlfriend looks down at the floor.

The Dude JUMPS OVER THE SEATS, tackles Will!

INT. THEATER LOBBY - NIGHT

Will holds a cold drink against his right eye. He and Jillian sit side by side on a bench.

JILLIAN

I want you to know that no one has ever done something like that for me.

WILL

Get their ass kicked?

JILLIAN

You didn't get your ass kicked. He was bigger and stronger and no one saw that tackle coming.

WILL

That's true. That was a bold move on his part. I really feel like if he hadn't pinned me down and punched me in the face, I could've landed something.

JILLIAN

Well, you're not exactly Braveheart, but you're my hero.

Will laughs.

JILLIAN (cont'd)

Will?

WILL

Yeah?

JILLIAN

My rent's really expensive. And my roommate's moving out.

WILL

That sucks.

JILLIAN

I was hoping... you'd pay half.

WILL

I know I got a job, but I'm not sure I'm ready to start supporting you, too.

JILLIAN

No, you idiot. I want you to be my new roommate.

WILL
What does that mean?

JILLIAN
It means I want to get back together.

WILL
Since when?

JILLIAN
I thought this is what you wanted.

WILL
It is what I want. But, it's not what you wanted. And now you're saying it is. So now I'm confused.

JILLIAN
What are you confused about?

WILL
I want to know why you want to get back together now.

Jillian thinks.

JILLIAN
Because now... you fit into the plan.

WILL
The plan?

JILLIAN
Yes, Will, I have a plan for my life. It starts with a good job, friends, a nice place to live, and a stable boyfriend.

Now Will thinks.

WILL
I don't think that's too much to ask.

Van Morrison's "Cleaning Windows" hits the soundtrack and takes us through...

FADE TO:

INT. WILHEIMER LOBBY - DAY - MONTAGE

Will strolls in, messenger bag over his shoulder. Shirt untucked. The office is already busy.

The clock on the wall reads 9:03 a.m.

INT. WILL'S CUBICLE - DAY

Will works on the Wilheimer website. He replaces the dry white letters with a colorful, Flash-animated cursive title.

COFFEE RUNNER (O.S.)
Hey, everybody! Starbucks run!

EMPLOYEE #2
Americano!

EMPLOYEE #3
Gingerbread Latte!

COFFEE RUNNER
Got it! Got it!

The COFFEE RUNNER jots down notes. Walks right past Will.

WILL
Grande latte!

COFFEE RUNNER
Oh. Okay.

He jots, moves down the hall. Will stands.

WILL
Oh! Two sugars in the raw!

The runner freezes. Sighs. Jots. Moves on.

WILL (cont'd)
And skim milk! Just a little!

COFFEE RUNNER
Anything else?

WILL
(whoops)
No. Thanks.

Will disappears in his cubicle.

WILL'S CUBICLE - DAY

Will's phone rings. Rings again. But...

INT. BATHROOM - DAY

Will reads the Sports section on the toilet. The stubble on his face a week thick.

INT. WILL'S CUBICLE - DAY

On Will's screen, two images: a business meeting, a skyscraper. He hits a button. They MORPH into each other.

Will clicks on an email from "CHARLESTHEHORNY@GMAIL.COM."
Subject: MUST SEE TV! Will clicks on the link.

Inter-racial porn pops onto the screen.

PORNSTAR (O.S.)
Fuck me, white boy! Fuck me, white
boy!

Will clicks it off as quickly as possible. Turns.

A CHUBBY coworker stands in his cubicle door, her mind scarred for life.

INT. WILL'S CUBICLE - DAY

Will stares at the clock on his computer: 4:59pm.

He stares. Stares. Stares... Taps his foot anxiously on the carpet. He wears Birkenstocks. The clock clicks to 5:00pm.

Will grabs his packed messenger bag and is outta there.

INT. BREAKROOM - DAY

Will slides a Marie Callender Chicken Pot Pie into the microwave. Turns the dial half-way up. His chubby co-worker eats her salad at a table.

CHUBBY
You can't leave it in there that
long. The microwave will explode.

WILL
It's not going to explode.

CHUBBY
Yes, it will. It will literally
explode. I've seen it happen.

WILL
I'll be back in two minutes. I just
have to run down the hall.

Will walks out.

INT. OFFICE - DAY

Will stands at a cubicle. Jaws with a co-worker.

WILL
 You can't even really blame the
 front office anymore. On paper, the
 Cubbies are still one of the best
 teams in base...

CHUBBY (O.S.)
 AHH!

INT. BREAKROOM - DAY

Will runs in. Flames shoot from the microwave. Chubby
 screams!

WILL
 Fuck me!

Will grabs Chubby's water and throws it at the flame. Sparks
 fly!

CHUBBY
 Stop drop and roll!

She tackles Will to the ground. Rolls.

The microwave literally EXPLODES! The sprinklers shoot on.
 Will lays on the tile. Chubby on top of him.

A dozen co-workers stand in the doorway, stare.

Water falls on Will's face. He closes his eyes: shit.

FADE TO:

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Will walks into the large room, laptop under his arm. Shuts
 the door behind him, turns.

WILL
 Oh.

A dozen people sit around the table. Lawrence Wilheimer at
 the far end.

LAWRENCE
 Good morning, Will.

WILL
 Hi.

LAWRENCE
 I thought I'd invite all the senior
 staff to see the new public face of
 the Wilheimer Executive Search
 Firm.

WILL
 I'm the new public face?

Lawrence laughs.

KATHERINE
The website is the public face.

KATHERINE DUNN, a rhino of a woman in a pants suit, sits on Wilheimer's right.

WILL
Oh. Right.

LAWRENCE
Will, this is Katherine Dunn.
She's our VP of Client Relations
and today's her first day back from
maternity leave.

KATHERINE
The website was under my purview.

WILL
Okay. Hello.

LAWRENCE
Katherine, I think I speak for all
of us when I say we could not be
happier you're back. And
congratulations on adding a plus
one to this party we call life.

KATHERINE
Thank you, Lawrence. I've missed
you.

She squeezes his arm.

KATHERINE (cont'd)
Badly.

Will coughs.

LAWRENCE
Alright, Will. Can you take us
through this?

WILL
Absolutely.

FADE TO:

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Images of skyscrapers and business people fly at the screen,
morph into each other in a psychedelic montage.

It ends on a flashing colorful home screen: "Wilheimer."

WILL
And that would be the introduction.

Silence. Thick and heavy.

Wilheimer leans back, puts his hands behind his head. Everyone else leans forward. Waits for his response.

LAWRENCE
I know I pushed you in this direction.

WILL
You said you wanted something more modern.

KATHERINE
And you spent your first two months on this?

WILL
Well, among other things...

LAWRENCE (CONT'D)
What do the rest of you think?

Collective silence.

KATHERINE
I don't think it really speaks to what we stand for: Reliability. Sturdiness. Professionalism. This looks like a rock concert. I don't know that many of our clients surf our website on acid.

ASSOCIATE #1
We need something more... conservative.

ASSOCIATE #2
But dynamic.

ASSOCIATE #1
Right.

Will squints: huh?

KATHERINE
Clients are comfortable with the system as is. We don't want to change everything on them.

WILL
You said you wanted the website to have a face-lift.

KATHERINE
You should be able to recognize a person after a face-lift.

WILL
Not if the person was ugly.

Everyone looks up at Will. He closes his mouth. Katherine stares daggers.

RIIING!!

INT. PIT - EVENING

The closing bell rings. The mob disperses. The boards and computers and phones turn off. The traders stand in their small groups again. Luke hovers at the outskirts of the orange group.

DILLER

Geary.

Luke perks up. Sticks his head into the group.

LUKE

Yep?

DILLER

Come here for a second.

Luke enters the circle. Diller reaches into his bag. Pulls out a jar filled with an opaque liquid.

DILLER (cont'd)

Do you know what this is?

The other orange jackets laugh.

LUKE

No. What is it?

DILLER

It's deer scent. When a female deer wants a buck to fuck her, she shoots this out of her pussy, and a buck comes running.

Luke just nods. Not sure where this is going.

DILLER (cont'd)

I use it when I hunt. The reason I bring this up is that we have a little ritual here. When someone has their first decent day, they drink a jar of this.

He holds it out for Luke. Luke laughs. Diller doesn't. Neither does Hunter, or Wick or Jason.

LUKE

Are you serious? I'm not drinking that. That's fucking disgusting.

Diller just leaves the jar out there.

WICK

He's not going to drink it.

HUNTER
I'll bet you five-hundred dollars
he drinks it!

JASON
You're on. Anyone else?

Traders in different colored jackets from all around the pit flutter over, like moths to a flame.

TRADER 1
I'll take that!

TRADER 2
I'm selling 2 to 1 he drinks the
deer cum!

In a matter of moments, the entire floor has erupted into a cacophony of bets. Traders scream. Hold up hand signals.

DILLER
(shouts)
Hold it!

The place goes quiet.

DILLER (cont'd)
Let him make up his mind.

Luke stares at the jar. Looks around. Every eye in the pit watches him. How can he help but like the acceptance?

He takes the jar from Diller.

The pit ERUPTS! People scream, jostle for a view.

Luke looks up. Diller smiles at him. He lifts the jar to his mouth and...

TRADERS
Chug! Chug! Chug!

Luke gulps it down like he's shotgunning a beer. Holds the jar into the air.

The place goes even crazier! He throws the jar to the ground. It smashes into a million pieces.

Luke bends over and HURLS his guts all over the floor.

The traders all crack up.

He looks up. Wipes the vomit from his mouth. He smiles as traders slap him on the back.

EXT. OFFICE PARK - DAY

Will cuts through the grass across a winding sidewalk. He wears baggy khakis, an untucked polo shirt, and a jacket.

Katherine and Stacy sit at a picnic table, folders in front of them. Will and Stacy are freezing. It doesn't seem to bother Katherine.

KATHERINE
Take a seat, Will.

Will does. Katherine looks down at her notes.

KATHERINE (cont'd)
We like to give our first review at the three-month mark, so you don't get so far down the wrong path that it can't be corrected.

WILL
Am I on the wrong path?

KATHERINE
Things got a little sloppy around here while I was away. Some... decisions were made that would not have been made if I were here.

Will looks at Stacy. She avoids his gaze.

KATHERINE (cont'd)
Your review is to help you focus on where you can make improvements. It lets you know where your problem areas are. And there are a lot of those areas.

WILL
O-kay.

KATHERINE
We've had some complaints regarding your appearance and behavior.

WILL
Can I ask what specifically?

KATHERINE
Yes, you may.

Katherine pulls out a list. Will's eyes go wide.

KATHERINE (CONT'D) (cont'd)
On a number of mornings you have come into the office unshaven. This would be fine if you were to carry through and grow a beard. What we don't like is that no man's land. It's unprofessional.

WILL
So I need to decide whether or not I want to grow a beard.

KATHERINE
Can you stand up for a second?

Will stands.

KATHERINE (CONT'D) (cont'd)
Some of your colleagues feel your
'Casual Friday' appearance is too
casual.

WILL
I'm too casual on Casual Friday?

KATHERINE
For instance the sandals.

WILL
I was told I could wear comfortable
shoes.

KATHERINE
We feel your shoes are too
comfortable. Look around. Long
sleeve dress shirts. Tucked in.
Slacks. Nice shoes. Business
casual.

WILL
So when you say "Casual Friday,"
you don't actually mean... casual?

KATHERINE
Some also feel you ask too many
questions. That you need to
process information quicker and
figure things out for yourself.
And you could work on your inter-
office follow-up skills.

WILL
I don't want to, you know, ask a
question, but...

KATHERINE
To give a personal example. A Mr.
Blake Bruns spoke to you about some
specific modifications he wanted on
his company account.

WILL
Oh, right. I remember him. The
stuff he wanted was outside of my,
uh, purview, and would've involved
some increases to his billing so I
suggested he speak to you.

KATHERINE
Right. And I spoke to him. Five
days later. At which time he no
longer wanted the upgrades.

WILL
Well, okay, but I sent you an e-
mail and left a voicemail.

KATHERINE

Yes, but I was out of the office that day and didn't check them for a while. Until you hear from me that I've dealt with a situation, continue to follow up.

WILL

Understood. I'll try skywriting next time.

KATHERINE

Are you being flippant with me?

WILL

Uh, no?

KATHERINE

Good. Thank you.

She stands.

KATHERINE (cont'd)

I love doing these outside. It makes it so much more pleasant.

She walks away. Leaves Will sitting there. Stacy stands. Will jumps up, walks with her.

WILL

Thanks for the help.

STACY

Excuse me?

WILL

I was getting annihilated! I didn't do anything wrong!

Stacy stops, looks Will dead in the eyes.

STACY

Will. I am Human Resources. My job is to find the best employees for this company and then facilitate them in doing their work while following workplace regulations.

WILL

Right.

STACY

And, if anything, you're letting me down. You're making me look bad. Because if I can't find the right person for a low-level job, then why should they keep me on? With the economy the way it is, we can't afford to waste a position on someone with this steep a learning curve. I took a chance on you.

(MORE)

STACY (cont'd)
 You're not working out the way I
 thought you would.

She walks past an absolutely stunned Will.

INT. WILL & JILLIAN'S APARTMENT - EVENING

A tired Will enters. Drops his bag on the ground.

WILL
 Hello?

Jillian shuffles around the bedroom.

JILLIAN
 Hey! I'll be there in a second. I'm
 just getting ready for my YBL
 meeting.

Will whirls.

WILL
 Oh, yeah. Where are you going?

JILLIAN
 Some bar in Lincoln Park.

WILL
 Hmm.
 (sotto)
 A perfect place to liquor up
 younger girls.

JILLIAN
 What?

He sees a Blackberry on the dining room table.

WILL
 Nothing!

He sneaks over, and picks it up. Scrolls through.

ON SCREEN: J.PUTT@BERNSTEIN.COM. SUBJECT:YBL

"Hey Jillian, make sure you pick up the cupcakes. You're the
 best! JP"

JILLIAN (O.C.)
 Hi!

Will puts the Blackberry down. Turns. She's dressed in a sexy
 black dress. Done up in make-up.

WILL
 Why are you all dressed up?

JILLIAN
 I'm not.

WILL
You're wearing eye-liner. You only wear eye-liner when you're trying to impress someone.

Will plops on the couch. Turns on the TV. Unwraps a sandwich. Eats. Silence.

JILLIAN
What's the matter with you?

WILL
Nothing.

JILLIAN
Why are you in a weird mood?

WILL
I had a bad day at work.

JILLIAN
What happened?

WILL
I just don't think anyone there likes me. And Katherine basically told me the only reason I got the job was that she was busy squirting a future little ballbuster into the world so the company's standards were down.

JILLIAN
What did you do?

WILL
I asked questions. I have fifteen different people giving me their thoughts. None of those thoughts are the same. Then I ask a question, and everyone throws up their hands, and acts like I'm a moron for not perfectly understanding what they're trying to say.

JILLIAN
That's called work, Will. Work. Did you think everyone was just going to kiss your ass?

WILL
Why are you taking their side?

JILLIAN
I'm not. I'm just explaining to you that what you're going through is normal. You're the lowest person on the totem pole. You're the one person in the office that EVERYONE gets to tell what to do. And people love telling other people what to do.

(MORE)

JILLIAN (cont'd)
 Ergo, you're going to be told what to do by everyone until they have someone lower than you. Then the cycle starts over and you can tell them what to do.

WILL
 Are those the kind of insights you learn at your "YBL" meetings?

JILLIAN
 Will, listen to me. You need this job. We have rent. We have bills. We have loans to pay. This is what you have to put up with to get ahead. If you lose this job, you're gonna screw up the plan.

WILL
 Oh, my God, Jillian. Fuck the plan. I'm not gonna revolve my life around this plan of yours.

JILLIAN
 Yeah, Will, that's cuz you never had to worry about making plans. There was always someone there to make them for you. You know what my family's like. My mom was working or out on dates and my dad was in Houston. If I didn't make plans for myself, I didn't have rides to games or get to see my dad. You never had to deal with that. I made plans then and I'm not going to stop making plans now. You need to find a way to buck up at work, and stop making excuses. Okay?

Will thinks.

WILL
 How late are you going to be out?

JILLIAN
 I don't know. Not too late.

Will watches her go.

Over the soundtrack comes Talking Heads "Don't Worry About The Government."

INT. WILHEIMER LOBBY - MORNING

A cleaned up Will walks in with a spring in his step, a smile on his face. Hoping someone will notice.

He wears the BLUE AND YELLOW PASTEL TIE Jillian got him for graduation.

The clock reads 8:30am.

INT. WILHEIMER OFFICES - MORNING

He walks right outside of Katherine's office. Waits for her to hang up the phone.

WILL
Hey, everyone! Starbucks run! I'm
taking orders!

INT. WILL'S CUBICLE - DAY

Will licks a finger... removes a bit of dirt from his shiny dress shoes.

INT. BREAKROOM - DAY

Will grabs a bottled water from the fridge. Thinks twice. Puts it back inside. Takes a glass. Turns on the tap, and fills it up with Chicago municipal water.

INT. WILL'S CUBICLE - DAY

Will titles an email: FOLLOW-UP REMINDER! Addresses it to Katherine Dunn. Presses send.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Will plugs his laptop into a port, flicks it on. The Wilhelmer website appears on a pull-down screen. A dry corporate design. Boring as can be.

Nods and smiles around the conference table.

INT. WILL'S CUBICLE - NIGHT

The office is almost completely empty. Katherine shuts the lights off to her office. As she leaves, she notices Will still typing away at his desk.

The clock reads 5:48pm.

FADE TO:

EXT. JESSE JACKSON MIDDLE SCHOOL - MORNING

6th, 7th and 8th graders stream into school. Backpacks slung over their shoulders.

CHARLIE (O.C.)
Let's get those pants up in back.

We move up pristine white tennis shoes. Form-fitting coach's shorts. Tucked in maroon "JJMS" polo shirt with matching hat. And Ray Ban sunglasses.

CHARLIE (cont'd)
Two minutes until first bell. Let's
double time it. No holding hands!

Charlie has transformed into Coach Baxter.

INT. CLASSROOM - MORNING

Charlie enters with authority.

CHARLIE
Rhonda. Spit the gum out.

He holds up a trash can. Rhonda walks quickly up, spits out the gum, and hurries back to her seat.

CUT TO:

RIING!!

Charlie organizes papers as the class streams out. Roland stands in front of his desk.

CHARLIE (cont'd)
What's up, Roland?

ROLAND
Hey, Coach. Listen. I ain't gonna
be able to play today.

CHARLIE
It's won't. Not ain't. Any why
not?

INT. JESSE JACKSON MIDDLE SCHOOL - MORNING

Charlie marches Roland through an empty hall. Hand on his shoulder. Charlie knocks on a classroom door.

CHARLIE
Keep your mouth shut, and say yes
to whatever he says.

ROLAND
Aaight.

MR. CLARK, a stern, middle-aged black teacher with a gray mustache steps into the hall.

MR. CLARK
What can I do for you, Coach
Baxter?

CHARLIE

Roland tells me he won't be able to play baseball because he's failing math.

MR. CLARK

That's correct. Roland has been putting very little effort into my class this year.

CHARLIE

I don't know if you know this, but Roland is our starting shortstop.

MR. CLARK

What's your point, Coach?

CHARLIE

Baseball has been a source of positivity in Roland's life, and I would hate to see him lose that. He understands that by his academic performance, he's not only letting himself down, he's letting his whole team down.

(beat)

Is there some sort of arrangement we could come to? We have the city championship coming up against those crackers from Lincoln Park.

MR. CLARK

What were you thinking?

CHARLIE

Roland will stay 30 minutes after school every day...

ROLAND

Aww!

Charlie grips his shoulder.

CHARLIE

And I will help him with his math homework. In return, you pass him so he can play.

Mr. Clark thinks this over. Sticks his hand out and down to Roland.

MR. CLARK

Very well. Do we have a deal, Roland?

ROLAND

(not thrilled)

Yeah.

He shakes Mr. Clark's hand.

CHARLIE
Thank you, Mr. Clark.

Charlie looks down at Roland. Proud.

INT. KATHERINE DUNN'S OFFICE - DAY

Will pops in, Starbucks in hand.

WILL
Morning! Tall Pumpkin Spice Latte,
one sugar in the raw.

Katherine takes a sip.

KATHERINE
Thanks. Did you ever get a chance
to alphabetize my files?

WILL
(nods eagerly)
Yeah, I came in on Saturday and
took care of it.

KATHERINE
Will you take a look at my
computer? I think my hard-drive
needs to be cleaned off.

WILL
No problem.

KATHERINE
So. Lawrence has a friend, James
Fredericks. James has a son named
Todd. Lawrence told James he would
help Todd out on something, but
Lawrence hates Todd and thinks Todd
is using his father's money to
avoid real life.

WILL
Okay.

KATHERINE
Basically, Lawrence's time is far
too valuable to waste on a little
shit like Todd, and I have better
things to do.

A beat.

WILL
Ah. Say no more. Happy to do it.

KATHERINE
Great.

She turns back to work. Will turns to leave.

KATHERINE (cont'd)
Will.

He turns back.

KATHERINE (cont'd)
I want you to know we think you're
doing a much better job.

WILL
Thank you, Katherine.

INT. OFFICE - DAY

Will peaks his head in a small, spare office. FERNANDO, a mid-twenties suit, works diligently at his computer. Will lightly taps on the door.

FERNANDO
What's up?

WILL
What's up, Fernando? Can I have a
word with you?

FERNANDO
Will, right?

WILL
Yeah.

Will looks around. Shuts the door. Slides into a chair. Fernando looks confused.

WILL (CONT'D) (cont'd)
I was in the break room getting
some coffee...

FERNANDO
Yes?

WILL
And I was talking to Tanya in
accounts...

FERNANDO
Yes?

WILL
And I was telling her I have...
some extra work I need to do for
Wilheimer.

FERNANDO
Yes?

Will pauses.

WILL
So... I have some extra work I need
to do for Wilheimer.

FERNANDO
Why do you keep saying that?

WILL
Because that's what Tanya told me
to say.

FERNANDO
That you have some extra work you
need to do for Wilheimer?

WILL
Yes, that I have some extra work I
need to do for Wilheimer.

Fernando just stares at him.

WILL (CONT'D) (cont'd)
And I need a little help getting it
done.

FERNANDO
You want me to do your work for
you?

WILL
No, no, no. I heard you were the
man to talk to around the office
about... you know...

FERNANDO
Drugs?

WILL
Yes... No. No. "Drugs" has such a
negative connotation.
(beat)
I have ADD.

FERNANDO
Then why don't you go to the
doctor?

WILL
Maybe I should.

A beat.

FERNANDO
I'm sorry I can't recommend
someone, but... I've never
struggled with --

WILL
You are Fernando, right?

FERNANDO
You know there is more than one
Fernando in the office, right?

WILL
(freezes)
There is?

FERNANDO
Yes. There's me. Fernando Lopez.
Account Director. And Fernando The
Janitor.

WILL
Ah. Gotcha.
(beat)
Just to be clear... you are not the
Fernando with Adderall for sale?

EXT. WILHEIMER OFFICE - DAY

FERNANDO THE JANITOR leans against an open stairwell door on
the side of the building. You can see his breath in the air.
A frozen man-made corporate lake in the background. Will
stands in front of him.

FERNANDO THE JANITOR
You have some extra work you need
to do for Wilheimer?

WILL
Yeah.

Fernando looks around. Pulls a handful of pillboxes from his
pocket. Prescriptions written on the side.

WILL (cont'd)
Wow.

FERNANDO THE JANITOR
My mother's a psychiatrist. I've
got Ritalin, Adderall and
Dexedrine.

INT. WILL'S CUBICLE - EVENING

Will checks his computer's clock. 5:00 PM. He lifts his head
above the cubicle. Stragglers head for the exit.

He sits back down and pulls the SMALL WHITE PILLS from his
pocket. Looks at them. Looks around. Tosses them into his
mouth. He reaches for his water. Takes a sip.

STACY (O.S.)
Will?

Will spittakes. CHOKES! Hits his chest. Bangs on the table.

STACY (CONT'D) (cont'd)
Oh, my God!

Stacy jumps into the cubicle. Slaps him on the back. UMEH!
UMEH! PWAH! PWAH!

He spits out the pill! Covers it quickly with a hand!

STACY (cont'd)
Are you alright?

WILL
Yeah.
(through the tears)
What's up?

STACY
I heard you're dealing with Todd
Fredericks.

WILL
I was just getting down to it now.

STACY
That's really above and beyond.

WILL
Well, you know me.

STACY
I'm not supposed to tell you this,
but there's a junior associate spot
opening up in the marketing
department. If you do a good job
on this I'll put you up for it.

WILL
Really?

STACY
Get a couple people under you.

WILL
I could tell them what to do.

STACY
What?

WILL
Nothing. Have a good night.

Once she's gone, Will pops the Dexedrine.

INT. WILL'S CUBICLE - NIGHT

Will works his mouse around a computer screen. On it a
picture of Todd Fredericks, who looks like Mitt Romney.

Will moves around a logo that reads "TODD FREDERICKS REALTY.
HONESTY... INTEGRITY... RESULTS"

He spins in his chair. Stands and strides down the hallway.

INT. OFFICE BATHROOM - NIGHT

Will stands at a urinal. Shakes it off. Zips up. He walks to the sink. Turns on the faucet. Washes his hands. He looks up. His EYES bug out of their sockets.

WILL

(fast)

Holy shit. I'm really fucked up.
What did that guy give me?

(beat)

It's fine. I need to get this done.
I need to get that promotion. I
don't really know what a junior
associate in the marketing
department does, but that's okay.
I'm not really sure why we have a
marketing department. That's okay.
They obviously think I'd be good at
it. I think Stacy likes me. I know
she was mean to me for a while, but
I'm doing better... Why the fuck am
I talking to myself?

INT. HALLWAYS - NIGHT

Will steps out of the bathroom. A shadow scurries across his feet. He JUMPS ten feet in the air.

WILL

FUCK!

A RAT runs five feet down the hallway. Stops. Turns. Looks at Will with his beady red eyes.

They freeze in a stand-off.

Will carefully pulls out his cell-phone. Scrolls. Sends. He puts the phone to his ear.

CHARLIE (O.S.)

Dude, just because we're not
roomies anymore doesn't mean we
should go a week between calls. I
miss you.

WILL

Dude, there's a rat in the office.

CHARLIE (O.S.)

Like a fink? A squealer?

WILL

No, dickhead. Like an actual
rodent.

CHARLIE (O.S.)

Oh, that's gross.

WILL
What do I do?

CHARLIE (O.S.)
Dude, kill it. Drop kick it.

WILL
You have to pick it up to drop it.

CHARLIE (O.S.)
Step on it.

WILL
I'm not sure that would... It's on the move.

CHARLIE (O.S.)
Drop kick it.

Will hangs up, chases the rat down the hallway. The rat takes a left into some cubicles. Will takes a left. He hears scuffling, but loses the shadow.

Will throws on the lights. The whole floor illuminates. It's eerie. Completely empty. Except for himself and a rat...

INT. OFFICE - NIGHT

He pulls a WOODEN DRIVER from a golf bag...

INT. HALLWAYS - NIGHT

He stalks through the silent halls. Driver cocked and ready...

WILL
I have to do everything around here. Make websites. Get coffee. Clean hard drives. Now I have to kill the fucking rodents? This place would fall apart without me!

INT. CUBICLE - NIGHT

He steps on a chair and onto a desk... Like a hunter stalking his prey, Will looks over the entire office. Waits for any sign of life...

WILL
(high pitched)
Oh, Will. You killed the rat!
You're our hero! Here's a promotion!

He hears shuffling. Jumps off the desk...

INT. HALLWAYS - NIGHT

Past cubicles, desks, chairs, dry erase boards, trashbins, fake plants...

WILL
Wilheimer and Davis. Windy City Magazine calls it, "the premiere executive search firm in the greater Chicago area."

He turns a corner. Sees the rat. Like Goliath chasing David he runs after the rat, gains with every stride...

WILL (cont'd)
AAAAAAHHHHHHH!

The rat runs out of hall. It's trapped against the wall. Will raises the golf club.

He freezes. Looks down at the scared rat. Will and the rat look into each other's beady red eyes. Will lowers the club.

WILL (cont'd)
Go in peace, my friend.

INT. VENUE - NIGHT

A ROCK BAND plays on the stage. A small space. Half hall, half bar.

Will enters. Wired out of his mind.

Across the bar, Jillian looks up at an older BUSINESSMAN, who smiles down at her. His hand on her shoulder.

Will's eyes go wide. He SPRINTS over, screeches to a halt up in their faces.

WILL
Hey!

JILLIAN
Hi!

WILL
Get your fucking hands off my girlfriend!

JILLIAN
Will!

The Businessman looks confused.

BUSINESSMAN
Excuse me?

JILLIAN
Will! It's fine! This is John.
He works in Product Integration at
P&G.

WILL
I don't care who he is! Why is he
touching you?

BUSINESSMAN
Jill and I are friends.

WILL
(super-fast)
Again with the Jill! You know
what? I have a ton of friends! At
work! At bars! At middle school
baseball games!

The businessman gives him a strange look.

WILL (cont'd)
I don't spend all day massaging
their shoulders! And why? Because
there's no need for it! Why does
everyone need to be touching each
other all the time?

JILLIAN
John. I'm so sorry.

WILL
Why are you apologizing to him?

BUSINESSMAN
You're a real psycho, dude. See
ya, Jill.

The businessman walks away. Jillian whirls.

JILLIAN
Thanks, Will. How am I supposed to
work with him after that?

WILL
Unless he's your doctor, I don't
see why a no-touching policy should
affect a professional relationship.
That touching had nothing to do
with business, and you know it!

JILLIAN
What am I supposed to do? Knock
his hand off my shoulder?

WILL
Yes! That's exactly what you're
supposed to do!

JILLIAN

Will, I don't think a hand on my shoulder should make you a jealous psycho!

WILL

Why not? Because it's so far-fetched that you might leave me and start sleeping with someone like that? Where would I ever come up with that idea, Jillian? That's just crazy!

JILLIAN

Are you seriously still insecure because of that? That was months ago! We live together! I am totally committed to this relationship!

WILL

How do I know that? How do I know if I lost my job you wouldn't just leave me again?

JILLIAN

What is wrong with you? Are you okay? You're really freaking me out right now.

WILL

I'm freaking myself out! You wanna know why? Because I get it. I understand.

JILLIAN

Understand what?

WILL

Everything. Me. You. The universe. I understand...

He puts his hands in the air.

WILL (cont'd)

The plan!

JILLIAN

You're an asshole, Will.

Jillian storms away.

INT. WILHEIMER OFFICES - MORNING

Will walks in, looks like shit. He did not have a good night. He's one of the first here, and gives a half-hearted wave to Fernando the Executive. He drops into his chair. Turns on his computer.

DING! An e-mail from "CHARLESTHEHORNY@GMAIL.COM":

"Will. Dude. I got this in a mass email chain that had like 100 other people on it. Unfuckingbelievable."

Below it, a YOUTUBE link.

Will looks around. No one. He carefully plugs in headphones. Looks around again. Shields the sides of the computer screen so only he can watch...

He clicks on the link. Onscreen:

INT. SANDS MOTEL - NIGHT

Handheld video footage. Will holds the camera out, films himself as he walks out of his motel office.

WILL
(bad Australian accent)
And so I step out of the relative safety of my bulletproof office and into the wilds of the dangerous safari, where the male lion watches over his pride with a protective eye.

Will turns the camera onto Skeezy D, who sits in his Escalade, looks back and forth between his blinged-out watch and a motel room window.

SKEEZY D
I'm timin' that motherfucker. He only paid upfront for fifteen minutes.

INT. WILL'S CUBICLE - MORNING

Will laughs. He types in whitemanblackcock.com. Scrolls down: PAGE VIEWS: 48,063.

WILL
Holy shit.

Will clicks on the ADMINISTRATOR link. Sees an email:

From: LON@SWEAT.COM. Subject: BUSINESS OPPORTUNITY:

"Will, I would love to have a conversation with you when you have a moment to spare. Lon Zimmet, CEO & President, Sweat Body Spray."

Will's intrigued.

INT. WILHEIMER LOBBY - DAY

Will steps into the empty lobby. The clock reads 11:30am. He smiles at the Receptionist.

WILL
 Hey, Anne. Just taking an early
 lunch. Not that early. Just a
 little early. Back in an hour.

RECEPTIONIST
 (could care less)
 'Kay.

EXT. WILHEIMER COMPANY - DAY

Will exits the front door. Wilheimer stands right there
 talking to Katherine. They turn and look right at Will.

WILL
 Mr. Wilheimer. Katherine.

WILHEIMER/KATHERINE
 Hello.

He lowers his head and powers through.

INT. SWEAT BODY SPRAY, INC. - DAY

Will enters a house transformed into an office. It's a work
 in progress. Empty desks and boxes are piled everywhere. Two
 HIPSTERS unpack a Mac desktop from a box.

LON (O.S.)
 Will!

LON ZIMMET, the very hip, very short founder of Sweat stands
 at forehead level next to a shining-with-sweat statue of an
 ass in haute-pants. He sticks out his hand.

LON (cont'd)
 Hey, man. Lon Zimmet. I was
 pumped to get your call. Twelve-
 fifteen wasn't a problem?

WILL
 (shakes his hand)
 Not at all.

LON
 Awesome.
 (arms spread)
 Welcome to Sweat.

WILL
 Thanks.

Lon leads Will through the house. There is one constant.
 Plastered on every wall are posters of smoking hot, greased
 up women of every race, in very skimpy clothes, a very risque
 posture, and SWEAT pouring off their bodies.

LON
How much do you know about us as a company?

WILL
Very little.

LON
Hopefully, you'll help us change that. Our mission statement is to bring quality body scents and smells with an urban feel to the masses.

WILL
You said that over the phone. I didn't really understand what it meant then, either.

LON
It means we want white kids to spray this on and feel like they're black.

WILL
Ah. Clearer.

INT. LON'S OFFICE - DAY

More ass, with the addition of Lon in a number of different pictures with hip-hop luminaries and models with very little on. Lon gestures to a framed photo of Lon, a slightly taller hipster, and Snoop Dogg.

LON
My cousin directs hip-hop videos, and through him I met some investors who really believe in the product and thought it could be very profitable. When I saw your pimp series on White Man Black Cock, I thought you had exactly the... uh... sensibility we're looking for.

Will laughs.

WILL
I'm sorry, are you looking to advertise on White Man Black Cock?

LON
Not at all.

WILL
(disappointed)
Oh.

LON
We're putting together our marketing strategy and I thought you'd be perfect to guide the ship of our internet and viral marketing.

WILL
(surprised)
As in... as a job?

LON
Right. It won't be a huge budget, but you would have total control over it.

Will thinks.

WILL
And what would the salary be?

LON
As I said, we're just starting up, so our funds are limited, but on the other hand our potential for growth is exponential. Getting in on the ground floor could end up being very lucrative. I can offer you a starting salary of twenty-five thousand dollars.

Will thinks harder.

WILL
Okay. Well. That's a lot less than I make now.

LON
But I bet your job sucks.

Lon laughs.

LON (cont'd)
You'll also get full benefits through us.

WILL
Let me think about it.

LON
Of course. Get back to me.

They shake hands.

LON(cont'd)
Really glad you could come in and hear me out. Tell Skeezy D I say hi.

INT. WILL & JILLIAN'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Will enters. Shuts the door behind him. Jillian sits on the couch.

WILL
Well, I had an interesting day.

Infomercials play on the television. This is strange.

WILL (CONT'D) (cont'd)
Hello?

No response. Will walks around the couch.

WILL (CONT'D) (cont'd)
Hola?

Jillian is catatonic. A glass of wine in one hand, the remote control in the other. Stares straight at the TV.

WILL (CONT'D) (cont'd)
You're ignoring me now? Are you really still that upset about last night?

JILLIAN
I got fired.

Will laughs. No response.

WILL
Wait, what? Are you serious?

JILLIAN
Yes.

WILL
Oh, my God. I am so sorry.

He drops his stuff, sits next to her, puts his arms around her. She moves out of his arms into the corner of the sofa.

JILLIAN
They told shareholders they were cutting eight percent of payroll, and they cut from the bottom up. They just handed me this envelope, and said it was my severance package.

She just holds up an envelope.

WILL
Why didn't you call me?

JILLIAN
Because I'm fine.

WILL
Jillian.

JILLIAN
I'm fine, okay?

WILL
(backs off)
Okay.

JILLIAN
(cold)
Well. If nothing else, at least you don't have to worry about any co-workers putting their hands on my shoulders.

She heads for the bedroom. Will follows.

WILL
Come on, Jillian. I'm sorry.

She SLAMS the door behind her. Will tries the door. Locked.

WILL (cont'd)
Open the door.

JILLIAN
I'm fine!

Will sighs. Heads over to the couch. Looks down at it.

WILL
So we meet again.

INT. BAR - NIGHT

Charlie and Will walk through an upscale bar. Blue and red lights. Cold furniture. Loud music.

CHARLIE
Dude, Luke's trader friends are awesome. They pay for everything.

Luke, dressed in a dapper suit, is surrounded by other traders and HOTTIES in mini-skirts. He pulls Will into the group, his other arm around a hottie.

LUKE
Will! Everyone! This is my best friend, Will.
(shit-housed)
Let me give you a piece of advice, Will. Sell short, baby! Always sell short!

WILL
Yeah, I don't know what that means.

CHARLIE
Who needs another round?

LUKE
More drinks! More food! On me!

Charlie leans into the bartender.

CHARLIE
Give me something REALLY expensive.

WILL
Luke, don't you think you should slow down a little? This place is expensive. We're living in precarious times here.

Luke grabs Will intensely by the shoulders.

LUKE
Will, let me explain something to you. We don't have to worry about money anymore.

WILL
We don't?

LUKE
No, because I just hit the FUCKING jackpot, man! From now on it's going to be good times. I'm going to take care of all of us. I'm going to pay for your entire life.

WILL
You're having a meltdown, dude!

LUKE
I'm not! The whole world is having a meltdown! But not Luke Geary! Luke Geary is having a build-up! I am the new Golden Boy! Wick! Who am I?

WICK THE TRADER
Golden Luke!

LUKE
See?

WILL
Where's Miles?

LUKE
Over at a table somewhere.

Will walks away. Luke points.

LUKE (cont'd)
I'm taking you with me, buddy!
We're going straight to the top!
Straight to the top!

Luke grabs the hottie. Makes out with her.

Will walks over to a table where Miles talks with VANESSA, who's clearly underage and in way too small of a dress.

WILL
Miles, can I have a word with you?

MILES
Vanessa. This is Will.

WILL
Hi, Vanessa.

VANESSA
Hi!

Vanessa flashes a big smile, and a mouth full of braces.

WILL
How old are you?

MILES
Whoa, whoa. She's at least twenty-one, isn't she? Or she wouldn't be in the bar.

VANESSA
Actually...

WAITRESS
Drinks.

A Waitress walks up. A round of drinks on the tray. Miles takes a beer for himself. Hands a cocktail to Vanessa. She downs it. Shakes it off.

VANESSA (CONT'D)
I'm going to the bathroom to throw up.

Vanessa turns, runs into a table, and heads for the bathroom.

MILES
She loves the Long Island Iced Teas.

WILL
You are such a scumbag. But I do have a question for you.

MILES
(eyes follow Vanessa)
Shoot.

WILL
You've always wanted to take a risk and run your own business full time, right?

MILES
And I will.

WILL
Right. At what point do you think
you'll do that?

MILES
Obviously, when I can make more
doing that than working at the
Genius Bar.

WILL
Especially if your girlfriend
recently lost her job and hates
you.

MILES
I don't have a girlfriend, Will.
That's what I'm working on.

Miles waves. Vanessa waves back from the bathroom line.

WILL
You're going to jail.

EXT. WILHEIMER - MORNING

Will walks from the parking lot towards the front door.
Satchel on his shoulder. Hugging his body for warmth.

The front door opens, and out walks an Employee with a
cardboard box in his arms.

INT. WILHEIMER LOBBY - MORNING

A security guard escorts another employee with a box.

EMPLOYEE
There has to be some mistake. If I
could just...

SECURITY GUARD
Keep it moving.

INT. WILHEIMER OFFICE - MORNING

Will steps through the door. Looks around. The lonely
trumpet of "TAPS" plays...

The whole floor looks like a battlefield. The dead and
wounded clear their desks. The rest roam around aimlessly or
sit at their desks and stare straight in front of themselves,
avoid all eye contact.

Fernando leans on his mop. Surveys the damage.

FERNANDO THE JANITOR
It's all so pointless.

WILL
What's going on?

FERNANDO THE JANITOR
Fifteen percent cutbacks. I warned them.
(uber-dramatic)
They just didn't believe me.

Another Employee carries a cardboard box out of the office.

WILL
They told you they were firing fifteen percent of the staff?

FERNANDO THE JANITOR
No, of course not. I'm the janitor.
(beat)
I read everyone's e-mails at night.

An Employee throws his keyboard against the wall.

FERNANDO THE JANITOR (CONT'D) (cont'd)
Tonight, I will clean in silence to honor them.

INT. WILL'S CUBICLE - MORNING

Will slumps into his chair. Turns on his computer. Pulls up his first e-mail:

"PLEASE REPORT TO MY OFFICE AT 11:15 AM. BEST, KATHERINE DUNN."

WILL
Oh, fuck.

INT. BATHROOM - AFTERNOON

Will enters with his cell phone. Fernando mops the floor.

FERNANDO THE JANITOR
How did those pills end up working for you, my friend?

WILL
Well, I didn't sleep for forty-eight hours and I'm pretty sure I started having psychiatric hallucinations.

Fernando runs his hand across the front of his face.

FERNANDO THE JANITOR
Those are your friends you're talking about.

(MORE)

FERNANDO THE JANITOR (cont'd)
 Let them loose inside, and you will
 roam free like the butterfly. Fight
 them, and you will find yourself
 wrapped in a cocoon of horror.

WILL
 I need to make a personal call.
 Will you excuse me for a second?

FERNANDO THE JANITOR
 How do you know I'm even really
 here?

WILL
 Please.

Will pushes him out the door.

INT. STALL - AFTERNOON

Will sits on a toilet. Holds the phone to his ear.

LON (V.O.)
 Hello?

WILL
 (into phone)
 Hi, Lon. This is Will Davis from
 White Man Black Cock.

LON (V.O.)
 Hey, man! Have you considered the
 offer?

WILL
 I have.
 (deep breath)
 And I don't see any way I could do
 it for under forty thousand.

A long beat. Will closes his eyes. Did he just screw up?

LON (V.O.)
 Twenty-seven thousand.

WILL
 (smiles)
 My website had over eighty-thousand
 hits last month alone. Surely that
 kind of expertise is worth thirty-
 five.

LON (V.O.)
 Twenty-eight.

WILL
 Thirty-three.

LON (V.O.)
 Thirty.

Will thinks.

WILL
Thank you. I will consider your
new offer.

He hangs up. Looks at the phone.

INT. HALLWAY - MORNING

Will steps into the hall. The corner office's door stands open.

Fernando The Executive walks past with a cardboard box and a security escort. He walks slowly down the hall, past Fernando the Janitor.

FERNANDO THE JANITOR
There can be only one.

Will looks away. He begins his own long walk down the hall. Dead Man Walking.

INT. KATHERINE DUNN'S OFFICE - MORNING

Will peeks his head in. Katherine sits behind her desk, Stacy in a chair.

KATHERINE
Shut the door behind you, Will.

Will closes the door, takes a seat.

WILL
Hi.

KATHERINE
I called Stacy in from HR for this.

She hands Will an envelope. He closes his eyes as he takes it.

KATHERINE (CONT'D) (cont'd)
Do you know what this is?

WILL
I think so.

KATHERINE
That's a contract extension.

WILL
(eyes wide)
Really?

KATHERINE
Three years. At sixty thousand a
year. As Junior Vice-President of
Marketing.

Will's stunned. It takes a moment to process.

WILL

Wow. Thanks. I was really worried. I thought I was about to--

KATHERINE

I suggest you read it over before you sign it.

WILL

I will.

KATHERINE

We see a bright future for you here. You've turned into what we like to call a good role player. You listen. You do your work. You don't make waves. You don't ask too many questions, or give too many opinions. And that's what we're looking for.

(beat)

Good soldiers.

Will forces a smile. He's not pleased with this description of his role.

EXT. PARENT'S HOUSE - AFTERNOON

A modest, but well-kept one-story home in a suburban cul-de-sac. Snow falls and blankets the ground around it.

INT. ROGER'S OFFICE - PARENT'S HOUSE - AFTERNOON

Will sits on his Dad's desk. His feet dangle just off the ground. Roger wears a nice suit, packs up a briefcase.

WILL

So what should I do? Am I insane for even considering leaving given the state of the economy and everything? What did you do when you hated your job?

DAD

Well, Will. It wasn't important to me that I liked my job. That's a concern for a young man. I got married right after college. What mattered to me was doing my job well so I could provide a comfortable life for me and your mother and you and your sister. Pay the bills, send you both to good schools, and maybe take a nice vacation every year with the family.

Will looks down.

DAD (cont'd)
 That said, you are a young man.
 And I've seen incredible growth
 from you this year. I've seen you
 go from acting like a boy to acting
 like a man. I would never have
 said this to you a few months ago,
 but... if there's any time in your
 life that you can afford to bet on
 yourself, it's now.

Will smiles.

DAD (cont'd)
 And now that I've given you some
 fatherly advice, will you... since
 you got a job out there...

This is tough for Roger.

DAD (cont'd)
 Will you look over my resume?

Will smiles. Takes the paper Roger holds out.

WILL
 Happy to, Dad.

Roger smiles.

Beck's "Loser" BLARES at full volume...

EXT. CRASHPAD - NIGHT

A VOLVO screeches to a stop outside the house. Charlie jumps
 out in full coach's gear.

Miles runs around the side of the house, grabs Charlie, pulls
 him towards the back of the house...

MILES
 Dude, he's a total wreck. You have
 to get through to him.

CHARLIE
 What happened?

MILES
 I guess he made some bad trades and
 lost a lot of people a shitload of
 money and got shitcanned.

They round a corner...

Luke sits on the ledge of a 2nd-story window, guzzles beer!

LUKE (O.S.)
 (sings badly)
 I'm a loser, baby! So why don't
 you kill me!

MILES
See?

CHARLIE
Luke! Talk to me!

LUKE
Fuck you! I'll do it! I'll jump!

He throws a can. It hits the ground next to Charlie. Not even close.

CHARLIE
Shit.

He runs in the back door.

INT. CRASHPAD

Charlie runs up the stairs. Tries Luke's door. It's locked.

Charlie hikes up his coach's shorts. Gets down in a 3-point stance.

INT. BONE ZONE - NIGHT

CRASH! The door collapses in, ripped off its hinges! Charlie lands with a THUD! atop it. Luke turns from the window.

LUKE
What the fuck?

Charlie gets up, runs at Luke, grabs him roughly, THROWS him to the floor in the room.

LUKE (cont'd)
Ow! Fuck you!

CHARLIE
Fuck you for making me do that!

Miles walks in, turns down the stereo. They stare down at Luke. He puts his head down.

LUKE
I lost more money today than anyone in the history of the firm.
(beat)
A month ago, I was the Golden Boy. I was better than everyone. I mean I thought I'd figured out something that no one else had ever figured out before. And then today, I realized I was just like everyone else.

That hangs there.

CHARLIE
That's not true, Luke. You're not
like everyone else.

MILES
You're worse. Evidently the worst
ever.

Luke laughs, spits beer.

LUKE
Now the Bone Zone is gonna turn
into the Alone Zone.
(beat)
You know what else I realized
today? Sitting here? That I
fucking hated my job. It stressed
me the fuck out, and the only
reason I got up and went every day
was to pay off the bills from all
the drinking and partying I needed
to get over all that stress. Work,
drink, work, drink. I've turned
into my dad.

MILES
Without the gin blossom, though.

LUKE
I feel like I've got this dynamite
inside me. This torque. It's
just... winding and winding into my
side.
(beat)
What if I got into woodwork?

CHARLIE
What?

LUKE
Like, carving. Or building things.
Maybe I could be a carpenter. That
seems relaxing. Maybe I could work
with leather. Or with kids, like
you. You're happy.

CHARLIE
It's a calling.

LUKE
Maybe I could work with kids and
leather.

MILES
I wouldn't say that out loud in
public.

Charlie hugs Luke.

CHARLIE

Here's a hug. Hugs are good. Kids who get six or more hugs a day do better in school. Come on. Group hug.

Miles piles on.

MILES

Sorry your shit got fucked up, dude.

LUKE

Thanks.

CHARLIE

I want to make a friendship covenant right here. I mean it. No matter how fucked up any of our shits get... we never lock our friends out. Never. If you don't agree to this covenant, you can get out of this hug right now.

No one leaves the hug.

GEOFFREY (V.O.)

I need a venti nonfat Cinnamon Dolce Frappuccino easy on the whip!

INT. STARBUCKS - DAY

A line stretches out the door. GEOFFREY, 50ish with a ponytail, calmly takes orders.

GEOFFREY

And a grande skinny soy Peppermint Mocha Twist Frappacino!

Jillian stands behind the barista bar, writes on cups in the secret Starbucks code. She looks cute in her little green apron and Starbucks hat.

JILLIAN

Venti Nonfat Cinammon Dolce Frappacino easy on the whip and a grande Peppermint Twist Latte!

GEOFFREY

Peppermint Mocha Twist Frap!

JILLIAN

(scratches out, rewrites)
Right! Got it!

A WOMAN in her 40s, child pulling on her arm, leans over.

WOMAN

Is my drink almost ready?

JILLIAN
Uh... yes. Tall soy chai.

She puts it up on the bar.

WOMAN
No, I had a Hazelnut Hot Chocolate.

JILLIAN
Oh. Sorry. Tall Soy Chai! Here's yours.

CUSTOMER
You guys are out of half and half.

A CUSTOMER holds up the silver container at the napkin area.

GEOFFREY
Jill! Half and half is light! Can I get a refill?

JILLIAN
Sure, Geoffrey!

WOMAN
(re: her hot chocolate)
I didn't want whip cream.

GEOFFREY
Grande London Fog Tazo Tea Latte!
We're getting backed up, Jill!

JILLIAN
Sorry, Geoffrey! London Fog Latte!

She scoops off the whipped cream, hands the hot chocolate back to the woman.

WOMAN
You just scooped it off. It's still gonna have the whip cream taste.

GEOFFREY
Sasha's waiting on her Peppermint Mocha Twist!

SASHA
Been waiting.

Jillian scans the row of cups. Finds it. Frantically starts the drink.

JILLIAN
Peppermint Mocha!

WOMAN
(sips)
This is regular hot chocolate. I asked for Hazelnut hot chocolate.

CUSTOMER
How about that half and half?

JILLIAN
Peppermint Mocha for Sasha! Gimme that!

She grabs the hot chocolate from the woman, squirts hazelnut syrup in. Shoves it back into her hand.

WOMAN
Well, if it's gonna have the whip cream taste, maybe I should just get the whip cream.

JILLIAN
Do you want the whipped cream or not, lady?

WOMAN
Watch it, missy.

CUSTOMER
Seriously. Half and half.

GEOFFREY
Grande Apple Chai --

JILLIAN
Ahhhhhhh!

Jillian screams. Silence in the Starbucks.

GEOFFREY
Jill...

JILLIAN
Yes! Geoffrey! I know! I know about the Apple Chai Infusion and the Cafe Misto and the goddam Pumpkin Spice White Chocolate Frappa-wappa-jappa-fucking-cino!

Everyone just stares.

JILLIAN (cont'd)
What? What? I'm not the one paying six dollars for a shot of caffeine! What is wrong with you people? What happened to just drinking coffee? Black! Or with cream! Or with fucking sugar! If you want a hot chocolate your way, make it at home!

WOMAN
I just wanted whipped cream. I don't need attitude from a barista.

People laugh. Very uncomfortably.

JILLIAN
You know what? Here.

She sprays whipped cream all over the top of the drinks... then all up and down the woman's arm, then all over her.

JILLIAN (cont'd)
Now, I'll tell you what. Why don't you take this straw and suck it up with your --

RING!

INT. WILL'S CUBICLE - DAY

Will's cell phone RINGS. Will finishes up an email.

RING! Will revises.

RING! Will hits send. Picks up the phone.

WILL
Hello?

JILLIAN
Will you come pick me up from work?

WILL
I'm in the middle of --

JILLIAN
(voice cracks)
Please?

INT. STARBUCKS - DAY

Will walks in. Heads to the register.

WILL
Excuse me. Is Jillian here?

Geoffrey gives him a look.

EXT. STARBUCKS - DAY

Will walks out. Looks around. Sees Jillian. In her car.

INT. JILLIAN'S CAR - DAY

Will opens the door, sits in the passenger seat.

WILL
Hey.

Jillian snuffles.

WILL (cont'd)
Is it not starting? Did you call
Triple-A?

Jillian loses it. Totally breaks down.

JILLIAN
When they called me into human
resources, I thought I was getting
promoted. That's how stupid I am.

WILL
You're not stupid.

JILLIAN
I thought they were going to tell
me I've been doing such a great job
that they want to put me on the
executive training course
immediately. That they saw great
things for me there.

Jillian bawls harder.

JILLIAN (CONT'D) (cont'd)
Security escorted me out! And all
these people I thought were my
friends just looked the other way,
then started sending text messages
to me saying how sorry they were.

WILL
They're assholes.

JILLIAN
This wasn't supposed to happen.
They weren't supposed to fire me.
(beat)
I was supposed to fire them! This
was a first job! A stepping stone
to better things! And now I'm at
the bottom! I just got fired from
Starbucks!

She lifts her legs to her chest, hugs them.

JILLIAN (cont'd)
I'm so stupid. I don't have any
savings. I eat out every night.
I've run thousands of dollars up on
my credit card that I won't be able
to pay off. I'm done for. And now
you're going to leave me!

Will pulls her in and hugs her.

WILL
What're you talking about? I'm not
gonna leave you. I love you!
You're the best thing that ever
happened to me.

(MORE)

WILL (cont'd)
 If it wasn't for you, I'd still be
 living on a couch. You made me get
 my life together!

He looks her in the eyes.

WILL (cont'd)
 I'm never going to leave you.

She buries her head in his neck, holds him tight.

JILLIAN
 At least you still have your job.

Off Will's look...

WOMAN (V.O.)
 (sings)
*Santa baby, just slip a sable under
 the tree for me / Been an awful
 good girl...*

INT. WILHEIMER OFFICES - NIGHT

The chubby co-worker from the arson incident is now drunk and holds a Santa cap on her head, dances in a way she probably finds seductive, and sings "Santa, Baby."

CHUBBY
*So Santa baby, just hurry down the
 chimney tonight...*

She reads the lyrics off a karaoke screen. A CROWD of equally drunk Wilheimer employees cheer her on, sing along! A banner reads, "Happy Holidays," and the holiday party is in full swing. The office is draped in red and green. It's rowdier than we've ever seen it: 50 employees and their guests letting off a year-full of steam.

Will and Jillian stand at the back of the crowd, drink eggnog. Watch as Chubby runs her finger down her body.

CHUBBY (cont'd)
*Come and trim my... Christmas
 tree...*

JILLIAN
 I am very disturbed right now.
 Shouldn't we mingle or something?

WILL
 Probably.

They don't move.

STACY (V.O.)
 Will!

Will's eyes go wide. He turns.

WILL
Stacy! Hey!

STACY
(hugs him)
You must be Jillian. I'm Stacy.

JILLIAN
Hi. I've heard a lot about you.

STACY
Likewise. You okay, Will? You haven't popped your head in to say hi this week.

WILL
Sorry about that. I need a drink. Be right back.

He leaves Jillian alone with Stacy.

STACY
So, is Will excited?

JILLIAN
Um...

STACY
About the contract extension? I feel like we really surprised him with it.

JILLIAN
Oh, yeah, he was very surprised.

STACY
Cuz he hasn't gotten back to us about it yet.

JILLIAN
He hasn't?

CUT TO:

A red plastic cup fills with eggnog. Will takes a drink.

KATHERINE (O.S.)
Doesn't Lawrence look handsome?

Will follows a drunk and swaying Katherine's eyes to Wilheimer, who looks like he always does, sings along to "Winter Wonderland."

WILL
Yes. Dashing.

KATHERINE
Dashing. Dashing is perfect. My dashing Lawrence. Is that your girlfriend over there?

Will looks at Jillian, who mouths "Save me!"

WILL
That's her.

KATHERINE
She's a lot prettier than I
expected.

WILL
Okay. Where's your husband?

KATHERINE
Working. He's an elevator repair
man and certifier. Did you know
that in any elevator made after
1974, the "close door" button
doesn't actually work? It's just
there to give the passenger an
illusion of control.

WILL
Huh.

KATHERINE
(with contempt)
Oh, there's all sorts of
interesting things about elevators.

She gestures, knocks over a BOTTLE OF RED WINE...

Which spills all down the front of Will's pants. He can't
believe it. Katherine laughs hysterically.

INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

Will punches the button on an airblower. Hot air blows on
his crotch. BANGS from inside a stall.

WOMAN (O.S.)
Oh, no!

MAN (O.S.)
Oh, si!

SQUISH! Will takes off his right shoe, pours red wine out of
it. He removes a soaking wet sock. Holds it in front of the
blower, when...

A HAIRY FORM SCURRIES ACROSS HIS BARE FOOT!

WILL
Ah! Ah! Ah!

Will jumps up and down, screams like a little girl! The
bathroom stall flies open to reveal...

Fernando the Janitor and Chubby!

FERNANDO THE JANITOR
What is happening?!

Will feels something. Gags. He looks slowly down. BLOOD spreads out from under his bare foot! He lifts it...

The rat lies under it. The last bits of life SHUDDER out of him.

Will looks at the blood and hair on the bottom of his bare foot. Chubby runs out of the bathroom.

Blood runs across the white tile. The rat's dead eyes look up at Will.

It strikes Will as quite sad.

INT. WILHEIMER OFFICES - NIGHT

Will walks out of the bathroom.

CHUBBY
Hey everyone! Will killed the rat!

Everyone cheers! Will grimaces.

CUT TO:

Someone sings "I Saw Mommy Kissing Santa Claus" as Katherine passes around baby pictures.

KATHERINE
And he must have gotten his good looks from me, because God knows his father doesn't have any.

The kid in the picture is the ugliest baby you've ever seen. Jillian leaves the group, sits next to Will on a desk. They watch the party.

EMPLOYEE
Hey, man! You're my hero!

The employee shakes Will's hand, moves on.

JILLIAN
You okay?

WILL
No, I'm not okay. I just killed a rat with my bare foot and I'm kind of freaked out.

JILLIAN
I'm kind of freaked out, too. Look at these people. This place is nuts.

They look around. Katherine sings. Chubby shimmies to the ground. It's a weird scene.

WILL
Yeah, they're freaks. But, I have to put up with it cuz I have to deal with these people for at least the next three years.

JILLIAN
Are you saying I have to come to this God-awful party for the next three years?

Will turns to Jillian. Looks her deep in the eyes.

WILL
Unless... I quit this job and take the position I've been offered as head of marketing at Sweat Body Spray.

JILLIAN
What?!

WILL
It's less money, a lot less, and there's practically no job security. I mean this place could go under any day, but I'll have total control and freedom to do what I think works.

JILLIAN
I've never even heard of Sweat Body Spray.

WILL
That's why they need me.

JILLIAN
So you're telling me you want to quit your secure job that just offered you a raise and a long-term contract?

Will pauses.

WILL
I don't know if want to spend my life working on a website all day so that 45 people I don't like have to click their mouse three less times.
(beat)
I think I want to bet on myself.

Jillian looks into Will's eyes. Looks around. Takes it all in.

JILLIAN
I'm 22 years old and I don't know what I'm going to do when I wake up tomorrow. And you know what? That's alright with me. I'll be fine. Because I'm me.

(MORE)

JILLIAN (cont'd)
 And I'm awesome. And I'll get
 another job, because someone would
 be crazy not to hire me.

(beat)
 So we're not the Greatest
 Generation! This isn't the Great
 Depression and we didn't fight the
 Nazis. We're a bunch of over-
 medicated, over-stimulated, over-
 indulged douchebags. That's who we
 are and we don't care what anyone
 else thinks. These are our lives,
 and we're gonna make the most of
 them. Doing it the only way we
 know how. So fuck the plan!

WILL
 (smiles)
 Fuck the plan.

She follows his stare to... Wilheimer.

JILLIAN
 You should quit.

WILL
 You think this is the appropriate
 time?

JILLIAN
 Probably not.

She squeezes his hand.

JILLIAN (cont'd)
 But you should go do it, anyway.

Will stands. Downs his eggnog. Straightens his shoulders...

WILL
 Okay.

Heads into the crowd. Eyes straight ahead. People dance and
 bump into him, but he moves in a straight line...

Ends up right behind Wilheimer. He takes a deep breath.
 Stretches his neck. This is it. He taps him on the
 shoulder. Wilheimer turns.

WILL (cont'd)
 Mr. Wilheimer, I --

LAWRENCE
 Hi.

WILL
 Hi. Mr. Wilheimer. I don't want
 you to think I'm ungrateful, so I
 want to thank you for all of the
 opportunities, but I think it's
 time I move on.

Will braces himself for a tirade.

LAWRENCE
Okay. Thanks for telling me.

He turns back.

WILL
As in...I'm quitting.

LAWRENCE
Okay.

WILL
As in, not coming to work here
anymore after today.

LAWRENCE
Just make sure and put it in
writing for HR so payroll can
process it.

He turns. Will just stands there, stares at his back.
Turns. Walks back through the crowd, tossed back and forth
by it. Exits the crowd.

JILLIAN
How'd it go?

WILL
He didn't seem to really care.

He walks past Jillian, deep in thought.

INT. WILL'S CUBICLE

The party rages in the background as Will packs his few
belongings. He stands in the entrance to his cubicle, box
under one arm.

And waves goodbye like Nixon.

INT. WILHEIMER OFFICES - NIGHT

Will walks along the back edge of the party. No one turns.
Will seems to be in a different scene, move at a different
pace.

In the crowd, Stacy sees him. Sees the box under his arm.
Makes eye contact. Raises her glass of eggnog.

Jillian reaches out a hand, takes Will's. They stand in
front of an elevator. It opens. They step inside.

Will turns, watches the party. Not sure how to feel.

He reaches for the "CLOSE DOOR" button. Hesitates.

Pushes it.

The doors close.

Will smiles.

FADE TO:

INT. LON'S OFFICE - SWEAT BODY SPRAY - DAY

Will sits across from Lon. Deja vu to Windy City.

LON
Good to see you, Will.

WILL
Good to see you, too, Lon. I'm here for my job.

LON
I'm sorry, Will. But, you know... we didn't hear from you, so... we moved on.

Will rubs his forehead. Holy shit. Not again.

WILL
But, I just talked to you, and we negotiated a new offer. So, you can see why I might be confused.

LON
Will, Sweat Body Spray can't wait around on anyone.

WILL
Have you hired someone else?

LON
We're talking to other candidates.

Will puffs out his chest in moral outrage.

WILL
Well... All I have to say is...

He raises a finger.

WILL (cont'd)
I think I may be able to change your mind.

INT. COOK COUNTY JAIL - DAY

A white door electronically UNLOCKS. SKEEZY D, in an orange jumpsuit, is guided through the door by a burly PRISON GUARD.

Skeazy walks down a row of visitors' stalls, inmates talking to their loved ones through glass. His hair has been well-trimmed by a barber, and he wears reading glasses. He carries a thick book under one arm. He sees...

SKEEZY D
Holy Moses! Will! What's up?

Will sits on the other side of the thick glass. Skeezy slides into the stall, puts his fist to the glass. Will bumps it.

WILL
Hey, Skeezy.

SKEEZY D
No, leave it up. You and I have a long, long history, my friend.

WILL
Lotta memories. How you doing?
They said you couldn't make bail.

SKEEZY D
I've been in here for five months and I still don't have a trial date. This city's legal system suffers from a crippling overabundance of bureaucracy. If I ever get outta here, you're gonna see my face on bus benches. I'm gonna run for public office.

WILL
Well, you look good. You seem... different.

SKEEZY D
You only knew me in my work environment. When you're working, you gotta play the part, you know what I mean?

WILL
Yeah, actually, I do.

SKEEZY D
But when I'm at home, there's nothing I like more than throwing on some Chopin and digging into some classic literature.

Will looks at the book: Crime and Punishment.

WILL
You mean we could've been talking about Dickens this whole time?

SKEEZY D
I just finished Hard Times! That Josiah Bounderby is quite the character.

WILL
That bully of humility!

They laugh together.

SKEEZY D
 Ah, Will. You don't know how nice
 it is to have an intelligent
 conversation.

SKINHEAD (O.S.)
 Oh, my God. Is that Will?

A HUGE SKINHEAD leans over Skeezy's shoulder.

SKINHEAD (cont'd)
 Oh, my God. Skeezy makes us watch
 y'all on whitemanblackcock on the
 library computer.

Skeezy whips off his reading glasses, throws down his book,
 stands up.

SKEEZY D
 What're you doing out here, bitch?
 You on shift.

SKINHEAD
 My mama came to say --

SKEEZY D
 Your mama what?

SKINHEAD
 My mama came --

SLAP! Skeezy slaps him right across the face.

SKEEZY D
 Keep talkin', bitch.

The skinhead looks down, ashamed.

SKEEZY D (cont'd)
 Good. Now. Who makes your life
 sweet?

SKINHEAD
 You do, Skeezy.

SKEEZY D
 That's right. Now go shake that
 tight ass in general pop.

Skeezy slaps him on the ass as the skinhead walks away. Will
 laughs.

SKEEZY D (cont'd)
 What? "Bitches" ain't gender
 specific. There's a lot of dick to
 be sucked in here.
 (beat)
 I'm sorry. See, I get carried away
 with the role. What can I do for
 you?

WILL
Well, I was here to make you an offer, but maybe it won't even be competitive.

SKEEZY D
(sits)
I'm listening.

50 Cent's "P.I.M.P." pumps on the soundtrack...

INT. WILL AND JILLIAN'S APARTMENT - DAY

Will and Skeezy dance to the song. Skeezy, back in his pimp persona, hits a blunt, passes it to Will.

50 CENT
*I don't know what you heard about
me / But a bitch can't get a dolla
outta me / No Cadillac, no perms
you can't see / That I'm a
motherfuckin' P.I.M.P.*

They sing along. Grind. Put their arms around each other's shoulders. Blow out smoke rings. Swing their hips. Will freezes, holds up a finger.

WILL
I got an idea.

INT. SWEAT BODY SPRAY, INC. - CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Lon sits at a very messy table next to other hipsters.

WILL
Okay, so... here's my idea:

Will punches a button. Projected on the wall...

INT. WHITE ROOM - DAY

Will stands against a white backdrop. Next to him, Skeezy D wears a crown and a red velvet robe over his normal gear. His HOS in skimpy attire hang all over him.

Jillian's among them, dressed like a ho.

SKEEZY D
Yo. I'm King Ding-a-ling. And I'm a pimp, hustla, straight cold playa.

WILL
And I'm Will. And I can't dance.

He dances. Badly.

WILL (cont'd)
But I can... Sweat.

He pulls out a bottle of Sweat Body Spray. Sprays it all over him.

The hos run over to Will, drape themselves all over him. Zoom in on Skeezy D, who throws up his hands, looks confused.

SKEEZY D
Where'd all my bitches go?

Over Will and his hos, superimpose: BITCHES LIKE SWEAT.

FREEZE FRAME.

INT. SWEAT BODY SPRAY, INC. - DAY

Lon stares at the image, deep in thought.

LON
Bitches like Sweat.

Silence. Thick and heavy. Lon leans back, puts his hands behind his head. Will waits for his response.

LON (cont'd)
Fucking great.

Will smiles.

LON (cont'd)
Anyone have any thoughts?

HIPSTER #1
I, for one, would love to see more booty in these adds.

WILL
We could just show an ass in a bikini bottom, then have a hand slap it, and while it jiggles, we just put the word "Sweat" over it.

LON
In slow motion. The booty should jiggle in slow motion. Like an ocean wave.

HIPSTER #2
Sweat. With a period after it. Like it's a simple declaration.

HIPSTER #1
You could do a whole series of 'em! With different booties! Maybe an Asian one!

LON
Well, Will. We obviously love what you're doing and... I'd like to officially offer you the job.

WILL
Thank you, Lon.
(beat)
But, I'm going to have to turn down your offer.

Lon looks around, confused.

LON
I don't understand.

WILL
I've formed my own consulting firm.
(beat)
I'd be honored to have Sweat as one of my flagship clients.

Will reaches into a briefcase, pulls out a document.

WILL (cont'd)
I have a contract right here. If you'd like to look over it and get back to me. It'll give you exclusive advertising rights to the King Ding-a-ling series.
(beat)
I, of course, will retain the rights for television and film.

Lon's jaw drops. Will smiles.

WILL (V.O.) (cont'd)
I'd like to propose a toast...

INT. WILL AND JILLIAN'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Will holds up a glass of wine.

WILL
To Luke Geary. The newest foot soldier in the Peace Corps.

Luke raises his glass. He now has a shaggy beard, a shell necklace, and Birkenstocks.

WILL (cont'd)
I know you're gonna build the shit out of those grass hut hospitals.

Miles raises his glass, Vanessa on his arm.

MILES
Just don't let some Paraguayan cannibal eat your dick for dinner.

LUKE
 If that's what Mother Earth
 intends, then I'm at peace with
 that.

JILLIAN
 I'd also like to propose a toast.
 To the winner of Teacher of the
 Year at Jesse Jackson Middle
 School!

Everybody cheers. Charlie smiles, holds up a wine glass. He
 squeezes the hand of... MIRANDA. DeJuan's mother.

CHARLIE
 Come on, guys. It's not about me.
 It's about the kids. The kids like
 DeJuan.

Miranda smiles.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Will lays in bed, types on his laptop. Jillian climbs in,
 looks over his shoulder.

He opens a webpage. Hits a button. ON SCREEN:

EXT. ALLEY - DAY

Will strides down the alley. Kneels, head bowed.

Skeazy D rises from a makeshift throne. Hos all around him.
 From beneath his velvet robe, he pulls...

A BOTTLE OF SWEAT. He sprays Will on both shoulders,
 knighting him. The hos smile.

SUPER: BITCHES LIKE SWEAT.

INT. BEDROOM

Jillian laughs.

JILLIAN
 I can't believe you're getting paid
 for that.

WILL
 I can't believe you're making more
 than me temping.

JILLIAN
 I know. It's hard to believe that,
 at the age of 23, we've already
 achieved the American Dream.

She kisses Will, turns over. Turns off the light.

WILL
God Bless America.

Will types, laptop lighting his face.

FADE OUT.

THE END.

CAA