

NewsRadio

"Awards Show"

#305

Written by
Drake Sather

Directed by
Tom Cheronos

SHOOTING DRAFT
September 16, 1996

BRILLSTEIN / GREY COMMUNICATIONS

"NewsRadio"

"Awards Show"

#305

Shooting Draft - 9/16/96

TENTATIVE SCHEDULE

MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 16, 1996

Camera/Sound Prep
Rehearsal and Camera Block
Lunch
Rehearsal and Camera Block
Producer Run-Thru

STAGE 9

8:30A - 9:00A
9:00A - 1:00P
1:00P - 2:00P
2:00P - 5:00P
5:00P - 6:00P

TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 17, 1996

Crew Call
Rehearsal and Camera Block
Producer Run-Thru
Cast Meal
Make-up and Hair
Crew Meal
Reset
Audience Show
Picks Ups

STAGE 9

11:42A - 12:00P
12:00P - 3:00P
3:00P - 4:30P
4:30P - 5:00P
5:00P - 6:45P
5:30P - 6:30P
6:30P - 7:00P
7:00P - 9:30P
9:30P -

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CAST

DAVE..... DAVE FOLEY

JIMMY..... STEPHEN ROOT

MATTHEW..... ANDY DICK

LISA..... MAURA TIERNEY

BETH..... VICKI LEWIS

JOE..... JOE ROGAN

CATHERINE..... KHANDI ALEXANDER

and

BILL..... PHIL HARTMAN

BOB COSTAS..... BOB COSTAS

MARTY..... TBA

ELDERLY MAN..... JOHNNY CREAR *

BARTENDER..... KEV O'NEIL *

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SETS

INTERIORS

BANQUET HALL	(N)
BANQUET HALL BAR AREA	(N)
BANQUET HALL - ENTRANCE TO BATHROOM	(N)
BREAKROOM	(D) (N)
BULLPEN	(D)
DAVE'S OFFICE	(D)
ELEVATOR FOYER	(N)

A	INT. BULLPEN - MORNING (D-1) (1) (Matthew, Joe, Beth)				
	INT. BREAKROOM - CONTINUOUS (3) (Matthew, Beth)				
I/B	INT. BULLPEN-CONFERENCE TABLE - LATER (D-1) (6) (Dave, Bill, Lisa, Beth, Joe, Catherine, Matthew)				
	INT. DAVE'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS (12) (Dave, Lisa, Jimmy)				
I/C	INT. BULLPEN-SIMULTANEOUS (D-1) (18) (Catherine, Joe, Beth, Matthew, Bill, Lisa)				
I/D	INT. DAVE'S OFFICE - SIMULTANEOUS (D-1) (24) (Dave, Jimmy, Matthew)				
	INT. BULLPEN - CONTINUOUS (27) (Catherine, Jimmy, Joe)				
I/E	INT. ELEVATOR FOYER - THAT EVENING (N-1) (31) (Dave, Lisa, Catherine, Beth, Bill)				
I/H	INT. BREAKROOM - SIMULTANEOUS (N-1) (34) (Dave (O.C.), Matthew)				
I/J	INT. ELEVATOR FOYER - SIMULTANEOUS (N-1) (36) (Lisa, Catherine, Joe, Dave, Bill, Beth, Matthew)				
II/K	INT. BANQUET HALL - LATER (N-1) (38) (Dave, Lisa, Beth, Jimmy, Bill, Matthew, Bob Costas)				
	INT. BANQUET HALL BAR AREA - CONTINUOUS (40) (Catherine, Joe, Matthew, Elderly Man, Bartender)				
	INT. BANQUET HALL - CONTINUOUS (41) (Catherine, Bill, Lisa, Dave, Beth, Joe, Matthew, Jimmy, Bob Costas)				
II/M	INT. BANQUET HALL - LATER (N-1) (47) (Jimmy, Joe, Beth, Catherine, Dave, Jimmy, Bill, Lisa, Bob Costas)				
II/P	INT. BANQUET HALL-ENTRANCE TO BATHROOM - SIMULTANEOUS (N-1) (52) (Matthew, Bob Costas, Security Guard)				
	INT. BANQUET HALL BAR AREA - SIMULTANEOUS (53) (Catherine, Joe, Bob Costas)				
II/R	INT. BANQUET HALL - A LITTLE LATER (N-1) (56) (Dave, Bob Costas, Marty)				

ACT ONE

SCENE A

FADE IN:

INT. BULLPEN/BREAKROOM - MORNING (D-1)
(Matthew, Joe, Beth)

Beth and Joe are talking by the coffee station when Matthew walks up. He looks at the table, then, almost frantically...

MATTHEW

Excuse me!

JOE

What?

Matthew points to the coffee station.

MATTHEW

Hello!

Beth looks down at the table.

BETH

What?

Matthew points again even more emphatically

MATTHEW

Excuse me, but hello!

Joe looks down at the table.

JOE

Dude, what's the problem?

MATTHEW

There is sugar scattered all over
the place!

BETH

Matthew, there's like, one, two,
three...maybe six grains of sugar on
the table.

MATTHEW

Thank you! This is exactly how the
ant problem in the breakroom got
started.

JOE

There's no ant problem in the
breakroom.

MATTHEW

Oh, so Joe the electrician is
suddenly Joe the ant expert, huh?

JOE

I prefer the term "ant enthusiast."
And I haven't seen any ants in the
breakroom.

MATTHEW

That's because your big clunky work
boots scare them away.

BETH *

(OVERLY ENTHUSED) Well don't just
stand there, Matthew! Show us!

MATTHEW

With pleasure. Right this way. But
tread lightly!

* Matthew exits to the breakroom. Joe and Beth pretend
to follow him, but don't.

BETH

But isn't it safer than a savings
account?

JOE

No -- but that's just what the
people behind this 401K scheme want
you to think.

BETH

So what do you do -- keep all your
money in a shoebox under your bed?

JOE *

Right -- like I'm going to tell you
the location of my shoebox.

Joe walks away. Beth exits to the breakroom.

RESET TO:

INT. BREAKROOM - CONTINUOUS

Beth enters and pulls down a package of Fig Newtons
from the shelf and begins to open them.

SFX: RUMBLINGS UNDER SINK

Beth backs up and looks at the closed cupboard door.
After a beat, the cupboard pops open and Matthew pokes
his head out.

MATTHEW

: You thought I was an ant, didn't
you?

BETH

No, unfortunately I was pretty sure
it was you.

MATTHEW

But seriously, I was just doing this
to dramatize a point...

BETH *

: What?

MATTHEW *

Dramatize a point.

Matthew starts to get out...

BETH

No, no, don't get out. Do it for
Joe, okay?

MATTHEW

Oh, yeah. Go get him, go get him!
But hurry up -- I don't want be
stuck in here with all those ants
still on the loose.

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5. I/A

Matthew scoots back in. Beth shuts the cupboard door,
and smoothly wedges a wooden spoon through the
handles, locking the cupboard. Beth exits, turning off
the light.

MATTHEW (CONT'D) (O.C.)

(GIGGLING) This is gonna be great!

CUT TO:

OPENING CREDITS

ACT ONE

SCENE B

FADE IN:

INT. BULLPEN-CONFERENCE TABLE/DAVE'S OFFICE - LATER (D-1)
(Dave, Bill, Lisa, Beth, Joe, Catherine, Matthew,
Jimmy)

Dave is wrapping up.

DAVE

Finally, as you're all aware,
tonight's the big night. And I'm not
going to hide it -- I'm just as
nervous and excited as the rest of
you.

BILL *

Let me guess: Mom and Dad are away
and you and Lisa are finally gonna
"lose it?"

LISA

I think Dave's referring to the
American Broadcasters Society Awards
banquet.

BILL *

Oh, my gosh, I nearly forgot. Do you think we'll win any tonight? Or will we just lose repeatedly in every possible category like we always do?

DAVE *

I happen to think we've got a real shot at bringing home some Absas.

LISA

Excuse me, they're called American Broadcaster Society Awards, not Absas.

BILL

And what on earth makes you think we've got a chance there, big guy?

DAVE

My gut.

BILL

(PUTTING EAR TO DAVE'S STOMACH)

Let's all be real quiet and listen to Dave's gut. (LISTENS) "We're gonna win some Absas! We're gonna--"

(SUDDENLY CONCERNED, TO DAVE) Have you considered colon hydrotherapy?

DAVE

I trust Bill, as usual, speaks for absolutely no one but himself.

BETH

Actually, your stomach does make
some weird noises.

JOE

: Come on: WNYX loses every year in
every category.

DAVE

What kind of attitude is that?

LISA

Joe's just upset because he doesn't
get to go.

JOE

Right. Like I got nothing better to
do than sit at a table with a bunch
of losers...

CATHERINE *

...who lose every year in every
category.

MATTHEW

(TO JOE) Hey -- we're not a bunch of
losers.

DAVE

Matthew's right--

MATTHEW

I mean, just because we lose in
every category every year, that
doesn't make us "losers."

CATHERINE

(TO JOE) I have an extra ticket if
you want to be my guest.

JOE *

I don't know if I could bear
watching all you guys get
humiliated. (HE LOOKS AT BILL) On
the other hand, why not?

DAVE

I think you all should be proud of the
work you've done over the past year, so
let's hold our heads up high--

BETH

I'm thinking about scalping my
ticket.

BILL

Hey, you know who'd probably like to
buy one?

BETH

Who?

BILL

No, I'm asking, because I'd like to
sell mine, too.

DAVE

Look, WNYX may have lost in the
past, but in my time here, I've seen
you all blossom into a group of
winners!

ANGLE ON: BETH AND MATTHEW

Matthew is slapping imaginary ants off his forearm.
Beth has fit the small end of a paper coffee cup in
her mouth like a funnel.

BILL

Even if I were to win, I wouldn't
accept it. Maybe I'll send a busboy
up to get it.

CATHERINE

(AMUSED) Even better, you could hire
a drifter off the street for five
bucks.

BILL

(AMUSED) Right. Or even better -- I
could send Matthew.

MATTHEW

Wow, I'd be honored to accept your
award, Bill.

BILL

Perfect. That's exactly the kind of
message I'd like to send to the
academy, short of a giant middle
finger.

MATTHEW

Thanks! When I make your acceptance speech, would you mind if I thanked my cats Chew Chew and Mitt Mitt?

BILL *

I don't suppose I could persuade you to actually bring your cats to the ceremony, could I?

LISA *

(QUICKLY, TO BILL) No. (TO MATTHEW)
He's joking, Matthew.

DAVE

Well, call it a hunch, but I have a very good feeling about... oh screw it, no one has to go if they don't want to. Meeting dismissed.

Dave crosses to the coffee station. Everyone is a little surprised at his outburst, but they shrug it off and disperse.

Bill intercepts Dave at the coffee station.

BILL

Look, I didn't want to say this in front of everyone, but--

DAVE

I understand, Bill: I'm sure you want to win as much as I do, we just have different ways of showing it.

BILL

No. It's about your stomach. I really think you should consider the colon hydrotherapy. (HANDS DAVE A CARD) Try my guy -- best in the business.

DAVE

Thanks.

* Dave exits into his office.

INT. DAVE'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

* Dave enters. Lisa is at the bookcase.

DAVE (CONT'D)

What are we going to do about these guys?

LISA

Just ignore them.

DAVE

It's hard to. Their pessimism is just... overwhelming.

LISA

I know.

DAVE

I mean, I think we deserve a truckload of awards.

LISA *

Of course we do.

DAVE

Then why do they all think we're
going to lose?

LISA

Because we are going to lose.

DAVE

Oh, not you, too.

LISA

Face it. WYXP is going to win. They
win every year.

DAVE

(BITTER) They only win because their
station manager, Marty Jackson,
spends half his time throwing
parties for the voting members.

LISA

Oh, come on...

DAVE

It's true. How do you think he got
the nickname Marty "The Party"
Jackson?

LISA

I assumed the rhyming aspect
suggested an internal logic of its
own.

DAVE

(GETTING WORKED UP) Well, I'm
telling you right now, the party's
over. And you can quote me on that!

* Lisa pretends to write a note on the margin of her
news copy.

LISA *

(WRITING) "Party... is... over" ---
got it. And by the way, what did
Marty Jackson ever do to you?

Dave rummages through his desk and pulls out an
article torn from a newspaper.

DAVE *

This is an interview Marty gave a
few months back. (READS) "The
problem with radio is that too many
of our young radio executives" --
young radio executives -- "are,
quite frankly, in over their heads."
(THEN) It's pretty obvious who he's
talking about.

LISA

Me?

DAVE

No, me. But it could apply to you
too...

LISA

No, it couldn't. I'm not in over my head.

DAVE

Neither am I! And tonight, the voting members are going to send a clear message: a good Marty party does not an Absa make.

LISA *

They're called American Broadcaster Society Awards. People who call them "Absas" are the same people who refer to President Kennedy as "Jack." Their favorite actor is "Hank" Fonda. They can't wait to see the Chagall exhibit at "MOMA."

DAVE *

You know, you're starting to sound like that guy Andrew Rooney. You know -- from the Columbia Broadcasting System?

LISA *

From now on, anyone who calls them Absas is a complete dork in my book.

Jimmy enters.

JIMMY

I swear, it is Absa fever out there!
Everywhere you go it's Absa, Absa,
Absa! I love it!

DAVE

Absa-lutely, sir!

* Jimmy goes to high-five Dave, but psychs him out by
smoothing his hair instead.

JIMMY *

I was just kidding. Lisa, I heard
what you said, I hate those people,
too.

DAVE

No matter what you call them, I
think the real problem here is the
staff's attitude.

JIMMY

We got a little glass-half-empty-
itis going on here?

DAVE

Yes.

JIMMY

You want me to fire up the troops a
little?

DAVE

That'd be great.

JIMMY

Put a little fight in their eyes?

DAVE

That'd be just what the doctor
ordered.

JIMMY

Set them up for a big fall when we
lose everything like we always do?

DAVE

We'll just see about that. Oh, yes
we will.

Dave exits.

JIMMY

Wow, he's got the fire in his belly,
huh?

LISA

That he does.

JIMMY

He should really see somebody about
that. You know, Bill's got a great
guy...

CUT TO:

ACT ONE

SCENE C

INT. BULLPEN - SIMULTANEOUS (D-1)

(Catherine, Joe, Beth, Matthew, Bill, Lisa)

Catherine crosses to Joe, who is installing an outlet
over the snack table.

CATHERINE

Hey Joe -- I was just wondering,
have you given any thought to what
you might be wearing tonight?

JOE *

Same thing I always wear for special
events: a Jets jersey, some green
and white face paint, and a big foam
hand that says "We're Number One."

CATHERINE

(LAUGHS) But seriously -- you do
know that everyone is probably going
to be pretty dressed up and...

JOE

Yeah... so?

CATHERINE

Well, I was just thinking...

JOE

What -- are you afraid I'm going to
embarrass you?

CATHERINE

Of course not, I was...

JOE

You think I'm one of those guys who
thinks dressing up is bleaching the
pit stains out of his best t-shirt,
don't you?

* Beth walks up.

CATHERINE

Not at all. I just--

JOE

I know what you're thinking, you
think I'm some greaseball who
doesn't know the difference between
a bow tie and a cummerbund!

Joe exits in a huff.

CATHERINE

I guess now is probably not a good
time to tell him the word is
"cummerbund."

BETH

Is there ever a good time for that,
really?

CATHERINE

I'm just worried he's going to turn
up wearing a tux with red high-tops
or something.

BETH

That would be so embarrassing.

CATHERINE

Or worse, one of those t-shirts with
the picture of a tux on it.

BETH

I love those! I always think they're
real!

Matthew comes up.

MATTHEW

Could you guys do me a favor?

CATHERINE

Sure, Matthew, what is it?

MATTHEW

I need you to back me up on the
ants. (LAUGHING) You know, people
are starting to think I'm a little
crazy.

Blank stares from the ladies.

CATHERINE

Maybe we'll take a look at the
breakroom a little later, Matthew.

MATTHEW

We don't have to go to the
breakroom.

BETH

Do you have some of your ant friends
with you?

MATTHEW

No. I have... (MUMBLES)

CATHERINE

What?

MATTHEW

I have itchy red welts on my
buttocks, okay? And I have reason to
believe they're ant bites.

CATHERINE

Are you coming on to me?

MATTHEW *

No. I'm serious. I think it's from
when that spoon accidentally fell
off the counter and locked me in the
cupboard. Could you just take a look
at them?

CATHERINE *

So you have bite-marks on your rear,
huh? I think Beth probably has more
experience in this area.

Catherine exits.

MATTHEW

Beth?

BETH

You know, Matthew, I'd love to look
at the itchy red welts on your
buttocks, but if I do, then Dave
will want me to look at the itchy
red welts on his buttocks, then
Bill, then the water cooler guy, et
cetera, et cetera. See my point?

MATTHEW

Yeah, I guess it could get out of
hand...

BETH

Okay, bye.

Beth exits.

MATTHEW

Come on, Beth, help me! This is an
emergency!

Bill walks by, heading towards the foyer.

BILL

I'll help you. What do you need,
buddy?

MATTHEW

(FOLLOWING HIM) Well, you know those
ants I was talking about...?

They exit together. Almost immediately, Bill re-
enters, walking quickly. He passes Lisa.

BILL *

(TO LISA) Matthew's got something
you should take a look at by the
elevators. Enjoy.

Lisa exits.

LISA (O.S)

Hey! Hey!

CUT TO:

ACT ONE

SCENE D

INT. DAVE'S OFFICE/BULLPEN - SIMULTANEOUS (D-1)
(Dave, Jimmy, Matthew, Catherine, Joe)

Jimmy is on the couch. Dave is pacing as he reads from the Marty Jackson interview.

DAVE *

(READS) " ...quite frankly, in over their heads." But that's not all; he continues, "I don't care how smart he is -- no twenty-nine-year-old kid can handle the pressure of being a news director." (THEN) Twenty-nine-year-old kid! Can you believe that?

JIMMY

You know, Dave, when I've got a bee in my bonnet, I find it helps to take my hat off.

DAVE *

What is that supposed to mean?

JIMMY *

It means... you take the hat off,
the bee flies away. What -- do I
have to draw a picture?

Matthew enters.

MATTHEW

Excuse me, but I think we need to
have a meeting about this ant
invasion.

JIMMY

We've got ants?

MATTHEW

That's the understatement of the
century.

JIMMY

They aren't the kind that bite, are
they?

MATTHEW

I thought you'd never ask. Look at
this.

Unseen by Jimmy, Matthew turns around and starts to
undo his belt. Dave smoothly pushes him out the door
and closes it, without Jimmy seeing a thing.

DAVE

I just don't see what's wrong with
wanting to win.

JIMMY

Dave, let me tell you a story that might help you. When I was in school there was a kid who wanted to be on the football team more than anything. The coach wouldn't let him because he wasn't big enough. But did he give up?

DAVE

I'm thinking, for the sake of this story, no.

JIMMY

You're damn right. It just made him try harder. He ate like a wild animal all day, then pumped iron all night. After two months, he got a hernia. (BEAT) Makes you think, huh?

DAVE

Actually, I'm not sure I get the point.

JIMMY

Oh, yeah, one more thing. That kid's name was Richard Nixon.

DAVE

Richard Milhous Nixon?

JIMMY *

What the hell does his middle name
got to do with it? The point of the
story was... um... (TRYING TO FIGURE
IT OUT HIMSELF) Nixon, hernia, wild
animal -- hell, it's in there
somewhere. What -- do I have to draw
you another picture?

Jimmy exits to...

INT. BULLPEN - CONTINUOUS

Catherine stops Jimmy.

CATHERINE

Now?

JIMMY

Now.

CATHERINE

Do you really think you can?

JIMMY

They don't call me "The Great
Communicator" for nothing.

Jimmy crosses to Joe, who's fixing Lisa's computer.
Catherine watches nearby.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

Hey, Joe.

JOE

Hey, Mr. James.

JIMMY

Looking forward to the big fancy-
dress black-tie wing-ding tonight?

JOE

Not really. But Catherine asked, and
I didn't want to deny her the
pleasure of my company.

Catherine, unseen by Joe, bristles at this comment,
but Jimmy calms her with a hand gesture. Catherine
walks away.

JIMMY

That's mighty big of you. Hey, did I
ever tell you about my first job
interview?

JOE

I don't think so.

JIMMY

I remember I was being interviewed
for a low level position at a
records management firm...

JOE

This isn't one of your stories where
the guy turns out to be Nixon, is it?

JIMMY

No, no. (THINKS) Does it? No... Anyhow,
I remember all the guys there wore
narrow ties. But I wore this big old
fat one. Needless to say, I didn't get
the job.

JOE

So... what'd you do? Buy a narrow
tie and beg the man for a second
chance?

JIMMY

Hell no! I started up my own records
management company and put that
clown out of business in six months.

JOE

That's right. Because even with a
fat necktie, you were the best man
for the job!

JIMMY

Damn straight. And that little
pinch-faced narrow-tied jerk had to
learn that lesson the hard way.

JOE

So, the moral of the story is that
it's not about the clothes, it's
about the man inside the clothes.

JIMMY

You got that right, brother. The man
inside. The man inside. Amen. You
make me proud.

Jimmy gives Joe a squeeze.

JOE

Good. Then would you mind telling
Catherine I'll wear what I want to
wear tonight?

JIMMY *

I am on it, sir. They don't call me
"The Great Communicator" for
nothing.

Jimmy crosses and runs into Catherine.

CATHERINE

So is he going to wear a tux?

JIMMY

Hell, at this point, I don't even
know if I'm gonna wear one.

Catherine exits to booth.

DISSOLVE TO:

ACT ONE

SCENE E

INT. ELEVATOR FOYER - THAT EVENING (N-1)
(Dave, Lisa, Catherine, Beth, Bill)

Dave enters with Lisa, both dressed for the awards banquet. Dave is revved-up.

DAVE *

Where is everybody? Marty Jackson's probably there already. I mean, it's 6:27. We all agreed we'd be ready by 6:15, did we not?

LISA

(HALF-HEARTED, HUMORING HIM) We did indeed.

DAVE

And we said we'd meet by the elevators, right?

LISA

You got it.

DAVE

And we synchronized our watches, right?

LISA

If by "we" you mean "you and
Matthew," right.

Bill and Catherine enter, both look stunning.
Catherine has a wrap around her shoulders that covers
most of her dress.

DAVE

(CLAPS HANDS) Well, if you two don't
look like a couple of winners, then
I don't know who does.

* Dave shakes Bill's hand.

BILL *

My stomach's much flatter since I've
been doing the colon cleansing.

DAVE *

Well, you look fantastic.

Beth enters dressed in her own special version of
formal wear.

DAVE (CONT'D) *

And if you don't look like...

BETH *

Cher. It's an incredible simulation of
what she wore to the Oscars in '87.

BILL

Looks more like what that guy who
interrupted David Niven's speech was
wearing.

CATHERINE

Does anyone know what Joe's wearing?

Everyone shakes their heads, shrugs.

DAVE

(TO LISA) The only award Marty
Jackson's winning tonight is "Hack
of the Decade."

LISA *

(HUMORING HIM) Marty Jackson? More
like "Marty Hackson."

DAVE *

Damn straight! Where's Matthew?

CUT TO:

ACT ONE

SCENE H

INT. BREAKROOM - SIMULTANEOUS (N-1)
(Dave (O.C.), Matthew)

* Matthew, dressed in a tux, is standing in the middle of the breakroom shaking up a can of bug-bomb fogger. On the table in front of him are several other cans, with their lids off..

DAVE (O.C.)

Come on, Matthew, let's go!

MATTHEW *

Coming!

* Matthew finishes shaking the can, presses the button -- nothing happens. He sets it on the table with the other cans. He picks up a new can and reads the instructions.

MATTHEW (CONT'D) *

"Remove canister top." Check. "Do not shake." Too late for that. "No more than one canister per room."

(SKEPTICAL) Yeah, if I could find one that works... "Use twenty-second time delay to clear area."

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* Matthew looks at his wrist -- but his watch isn't there. He sees his watch on the other side of the table. He leans over the cans to reach his watch, and the cans start going off.

CUT TO:

ACT ONE

SCENE J

INT. ELEVATOR FOYER - SIMULTANEOUS (N-1)
(Lisa, Catherine, Joe, Dave, Bill, Beth, Matthew)

LISA *

(SNIFFING) Is somebody wearing
Patchouli?

The elevator doors open and out steps Joe, dressed
immaculately in a tux.

CATHERINE

Oh, thank God.

JOE *

(LIKE JAMES BOND) Garelli. Joe
Garelli.

LISA

You look great, Joe.

BILL

Your last name is "Garelli"?

* Dave exits from the bullpen.

DAVE

(HURRYING) Yeah, yeah, everyone
looks wonderful, now let's go...

They all pile into the elevator. Catherine takes off the wrap she's been wearing, revealing a tasteful but very sexy dress. Joe looks her up and down.

JOE

You're not wearing that, are you?

CATHERINE

Of course. Why not?

JOE

You can see everything. How would you like it if I showed up wearing a bow tie and a jockstrap?

* Joe and Catherine get in the elevator.

BILL

(LAUGHING) You know, that reminds me of the time I was elected treasurer of my fraternity. We... never mind.

DAVE

Alright, let's rock and roll, people! Wait till Marty Jackson gets a load of us! Right?

Just then, as the doors start to close, Matthew pushes his way in, his hair all wet, coughing phlegmily.

FADE OUT

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

SCENE K

FADE IN:

INT. BANQUET HALL/BANQUET HALL BAR/BANQUET HALL -
LATER (N-1)

(Dave, Lisa, Catherine, Joe, Matthew, Bill, Jimmy,
Beth, Bob Costas, Elderly Man, Bartender)

Dave, Lisa, Beth, Matthew, and Bill are seated around
a table. Bob Costas is the host.

Jimmy sits at a table in the back with other wealthy
looking men. He laughs harder than anybody else at Bob
Costas' jokes.

BOB COSTAS

Welcome to the thirty-second
American Broadcasters Society Awards
banquet. Tonight we recognize the
best and the brightest that New York
City radio has to offer. And, who
knows, maybe even Marty Jackson will
win something... (LAUGHTER)
Seriously, Marty, I haven't seen a
party like that since the Whiz Kids
from Philadelphia won the pennant in
1950... (LAUGHTER)

Everyone is laughing -- except Dave, who keeps looking towards the WYXP table.

DAVE

(TO HIMSELF) That's right, Marty.

Laugh it up.

LISA

Are you talking to me?

DAVE

You haven't tried anything new with your format in twenty years.

LISA

Right on.

DAVE

Mark my words, Marty, you're going down tonight... Down!

LISA

He sure is.

DAVE

Straight down!

Dave's last line came out during one of those moments when the room was silent. Everyone turns and looks at him.

BOB COSTAS

(RE: DAVE) I'll be happy to address any random exclamations later, but for now -- let's get on with the awards.

INT. BANQUET BAR AREA - CONTINUOUS

Catherine and Joe are standing at the bar. There are a lot of men around. Joe is trying to drape his jacket over her shoulders.

CATHERINE

No. For the tenth time, I am not cold.

JOE

Yes, you are. And thanks to that dress, everyone in the room knows it.

A completely harmless elderly gentleman leans across the bar to get a lemon wedge and brushes against Catherine.

ELDERLY MAN

Pardon me...

JOE

What was that, buddy?

ELDERLY MAN

Excuse me?

JOE

Maybe tonight's not the best time to be feeling your oats, okay grandpa? Now get your drink and step away from the lady.

The man exits.

CATHERINE

That was completely inappropriate.

JOE

Trust me -- he was examining the merchandise.

CATHERINE

Joe, what I have is not "merchandise."

JOE

Then what's it doing in the display
case?

Catherine walks away. A man passes, Joe gives him the
evil eye, then exits.

Matthew, dazed and confused, meanders up to the bar,
coughing and rubbing his eyes.

MATTHEW

Could I get a drink, please?

BARTENDER

You look like you've had enough,
fella. How 'bout you call it a night?

INT. BANQUET HALL - CONTINUOUS

Catherine and Joe sit down at table with everyone
else. Matthew joins them.

CATHERINE

Have we missed anything?

BILL

You're just in time to see our first
loser of the night.

LISA

Right here.

BILL

(TO LISA) Lose well, my friend. Lose
well.

BOB COSTAS

And the award for Segment Producer
of the Year for an all-news station
goes to...

Bob opens envelope. Dave squeezes Lisa's hand. She
acts like she couldn't care less.

BOB COSTAS (CONT'D)

Lisa Miller of WNYX.

DAVE

(JUMPING UP) Yes!

LISA

I can't believe it...

BETH

Way to go Lisa!

JOE

Awesome!

CATHERINE

Congratulations!

Lisa heads towards the podium. As soon as she's gone...

JOE

So we got lucky.

BETH

Probably a typo.

CATHERINE

The exception that proves the rule.

BILL

The rule, of course, being that
we're all a bunch of losers.

DAVE

(LOOKING AROUND) How do you like
them apples, huh, Marty? That's
right, the torch has been passed...

Bob gives Lisa the statuette.

LISA

I can't believe I won an Absa! A
real, live Absa! It's heavier than I
thought it would be... I couldn't
have done it without a wonderful
staff and the best station manager
in New York, Dave Nelson. Thanks!
She goes back to her seat amid much applause.

BOB COSTAS

Well, as Red Barber used to say,
back in the golden age of
broadcasting, "Let's see who's next
up to bat." (LAUGHTER) The next
award is for Daytime Anchor of the
Year at an all-news station...

BILL

Hope you have a good speech ready,
Matthew. I'll be in the can.

BOB COSTAS

(OPENING ENVELOPE) And the winner is...

BILL

(NONCHALANT) Anybody have the time?

BOB COSTAS

Bill McNeal, WNYX!

Dave jumps up, followed closely by Bill.

DAVE/BILL

Yes!/Yes!

DAVE (CONT'D)

That's right, Marty. Two for two.

BILL

(INTO DAVE'S EAR) If I mispronounce anything, please laugh really loud so people will think it was intentional.

Bill notices that Matthew is headed towards the stage. Bill rushes after him and cuts him off. When Bill realizes everyone's watching him strong-arm Matthew, he puts on a big, fake show of dragging Matthew up with him. Bill takes the award from Bob. Matthew stands behind Bill at the podium.

BILL (CONT'D)

Thank you, I'm Bill McNeal. He's...

(GESTURES TO MATTHEW) a guy I work with. But that's why I brought him up here. So he could have (MATTHEW COUGHS) his little moment in the spotlight. Because this young man here is what this award is all about, really. (MATTHEW COUGHS) Teamwork.

(TURNS TO MATTHEW) I thank you, sir.

(MATTHEW COUGHS) And to all of you, you've made me the happiest man in New York. Thank you and good night!

Bill turns to go. Matthew moves up to the podium.

MATTHEW

And I'd like to say hi to my cats,
Chew Chew and Mitt Mitt...

BILL

(CURT) He has cats. Thank you again.

Bill leaves the podium, pulling Matthew with him. They return to the table.

BOB COSTAS *

Like the ancient warriors at Troy,
we will crown many heroes tonight,
but unlike the Trojans, we don't
have nine years to do it. So let's
move on to our next category: News
Director of the Year...

Everyone at the table holds their breath as Bob opens the envelope.

BILL

Ten bucks on Marty Jackson. Who's in?

BETH *

Only if you give me ten-to-one odds.

JOE *

Sucker bet.

BETH *

Twenty-to-one.

JOE *

Still a sucker bet. This is Marty
the Party we're talking about!

BOB COSTAS

And the award goes to... Dave
Nelson. WNYX, of course.

DAVE

Yes!!

Dave jumps up, and turns towards the (unseen) WYXP table, his arms above him in triumph. Lisa gives him a big hug and a kiss. Bill hugs him and talks into Dave's ear over the applause.

BILL

Welcome to the winner's circle, my
friend.

Matthew hugs Dave and starts to talk into his ear over the applause, but Matthew ends up coughing on the side of Dave's face. Dave takes the podium, examines statue.

DAVE *

Well. This is certainly a surprise.

(LOOKING TOWARDS MARTY) Isn't it?

DISSOLVE TO:

ACT TWO

SCENE M

- * INT. BANQUET HALL - LATER (N-1)
* (Jimmy, Joe, Beth, Catherine, Dave, Bill, Lisa, Bob Costas)

A party is going on.

- * Mr. James has Bob Costas cornered.

JIMMY *

(DRAMATIC)...and that man's name was
Richard Nixon. How about that!

BOB COSTAS *

I'm not sure I get the point of that
story. But it does remind me of
another presidential football
anecdote. The year was 1948 and a
young man named Gerald Ford--

JIMMY *

The point is -- he got a hernia from
eating too much. Or something like
that. What -- do I have to draw you
a picture?

- * Jimmy exits.

ANGLE ON: WNYX'S TABLE

There are about a dozen trophies on the WNYX table. Dave is staring at them in shock. A few balding, middle-aged men walk up and start congratulating Dave. While he's talking to them:

JOE

How many did we win?

BETH

I don't know, but if I hear one more tribute to Chew-Chew and Mitt-Mitt, I'll kill myself.

JOE

Which one is mine?

BETH *

This one. No -- this one. I didn't even know there was a category for "AM Technician of the Year."

JOE

Me neither.

BETH

You didn't even know you were nominated?

JOE

I have like five or six different mailing addresses under a variety of pseudonyms, so it probably got lost in the mail.

Joe and Beth exit.

CATHERINE *

I have to admit, you were right,
Dave. I guess you were just what
this station needed.

DAVE *

Thanks.

BETH *

Right out of the gate, you took us
to the top.

DAVE *

Thanks.

JOE *

Dude, you the man!

DAVE *

Is that good?

JOE *

Yeah.

DAVE *

Well then, thanks.

~ Dave keeps smiling as they exit. Jimmy comes up.

JIMMY

Quite a night, huh? A clean sweep.
It doesn't get any better than this.

DAVE

(DOWN) You're right. It doesn't.

JIMMY

What's wrong? This should be the
happiest night of your life.

DAVE

I've never been so miserable.

JIMMY

What's the problem?

DAVE

The problem is, now what? In my
wildest dreams I thought maybe we'd
win one Absa. Maybe two. But this...
what the hell am I supposed to aim
for now? There's nowhere to go but
down.

JIMMY

Well, that's how everyone feels when
they win an award.

Bill and Lisa pass by, holding their awards, and
actually dancing happily with each other. Bill dips
Lisa.

LISA *

I won.

BILL *

Me, too.

DAVE

I just wish I could give this back.

JIMMY

I never did finish my story about
the kid who wanted to play football
but wasn't big enough, did I?

DAVE

The Richard Nixon story?

JIMMY

Oh, I guess I did finish it. You
want another scotch?

DAVE

Make it a double.

* Bill and Catherine pass by -- dancing with each other.
Catherine dips Bill.

CUT TO:

ACT TWO

SCENE P

INT. ENTRANCE TO BATHROOM/BANQUET HALL BAR AREA -
SIMULTANEOUS (N-1)

(Matthew, Catherine, Joe, Bob Costas, Security Guard
(extra))

Matthew and Bob Costas come out of the bathroom.

BOB COSTAS

What you've got there are most
definitely the bites of the common
red ant.

MATTHEW

You really think so?

BOB COSTAS

Positive. You know, the legendary
Frank "Home Run" Baker, one of the
true greats of the dead ball era,
used to get red ant bites on his
rear end as well.

MATTHEW

Really?

BOB COSTAS

His locker was built on an ant hill.

True story.

MATTHEW

Home Run Barker. Wow.

Matthew walks off. Bob Costas goes over to a security guard.

BOB COSTAS

That man just pulled down his pants
in front of me. I want him arrested.

RESET TO:

INT. BANQUET HALL BAR AREA - SIMULTANEOUS

Joe and Catherine are at the bar. No one is anywhere near them.

CATHERINE

Joe, have you noticed that we're the
only ones at the bar?

JOE

Yeah.

CATHERINE

Why do think that is?

JOE

A lot of tea-totaling wussies
gravitate to awards banquets?

CATHERINE

Or maybe it's because every time a
guy comes within ten feet of me, you
puff out your chest and stare him
down like Sonny Liston.

JOE

Don't compare me to that glass-jawed
punk.

Bob Costas walks up to the bar and orders a drink.

CATHERINE

(TO BOB) Long night?

BOB COSTAS

If I told you, you wouldn't believe
me.

JOE

Excuse me.

BOB COSTAS

Pardon?

JOE.

What are you looking at?

BOB COSTAS

I'm not looking at anything. I'm
conversing with a fellow
broadcaster.

JOE

Conversation's over. Beat it.

Catherine walks away, pissed off.

BOB COSTAS

Big words from a man in a rental
tux.

JOE

Alright, that's it.

Joe takes his jacket off.

JOE (CONT'D)

You want a piece of me?

BOB COSTAS

Bring it on.

Joe swings at Bob. Bob blocks the punch smoothly,
catches Joe's arm, then flips him onto the floor
effortlessly. Bob returns to his drink.

BOB COSTAS (CONT'D)

(WEARILY) These radio people are all
nuts...

DISSOLVE TO:

ACT TWO

SCENE P

INT. BANQUET HALL - A LITTLE LATER (N-1)
(Dave, Bob Costas, Marty)

Dave is ruminating quietly at a table with his award. A kindly old guy in a ruffled tux comes up. It's Marty Jackson and he's holding a drink and a cigarette.

MARTY

Dave Nelson?

Dave points to his award.

DAVE

That's what it says.

MARTY

Marty Jackson. WYXP.

DAVE

I know who you are.

MARTY

Just wanted to drop by and say
congratulations.

DAVE

(WARILY) Thanks.

MARTY

Really -- you're doing a tremendous
job over there.

DAVE

Thanks very much. That's very kind.

MARTY

How old are you?

DAVE

Twenty-nine.

MARTY

You know, I won my first Absa when I
was your age.

DAVE

Really?

MARTY

Yep. I had just moved here from the
Midwest, no one thought I'd survive
in New York.

DAVE

(WARMING) I know exactly how that
feels. Hey, have a seat.

Marty sits down.

MARTY

Then I win this award, right out of
the gate, and... I'm telling you...
I was in way over my head...

DAVE

But you were good enough to get the
award...

MARTY

Yeah, but like I was telling this
reporter one time, I don't care how
smart he is -- no twenty-nine-year-
old kid can handle the pressure of
being a news director. But I'm sure
that was just me.

DAVE

No -- I feel the pressure, too.

MARTY

It's tough, isn't it?

DAVE

Sure is. So how do you deal with it?

MARTY

I drink.

Dave laughs.

MARTY (CONT'D)

No, I'm serious. I drink a lot.
Can't stop. The doctors tell me I
should stop, because my liver's just
about shot, but... what do they
know?

DAVE

(WEAKLY) You said it.

MARTY

Anyway, enjoy this. You deserve it.

You've got a long road ahead of you.

Salut!

As he exits, Marty toasts Dave. Dave lifts his drink in a half-hearted response. Bob Costas walks up.

BOB COSTAS

Just wanted to say congratulations.

Quite a sweep you had tonight!

DAVE *

Go to hell, Costas.

Bob Costas shakes his head and walks away.

FADE OUT

END OF ACT TWO