

RIP CITY

pilot

written by  
Terri Minsky

REVISED DRAFT

NOVEMBER 18, 2010

PRODUCTION COMPANY NAME  
Address Line 1  
Address Line 2  
City, State Zip code

DRAFT NAME

MM DD, YYYY

SERIES TITLE

"Episode Title"

CAST

CHARACTER NAME..... ACTOR  
CHARACTER NAME..... ACTOR

GUEST CAST

TBD..... ACTOR

SERIES TITLE

"Episode Title"

SETS

Teaser, Scene A            - Scene Heading

Act One, Scene B         - Scene Heading

Act Two, Scene C         - Scene Heading

Tag, Scene D              - Scene Heading

ACT ONE

SCENE A

INT. PORTLAND AIRPORT ARRIVAL GATE - DAY - (DAY ONE)

A GROUP OF PEOPLE ASSEMBLED TO GREET DEPLANING PASSENGERS -- ONE IN PARTICULAR STANDS OUT: JANET MARSH, LATE 20S; AT THIS MOMENT, SHE IS AN EXPOSED NERVE ENDING OF ANTICIPATION DOING ITS BEST TO APPEAR CALM. WHICH IS DIFFICULT, BECAUSE SHE'S CARRYING A PARADE-FLOAT'S WORTH OF BALLOONS AND A POSTER BOARD-SIZE SIGN WHICH READS: "NO -- I LOVE **YOU** MORE!" A FELLOW GATE GREETER (FEMALE, 40S-60S), SMILES AT JANET'S NERVOUS EXCITEMENT.

FELLOW GATE GREETER

That's some greeting. You're making  
the rest of us look bad.

JANET

The sign -- what do you think? Is it  
TMI? Be honest. It's for my  
boyfriend. The other side just has  
his name --

FELLOW GATE GREETER

That's probably safer --

JANET TURNS THE SIGN AROUND FOR HER INSPECTION. THE BACK DOES JUST READ: "JEREMY ZUCKERMANDELBAUM." BUT IT'S TOTALLY SURROUNDED BY BRIGHT RED HEARTS EMBELLISHED WITH GLITTER.

FELLOW GATE GREETER (CONT'D)

-- although maybe not --

JANET

He knows how I am, he told me not to  
go overboard. (BEAT) So I didn't.  
But I had to do *something*. He's  
moving across the country ...

(MORE)

JANET (CONT'D)

for me -- because I got this job,  
this, like, huge opportunity, I'm  
(CAN'T BELIEVE IT HERSELF) ...  
running a soda company. I don't even  
drink soda. Most guys would be  
threatened if their girlfriend was  
more successful than them, but Jeremy  
has been super-supportive. He gets  
that this is a relationship, not a  
competition.

FELLOW GATE GREETER

(CONFIDENTIALLY) Still, it's nice to  
be winning.

JANET

(LIKEWISE) Holla.

THE ARRIVING PASSENGERS START POURING OUT OF THE GATE.

JANET (CONT'D)

He's here!

JANET HOLDS THE SIGN SO THE "NO -- I LOVE **YOU** MORE!" SIDE IS  
SHOWING. THE FELLOW GATE GREETER SEES HER HUSBAND, AND THE  
TWO EMBRACE.

HUSBAND

(OFF JANET) So glad I'm not that guy.

FELLOW GATE GREETER

(BRIGHTLY, TO JANET, AS SHE PULLS HER  
HUSBAND OFF) Good luck with  
everything!

JANET, WORRIED, TURNS THE SIGN AROUND TO JUST SHOW THE NAME SIDE, AND HOPEFULLY SCANS THE DEPLANING PASSENGERS.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. PORTLAND AIRPORT ARRIVAL GATE - A FEW MINUTES LATER

THE LAST PASSENGERS EXIT THE PLANE, FOLLOWED BY THE CREW. JANET IS THE ONLY PERSON STILL STANDING AT THE GATE. SHE APPROACHES A STEVEN SLATER-LIKE FLIGHT ATTENDANT.

JANET

Excuse me --

THE FLIGHT ATTENDANT INSTANTLY CLOCKS JANET'S SITUATION.

FLIGHT ATTENDANT

Oh, dear. Okay. Sweetheart, in my line of work, I see a lot of girls like you -- though this is particularly tragic ... you need to accept that your Prince Not-So-Charming was not on this plane.

JANET

But maybe --

FLIGHT ATTENDANT

(CUTS HER OFF) And he won't be on the next one. Do you understand? He bailed. This is not a good guy, this (READS THE SIGN) Jeremy Zucker ... mandel -- really? You were going to stick your kids with this word jumble?

JANET PULLS OUT HER CELL PHONE AND STARTS TO DIAL.

JANET

There must be some explanation --

THE FLIGHT ATTENDANT REACHES OUT TO STOP JANET FROM MAKING THE CALL.

FLIGHT ATTENDANT

There is: he's a douche. And you're not going to call him. Because you're stronger than that, right?

A BEAT, AS JANET HEARS THE CLARION CALL OF PRIDE AND DIGNITY IN THE FACE OF BEING UNCEREMONIOUSLY DUMPED. THEN:

JANET

No.

AS JANET TURNS AWAY FROM THE FLIGHT ATTENDANT, PUNCHING NUMBERS INTO HER PHONE --

CUT TO:

SCENE B

INT. JANET'S APARTMENT - A LITTLE WHILE LATER - (DAY ONE)

JANET, DISCONSOLATE, ENTERS THE APARTMENT, WHICH IS ONLY SPARSELY FURNISHED AND HAS MOVING BOXES IN THE PROCESS OF BEING UNPACKED. A HUGE BANNER READING: "JEREMY AND JANET -- TOGETHER FOREVER" IS SUSPENDED ACROSS THE ROOM. JANET REACHES UP AND RIPS IT DOWN. THERE'S A TABLE WITH A BOTTLE OF CHAMPAGNE CHILLING IN AN ICE BUCKET AND A BEAUTIFUL PLATTER OF CHOCOLATE-COVERED STRAWBERRIES. JANET SINKS INTO A CHAIR AND LOOKS SADLY AT THIS FOOD OF LOVE. THEN SHE STARTS SCARFING DOWN THE CHOCOLATE-COVERED STRAWBERRIES.

THERE'S A KNOCK ON THE DOOR. JANET QUICKLY STUFFS ONE LAST STRAWBERRY INTO HER MOUTH AND GOES TO ANSWER IT.

JANET

(AT THE DOOR, HER MOUTH FULL, SO SHE IS UNINTELLIGIBLE) Hoo ehh aww --  
(SHE STRUGGLES TO SWALLOW HER FOOD)  
Who is it?

DELIVERY GUY (O.S.)

(FROM THE OTHER SIDE OF THE DOOR)  
Delivery.

JANET OPENS THE DOOR. A COUPLE FURNITURE DELIVERY GUYS ARE THERE WITH LARGE WRAPPED PIECES OF FURNITURE.

DELIVERY GUY (CONT'D)

We have your couch.

JANET

(TRYING TO FOCUS) My couch --

DELIVERY GUY

(CHECKING HIS ORDER FORM) You're Janet Marsh? You ordered the Grand Scale chocolate leather sectional -- chaise, loveseat, armless chair --

JANET

Oh God -- no --

DELIVERY GUY

-- with two ottomans and the La-Z-boy  
recline system?

JANET

(OVERLAPPING) -- no, no -- I mean, yes  
... but it was for my boyfriend, who,  
it turns out, is very "confused," and  
"needs some clarity," and would  
"totally understand if I wanted to  
break up with him."

A BEAT. THEN:

DELIVERY GUY

I'm just here to deliver the couch --

JANET

And then, when I said I didn't want to  
break up with him, he said that he  
knew he was causing me pain and he  
couldn't have that on his conscience.  
I mean, isn't that the most passive-  
aggressive thing you've ever heard in  
your life?

ANOTHER BEAT. THEN:

DELIVERY GUY

Yes.

JANET

I thought this was going to be the day  
we officially started our lives  
together -- he was moving here for me,  
and I bought him this ... grotesque  
animal-hide sandbox --

THERE'S SOMEBODY ELSE IN THE HALLWAY (WHO WE DON'T SEE)  
ADDRESSING THE DELIVERY GUY.

DELIVERY GUY

(TO THE UNSEEN PERSON IN THE HALLWAY)

Yup, this is the place. (TO JANET)

The guy's here to install the indoor  
basketball hoop.

OFF JANET'S DEFEAT,

CUT TO:

SCENE C

INT. RIP CITY - THE OLD MAN'S OFFICE - MORNING (DAY 2)

A LARGE, LOVELY OFFICE BEFITTING THE FOUNDER AND C.E.O. OF RIP CITY COLA, A REGIONAL BEVERAGE MANUFACTURER AND DISTRIBUTOR. SAID FOUNDER IS KNOWN ONLY AS THE OLD MAN; HE IS AN APPARENTLY HARDY 83. WITH HIM IS HIS VALUED AND BELOVED SECOND-IN-COMMAND, FRANK NORMANDY, MID-50S, AN EASY-GOING GUY WITH INNATE CONFIDENCE AND BONHOMIE. THESE TWO HAVE WORKED TOGETHER FOR 30 YEARS AND ARE CLEARLY VERY CLOSE.

FRANK

Thanks for the tip -- fortunately, I'm not in the market for a urologist --

THE OLD MAN

Oh, go see him anyway! You know what he wrote on my chart? He said I was "circus-sized!"

FRANK

Obviously, he meant --

THE OLD MAN

Who CARES what he meant? I have a date with his nurse!

ON THIS, JANET MARSH KNOCKS ON THE OPEN OFFICE DOOR.

JANET

Hi --

THE OLD MAN

(ALWAYS HAPPY TO SEE A PRETTY FACE)

Hello there!

FRANK

Can we help you?

JANET

(AS IF THIS EXPLAINS EVERYTHING) I'm Janet Marsh.

THE OLD MAN

Come in, Janet Marsh! Make yourself comfortable! Would you like to see my urology chart? (TO FRANK) I had copies made.

FRANK

Forgive him -- he's aging. Just not gracefully. I'm Frank Normandy.

JANET

Frank Normandy -- you're the number two around here --

FRANK

That's right.

JANET

I'm Janet Marsh!

FRANK

Yes, so I've heard.

FRANK IS CONFUSED WHY SHE THINKS HE SHOULD KNOW WHO SHE IS AND JANET IS CONFUSED WHY HE DOESN'T.

THE OLD MAN

(SUDDENLY, A LIGHTBULB) Janet Marsh! From Soda King!

JANET

(FINALLY) Yes.

THE OLD MAN

Holy crap of the morning! Is this happening today?

JANET

I was told to be here on the 15th --

FRANK

Oh -- is that it? You work here now? Welcome aboard. Let me show you around -- what is it you'll be doing for us?

JANET

Uhhhhmm -- (TO THE OLD MAN) I guess your job?

FRANK

About time somebody did! (APPRAISING JANET) You're funny, you're going to fit in well.

THE OLD MAN

Hey, Frank -- remember, a week ago, maybe two -- I told you I sold the company to Soda King?

FRANK

(STARTLED) Which company? This company?

THE OLD MAN

I could be wrong. It could've been a month.

FRANK

Oh, I know when it was! *Never.*

JANET

(TO THE OLD MAN) I really wish you had mentioned this before I showed up for work.

THE OLD MAN

I'm 83. Shoot me.

JANET

(TO FRANK, BY WAY OF EXPLANATION) Rip City is the number one beverage brand in the Northwest, Soda King was looking to expand its market share -- not to brag, but buying this company was my idea.

FRANK

(TO JANET) And now Soda King has sent you here to ... to -- (HE CAN'T BRING HIMSELF TO SAY IT) how old are you, anyway?

THE OLD MAN

(LEERING) I was just wondering that myself.

JANET

That question is neither appropriate nor relevant --

FRANK

Then let's try a different one. You are, as of this moment, the C.E.O. of Rip City.

JANET

(STRONG) I am.

FRANK

You ever run a soft drink company?

JANET

(STILL PRETTY STRONG) This will be my first.

FRANK

But you've run a company.

JANET

Yes. (THEN) For a very intensive leadership seminar --

FRANK

(CLOSE TO LOSING IT) Do you have any job experience at all?

JANET

Well, as I mentioned, I was a precocious and persuasive management trainee --

FRANK

(TO THE OLD MAN, WITH BUILDING INTENSITY) No. You can't do this.

(MORE)

FRANK (CONT'D)

Not to the company you founded, and  
the people who work for you ... I did  
not spend 30 years stocking shelves  
and driving trucks and cleaning  
filters and sterilizing tanks and  
chlorinating water and babysitting  
bottles and sweet-talking buyers so I  
could end up working for Business  
School Barbie!

ON THIS, FRANK STORMS OUT OF THE OLD MAN'S OFFICE. THAT'S  
FOLLOWED BY A BEAT OF STUNNED SILENCE.

THE OLD MAN

(STRANGELY ELATED) Quite a  
performance! I feel like I just saw  
Diana Ross in concert.

JANET

What am I going to do? I haven't been  
here five minutes, and my chief  
operating officer already hates me.

THE OLD MAN

Prob'ly dudn't help that he thought he  
was getting the job.

JANET

Why would he think that?

THE OLD MAN

'Cause I been promising it to him for  
years.

(MORE)

THE OLD MAN (CONT'D)

Then you people showed up with your big ol' checkbook -- say, you know what's even prettier than my urology report? My bank balance.

JANET

You know, being 83 is not a blanket excuse --

THE OLD MAN

Sure it is! Listen, at least let me treat you to a nice dinner. I want to thank you for coming up with this idea.

JANET

And you just did, so we're good.

THE OLD MAN

(TEASING) What is it? You don't want to make your boyfriend mad?

JANET

(A LITTLE LAUGH) Believe me, I would love to make my boyfriend mad ...

(THEN, NOT LAUGHING) I would pay to see him suffer -- (SNAPS HERSELF OUT OF IT) well ... I should probably introduce myself to the rest of the staff. By now they must be dying to meet me.

THE OLD MAN

I wouldn't worry.

JANET

Really? You know them -- you think  
I'll be okay?

THE OLD MAN

God, no. I said *I* wouldn't worry.  
Me. But you -- (HE BLOWS A RASPBERRY)

JANET

I guess they really look up to Frank,  
huh?

THE OLD MAN

Oh, yeah. He's a god to them. (BEAT)  
Plus it doesn't help you got to fire  
one of them.

JANET

What? No, I don't.

THE OLD MAN

Yeah, you do. Soda King is cutting  
the budget, so they told me to, but --

JANET

Just another thing you didn't get  
around to.

THE OLD MAN

Oh, now, relax, you're giving yourself  
a brain wedgie. You need to look at  
the big picture here.

(MORE)

THE OLD MAN (CONT'D)

(SPELLING IT OUT FOR HER) You're young. You're pretty. You come from New York City and you got an MBA from an Ivy League school. (LAYING A HAND ON JANET'S SHOULDER) They were never going to like you anyway.

OFF JANET, RECOILING FROM THAT BLOW --

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

SCENE D

INT. RIP CITY - THE MAIN OFFICE - SAME TIME (DAY 2)

FRANK IS SURROUNDED BY THE RIP CITY STAFF: MYRT, THE OFFICE MANAGER, A FEISTY, RANGY WOMAN IN HER 70S; GABBY, 30S/40S, THE DRAMA QUEEN; AND HER COUNTERPART, THE GOSSIP, FERN, ALSO IN HER 30S/40S; ELLIOTT, LATE 20S/EARLY 30S, THE DICK CHENEY OF OFFICE POLITICS, ALWAYS WANTING MORE POWER THAN HE HAS; AND RONNIE, FRANK'S CONTEMPORARY, HIS BEST FRIEND, AND HIS OPPOSITE, A ZHLUBBY CLUELESS TEDDY BEAR OF A GUY. THEY ARE CONSUMED WITH THE NEWS FRANK HAS BROUGHT THEM.

GABBY

(TO FRANK) What does she look like?  
Would you say she's attractive?

FERN

Gabby -- why is that always the first question you ask whenever we're talking about a woman?

GABBY

I like to be prepared, okay? If Angelina Jolie was about to walk in here, I'd want some warning. Just think how psychologically disorienting that would be -- you're in a room, and bam! There's Angelina Jolie.

RONNIE

(WISTFUL) But that'll never happen. We'll probably never be in the same room as Angelina Jolie. Not once in our whole lives.

THEY ALL CONTEMPLATE THIS FOR A BEAT. THEN:

FERN

If Soda King changes our vacation  
times, I call the week between  
Christmas and New Year's.

GABBY/MYRT/ELLIOTT/RONNIE

(ERUPTING INTO AN ANGRY OVERLAPPING AD-  
LIB) I've been here longer than you!  
/ If anybody gets that time, it's me!  
/ I will not abide by that! Nobody  
abide by that! / My kids are off from  
school, I have to get that week! /  
This is not like the front seat of a  
car, where you can just call  
"shotgun!" / You have some nerve,  
Fern!

SIMULTANEOUSLY, FERN IS YELLING RESPONSES BACK AT HER CO-  
WORKERS.

FERN

(OVERLAPPING WITH ABOVE) I have as  
much right to that week as anybody!  
You're just all mad because you didn't  
think of it first! I already bought  
my tickets to Sandals Cancun and  
they're non-refundable!

DURING THIS VERBAL MELEE, FRANK'S HEAD SINKS INTO HIS HANDS.  
ABRUPTLY, THE BITCHING AND MOANING STOPS ALL AT ONCE; FRANK  
LIFTS HIS HEAD TO SEE THAT JANET HAS ENTERED THE OFFICE.

ELLIOTT

(LOW, TO RONNIE) Hello, kitty.

GABBY

(LOW, TO FERN) Ehhh, she's no  
Angelina Jolie.

JANET

Well, now I know what it feels like to  
be in the elephant in the room.

RONNIE

Thank God. It's usually me.

THIS ELICITS SOME ICE-BREAKING LAUGHTER, FOR WHICH JANET IS  
CLEARLY GRATEFUL.

JANET

I just want to say that I know my  
being here has come as a complete  
surprise to all of you ... (GESTURES  
TO FRANK) in some cases, not a very  
pleasant one --

SHE WAS HOPING FOR SOME SMILES, DOESN'T GET THEM, SOLDIERS  
ON, VERY UPBEAT, WITH INCREASING ENTHUSIASM.

JANET (CONT'D)

But now I'm here, and we're going to  
get to know each other, and this'll be  
great ...

(MORE)

JANET (CONT'D)

I think Rip City has fantastic potential -- I have a lot of ideas and I look forward to hearing yours -- and together I believe we can make this company (PUNCTUATING WITH A GUNG-HO FIST JAB) into really something great.

JANET'S WARM, HOPEFUL FLUSH IS MET WITH CONFUSED -- AND, IN FRANK'S CASE, HOSTILE -- GLARES.

FRANK

The thing is, Janet, Rip City already is (MAKING THE SAME FIST JAB) really something great.

JANET

Oh, yeah, no, totally, *totally*. But in this economy, we have to be sharks. We keep moving, or we die. (OFF THE STAFF'S CONTINUED PAINED EXPRESSIONS) Not die -- die is the wrong word --

FRANK

But what you're saying is, things are going to change around here.

JANET

When we *face* change, we fear it. But once we *make* the change -- it's exhilarating.

ELLIOTT

Who said that? Winston Churchill?

JANET

No, I did. Just now.

ELLIOTT

(SUCKING UP) You sound like Winston Churchill.

GABBY/FERN/MYRT

(RE: ELLIOTT) Uccccchhh. / Please. /  
(COUGH-TALK) Suck-up.

FRANK

Will you be making budget cuts?

JANET

Just like everyone else these days, we will be looking for ways to consolidate our expenses --

FRANK

Is anyone going to lose their job?

JANET

(A LITTLE LAUGH) Hey, guys, can we dial down the temperature on this hot seat? I just wanted to say hello, maybe have someone show me where the bathroom is --

THEY'RE ALL JUST LOOKING AT HER, WAITING FOR A RESPONSE.

JANET (CONT'D)

Accccchh, listen -- if I knew, I would tell you, I swear. (BEAT) Okay, that's not true.

(MORE)

JANET (CONT'D)

I do know, and I don't want to tell you. (RELUCTANTLY) Yes, I have to cut one salary from the payroll.

THE PANIC FLARES IN AN INSTANT. ELLIOTT IMMEDIATELY POINTS TO RONNIE. THE FOLLOWING IS RAPID-FIRE:

ELLIOTT

This is your man. Ronnie Castro.

GABBY/FERN/MYRT

(STERN) Elliott!

ELLIOTT

What? Am I wrong? He's the sales manager -- when was the last time he made a sale?

RONNIE

(DOLEFULLY) You know Mondays are hard for me ... and Wednesdays --

ELLIOTT

And years beginning in the number two.

FRANK

(CALMLY) Nobody is getting fired.

JANET

Excuse me, Frank --

GABBY

(RAISING A SHAKY HAND, TO JANET) I just want to say, it can't be me, because my husband recently was laid off (EMITS A SMALL SOB), and his mother now lives in our spare bedroom (ANOTHER SOB), and (THIS IS DIRE) the three of us cannot be in that house together for long stretches --

MYRT

I'm 78, so unless Soda King wants a massive lawsuit on its hands --

FERN

Why is this even an issue? We go by seniority --

ELLIOTT

(RABID) Who says? (TO JANET) That's an antiquated system that nobody recognizes anymore, because that's how you lose your best people! (TO FERN) You should watch who you're throwing under the bus, Fern.

FERN

God, I would LOVE to. If only we had a real bus.

FRANK

(FORCEFULLY) NO ONE! IS GETTING!  
FIRED!

MYRT

(TO FRANK; SHE'S A BELIEVER) Make it  
so, buddy. Make it so.

RONNIE

(OVERLAPPING) Go, Frank!

GABBY/FERN

(ALSO OVERLAPPING, TO EACH OTHER)  
He's always there for us. / He always  
is.

JANET

Frank, can I see you in my office?

FRANK

What for? You can see me fine right  
here.

JANET

There is a conversation you and I need  
to have, and I don't think it's fair  
that you have a cheering section.

ELLIOTT

(INDICATES JANET'S SIDE OF THE ROOM)

I'm happy to stand over there.

BUT JANET KNOWS THAT WOULD BE WORSE THAN STANDING ALONE.  
BEFORE ELLIOTT CAN JOIN HER:

JANET

I'll be in my office.

SHE WALKS OFF. THEY WATCH HER GO. A BEAT LATER, SHE PASSES BY THEM.

JANET (CONT'D)

It's this way, right?

AS SHE WALKS OFF IN THE OTHER DIRECTION,

CUT TO:

SCENE E

INT. JANET'S OFFICE (FORMERLY THE OLD MAN'S OFFICE) - A  
LITTLE WHILE LATER

THE PLACE HAS BEEN CLEANED OUT, WITH MOST OF THE OLD MAN'S KNICK-KNACKS, ARTWORK, AND PHOTOS PILED INTO A LARGE INDUSTRIAL TRASH CAN IN THE CORNER. THE PLACE IS BARE, WAITING FOR JANET TO TAKE OCCUPANCY. SHE REACHES INTO HER BRIEFCASE AND PULLS OUT THE ONLY TWO THINGS SHE BROUGHT WITH HER: HER DIPLOMA, WHICH SHE HANGS ON A BARE HOOK ON THE WALL, AND A LITTLE BLUE STRESS BALL, WHICH SHE STARTS KNEADING VIGOROUSLY. THERE'S A KNOCK ON THE DOOR. IT'S FRANK. HE SHOWED UP. JANET SETS THE STRESS BALL DOWN AND ALLOWS HERSELF TO SAVOR THIS LITTLE VICTORY.

JANET

Frank. I'm so glad you decided to  
come.

JANET STANDS AND MOVES TOWARD THE SEATING AREA OF THE OFFICE AS FRANK ENTERS AND TAKES A STROLL AROUND THE OFFICE, GIVING IT A ONCE-OVER.

FRANK

I like what you've done with the  
place. (TAPPING THE STRESS BALL WITH  
A FOREFINGER) Oh, you made a friend.

JANET

(MOTIONS TO THE SEATING AREA) Have a  
seat.

HE IGNORES HER AND WALKS OVER TO THE WALL, EXAMINING HER DIPLOMA.

FRANK

(AS IF IMPRESSED) Hunh. Look at  
that. MBA from Wharton. (THEN)  
Isn't that where you go when you can't  
get into Harvard?

JANET

Frank. We don't have to be  
adversaries, we really don't. I'm  
sympathetic -- this must be difficult  
for you. You expected to be in  
charge, instead you're working for  
someone nearly half your age, and it  
probably doesn't help that I'm a woman  
--

FRANK

Are you trying to sound condescending,  
or is that just your voice?

JANET

(CLEARING HER THROAT) Forgive me, I  
wasn't aware I sounded that way.

(MOTIONS TO THE CHAIR) Please sit.

FRANK

You first.

JANET

Let's not turn everything into a  
battle of wills.

FRANK DOESN'T RESPOND. HE JUST LOOKS AT HER. SHE LOOKS AT  
HIM. HE DOESN'T SIT. NEITHER DOES SHE. THIS CLEARLY IS A  
BATTLE OF WILLS. FINALLY:

JANET (CONT'D)

This is stupid.

SHE SITS. FRANK NOW SAVORS HIS OWN LITTLE VICTORY.

JANET (CONT'D)

I hope you know that the last thing I want to do is fire anyone. But the good news is, I only have to fire one person. (OFF FRANK'S LOOK, AS IF TO A CHILD) See, there's this thing called a "bright side," and sometimes it helps to look at it.

FRANK

So if you had to fire a member of your family, who would it be?

JANET

Frank, "office family?" That isn't real. That's a concept created by sociologists who get paid by the buzzword.

FRANK

Is that what you've learned from your vast experience in the working world ... oh, wait -- you don't have that. It must be what they teach you at Harvard ... oh, wait -- you didn't go there.

(MORE)

FRANK (CONT'D)

Of course, I only have a meager thirty years in this business to draw on, but I can tell you that it feels like a family when you lose three mothers, four fathers, six dogs, a llama, go through marriages, divorces, in-vitro fertilization, lap-band surgery, three hip replacements -- all Myrt's --

JANET

(CUTTING HIM OFF) My brother. I would fire my brother.

A BEAT; FRANK LOOKS AT HER: GO ON.

JANET (CONT'D)

He's always, like, "Hey, Mom, great present, huh -- I paid for half," which he never does. And I can't say anything, because that'll just hurt her feelings --

FRANK

(SMILES) Sounds like Elliott. Never chips in for anything, but always signs the card.

JANET

So, what are you saying? I should fire Elliott?

FRANK

No! I'm saying it *is* a family!

JANET

Okay, look -- the reason I wanted to talk to you -- I know everyone in this office respects you. I know this business wouldn't be what it is today without you. I want you to be happy. What can I do to make you happy?

FRANK

You could go away.

JANET

Besides that.

FRANK

Let us keep doing what we do the way we do it.

JANET

Besides that.

FRANK

Don't fire anyone!

A BEAT; THE LOOK ON JANET'S FACE SAYS SHE CAN'T GIVE HIM THAT EITHER.

JANET

What about this sales manager, Ronnie Castro?

FRANK

Especially not Ronnie. Right now, he needs the job more than any of us.

JANET

But he's not even doing it. You must realize that, you're the chief operating office. We haven't had a new account in a long time, most of our customers are just standing orders -- you're basically just covering for him.

FRANK

I promised those people that nobody would get fired.

JANET

Except you're not in a position to keep that promise.

FRANK GETS TO HIS FEET.

FRANK

Yes, I am. You don't have to fire anyone, because I quit.

JANET

(LAUGHS) Oh, okay, that's very dramatic --

FRANK EXITS THE OFFICE, AND JANET GETS UP AND GOES AFTER HIM.

RESET TO:

INT. RIP CITY OFFICE HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

JANET IS TRAILING AFTER FRANK AS HE WALKS OFF. SHE FOLLOWS HIM DOWN THE HALLWAY TO THE MAIN OFFICE.

JANET

-- I mean, really, Frank, who doesn't love a Viking funeral? But what do you expect me to do? You think I'm going to fall to my knees and go, "Oh, Frank, no, no, you can't go -- "

RESET TO:

INT. RIP CITY - THE MAIN OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

JANET CONTINUES FOLLOWING FRANK TO HIS DESK, WHERE HE WORDLESSLY PICKS UP HIS JACKET AND -- JUST FOR THE HELL OF IT, I'M GOING TO SAY MOTORCYCLE HELMET -- AND HEADS FOR THE FRONT DOOR. EVERYONE IN THE OFFICE IS NOW WATCHING THEM.

JANET

-- maybe you think that's the way women are supposed to behave, but you need to know this about me, in case you haven't already figured it out, I did not get where I am today by begging, or giving in ... and I know men today are threatened by successful, powerful women, but I don't know why you should be -- all we're trying to be is you!

WITHOUT TURNING AROUND, LOOKING BACK, OR ACKNOWLEDGING JANET IN ANYWAY, FRANK EXITS THE RIP CITY BUILDING. A BEAT, AS JANET, STUNNED, WATCHES HIM GO. WHEN SHE TURNS, SHE IS LOOKING AT THE EQUALLY STUNNED FACES OF THE REST OF THE STAFF, ALL OF THEM WEARING A WTF? EXPRESSION. AFTER A LONG BEAT, FINALLY JANET BLURTS:

JANET (CONT'D)

This ... DAY ... *SUUUUCCCCCKS!*

AS SHE TURNS AND STRIDES BACK TO HER OFFICE,

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

SCENE H

INT. RIP CITY - CONFERENCE ROOM - MORNING (DAY 3)

A STAFF MEETING -- JANET IS AT THE HEAD OF THE TABLE, ADDRESSING MYRT, GABBY, FERN AND ELLIOTT.

JANET

I apologize for my outburst yesterday,  
it was completely unprofessional, and  
I wish I could take it back, but I  
can't, because somebody here recorded  
it and now it's gone viral on Autotune  
the News. So that'll follow me for  
the rest of my career.

THEY ALL MEET HER GAZE WITH INNOCENT "WHO ME?" BLANK FACES.  
WHAT DOES NOT KILL YOU MAKES YOU STRONGER. JANET MOBILIZES  
HER INTERNAL WARRIOR.

JANET (CONT'D)

Listen, I was a Kappa Kappa Gamma.  
You think I can't take a hazing? I  
went a week with sour cream and goat  
cheese in my hair! Whachoo got?  
Bring it on! (THEN) Let's get this  
party started! (YELLS) Where's  
Ronnie? Where's my sales manager?  
(GOES TO CONFERENCE ROOM DOOR AND  
YELLS OUT INTO THE OFFICE) I got a  
can of soda for you -- it's called  
"Whup-Ass!" Want me to open it?

(MORE)

JANET (CONT'D)

(TURNS BACK TO THE PEOPLE IN THE ROOM)

Actually, that's good. "Whup-Ass  
Soda. Open a can." Somebody write  
that down.

ANGLE ON: THE FACES OF THE STAFF -- ACTUALLY, THEY'RE  
IMPRESSED. ELLIOTT WRITES IT DOWN.

JANET (CONT'D)

I'm going to find Ronnie.

SHE EXITS THE CONFERENCE ROOM.

RESET TO:

INT. RIP CITY - THE MAIN OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

JANET IS WALKING THROUGH, LOOKING FOR RONNIE. AS SHE ROUNDS  
A CORNER, SHE IS STARTLED TO SEE TWO CHILDREN -- MONTANA, AN  
EIGHT-YEAR-OLD GIRL, AND DAKOTA, A SIX-YEAR-OLD BOY --  
SITTING ON THE GROUND AGAINST THE WALL.

JANET

(YELPS) Yahhh! Who are you?

MONTANA

(SOMBER) Montana.

DAKOTA

(ALSO SOMBER) Dakota.

JANET

What are you doing here?

MONTANA

Our parents are getting divorced.

JANET

What do you mean -- right now?

MONTANA AND DAKOTA LOOK AT EACH OTHER, THEN BACK AT JANET.  
THEY SHRUG: WE DON'T KNOW.

JANET (CONT'D)

Oh gosh, I'm so sorry --

DAKOTA

We'll be better off in the long run.

JUST THEN, RONNIE HUSTLES OVER, CARRYING TWO PACKAGES OF VENDING MACHINE CUPCAKES AND TWO CANS OF RIP CITY SODA.

RONNIE

(ANXIOUS) Hey kids, you meet Janet?

Janet's my new boss. Remember I told you I had a new boss?

MONTANA/DAKOTA

(STARING AT JANET, SCARED) Yes.

RONNIE HANDS THE KIDS THE CUPCAKES AND CANS OF SODA.

RONNIE

Here's your breakfast.

JANET WINCES AT THIS.

MONTANA/DAKOTA

(STILL SOMBER) Thank you.

DAKOTA

(HOPEFULLY) Can we see Uncle Frank now?

MONTANA

No. Remember? Uncle Frank isn't here anymore.

MONTANA AND DAKOTA LOOK AT JANET WITH GREATER FEAR IN THEIR EYES. RONNIE TAKES JANET ASIDE.

RONNIE

Sorry about this. They're really quiet and they won't touch anything and their mother should be here any minute.

JANET

Ronnie --

RONNIE

She's dating a Brazilian tango master.

JANET

I'm sure that's rough. Even so --

RONNIE

He was our dance instructor. (THEN)  
We were taking lessons because we were going to renew our vows --

JANET

(CAN'T TAKE ANYMORE) Okay!

SHE LOOKS OVER AT THEM QUIETLY EATING THEIR CUPCAKES, WHICH THEY CLEARLY WISH WERE BAGELS.

JANET (CONT'D)

(RELENTING) If it's just for a little while --

RONNIE

Yeah, sure, absolutely, thank you --

RONNIE MAKES BOWING GESTURES TO EXPRESS HIS THANKS.

JANET

Ronnie. You don't have to do that.

RONNIE

Montana, Dakota -- say thank you to

Janet.

HIS KIDS STAND AND MAKE THE SAME BOWING GESTURES TO JANET.  
JANET TURNS AND STRIDES BACK TO THE CONFERENCE ROOM.

CUT TO:

SCENE J

INT. RIP CITY - CONFERENCE ROOM - A FEW MOMENTS LATER

JANET IS TALKING INTENTLY TO MYRT, GABBY AND FERN.

JANET

I need to find Frank.

MYRT

He doesn't want to speak to you.

JANET

Did he say that? Or do you all just think you're the mean girls looking out for the cool guy?

MYRT

What are you talking about?

JANET

You never saw the movie "Mean Girls?"

MYRT

I'm 78.

JANET

I don't get it. People here throw their age around like it's a stun gun.

FERN

(TO JANET) I love "Mean Girls."

(LIKE THE MEAN GIRL FROM THE MOVIE)

"If you're from Africa, why are you white?"

JANET

(LIKE THE OTHER MEAN GIRL FROM THE  
MOVIE) "Oh my God, Karen, you can't  
just ask people why they're white."

FERN IS THRILLED BY THIS.

FERN

If I know Frank, he's at the diner  
down the street.

JANET

Thank you.

JANET GOES.

GABBY

(TO FERN) Slut.

UNDER DIALOGUE, MYRT WHIPS OUT HER PHONE AND STARTS TEXTING A  
MESSAGE.

MYRT

Not a problem. This is going to work  
out fine.

AS SHE HITS SEND --

CUT TO:

SCENE K

INT. DINER - A LITTLE WHILE LATER (DAY 3)

JANET ENTERS THE DINER, AND SEES FRANK HANGING OUT AT A TABLE WITH A HALF DOZEN OTHER MEN AND WOMEN, LAUGHING AND SHOOTING THE BREEZE. ALL OF THEM, INCLUDING FRANK, ARE WEARING POLO SHIRTS WITH THE LOGO FOR POLAR BOB SODA. UNDER DIALOGUE, JANET HANGS HER COAT ON A HOOK.

FRANK

The all-time worst would have to be the guy with the giant "kick me" sign tattooed on his back. You just have to ask yourself, how is it possible somebody put it there without him knowing?

FRANK SEES JANET MOTIONING FOR HIM TO JOIN HER.

FRANK (CONT'D)

(TO THE PEOPLE AT THE TABLE) Excuse me --

HE GETS UP AND JOINS JANET.

JANET

What is this, what's going on? (OFF HIS SHIRT) You're not working for Polar Bob now, are you? Please tell me you're not. Oh my God, the Soda King brass will be so pissed at me --

FRANK

Hey, you made your position clear.  
You weren't going to put up any fight  
to keep me.

JANET

I know that's what I said, but there's  
a reason ... a really humiliating  
reason --

SHE CAN'T GO ON.

FRANK

Fine. Don't tell me. I have a job.

HE STARTS TO HEAD BACK TO THE TABLE. JANET STOPS HIM.

JANET

My boyfriend ... I went to the airport  
on Sunday to pick him up. He said he  
was going to move here to be with me.  
(BEAT) But he didn't show up. And I  
had balloons and champagne and a sign  
where I glittered his name --

FRANK WINCES.

JANET (CONT'D)

God, what is so bad about glitter?  
Then yesterday, you walked out on me.  
And I thought, what is it about me ...  
that I drive people away. I don't  
want to be that person.

(MORE)

JANET (CONT'D)

So now you know ... you're not the  
only one who ... finds me repulsive.

A BEAT, AS FRANK ABSORBS THIS.

JANET (CONT'D)

You're supposed to say, "you're not  
repulsive -- "

FRANK

Remember I told you all the stuff we'd  
been through in the office? My  
divorce. It started out, no big thing  
-- the marriage was a little stale, we  
got lazy with one another, decided we  
needed a break ... but she never  
wanted me back. She was happier by  
herself than she was with me.

A BEAT, AS JANET ABSORBS THIS.

FRANK (CONT'D)

You're supposed to say, "you're not  
repulsive -- "

THEY SMILE AT EACH OTHER.

JANET

I can tell you everybody at the office  
misses you. Including Ronnie's kids --  
I mean, what? They are straight out  
of a Dickens novel --

FRANK

You see why he can't lose his job.

JANET

Well, that'll be my next problem to solve. Just please tell me I fixed this one.

FRANK

(GESTURING TO THE TABLE OF POLAR BOB PEOPLE) Let me just go talk to them.

JANET

I'll wait for you.

FRANK

No, you go ahead. I'll meet you back at the office.

JANET EXITS THE DINER. FRANK HEADS BACK TO THE POLAR BOB TABLE. HE PULLS HIS POLAR BOB SHIRT OFF -- HE'S GOT ANOTHER SHIRT ON UNDERNEATH -- AND TOSSES IT TO ONE OF THE GUYS.

FRANK (CONT'D)

Thanks, Ted. Worked like a charm -- I had her eating out of my hand --

HE TURNS, AND THERE'S JANET, BY THE DOOR, RETRIEVING HER COAT. OFF HER REALIZATION SHE'S BEEN PLAYED,

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

SCENE 1

INT. JANET'S APARTMENT - EVENING (DAY 3)

THE LIVING ROOM NOW HAS A HUGE PLASMA SCREEN TV, A RIDICULOUS LEATHER SECTIONAL SOFA, AND AN INDOOR BASKETBALL HOOP WITH AN ELECTRONIC SCOREBOARD. THE BOTTLE OF CHAMPAGNE IS BACK IN THE ICE BUCKET ON THE TABLE. JANET IS UNPACKING PICTURE FRAMES, REMOVING THE PICTURES FROM THEM, AND ARRANGING THE EMPTY FRAMES ON A MANTLE. THE PICTURES ARE OF HER WITH JEREMY. WHEN SHE'S FINISHED, SHE CRUMPLES ALL THE PICTURES INTO A BALL AND TOSSES IT THROUGH THE BASKETBALL HOOP.

ELECTRONIC BASKETBALL HOOP

Nice one!

SHE PICKS UP THE BALLED-UP PICTURES AND DUNKS IT.

ELECTRONIC BASKETBALL HOOP  
(CONT'D)

Two points!

THERE'S A KNOCK ON THE DOOR. JANET OPENS IT. MYRT, GABBY, AND FERN ARE STANDING THERE.

JANET

Hey, glad you could make it.

THEY ENTER, LOOK AROUND.

MYRT

What's with the man-cave?

JANET

Long story.

MYRT

(OFF THE EMPTY PICTURE FRAMES) Old  
story.

FERN

(WAVING A HAND) Same story.

GABBY

Well, I'm glad we got all that out of  
the way.

ANOTHER KNOCK ON THE DOOR -- JANET OPENS IT. IT'S RONNIE AND  
ELLIOTT.

JANET

Come on in.

THEY ENTER, HYPNOTIZED BY JANET'S DECOR.

ELLIOTT

I feel like I died and went to the  
Playboy mansion. All it needs is a  
grotto and James Caan.

RONNIE

What's the champagne for?

JANET

To welcome me to Rip City.

A THIRD KNOCK ON THE DOOR. JANET OPENS IT. IT'S FRANK.  
JANET TURNS TO ADDRESS THE ROOM.

JANET (CONT'D)

And to welcome Frank back.

THE OTHERS CHEER. JANET HANDS FRANK THE BOTTLE OF CHAMPAGNE.

JANET (CONT'D)

Will you do the honors?

FRANK POPS THE CORK, AND STARTS POURING CHAMPAGNE INTO  
GLASSES.

FRANK

(HOLDING HIS GLASS ALOFT) To Janet  
Marsh, who turns out to be a very  
cool, and very forgiving woman.

JANET

This day does not suck!

THEY ALL CLINK GLASSES AND DRINK.

ELLIOTT

So nobody's getting fired?

JANET

Nobody's getting fired.

FRANK COMES UP TO HER.

FRANK

And how did you pull that off?

JANET

But Frank, you're the one with thirty years of experience. Surely, you can figure this one out.

JANET MOVES OFF. FRANK PULLS MYRT ASIDE.

FRANK

Do you know how she did it?

MYRT SHRUGS. GABBY AND FERN WANT THE SCOOP, TOO.

FERN

Oh, come on, Myrt!

RONNIE AND ELLIOTT COME OVER.

ELLIOTT

Are we talking about how she saved the job?

GABBY

Myrt knows but she's not saying.

EVERYONE STARTS BADGERING MYRT.

MYRT

(TO SHUT THEM UP) It's coming out of  
her paycheck.

FRANK

What? The whole thing?

MYRT

Every last dime.

GABBY AND FERN GASP.

RONNIE

Whoa.

ELLIOTT

And she has this place.

FRANK

(LOOKING AT JANET WITH NEWFOUND  
RESPECT) She's a better person than I  
will ever be.

MYRT ROLLS HER EYES.

MYRT

Before we start picking out the marble  
for the pedestal, you might want to  
know -- she still makes more than  
everyone here.

FRANK/GABBY/FERN/RONNIE

AND ELLIOTT

(AS ONE, ALL STARING AT JANET) *What?*

ANGLE ON: JANET TOSSING HER BALL OF PICTURES THROUGH THE HOOP  
AGAIN.

ELECTRONIC BASKETBALL HOOP

Score!

AS SHE RAISES HER ARMS IN VICTORY --

FADE OUT.

END OF SHOW

TAG

AUTO-TUNE THE NEWS VERSION OF JANET'S SONG: "THIS DAY SUCKS!"