

BUSINESS CLASS

"Duluth" (Pilot)

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ACT ONE

CLOSE-UP:

AIRPORT DEPARTURES MONITOR: "#1610 -- DULUTH -- BOARDING"

FADE IN:

INT. ROCHESTER, NY, AIRPORT - HALLWAY - DAY

Two men CHARGE TOWARD the camera at top speed.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

This is Chuck.

FREEZE on CHUCK HAVERCHUCK (42). Chuck wears a suit and tie and looks like a "winner". He's incredibly charismatic and completely amoral -- a born salesman.

Chuck has exactly one piece of luggage: a carry-on, the maximum size allowed -- and not one millimeter smaller.

NARRATOR (V.O.) (CONT'D)

This is Chuck's new partner, Terry.

FREEZE on TERRY O'HARA (34). Terry is overweight and wears a polo shirt with the corporate logo on it. He's an Irish-Catholic family man with an honest face and trusting nature -- the perfect mark for any salesman. Unfortunately, he is one.

Terry struggles with his garment bag, computer case, coat, Starbuck's cup, and newspaper.

NARRATOR (V.O.) (CONT'D)

They only met twenty minutes ago.
But Terry already has Chuck running
twenty minutes behind schedule.

UNFREEZE. The gate is in sight up ahead.

CHUCK

First business trip?

TERRY

Yep. Spent eight years in
Distribution. How'd you know?

A MOTHER with a KID IN A STROLLER is chatting on a payphone, blocking their path.

Chuck grabs the stroller and shoves it aside. Terry watches, shocked, as the kid rolls across the terminal. They run on.

CHUCK

Saw you make a few business travel
faux pas back there. Thirty-seven,
to be exact.

A fast PHOTO MONTAGE shows Terry as he did the following:
"#1. BROUGHT LUGGAGE"; "#2. CHECKED LUGGAGE"; "#9. GOT IN
LINE BEHIND ELDERLY PERSON"; "#15. WORE LACE-UP SHOES"; "#17.
LEFT COINS IN POCKET DURING X-RAY"; "#18. LEFT COINS IN OTHER
POCKET"; "#21. IMPROPERLY PACKED RAZOR"; "#22. JOKED TO TSA
ABOUT IMPROPERLY PACKED RAZOR" -- and then, as the TSA goes
through all his bags -- "#32. PACKED SHIRTS INCORRECTLY";
"#34. PACKED SOCKS INCORRECTLY"; "#37. PACKED EMBARRASSING
UNDERWEAR". Back to scene:

TERRY

Well, I'm here to learn. And they
tell me you're the best.

CHUCK

They're correct. Watch and learn.

They arrive at the gate. Chuck jogs to the front of the
check-in line, cutting in front of the other travelers.

CHUCK (CONT'D)

Sorry, pardon. Platinum check-in
coming through.

TRAVELER IN LINE

I'm Platinum.

CHUCK

Quadruple Platinum, Spanky. If I
asked, this airline would serve my
martini with your nuts on the side.

The GATE AGENT recognizes Chuck, as does almost everyone at
every airport in America.

GATE AGENT

Mr. Haverchuck, welcome back.

CHUCK

Always a pleasure, Beth. Meet my
new partner, Terry.

Terry searches in his pocket.

TERRY

Er, just a minute.

CHUCK

Step on it, T. Those overhead bins are filling as we speak.

TERRY

I think I left my Boarding Pass back at security.

(Chuck's face falls)

Could you hold this for a sec?

He dumps his coat, coffee, paper, and bags in Chuck's arms. We follow Terry as he DASHES BACK down the hallway.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Chuck and Terry are national sales reps for the world's largest soft drink company.

Terry runs past what is obviously a Coke machine. We FREEZE just before it's possible to see the logo.

Then, the NARRATOR WALKS INTO FRAME to speak to us. A Eugene Levy-type in a suit, he serves as our offbeat "Rod Serling".

NARRATOR IN PERSON

You know what it's called. But, for our purposes, we'll refer to it as, say... "Fred".

He snaps his fingers. The sign on the vending machine transforms into "Drink Refreshing Ice Cold **Fred**".

NARRATOR IN PERSON (CONT'D)

Look, I'm not a writer. I'm an attorney. And it's my job to make sure this story is told in an entertaining, yet legally acceptable, fashion.

He WALKS OFF CAMERA and everything UNFREEZES again. Travellers cross in front of the machine as we PUSH IN ON IT and PAN DOWN the buttons to see the various soda choices:

"Fred Classic"... "Fred with Lime"... "Vanilla Fred"...
"Caffeine-Free Diet Fred"...

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Right now, at a cost of over \$50 million, the Fred Corporation is preparing to launch a brand new flavor. That's what this 42 day, 35 city trip is all about.

INT. AIRPLANE - BUSINESS CLASS - FIVE MINUTES LATER

Terry chats on his cell phone while Chuck crams his bag in the overhead bin, crushing everyone else's in the process.

TERRY (ON PHONE)

I miss you, too, honey. How long has it been? Thirty-five minutes? Wow! How's the baby? ...Really? (proudly, to Chuck)
My daughter ate five raisins!

CHUCK

(could care less)
Precious moments. Gotta love 'em.

TERRY

My wife's emailing me photos!

Chuck rolls his eyes and sits down. He notices, to his displeasure, that the GUY in front has his seat leaned back.

CHUCK

(lying, expertly)
Excuse me, sir? I'm gonna have to ask you not to lean back during this flight. Sorry, I have this knee condition, requires at least 22" of legroom. My orthopedist--

FELICITY (O.S.)

Don't believe it, sir. Every word out of this man's mouth is a lie.

Chuck turns to see FELICITY VESCO putting her carry-on into an overhead bin.

FELICITY (CONT'D)

Hello, Chuck.

CHUCK

(to guy, firmly)
Put the seat up, now, or I will sneeze on the back of your head.
(the seat goes up, fast)
(MORE)

CHUCK (CONT'D)

Felicity. What brings you to our neck of the woods?

FELICITY

Business as usual. On the go 24/7.

Felicity (36), even in business attire, is strikingly attractive. Her cool, confident manner indicates she's every bit Chuck's equal. The tension between the two (part sexual, part professional) is palpable, reminiscent of Tracy & Hepburn -- or Batman & Catwoman.

She settles into the seat across the aisle, drops her briefcase into the unoccupied window seat.

Then she notices Terry, in his "Fred Sales Team" shirt.

FELICITY (CONT'D)

Who's your friend?

TERRY

Terry O'Hara. Chuck's new partner.

FELICITY

(to Chuck)

So the company realized you couldn't handle this on your own?

TERRY

Oh no. Official company policy.

FELICITY

So it's official: he can't handle this job on his own.

(to Terry)

Nice to meet you, I'm Felicity Vesco.

She leans over to hand Terry her card. Everything FREEZES. The narrator LEANS OUT from the seat behind Felicity.

NARRATOR IN PERSON

Ms. Vesco was employed by the world's #2 soft drink company, Fred's chief competitor. Let's call it...

He reaches over and replaces her business card with the "legally approved" version. UNFREEZE. Terry reads it.

TERRY

Oh, you work for "Ethel"!

FELICITY
V.P. National Sales.

TERRY
(to Chuck & Felicity)
Are you two friends?

An awkward moment. Neither one knows how to answer.

NARRATOR (V.O.)
Chuck had tried unsuccessfully to
seduce Felicity on 64 separate
occasions...

INT. HOTEL SUITE - TWO YEARS EARLIER

CHYRON: "**ATTEMPT #11. NOVEMBER 3, 2004**"

Felicity ENTERS to find her hotel bathroom bathed in the
light of 100 candles. Chuck is in the bath, sipping
champagne.

FELICITY
Good God. How did you get in here?

CHUCK
Bribed the bellhop. Care to join
me?

FELICITY
(grins)
You'll have to wait until my sales
conference is over.

Suddenly, TEN PEOPLE walk by the door with briefcases and
charts. Someone wheels an overhead projector.

Everyone gawks at Chuck, who turns bright red and slowly
disappears beneath the bubbles.

INT. PLANE - THIRTY MINUTES LATER

Terry shows Chuck the photos he's received on his cell phone.

TERRY
...and this, I think, is right
after she ate the third raisin...

CHUCK
She's a raisin-eating machine, T.
(beat)
Listen, we land in about an hour.
I have something I need to watch.

He takes out a DVD player and a boxed set of "Touched by an Angel - Season Three".

TERRY

"Touched by an Angel"? My wife and I loved that show.

CHUCK

I think it's awful. The acting is atrocious. It's melodramatic, tear-jerking swill.

TERRY

Well, uh... then why watch it?

CHUCK

Because it's a powerful sales tool. I watch an episode before every sales call, I cry like a baby, then I'm ready to kick some ass.

TERRY

So, what, it's like it drains all the emotion out of you?

CHUCK

Exactly. This is business, it's not personal. My Number One Rule: don't get emotional.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

In his 4,517 days of business travel, Chuck had seen what could happen to those who failed to follow this rule...

INT. BOSTON LOGAN AIRPORT - DAY

A distraught BUSINESSMAN holds cops and ticket agents at bay with a pair of clacking lobsters.

LOBSTER BUSINESSMAN

Oh yeah?! Well, I got two very angry lobsters here that say you are going to give me that upgrade!

INT. HOTEL ELEVATOR - DAY

Chuck rides down next to a wild-eyed naked BUSINESSMAN who's wearing nothing but a tie. (Seen only from the waist up).

CHUCK

Everything okay?

NAKED BUSINESSMAN

Shh. Can't you see I hung up the
"Do Not Disturb" sign?

Chuck looks down in the direction of the guy's crotch.

CHUCK

Right. Sorry.

INT. AIRPORT - BAGGAGE CLAIM - NIGHT

A sobbing BUSINESSMAN sits on the rotating baggage carousel. Chuck watches impassively as the man passes by and disappears out of frame.

BACK TO SCENE:

Chuck's DVD is starting just as the drink cart rolls up.

FLIGHT ATTENDANT

Mr. Haverchuck, welcome back.
Coffee with two Splendas?

CHUCK

You know it, Shelly.

FLIGHT ATTENDANT

(to Terry)
And what can I get for you?

TERRY

I'll have a Diet Fred, please.

FLIGHT ATTENDANT

I'm sorry. We only carry Ethel
products on this airline.

Felicity grins at Chuck across the cart. Chuck shoots a resentful glance at Terry.

TERRY

Er, I'll just have tomato juice.

CHUCK

(to Felicity, dismissive)
So you locked up a small-time
regional carrier. Big whoop. Call
me when you've got United. Or
Burger King. Or 32 Major League
Baseball stadiums.

FELICITY

Call me when you've got an original flavor.

CHUCK

You? You've done nothing but rip us off for the past ten years! We did lime, you did lime. We did cherry vanilla, you did cherry vanilla--

FELICITY

You did a coffee-flavored energy drink--

CHUCK

(defensive)

It's very big in Malaysia!

TERRY

Apparently, it masks the taste of the knockout drops they use for human trafficking.

Chuck is starting to get worked up -- emotional. He doesn't like this.

CHUCK

Excuse me. I have a DVD to watch.

CUT TO:

ONE HOUR LATER

Tears are streaming down Chuck's face. He dabs them dry with a cocktail napkin as we hear the show's CLOSING MUSIC SWELL.

Then he takes off his headphones and sits back with a Zen-like calm, rubbing his temples.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Having achieved clarity, Chuck was struck with a revelation...

Chuck suddenly opens one eye and looks over at Felicity, asleep across the aisle. He stands up, turns to Terry.

CHUCK

If she wakes up, distract her until I get back.

TERRY

What? Where are you going?

CHUCK

Shh.

Chuck leans over Felicity and carefully grabs her briefcase.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Years as a salesman had given Chuck
an uncanny ability to read body
language...

FLASHBACK - ONE HOUR EARLIER

CHUCK (IN FLASHBACK)

What brings you to our neck of the
woods?

In SLOW-MO, Felicity subconsciously switches her briefcase to
the other hand -- away from Chuck's view.

FELICITY (IN FLASHBACK)

(now sounding phony)
Business as usual. On the go 24/7.

BACK TO SCENE:

Chuck walks down the aisle with the briefcase.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

He knew there was something special
inside that case. Something
Felicity did not want him to see.

He goes into the lavatory and locks the door.

Simultaneously, we see our other characters in MULTIPLE
SPLIT-SCREEN (a la "24")...

TERRY

watches Felicity, terrified she might wake up.

CHUCK

sets the briefcase on the sink. It's locked. Damn.

THE NARRATOR

sits in his seat, reading "Narrator" magazine. Ron Howard is
on the cover.

NARRATOR IN PERSON

Of course, the company in no way condoned Chuck's unethical behavior. But there was a reason he'd sold enough cola to fill Lake Superior.

CHUCK

stares at the locked briefcase, thinking. What could Felicity's combination be?

It comes to him in a flash. He dials it in: "24-7". The lock clicks open. Bingo.

FELICITY

rolls over in her sleep. Is she waking up?

TERRY

nearly freaks out from the stress of it all.

CHUCK

opens the briefcase. TENSE MUSIC builds.

Inside are unlabelled white cans, marked only with a code-name: "X-5".

Chuck is bewildered, taken aback -- what the hell is this? He picks up one of the cans, opens it, and takes a sip.

CHUCK

(astonished)

Oh. My. God.

TERRY

devotes every fiber of his being to staring intensely at Felicity -- who may or may not be waking up.

The music grows TENSER... TENSER...

FLIGHT ATTENDANT

More tomato juice?

TERRY

(startled out of his wits)

Eeeyagh!

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

AIRPORT ARRIVALS MONITOR: "#1610 -- ROCHESTER -- ARRIVED"

FADE IN:

INT. DULUTH AIRPORT - JETWAY

Chuck and Terry deplane. Chuck wheels his carry-on, as cool as ever. Terry follows, agitated.

TERRY

What if she had woken up?! What you did was illegal!

CHUCK

Don't get emotional, T. It's just business.

TERRY

Well... what should we do? I think we should call headquarters.

CHUCK

And tell them what? The competition has a soda much better than the one they spent \$10 million developing and might be weeks or months ahead of us launching it?

TERRY

For starters, yes!

CHUCK

Have you ever seen the movie "Apocalypse Now"?

TERRY

What's that got to do with--

CHUCK

You and me, we're those guys on the patrol boat. Alone out here in the jungle, doing whatever it takes to accomplish our mission. In this case, sell soft drinks -- at all costs. Headquarters, they're the desk jockeys back in those air-conditioned trailers in Saigon. They have no clue what it's like out here. Ask them for help, you're liable to get six tons of napalm dropped on you by accident.

TERRY

(beat)

I think we should call.

(off Chuck's look)

I know you're the pro here, Chuck, but I worked for years to get this promotion. I don't want to jeopardize it by not following procedure.

Chuck glances at his watch, then pretends to come around:

CHUCK

I understand, man, I do. Call.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Chuck only said this because he knew that at headquarters everyone, without fail, left at 6:00 p.m. on the dot. It was now 6:04.

EXT. CORPORATE HQ - ROCHESTER, NY - DUSK

An office tower with an enormous "Fred" logo. The lights are turning off en masse, floor by floor.

INT. EXECUTIVE FLOOR - CONTINUOUS

KEITH KRAHNKE, Exec. VP of Sales, is playing a PC game.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

What Chuck didn't know was that "Halo 4" had just been released.

Keith gets killed by someone, slams his fist on the desk.

KEITH

Damn you, Sheinberg!

SHEINBERG (O.S.)

(through wall)

You're a noooob, Krahnke!

Keith's phone has been ringing. Reluctantly, he picks it up.

KEITH

Yeah?

INT. DULUTH AIRPORT - ARRIVAL GATE - CONTINUOUS

TERRY (ON CELL PHONE)

Keith? Terry O'Hara. We've run into a bit of a wrinkle...

Chuck looks worried when he realizes Terry actually got someone on the phone.

Coming out of the jetway, they see AMY LEE (24) holding a sign that says "WELCOME NAT'L. SALES REPS!" -- with smiley-faces and rainbows drawn on it.

Amy is cute as a button and redefines the word "perky".

AMY

Mr. Haverchuck? Mr. O'Hara? I'm Amy Lee, Midwest Regional Sales Coordinator. I'll be your driver and escort during the Midwestern portion of your trip.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Amy took her job very seriously.

AMY

The magic of Duluth is at your fingertips!

She fans out two handfuls of promotional pamphlets.

AMY (CONT'D)

You have got to check out the Great Lakes Floating Maritime Museum!

CHUCK

The only local attraction I want to see is the hotel bar.

AMY

Why not visit the Alpenhof? It's the second largest beer garden in all of Minnesota.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Amy was a new hire, heavily recruited by the company. Enthusiastic and loyal to a fault, she had recently left the military.

PHOTO - AMY - TWO YEARS EARLIER

Amy smiles broadly as she poses with a hooded Iraqi detainee in Abu Gharib.

INT. DULUTH AIRPORT - HALLWAY - A MINUTE LATER

Amy leads them toward the exit. Terry hangs up his phone.

TERRY

Keith wants to call the shots on this.

CHUCK

(wincing)
Of course he does.

Felicity passes, breezing out of the terminal, free from all this annoyance and hassle. Chuck watches enviously.

TERRY

He feels we need to strategize before we meet with Bob Grestchmer tomorrow.

AMY

Ooh, Grestchmer's! I shop there all the time. Did you know they have over 200 markets in seven midwestern states? And they bake their sweet rolls fresh every morning! Apple and maple walnut!

CHUCK

(tight smile)
Actually, they're made in a factory in Juarez.
(back to Terry)
So Keith is coming out here?

TERRY

On the very next flight.

Chuck is pissed. He walks on ahead, out the sliding doors.

TERRY (CONT'D)

Wait!
(then, meekly)
I need help with my luggage.

INT. VOLKSWAGEN BUG - THIRTY MINUTES LATER

Terry and Chuck ride in the backseat of Amy's perky pink VW. (Terry's luggage takes up the front passenger seat.)

Amy points out the local landmarks as they enter the city.

AMY

...And that is where Telly Savalas went to high school.
(beat)
(MORE)

AMY (CONT'D)

Before they turned it into a
storage facility.

Chuck and Terry stare out the windows in grim silence.

AMY (CONT'D)

You guys must have so much fun,
jetting from place to place.
Miami, Dallas, San Francisco! All
so exciting and different and
colorful!

Chuck SHRUGS wearily.

CHUCK

That's a myth. Everything exciting
and different and colorful about
America was eliminated sometime in
the 1980's.

CUT TO:

A FAST MONTAGE of hotel lobbies across America. Each time,
the EXACT SAME DECOR -- except for a print behind the desk --
and a series of DESK CLERKS who are nearly identical.

A print of the Gateway Arch:

IDENTICAL CLERK #1

Welcome to the Davisson St. Louis.
How can I make your day?

A print of a snowy mountainscape:

IDENTICAL CLERK #2

Welcome to the Davisson Anchorage.
How can I make your day?

A print of a "grey" space alien:

IDENTICAL CLERK #3

Welcome to the Davisson Roswell.
How can I make your day?

A print of a big pile of dirt:

IDENTICAL CLERK #4

(missing a tooth)
Welcome to the Davisson Mound City.
How can I make your day?
(burps)
Pardon me.

CUT TO:

INT. DAVISSON DULUTH - LOBBY - EVENING

Amy, Chuck, and Terry ENTER. Terry is on his phone.

TERRY

...Really? Aw, she's such a
sweetie. Love you, too.

(hangs up)

My daughter rescued a bug from the
toilet.

AMY

Oh, that is so cute! What's her
name?

While they talk, Chuck goes over to check in. (Behind the
front desk is a print of Telly Savalas).

IDENTICAL CLERK #5

Welcome to the Davisson Duluth.
How can I make your day?

CHUCK

(glancing at Terry)

Could you have that guy smothered?

IDENTICAL CLERK #5

(on autopilot)

I'll have to check with our
concierge.

INT. DAVISSON DULUTH - HOTEL SUITE - LATER THAT EVENING

A completely indistinct suite decorated in Contemporary
Corporate Blah. Chuck and Terry wait for the boss to arrive.

CHUCK

Let's just pray Keith didn't bring
the Fixer.

TERRY

The Fixer?

CHUCK

That's his name for--

Everything FREEZES. The narrator COMES OUT of the bathroom,
drying his hands.

NARRATOR IN PERSON

Obviously, we can't tell you her
real name.

(MORE)

NARRATOR IN PERSON (CONT'D)

But "The Fixer" is among the world's highest-priced management consultants.

He goes to the minibar and takes out a bag of M&M's.

NARRATOR IN PERSON (CONT'D)

Though her advice was often cryptic bordering on useless, Keith never made a decision without her. She was, after all, the best -- at whatever it was she did.

He fills out the little slip for his minibar purchase and walks off camera. Everything UNFREEZES.

There is a KNOCK at the door.

CHUCK

Please no Fixer. Please no Fixer.

Terry opens the door. It's Keith -- by himself.

CHUCK (CONT'D)

Thank God.

KEITH

(misunderstands)

Yes, you can rest easy, the cavalry has arrived. So, fill me in on the crisis. I want all the "deets".

CHUCK

Taste this.

He hands Keith a glass of soda. Keith takes a sip.

KEITH

(unimpressed)

Meh. Big deal. I flew all the way out here for that?

CHUCK

That's ours. Now try this.

He opens a crumpled airsickness bag and takes out a stolen can of X-5. Keith takes a sip. His eyes widen in amazement.

KEITH

Whoa! That's *delicious!*

CHUCK

That's theirs.

KEITH

This is an emergency.

(beat)

Thank God I called the Fixer.

Chuck sags and we CUT TO:

INT. DAVISSON DULUTH - HOTEL SUITE - TWO HOURS LATER

Two TECHNICIANS in uniforms from "MobiLink SkySat" are setting up a complex array of high-tech equipment.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

The Fixer had a number of corporate clients and, as such, was always on the go...

EXT. HIMALAYAS - DAY

A team of MOUNTAINEERS struggles up a treacherous slope.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Currently, she was in Nepal, leading a team of executives from Applebee's to the summit of Mt. Everest.

BACK TO SCENE

A technician turns on the TV. Through the static, we see THE FIXER -- a Martha Stewart-type woman in her late 40's.

She is inside a small, wind-whipped tent, wearing a parka. Even so, she seems as genial and calm as Martha always does.

THE FIXER

Keith, how are you? And the sales team... How's everybody doing?

KEITH

Not so good. Got a bit of a crisis.

THE FIXER

Is this a sensitive matter? Confidential?

KEITH

Yes, I'm afraid so.

She turns to a MAN IN A PARKA behind her, lying inertly, frostbitten, with an ice-covered beard.

THE FIXER

This is a private matter. Could I ask you to step outside for a moment?

The frostbitten man MOANS weakly, nods, and slowly CRAWLS OUT of the tent behind her.

THE FIXER (CONT'D)

Now tell me all about it...

DISSOLVE TO:

TEN MINUTES LATER

Wind howls wildly. The tent sides flap violently. But the Fixer remains as placid as ever as she listens:

KEITH

So, there you have it: We have a \$50 million product launch -- but the other guys have a vastly superior product and might be months ahead of us. What do we do?

She takes a moment to think, then responds:

THE FIXER

It seems quite clear to me, what you must do is... take--

STATIC. The TV's picture and sound drop out entirely. Then, color bars saying "NORSAT TRANSPONDER 12D. SIGNAL LOST."

KEITH

Hello? Hello? "Take" what? What do we have to "take"?
(to technician)
Can we get her back?

TECHNICIAN

I think the equipment might have blown away.

It's over. Chuck and Terry turn to Keith. Chuck clearly savors this opportunity to put Keith on the spot.

CHUCK

Well, Chief, what do we do?

KEITH

(nervous)
"Take"... "Take"....
(MORE)

KEITH (CONT'D)

What did she want us to "take"?

(beat)

Maybe she wanted us to take a step back. Rethink this.

CHUCK

Or maybe she wanted us to take the bull by the horns, forge ahead.

TERRY

Maybe it was a middle ground? She wanted us to take into account our strengths and our weaknesses?

TECHNICIAN

Maybe she wanted you to take their soda to a lab and analyze it, find out the ingredients?

KEITH

(irritated)

Get him out of here.

The head technician leads the nosy one out the door.

CHUCK

Well, what's it going to be, Keith? Make a decision! Do your job! Do we press ahead with a clearly inferior product?

TERRY

Or do we scuttle this thing and cost the company millions?

They're both staring at him. Keith doesn't know what to say. He sweats. He's a deer in the headlights.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Faced with a career-making decision, but without a marketing study or management consultant to tell him how to proceed, Keith promptly did what any modern executive would do in his position...

Keith's eyes roll up into his head and he falls over.

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

He had an aneurysm.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

CLOSE-UP - HOTEL TELEVISION SET

A clip from the in-hotel promotional channel:

DAVISSON CHANNEL (V.O.)
The Davisson Duluth has everything
to suit the modern business
traveler on the move...

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. DAVISSON DULUTH - LOBBY - DAWN

Keith is wheeled out of the elevator on a gurney by two
PARAMEDICS. Chuck and Terry follow.

CHUCK
(up in Keith's face)
KEITH! WHAT-DO-YOU-WANT-US-TO-DO?

KEITH
...Taaaake...

The desk clerk holds the door as they push him outside.

IDENTICAL CLERK #5
(to Keith)
We hope your stay was enjoyable.
Please visit us again soon!

Chuck and Terry remain behind as Keith goes out the door.

CHUCK
See? See? Now he can't be blamed!
Whatever happens, Keith'll get off
scot-free. He's such a slick
political bastard. God, he's good.

Offscreen, Keith MOANS. Chuck turns to Terry, pissed.

CHUCK (CONT'D)
You just had to call, didn't you?!
Had to *play by the rules*! If it
weren't for you, Keith would be
back in Rochester in a nice warm
bed with his mistress and a bottle
of upmarket vodka!

TERRY

(at a loss)

We're meeting Bob Gretschmer in
four hours. What do we do?

Just then, Felicity Vesco, in a robe, STROLLS OUT of a door
marked "SPA & FITNESS CENTER". She takes one look at the
haggard, unshaven guys and grins.

FELICITY

Rough night?

TERRY

Our boss just had--

CHUCK

(lying, expertly)

--had a little party to reward us
for another record-breaking year.
Kicked out the jams, rocked the
house. Like we do at the world's
#1 soft drink company. Just
getting back, actually.

She rings for the elevator. They wait together, awkwardly.

FELICITY

Sounds fun. Where was it?

CHUCK

(beat)

The Alpenhof. Second largest
indoor beer garden in the state.
What are you doing up so late?

FELICITY

(re: sunrise outside)

It's not late anymore. It's early.
Thought I'd get a massage, do a few
laps in the pool. Be relaxed and
refreshed for the client.

CHUCK

(ultra-casual)

Gretschmer's?

FELICITY

U. of M. Dining Services.

SUPER SLOW-MO of Felicity's hand moving toward her face --
INTERCUT with an EXTREME CLOSE-UP of Chuck's eyes, watching.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

In his 64 attempts to seduce her, Chuck had learned something about Felicity: she always touched her left eyebrow when she was lying.

She does it. *Touches her left eyebrow.* Everything FREEZES.

The elevator door opens and the Narrator STEPS OUT, in his warm-up suit, heading out for a morning jog.

NARRATOR IN PERSON

Chuck knew it was time for drastic action.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. DULUTH RADISSON - HOTEL SUITE - THIRTY MINUTES LATER

Chuck tears open boxes and bags from "Duluth Hunt 'n' Fish" that Amy has just delivered.

He is pumped full of adrenalin, going pedal to the metal.

CHUCK

If she gets to Bob Gretschmer first, we're dead. One taste of that soda, all the in-store promos and displays are hers, and we're in supermarket Siberia with Vernor's Ginger Ale and Diet Black Raspberry Yoo-Hoo...

CLOSE-UP - "SUPERMARKET SIBERIA"

Shoppers' feet cross in front of weird unpopular sodas relegated to the far end of the bottom shelf, next to the Kosher section, beside the gefilte fish and borscht.

BACK TO SCENE

TERRY

So what do we do?

CHUCK

Beat her to the punch. Get Bob to commit to us first. The second Gretschmer's opens, we swoop in and whisk him away on a surprise fishing trip to...

(a request, to Amy)

Someplace remote, upstate, with a full bar and access to strip clubs.

AMY
(not missing a beat)
Lake Winnibigoshish.

CHUCK
You're good. I like you. You have
a future.

He tosses her a fishing hat and handful of rubber worms.

TERRY
How do you even know he'll go?

CHUCK
It's my job to know. Bob
Gretschmer is crazy about fishing.
Took him on a junket to Baja last
March, he landed a 99-pound marlin
and we landed the front-aisle end-
cap display, all year -- *no fee*.

He takes out his Blackberry and refers to it.

CHUCK (CONT'D)
What else do you need to know about
Bob? I'll tell you.
(insanely fast)
Has one daughter, Dinah, age 34.
Drinks Glenfiddich and/or Pabst.
Has a tolerance of four drinks till
giddy, six till suggestible, nine
till unconscious. Preferred jokes
involve nearsighted men and/or
large-breasted women and/or Dr.
Ruth Westheimer. Believes in
Presbyterianism, fiscal
conservatism, and Sasquatch but not
the Yeti--

Terry's cell phone RINGS. He answers it.

TERRY (INTO PHONE)
Hi, honey... Really?! Honest to
God? Well, put her on!
(excited, to Amy & Chuck)
My daughter is talking! She just
said her first word!
(to phone)
Hi, sweetie! It's Daddy! Can you
say--

CHUCK
We're under time pressure here.

TERRY

It's my daughter's first word.

CHUCK

No time, T.

Chuck grabs Terry's phone out of his hand.

TERRY'S BABY (V.O. ON PHONE)

...Da-da?

CHUCK (INTO PHONE)

He'll call you back.

He hangs up. Terry stares at him in shocked silence.

CHUCK (CONT'D)

Don't get emotional. Nothing personal, it's just business.

Chuck drops the phone in his own jacket pocket. Terry can hardly believe this. He sputters in outrage.

CHUCK (CONT'D)

You'll get this back when we make the sale.

TERRY

You are a despicable human being and I am ashamed to work with you.

CHUCK

Duly noted. We'll address that at the close of business. Right now--

He tosses Terry a fishing vest and hat.

CHUCK (CONT'D)

Put these on. And smile.

EXT. GRETSCHMER HQ - SHORTLY THEREAFTER

A five-story office tower with a sign reading "GRETSCHMER FAMILY MARKETS - A Division of GretschesFoods, LLC".

INT. GRETSCHMER HQ - RECEPTION AREA

Chuck, Terry, and Amy ENTER with rods and tackle boxes, each wearing a fishing hat.

CHUCK

Top o' the morning. The Fred Sales Team is here with a little surprise for Bobby G.

RECEPTIONIST

Er, you're here for *Bob*?
(picks up phone)
Just a sec.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

But it was the Sales Team that was in for a surprise, courtesy of Bob's daughter Dinah...

INT. GRETSCHMER HQ - BOB'S OFFICE - FIVE MINUTES LATER

DINAH GRETSCHMER (34), a hefty woman with sad eyes and a strong Minnesota accent, talks to the group.

DINAH

Uh, yeah, see the thing is, Dad's dead. He died two weeks ago.

CHUCK

(flabbergasted)
What? How?

DINAH

It was a freak fish accident.

TERRY

(sympathetic)
A fishing accident?

DINAH

No, a fish accident.

PHOTO - BOB GRETSCHMER - TWO WEEKS AGO

Bob lies dead on the floor of this office, impaled by the giant marlin which apparently fell off the wall.

A somber DEATH KNELL tolls.

BACK TO SCENE

DINAH

Yep. We sent a note to your home office. They didn't tell ya?

TERRY

No. I'm sorry, they didn't.

CHUCK

They've been having some trouble in
the mailroom...

INT. FRED CORPORATE HQ - STAIRWELL - DAY

A mail cart comes clattering end-over-end down the stairs,
scattering thousands of letters everywhere. A 22 YEAR-OLD
MORON from the mailroom watches from the landing above.

MAILROOM MORON

(beat, then)

I quit.

BACK TO SCENE

Chuck is not sure how to deal with this grief-stricken,
emotional woman. Uncomfortable, he glances out the window.

His eyes widen.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

It was at this moment that Chuck
noticed Felicity pulling into the
parking lot.

CHUCK

(desperate)

Well, no reason we can't take you
fishing at Lake Winnibigoshish!
Amy, give Dinah your hat.

Amy gamely puts her women's fishing hat on Dinah. Dinah
glumly takes it off.

DINAH

Yeah, the thing is, I'm not so keen
on things involving fish right now.

(looks around, sighs)

Though sitting around here isn't
much better...

TERRY

Could we take you somewhere else?

CHUCK

Yes!! There's a place nearby I've
heard the most wonderful things
about!

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. BEER GARDEN - LATER

"The Alpenhof"! A chalet-style building overloaded with fake Alpine ambience. Recorded OOMPAH music plays.

INT. ALPENHOF - CONTINUOUS

Chuck, Terry, Amy, and Dinah sit at a long wooden table. Dinah looks around wistfully. She's pretty blue.

DINAH

Dad and I used to come here years ago...

SOUVENIR ALPENHOF PHOTO - 1979

Six year-old Dinah toasts proud father Bob with her mug of "Junior Beer".

BACK TO SCENE

DINAH

It's different now, though. Under new management.

A MEXICAN MAN in lederhosen comes over.

MEXICAN MAN

Guten tag, my name is Hector and I'll be your waiter.

TERRY

What do you have for breakfast?

MEXICAN MAN

Beer.

TERRY

At nine in the morning?

AMY

(cheerfully explaining)
Welcome to Minnesota.

DINAH

You go ahead and order. I'm going to run to the powder room, pull myself together.

CHUCK

Beers all around, Hector. And keep 'em coming until I say '*Tio*'.

He waits until Dinah has disappeared into the bathroom, then leans in to Terry and Amy.

CHUCK (CONT'D)

This woman is a wreck. She's one step away from emotional meltdown.

TERRY

We should probably call it quits.

CHUCK

Wrong. What *should* we do, Amy?

AMY

Push her that extra step!

CHUCK

(bingo)

I like you. I really do.

(to Terry)

Alcohol will hasten and intensify the emotional collapse. And when she's reduced to a desperate, sobbing, shell of a woman -- *who* will be there to comfort her, soothe her, build her back up again? Why, her dear friends Chuck, Amy, and Bozo! She'll be indebted to this company for life. It's the same way RJR gets teen smokers. Also been used quite effectively by the North Koreans.

TERRY

(appalled)

Good God. Don't you have any compassion?

CHUCK

No. That is why I watch "Touched by an Angel".

INT. GRETSCHMER HQ - RECEPTION AREA - THAT MOMENT

Felicity sits in the reception area, waiting.

RECEPTIONIST

I'm sorry for the delay. Dinah had to step out unexpectedly.

Felicity looks at her watch, then picks up a newspaper. The headline reads: "TRAGIC IRONY ON EVEREST -- Applebee's Execs Forced to Eat Each Other."

INT. ALPENHOF - A MINUTE LATER

Dinah is back at the table, glumly sipping her beer.

CHUCK
Another beer, Dinah?

DINAH
Well, I really shouldn't...

It's time for Chuck to start pulling Dinah's strings:

CHUCK
I don't envy you, Dinah. What
you've undergone -- well, it's
horrific. One minute you've got a
vibrant, loving father; the next
minute, you've got a bloated
corpse. Nature can be cruel that
way--
(to waiter)
Hector! *Otra Alpenspatenbrau, por
favor!*

Terry is angry and disgusted. He has to intervene:

TERRY
What my partner is trying to say--

But Chuck won't allow it:

CHUCK
What I'm trying to say is, there's
no guarantee it won't happen again--

A cell phone RINGS. RACK FOCUS from Terry's P.O.V. to see it
is his cell phone, still in Chuck's pocket.

CHUCK (CONT'D)
--and anyone you love, father,
husband, even your own *children*--

Chuck keeps talking while fumbling to switch off the ringer.
Terry has had just about enough of this bullshit.

TERRY
Give me that!

CHUCK
--could become food for worms--

Terry tries, repeatedly, to reach into Chuck's pocket. Chuck
bats his arm away and keeps going, cool and professional:

CHUCK (CONT'D)

--in a heartbeat. It's a grim reminder that life itself is ultimately pointless.

(turns casually to Terry)

Hey, why don't you run over to the Arco, pick us up some pretzels?

TERRY

(furious)

Give me my damn phone, you monster, before I break you in half!!

CHUCK

(beat)

Don't get emotional.

This is the last straw. We see what Terry is thinking on an

AIRPORT DEPARTURES MONITOR

"PATIENCE.....CANCELLED
PROFESSIONALISM.....CANCELLED
RESTRAINT.....CANCELLED
SELF-CONTROL.....

A la O'Hare Airport in a snowstorm, every single "flight" on the monitor flips to "CANCELLED" and we go...

BACK TO SCENE

...just as Terry lunges at Chuck.

INT. GRETSCHMER HQ - RECEPTION AREA - THAT MOMENT

Felicity is growing impatient. She opens her briefcase for some last-minute prep -- and is shocked to see...

One of her "X-5" cans is missing! She quickly puts the pieces together:

FELICITY

Dinah wouldn't be meeting with Chuck Haverchuck, would she?

RECEPTIONIST

Yes. They should be back shortly.

Felicity knows what's up. She shuts the case, grabs her coat.

FELICITY

Do you happen to know where they went? I'll catch up with Dinah there, minimize the fuss...

INT. ALPENHOF - THAT MOMENT

Dinah watches, shocked, as Chuck struggles violently to keep Terry in a headlock while remaining businesslike:

CHUCK

I apologize for this interruption, Dinah. I know your time is valuable.

He looks up to see a huge MEXICAN CHOLO guy (in Alpine hat, lederhosen, and sunglasses) looming over him.

ALPINE CHOLO

Yo, homes -- no fighting in the Alpenhof!

CUT TO:

EXT. ALPENHOF - FIVE SECONDS LATER

Chuck is THROWN OUT the door and lands face-down in a flower bed, surrounded by garden gnomes.

Amy COMES OUT and leans down with her usual perky smile:

AMY

Shall we head over to the Great Lakes Floating Maritime Museum?

INT. ALPENHOF - TWO MINUTES LATER

Terry -- sweat-soaked, sore, and bone-weary -- manages a heartfelt smile as he talks on his cell phone:

TERRY (ON PHONE)

Da-da misses you so much, honey. Bye bye. Bye-bye. I love you.

He hangs up. Dinah has been been watching him, listening.

TERRY (CONT'D)

Ms. Gretscher, I am so sorry about all of this. I've just had the worst 24 hours of my life.

(MORE)

TERRY (CONT'D)

And I guess I just "lost it" --
because, after all that, what I
really needed more than anything
was... just to talk to my daughter
again.

DINAH

(sympathetic)

I'd give anything to talk to my
father again.

He takes a seat next to her on the bench.

TERRY

I'm sorry about Bob. I truly am.

DINAH

You know what he wanted most? For
me to carry on in his footsteps.
That's why he called them
Gretschmer *Family Markets*...

EXT. ALPENHOF - CONTINUOUS

Chuck is peering in through the window, watching, fascinated.

AMY

What's going on?

CHUCK

(intrigued)

Some sort of melodramatic heart-to-
heart talk...

INT. ALPENHOF - CONTINUOUS

DINAH

...and I know he had a relationship
with you guys. You have some new
soda you're pushing?

TERRY

We do. But you've been through a
lot. We don't need talk about
that.

DINAH

Yeah, I don't much feel like
talking...

Terry nods sympathetically. Dinah looks at him and smiles.

DINAH (CONT'D)

Where do I sign?

THROUGH THE WINDOW

Victory!! Chuck pumps his fist and breaks into a huge grin as he realizes Terry made the sale. He is practically overcome with joy and relief -- and maybe a little pride.

Choked up, he dabs a tear from his eye as we hear the CLOSING MUSIC SWELL from "Touched by an Angel".

EXT. ALPENHOF - CONTINUOUS

CHUCK

Terry O'Hara, I underestimated you.

FREEZE FRAME. The music continues as the Narrator STEPS INTO FRAME, bathed in ethereal morning light.

NARRATOR IN PERSON

Chuck would never forget this day. Because Terry had showed him that honesty, integrity, kindness toward one's fellow man -- well, they could rake in the bucks, too. And that there's more than one way to be touched... by a salesman.

UNFREEZE. Felicity arrives and HURRIES UP the walk. When she sees Chuck, she stops and looks at him, surprised.

FELICITY

I don't think I've ever seen you this emotional.

CHUCK

I don't think I've ever been this happy.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT THREE

TAG

FADE IN:

AIRPORT MONITOR: **"BOISE - THE NEXT DAY"**

INT. OFFICE BUILDING - ELEVATOR - DAY

Chuck and Terry ride up in an elevator, along with Amy.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

By the second stop on their
itinerary, Terry had earned Chuck's
respect -- as well as a small gift.

REVEAL Terry is holding a new carry-on exactly the same as
Chuck's -- the maximum size allowed. Terry admires it.

CHUCK

Your very first sale, T. My way of
saying congratulations.

TERRY

(gratified)
Chuck, you really didn't have to...

CHUCK

(kindly)
Now you'll look like a pro instead
of a clueless oaf.

TERRY

(now less gratified)
Er, well, thanks.

INT. OFFICE BUILDING - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

The elevator opens. The three walk briskly down the hall.

CHUCK

So she never asked to taste it?

TERRY

She said she trusted me.
(beat)
I feel kind of bad about that.

CHUCK

See? That emotion is gonna kill
you. I give you three months, max,
till you're a naked lobster-
wielding piece of human luggage.
But don't you worry, T., I'll be
there to pick up the pieces.

AMY

So will I.

(beat)

As long you're in the Midwest. On the West Coast, your contact will be Miriam Lopez.

TERRY

I just don't think a man needs to sell his soul to do business.

CHUCK

Suit yourself.

Chuck refers to his Blackberry.

CHUCK (CONT'D)

Okay, Claude Haskell is the biggest beverage distributor in Idaho. This guy's not easy, but he'll definitely be worth it.

Terry opens the office door and they ENTER.

THE ENTIRE OFFICE

is filled with Nazi memorabilia. Flags, small arms, helmets, etc. There are several banners for "ARYAN PRIDE".

CLAUDE HASKELL, a bald, moustachioed hulk, stands up to greet them.

CLAUDE

Chuck! How've you been?

CHUCK

Great, great. I want you to meet my new partner, Terry.

CLAUDE

You fellas ready to drive up to the compound, play a little paintball?

He takes out a terrifying paintball shotgun and racks it.

On their expressions, (Chuck: professional, Terry: mortified), we...

FREEZE FRAME.

END OF SHOW