

"Must Hire"

Pilot

by

Reed Agnew & Eli Jorné

COLD OPEN

INT. JERRY'S APARTMENT - DAY

This is a messy, middle class apartment with a big window overlooking a Pittsburgh street lined with row houses. SEAN FITCH, 32, clean cut and well dressed, is on the couch.

SEAN

So listen, Mom told me about Donald.

From the other room, we hear the voice of JERRY FITCH, 65.

JERRY (O.S.)

Donald?

SEAN

The guy who stole all your savings?
Whose business was a Ponzi scheme?
The guy you tried to attack in the
courthouse parking lot, but then he
ended up hitting you in the face
with an ice chunk?

JERRY (O.S.)

Goddamnit. I told your mother that
in confidence. And ice chunk? More
like a big snowball. It barely hurt.

SEAN

She and Glenn are worried about
you, Dad. You have no money left.

JERRY (O.S.)

Glenn's worried about me? He's
worse than Donald. He stole my
wife. You know what Glenn does? He
collects figurines. A figurine is a
doll basically.

SEAN

Fine, then I'm worried about you.

Jerry enters, totally naked (we don't actually see anything).

SEAN (CONT'D)

Jesus, Dad.

JERRY

What? All my underpants are still
in the laundry. I'm not gonna mix
my whites with my linens, Sean.

SEAN

(averting his eyes)
 Anyway... Mom says you've been
 looking for a job. I know it's tough
 out there, what with the economy.
 She thought maybe I could help.

JERRY

I don't want your charity.

Jerry leans over and digs through a laundry basket right in front of Sean. Sean stares at the ceiling to avoid the sight.

SEAN

There's actually an opening in my
 department at Zavosco.

JERRY

I'm not gonna let you give me a
 job, Sean. That's nepotism.

SEAN

It would only be nepotism if I
 thought you weren't qualified. You
 were the head of sales at A.K.
 Industrial for 28 years, Dad.
 You're the hardest worker I know.

JERRY

So I'd be marketing snack foods?

SEAN

Yeah. I mean, it's only an entry
 level position, but there would be
 health benefits, a 401-K...

Jerry sits down in a chair directly across from Sean.

SEAN (CONT'D)

Um, do you wanna get dressed and
 then we can talk about this?

JERRY

I am getting dressed.

Jerry lifts his leg to put a sock on, contorting his body in a way that makes Sean cringe with discomfort. Jerry notices.

JERRY (CONT'D)

Relax. My underpants will be out of
 the dryer in 55 minutes.

END OF COLD OPEN

ACT ONEINT. SEAN'S OFFICE - DAY

This is a neat, organized office. Sean is at his desk, talking into his cell phone while arranging his pens into color groups. A framed photo on the desk shows Sean as a kid staring admiringly up at Jerry, 40, dressed in a suit and holding a thermos, looking like a serious working stiff.

SEAN

Hey Dad, it's Sean. Just checking in. It's almost...

(looks at watch)

...9:34. I know the parking lot entrance can be kind of tricky to find. It's on the west side of the building. Anyway, I hope everything's okay. See you soon.

Sean hangs up. He glances curiously at his watch again. The digital display clicks from 9:33 to 9:34.

SEAN (CONT'D)

Hmm.

Sean takes a sip of coffee, gets up and exits out into...

INT. ZAVOSCO MARKETING DEPARTMENT - BULLPEN - CONTINUOUS

This is a big, open space with high ceilings and tons of windows and light. 30 employees work in modern, slick-looking cubicles. Brightly colored mock-ups for snack food marketing campaigns are pinned up everywhere. Sean walks past BILL, 40's, a doughy, bald, nerdy employee. Sean notices him Skyping and speaks to him in a cheery, passive aggressive tone:

SEAN

Hey, Bill. Who you Skyping with?

BILL

Um, my mom.

Sean squeezes in next to Bill and puts his arm around him. He waves to Bill's mom on the computer screen.

SEAN

Hi, Mom! Don't worry, we're taking good care of Bill here at Zavosco!

Bill's mom just stares back at Sean in confusion.

SEAN (CONT'D)

Bye!

Sean hangs up the Skype call.

SEAN (CONT'D)

That was fun. Okay, let's just minimize this.

(minimizes windows)

Ooo, that's embarrassing. I'm gonna pretend I didn't see that, and...

Oh, here we go. Is this the data from the chocolate nut cluster testing? Can't wait to read your analysis. Really looking forward to it, Bill.

Sean gives Bill a friendly pat and continues on his way. He approaches the cubicle of WILLIAM KWONG DUK, 25, a Vietnamese employee who looks stressed out and overworked. At the sight of Sean, Duk leaps up and gestures to a few perfect piles of paper on his desk. He speaks with a thick, Vietnamese accent.

DUK

Good morning, Mr. Fitch. I finished the proposal for the Sweet and Salty Granola Balls campaign. I came up with designs for the Pepper Jack Crunch Clump packaging. Then I spent the morning analyzing the Yogurt Berry Shake testing data. It looks like we were right all along: markets are trending toward the squeeze bottle.

SEAN

I freaking knew it.

Sean holds out his fist. Duk dutifully pumps it.

SEAN (CONT'D)

Pop quiz, hot shot: on the count of three, what was the most game-changing snack food marketing campaign of 1986? One, two, three.

SEAN (CONT'D)

Tastymaker's Cajun Onion Crisps.

DUK

Tastymaker's Cajun Onion Crisps.

Sean playfully tousles Duk's hair.

SEAN (CONT'D)

I love this guy!

The department RECEPTIONIST calls to Sean:

RECEPTIONIST

Sean, Mr. Bryson wants to see you.

SEAN

Thank you, Jo Anne.

Sean quickly heads toward the elevator where CARL, 60's, a creepy, long-haired janitor is mopping the floor. Sean presses the button for the elevator, avoiding eye contact.

CARL

These fresh mopped floors are slippery. Once I saw a guy slip and fall, and his eye, like, came out.

Sean nods politely. Carl stares back in silence. The elevator finally opens. MAMIE, Latina, early 30's, emerges. She has a short, business haircut and is wearing a Talbots skirt suit.

MAMIE

Good morning, Sean.

SEAN

Morning, Mamie.

As Sean enters the elevator, Mamie catches the door.

MAMIE

So you hired your dad, huh?

SEAN

Well, he was the most qualified.

MAMIE

More qualified than my sister who just graduated from Penn with a marketing degree?

SEAN

Look, all I can say is that I took a close look at all the applicants. And I truly feel that my father is the best person for the job.

A passive aggressive back-and-forth starts to play out between Sean and Mamie, both of them smiling the whole time:

MAMIE

I bet he is.

SEAN

He is.

MAMIE
I'm sure he is.

SEAN
Well... he is.

MAMIE
He must be.

SEAN
Like I said, he is.

MAMIE
Uh, huh. Sure. If you say so.

Mamie finally steps back, and the door begins to close.

SEAN
Believe me, he is.

MAMIE
(trying to get last word)
I bet he is.

SEAN
(at the last second)
He is!

MAMIE
(at the very last second)
I bet!

The elevator door shuts.

INT. BRYSON'S OFFICE - DAY

CLOSE ON: A framed, signed photo of Louis Farrakhan that says, "DEAR GEORGE, THANKS FOR LUNCH. NEXT ONE'S ON ME. -LOU."

PULL OUT TO REVEAL that we are inside a big, glass walled, corner office. GEORGE BRYSON, 60's, a black, no nonsense man, is behind a desk. Sean nervously sits across from him.

BRYSON
Chumkins Peanut Butter Bites will be hitting supermarket shelves in one month. Our peanut butter filled pretzels on the other hand...

Bryson puts a peanut butter filled pretzel stick on the desk.

BRYSON (CONT'D)
...don't even have a name yet.

SEAN

We've been working on it, sir.

BRYSON

I want a name and a branding strategy by Wednesday morning.

Sean nods. Bryson stands up and paces behind his desk.

BRYSON (CONT'D)

Scotty Chumkins belongs to my golf club, and I'll be damned if I'm gonna let that steam room hog beat me to the punch on this. Goddamn white devil.

(catching himself)

Sorry. Didn't mean to offend you.

SEAN

Not at all, Mr. Bryson. White people have done some very... devilish things throughout history.

BRYSON

Right?

SEAN

Definitely. Like, um... uh... I don't why I'm blanking here...

BRYSON

Slavery?

SEAN

Yeah. Totally.

BRYSON

What else did you do? Well, not you specifically, but your race.

SEAN

The, um... colonization of Africa?

BRYSON

Okay. I was thinking the War on Drugs. But that African thing you just said isn't wrong per se.

INT. EXECUTIVE FLOOR - MOMENTS LATER

Bryson is walking Sean to the elevator.

BRYSON
Speaking of Chumkins, I hear
they're trying to steal a member of
your team. Took him out to dinner
last week. William Kwong Duk?

SEAN
Duk?

Sean looks worried and a little heartbroken.

BRYSON
That would be the second poaching
this month, Sean. You sure you've
got your department under control?

SEAN
Absolutely. In fact, I just hired a
new junior researcher. Very
experienced. I think he'll be a
valuable asset.

BRYSON
Where'd you find him?

SEAN
Um... He's been around. He comes
highly recommended.

BRYSON
Black fella?

INT. ELEVATOR - MOMENTS LATER

Sean is on his cell phone, glancing down at his watch.

SEAN
Hey Dad, it's Sean again. I'm
getting a little worried. If you're
having some sort of car trouble or
something, just call and let me...

The elevator door opens to reveal...

INT. BULLPEN - CONTINUOUS

Jerry is standing right outside the elevator. He's in a suit
and has a briefcase and a thermos, as though he just stepped
out of the photo on Sean's desk. He looks confused, like he's
not sure if he's on the right floor. Sean exits the elevator.

SEAN
Hey! You made it!

JERRY

I'm sorry I'm so late. You know,
bad traffic. Typical.

SEAN

(smiling, passive aggressive)
It's okay. Just gotta maybe leave a
little earlier tomorrow morning.
Maybe out the door by 8:15? That's
what I do. And it works.

Sean gets the attention of all the employees in the bullpen.

SEAN (CONT'D)

Everyone, I'd like you to meet our
new junior researcher, Jerry Fitch.
And just to get it out of the way,
yes, he's my father. But he'll
receive no preferential treatment.
He earned the job fair and square.

MAMIE

I bet he did.

SEAN

He did, Mamie.

MAMIE

Yeah, I bet.

SEAN

Well, he did.

MAMIE

I bet.

Sean stifles his annoyance with Mamie.

SEAN

Also, I just met with Bryson about
the new pretzels. He wants
something big by Wednesday morning.
(points to Duk)
Duk, I know you're gonna nail this.
You always do. 'Cause you're the
best, our MVP. We really, really,
really appreciate you here.

Everyone in the bullpen looks confused by Sean's singling out
of Duk. Duk awkwardly nods in thanks. Sean claps his hands.

SEAN (CONT'D)

All right, let's get to it.

Everyone returns to work. Jerry notices the way all the other employees are dressed: Polo shirts, khakis, etc.

JERRY

Guess I'm a bit overdressed, huh?

SEAN

No, you look great, Dad. But, you know, we do keep things a little more casual around here. C'mon, lemme show you to your work space.

Sean leads Jerry across the bullpen.

JERRY

Wow. So you're my boss.

SEAN

Is that gonna be weird for you?

JERRY

Relax, we talked about this. I can handle it. I respect you, Stink'ems.

Sean stops, considering how to address the nickname.

SEAN

Yeahhhh, I don't know if it's good for us to be throwing around nicknames like that. Should probably keep things professional, right?

JERRY

Of course. I'm sorry. I didn't even realize I said it. I've just been calling you that your whole life.

SEAN

No, no, which is nice. I love that nickname. I do. But just not here.

JERRY

Got it. Sorry.

Sean brings Jerry over to his cubicle. ALLISON, the I.T. girl, is setting up Jerry's computer. Although she's eccentric and has thick glasses, Allison is pretty.

SEAN

This is Allison. She's our resident I.T. wizard, casting her spell over all of us. Gandalf over here. I mean, obviously the girl version.

Sean nervously chuckles. Allison seems oblivious to his undeniable crush on her. Jerry can't help but be aware of it.

SEAN (CONT'D)

Hey, I never noticed your ankle tat.
Sweet ink. It's so small I can't
even tell what it is.

ALLISON

It's a snake's tail. Check it out.

Allison pulls her skirt up, gradually revealing that the "ankle tat" is actually a full snake eating a frog that winds all the way up her leg, past her underwear, to her midriff. There is a detailed swamp background scenery filled with newts and salamanders observing the violent attack.

Sean is startled by the sight, but he tries to play it cool.

SEAN

Nice, nice. Loving it.

Allison goes back to working on Jerry's computer.

JERRY

Hey, I'm gonna hit the kitchen and
wrestle up an orange. Maybe try to
break the ice with my new coworkers.

Out of Allison's view, Jerry points at her and gives Sean the thumbs-up. He winks suggestively and flashes Sean the "A-okay" sign. He takes off before Sean can respond.

ALLISON

So who's the oldster?

SEAN

That's, uh, actually my father.

ALLISON

(embarrassed)
Oh. Sorry.

SEAN

No, that's okay. He's obviously a
lot older than everyone else here.
But he's an extremely hard worker.
He was a salesman for 42 years.

ALLISON

Still, though, it's gotta be tough.
I mean, I love my dad, but I
wouldn't wanna work with him.

SEAN
It's definitely... weird.

Sean and Allison share a chuckle.

SEAN (CONT'D)
But growing up, he was kind of my
hero. He'd leave for the office
every morning at 6am and wouldn't
get back until late at night.

Sean smiles, losing himself in the memory of his dad.

SEAN (CONT'D)
I gotta say, I think we're very
lucky to have him working here--

ALLISON
(chuckling)
Oh my god.

Sean turns around to see what Allison is laughing at. Across the bullpen, Jerry is squatting down, his legs pressed tightly together. He gets his coworkers' attention:

JERRY
Hey, everybody! I think I'm about
to lay an egg!

Jerry lets out a GRUNT and gradually untightens his legs, allowing an orange to fall to the ground. Jerry bends his arms like chicken wings and makes a bunch of CHICKEN NOISES. Nearly everyone in the office starts LAUGHING their ass off. The smile on Sean's face fades into an expression of horror as it sinks in that his dad is a disruptive clown.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWOINT. SUE & GLENN'S HOUSE - DINING ROOM - NIGHT

This is the residence of a wealthy couple. Sean, his mom, SUE, 63, and GLENN, 64, have just finished dinner. Sue sounds sweet and looks like a typical mom/housewife. Glenn has a goatee and a ponytail. He looks kind of pretentious. He is polishing a porcelain figurine of the Greek god Poseidon.

SUE

So the orange was supposed to be an egg?

SEAN

That was just the beginning, Mom. At lunch, I caught him smoking a cigar in the men's room. And then, Burt Hanson, a guy in the I.T. department who struggles with his weight, super nice guy, he welcomed Dad to Zavosco. Know what Dad did? He called him "Blues Traveler."

SUE

Oh, lord.

GLENN

That is just sadistic.

SEAN

I don't understand. Dad was never a goof-off. He used to leave for work at 6am every day. He didn't get back until after 10 at night.

GLENN

You're joking, right?

SUE

Glenn.

GLENN

You know what your dad's nickname was? "The Berzerker."

SEAN

"The Berzerker"?

SUE

He was a salesman. He left early to go play golf. And he stayed out late drinking with clients.

GLENN

Yeah, at a Puerto Rican strip club where they actually had cock fighting. Your mom told me all about it. Sue, tell him about the time Jerry hid a dead baby pig in his boss' glove compartment. Sick.

SUE

It was a different time.

GLENN

You know how he greets his enemies? He grips their nose and shakes their head back and forth. It looks playful, but it goddamn hurts.

SUE

Look, the Berzerker got ahead because he was fun, not because he sat behind a desk all day.

SEAN

Why didn't you ever tell me?

SUE

There was nothing to tell. Your dad may have been a bit of a maverick, but he provided for his family. Isn't that the whole point?

GLENN

Speaking of points, check out the points on Poseidon's trident. I bet he could stab the heck outta ya.

SUE

Put the doll down, Glenn.

GLENN

Doll?

Sue grabs the figurine and puts it in a glass case that's filled with hundreds of other figurines. She sits down beside Sean and puts her arm around him, comforting him.

SUE

If he's such a distraction, maybe you should just be honest with him.

Sean considers this. It's clearly going to be tough for him.

GLENN

And guard your nose. That pinching and shaking thing? He does that a lot.

INT. KITCHEN - MORNING

Jerry is sitting at a table, eating a donut while reading a porn magazine called "BIG WOMEN." Instead of a suit, he's now wearing an old man polyester track suit. Bill is waiting for something in the microwave. He notices Jerry's magazine.

BILL

You like "Big Women," huh? Me, too.

Jerry nods, basically ignoring him.

BILL (CONT'D)

You ever read "Chunk Skank"?

JERRY

No offense, but I'm trying to finish this photo spread before I have to clock in.

Bill pulls up a chair next to Jerry.

BILL

Look, I get it. I'm bald. I'm outta shape. I'm at my computer all day. You think I'm a dork, right?

JERRY

Yes.

BILL

Well, guess what, muchacho?

Bill reaches into the back of his shirt collar and extracts a single, long, thick, dreadlock tail with three beads on the end. He raises his eyebrows suggestively.

BILL (CONT'D)

I'm not your average junior marketing analyst.

Jerry looks surprised and a little impressed.

JERRY

That's weird. I like that.

BILL
 (shaking the beads)
 I and I have been growing this
 bitch since high school.

INT. BULLPEN - MOMENTS LATER

Jerry returns to his cubicle. He overhears Mamie talking to Duk at Duk's nearby cubicle.

MAMIE
 Here's the thing. When I went down
 to the parking garage last night,
 there was a ding in my car. I'm not
 saying you did it, but I think you
 did it.

Duk looks down, sad and insulted, taking it. Jerry notices.
 He approaches Mamie, offering his hand.

JERRY
 Hey Mamie, I don't think we've
 officially met. Jerry Fitch.

MAMIE
 You know who I am. I know who you
 are. Let's skip the formalities.

JERRY
 Hey, couldn't agree more. Let's
 keep it casual, right? C'mere, you!

Jerry grabs Mamie by the nose and shakes her head back and forth. It looks playful, but it clearly hurts.

MAMIE
 (straining to escape)
 Nyyaaaarrrrgghhhh!!!

Mamie finally pushes Jerry off and glares at him, just as Sean obliviously emerges from his office and claps his hands.

SEAN
 Everyone, listen up. I...

Sean notices Jerry's track suit. He's weirded out but decides against commenting on it in front of the entire office.

SEAN (CONT'D)
 ...I took a look at the pretzel
 concepts, and nothing's really
 jumping off the page. Bryson wants
 something fresh, something splashy.
 (MORE)

SEAN (CONT'D)

I hate to say it, but some of us are gonna have to work through lunch today. Mamie, Duk, Bill, uh...
(unsure what to call him)
Jerry.

JERRY

Work through lunch? Seriously?

SEAN

(acting like he agrees)
I know. Boooooooo. But I guess we gotta crank this out before tomorrow morning's meeting. Big meeting, right? I'll obviously have a cold cut platter brought up to the conference room.

Mamie, Duk and Bill gather their things and head into the conference room. As Jerry walks past, Sean catches him.

SEAN (CONT'D)

That's... quite a track suit.

JERRY

Thanks. I like this "keeping it casual" thing. You know, this suit used to belong to Eddie Minkins. He sold over 50,000 units of industrial lubricant wearing this. It was his lucky suit. His wife gave it to me after he passed away from ass cancer.

SEAN

And I see you're wearing just socks.

ANGLE ON: Jerry's feet. He's not wearing shoes, and his socks are thick, multi-colored, Steelers sweat socks.

JERRY

Gotta love the Steelers. Defense wins championships, right?

SEAN

Yeahhhh. It's just... The thing is... I kinda wanna... you know... talk to you about your, uh...

Sean can't seem to say it. Jerry stares at him, confused.

JERRY

What are you trying to say, Stink'ems?

SEAN
(intimidated, forces smile)
Nothing, Dad.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - LATER THAT DAY

Sean, Jerry, Duk, Mamie and Bill are seated around a conference table. As Sean speaks, he gestures to a pin-up board with a complicated matrix printed on it.

SEAN
After analyzing the marketing mix, the Ansoff Matrix clearly demonstrates that our best bet for market penetration should be a low pricing strategy, possibly in combination with a loyalty program.

DUK
Similar to the Cheddar Jack Mexi Chips strategy.

SEAN
Yes! Yes! Yes, yes, yes, YES, YES! Excellent observation, Duk. Very astute. Sorry, did I cut you off?

Duk shakes his head, no.

SEAN (CONT'D)
Because if I did, please, go on. The floor is all yours.

BILL
Well, I thought that--

SEAN
Bill? Please don't talk over Duk.

Sean motions for Duk to speak. Duk just sits there, unsure what to do. After a long, awkward silence, Jerry chimes in:

JERRY
When Sean was a kid, he used to make diagrams like this for everything. He once made a pie chart ranking his favorite animals.

SEAN
Anyway, going back to the Ansoff Matrix here. If you look at sector C, you'll notice a trending--

JERRY
Know what his number one animal
was? The squirrel.

Bill and Duk are incredulous.

JERRY (CONT'D)
I know, right? Squirrel beats lion?
Squirrel beats hyena?

SEAN
Okay, c'mon.

BILL
Squirrel beats gorilla?

DUK
Squirrel beats hammerhead shark? No
way. Not even in the same league.

SEAN
(getting drawn into it)
Okay, squirrels are extremely
intelligent. Not only that, they
have the foresight to begin
gathering and saving acorns well
before the winter hits.

JERRY
Squirrel beats flying squirrel?

Bill and Duk laugh. Mamie puts on a fake smile.

MAMIE
Wow, Sean, I'm really impressed
with your dad. He seems like he's
contributing a lot here.

JERRY
Hey, you got something in your
teeth, sweetie.

MAMIE
No, I don't. I just flossed.

JERRY
Then you're not a very good flosser.

Mamie stops smiling and tightens her lips.

SEAN
Okay, can we please get back to--

SEAN

Well, either way, this buffet looks expensive. Can you really afford this?

JERRY

Hey, hey, check it out. Sex nerd.

ANGLE ON: Allison and two of her fellow, male, I.T. DORKS getting off the elevator. One of them is severely overweight and actually resembles Blues Traveler's John Popper, ca. 1994.

SEAN

Allison? What's she doing here?

JERRY

I invited the I.T. department to lunch. You wanna boink that, right?

SEAN

(embarrassed)
What? No, Dad. Jesus.

JERRY

C'mon, follow my lead.

Jerry starts toward Allison. Sean anxiously follows.

SEAN

What are you gonna do?

JERRY

I'm gonna denigrate her nerd buddies, then you're gonna come up and defend them and look like the hero to her. Me and Lenny Scarpazi used to run this scam in bars to pick up the loosie goosies.

SEAN

Dad, stop.

Jerry reaches Allison and the I.T. dorks.

JERRY

Allison! Glad you could make it!

ALLISON

I just got your email.

JERRY

What's with the nerd herd? I said bring some friends, not the high school science club.

(MORE)

JERRY (CONT'D)
 (to overweight nerd)
 Hey Blues Traveler, where's your
 harmonica?

SEAN
 Dad, stop it. What's wrong with
 you? That's totally unacceptable.

Jerry hangs his head, pretending to be ashamed.

JERRY
 You're right. I'm sorry, fellas.
 C'mon, let's get you some prime rib.

Jerry walks off with the I.T. dorks toward the buffet.

JERRY (CONT'D)
 (for Allison's ears)
 Jeez, that Sean is fair but tough.
 A strong man with a code.

SEAN
 I am so sorry about that, Allison.

ALLISON
 Thanks. That was sweet, sticking up
 for my friends like that.

She gives Sean a warm, almost flirtatious smile. Sean smiles back, a little surprised that Jerry's plan actually worked. As the seconds go by, Sean grows more and more nervous.

SEAN
 So, uh...
 (searching)
 Oh, cool. Is that another tat on
 your neck? Pretty rad.

Sean points to a tiny tattoo on the back of Allison's neck.

ALLISON
 It's actually the same tattoo. I
 only have one tattoo.

Sean processes this, as if trying to wrap his head around the fact that her whole body must be covered in one giant tattoo.

ALLISON (CONT'D)
 So how's the whole dad thing going?

SEAN

Well, I'm still optimistic. But then again, there's another part of me that thinks I might've, uh, "boinked" myself here career-wise.

Allison chuckles.

ALLISON

Well, for what it's worth, I think you're a good guy.

Sean looks slightly uplifted. The elevator opens, and two RANDOM EMPLOYEES emerge with cases of beer on their shoulders and handles of liquor under their arms. They nod to Sean.

RANDOM EMPLOYEE #1

Sup, bro.

Sean is once again confused. Before he can respond, the receptionist runs up to him carrying a huge plate of food.

RECEPTIONIST

(her mouth full)

Bryson wants to see you.

INT. BRYSON'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Sean is seated across from Bryson's desk. Bryson is pacing. He has what looks like a stern expression on his face.

BRYSON

Sean, it's come to my attention that you weren't forthright in telling me about your new employee.

Sean hangs his head in shame. He knows he's been caught.

BRYSON (CONT'D)

I'll be honest, I would've rather heard it from you than from one of your subordinates. Mamie Skaircher?

Sean takes this in, suppressing his annoyance.

BRYSON (CONT'D)

She came up to my office an hour ago to inform me that you had hired your own father.

SEAN
(panicking)
You're right, I should've run it by
you first. But it's not nepotism.
He's had 42 years of experience--

Bryson cuts Sean off by holding his palm up in Sean's face.

BRYSON
Easy there, snowflake.

Bryson's stern expression fades.

BRYSON (CONT'D)
I called my old friend, Lamar
Shabazz, over at A.K. Industrial,
and he had nothing but nice things
to say about your father. I'm
looking forward to seeing what he
brings to the table at tomorrow
morning's presentation.

Sean nods, feigning confidence, but he's clearly freaked out.

BRYSON (CONT'D)
Scotty Chumkins and his pasty, no-
towel-wearing ass are going down.
You understand me?

SEAN
Definitely, sir.

Bryson sits down on the edge of his desk, softening.

BRYSON
More importantly, I think it's
beautiful what you've done, helping
out your father in a time of need.
It's surprising to me because most
Caucasians tend to be disloyal.
It's one of many cultural flaws.

INT. ELEVATOR - MOMENTS LATER

Sean is in the elevator. He takes a deep breath, practicing
to himself what he plans on saying to Jerry:

SEAN
Dad, this can't go on. If you're
gonna work here, then I'm gonna
need you to... Dad, this can't go
on like this. If you're...

The door opens to reveal...

INT. BULLPEN - CONTINUOUS

All of the employees, in addition to eating from the buffet, are now drinking beer and other cocktails. There is a festive, house party vibe. Bill is drunkenly singing dance hall reggae on a karaoke machine as a bunch of people dance.

Sean exits the elevator, shocked and disoriented.

SEAN

Jesus...

Sean makes his way through the bullpen, searching for Jerry. He finds Jerry and a few coworkers standing around as Duk holds his eyelids open and does a reverse-racist impersonation of Sean. They are oblivious to Sean's presence.

DUK

"Look at me! I'm white boss with round eyes who never has any fun! Always stressed out!"

Everyone laughs. Jerry playfully tousles Duk's hair, just like Sean did to him earlier.

JERRY

I love this guy!

Jerry and the other coworkers suddenly turn and notice Sean standing there. It's a little awkward.

JERRY (CONT'D)

Oh. Sean, hey. Duk was just, you know, horsing around.

Sean, sensing everyone's discomfort, fake laughs, acting like he's totally cool with Duk's impersonation.

SEAN

Are you kidding? That was hilarious. You totally nailed me, Duk... So, uh, who set up the karaoke machine?

JERRY

You know how these things go. People need to cut loose at lunch. Everyone will get their work done eventually.

SEAN

But can people really work after they've been drinking?

JERRY

(after a long pause)

I don't understand the question.

Duk suddenly THROWS UP all over the floor. Everyone in the vicinity MOANS in disgust and quickly backs up.

JERRY (CONT'D)

Carl! We got a spill over here!

Sean sits Duk down and rushes to get him a glass of water. Carl approaches with a mop and bucket, smoking a cigar.

CARL

Charlie can't hold his liquor, huh?

Carl goes to mop the floor, and Jerry stops him.

JERRY

Whoa, whoa. Have a shot with me first, Carl.

Jerry hands Carl a shot, and they each down their shot together. Jerry throws his arm around Carl and faces Sean.

JERRY (CONT'D)

You know Carl here fought in 'Nam? That's right, we were both in the Fifth Battalion, two years apart. Just missed each other. Guys like us are the reason we're sitting around enjoying freedom and democracy.

Carl gives Sean his usual, creepy stare.

CARL

I was listening to you in the bathroom yesterday. You pee weird.

Sean, disturbed, ignores Carl and pulls Jerry aside.

SEAN

Dad, what did you do to Duk?

JERRY

I made him two Scotch Old Fashions.

SEAN

You know he doesn't drink, right?

Sean stares at Duk. He's slumped over in his chair, grabbing his stomach, looking sick.

SEAN (CONT'D)

Oh god, he's gonna quit on me. He's gonna sober up tomorrow and go to Chumkins. This is a nightmare.

BILL (O.S.)

Jerry, your song's up!

Jerry starts toward the karaoke machine. Sean stops him.

SEAN

Wait, can I talk to you?

JERRY

I really don't wanna miss my song.

SEAN

Dad, what is going on here? We have work to do. The presentation? Do you realize how important that is? Not to mention, how can you possibly afford all this?

JERRY

It's an office party. I expensed it.

BILL (O.S.)

Yo, Berzerker! Hurry up!

Jerry tries to leave again, but Sean gets in his way.

SEAN

What do you mean you expensed it?

JERRY

I used your corporate card.

SEAN

My corporate card? You went into my wallet and took my corporate card?

JERRY

Yeah. This is a corporate expense.

SEAN

Dad, I don't even use that card!

We hear the opening violin samples of Sisgo's "THONG SONG."

JERRY

Oh, here we go!

Jerry runs up to the karaoke machine and grabs the mic.

JERRY (CONT'D)

*"Let me see that thooooong! Baby!
That thong, th-thong, thong, thong!"*

Sean looks like he's just been punched in the gut.

END OF ACT 2

ACT THREEINT. BULLPEN - DAY

The "lunch party" is still going strong. Sean, in his usual passive aggressive tone, tries to get everyone's attention. He keeps raising his voice to overpower the music:

SEAN

Is it already 2:15? Wow, time flies. Guess we should probably get back to work, huh? Bummer.

It's hopeless. No one is listening. Mamie marches up to him holding her nose in pain.

MAMIE

I know exactly what he's doing, Sean. It looks playful, but it's assault. Your father is a menace.

SEAN

I know, Mamie. It's under control.

MAMIE

Under control? Look around, Sean.

Jerry dances up to them.

JERRY

Who needs a drink? Mamie, you good?

Mamie retreats from Jerry, protecting her nose.

MAMIE

(to Sean)

This is insane. I'm telling Bryson.

Mamie storms off. Sean goes to stop her, but Jerry puts his arm around him, keeping him there.

JERRY

Relax. She won't make it to the eighth floor. Trust me.

INT. ELEVATOR - SAME

Mamie gets in and pushes a button. The door begins to close and then gets stuck halfway. Mamie pushes the button a few more times, but nothing happens. Carl squeezes in through the semi-open door. Mamie keeps her distance, disturbed by him.

CARL

Don't worry, this won't take long.

Carl opens a panel and fiddles with some wiring. He creepily watches Mamie. She ignores him and stares at the door.

CARL (CONT'D)
You got a real cute nose. Looks
kinda red and swollen. I like that.

The elevator door suddenly slams shut, just as a little puff of smoke comes out of the control panel.

CARL (CONT'D)
Uh, oh.

Carl grins. Mamie looks terrified.

INT. BULLPEN - SAME

HIP HOP MUSIC plays on the karaoke machine. The employees, in a circle around Jerry, CHEER him on as he does the "robot." Bill shakes a MARACA. Jerry's tracksuit top is tied around his waist. His T-shirt reads, "HANG OUT WITH YOUR WANG OUT!"

Off to the side, Sean watches Jerry dance. He can't take it anymore. He goes over to the karaoke machine and pulls the plug. The music STOPS. Everyone GROANS in disappointment.

SEAN
That's it! Party's over! Everyone
back to work!

Everyone is taken aback by Sean's sudden outburst. They reluctantly head back toward their cubicles. Jerry remains standing, drinking a beer with some coworkers.

SEAN (CONT'D)
Jerry, can I see you in my office?

JERRY
Yeah, yeah, in a sec.

SEAN
NOW.

Jerry, hearing the angry tone in Sean's voice, sets down his beer and walks with Sean into...

INT. SEAN'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Jerry plops down in a chair as Sean shuts the door.

JERRY
You okay, Sean? You sounded a
little pissed off out there.

SEAN

I am a little upset. Actually, I'm a lot upset. I've spent the last two days wracking my brain trying to figure out how to handle you, Dad.

JERRY

Handle me?

SEAN

You turned my office into a frat house! We're totally unprepared for tomorrow morning's presentation! You ran up a \$1500 tab on my corporate card that I have no idea how I'm gonna account for! If you were a normal employee, you'd be fired!

JERRY

I had no idea you felt this way.

SEAN

If you're gonna work here, then you have to respect me as the boss. That means no more disruptions, no more goofing off. It's distracting and annoying, not only to me but to everyone in the office.

JERRY

Everyone? How would you know? You don't even know those people, Sean.

SEAN

What? Yes, I do. I've worked with them for years.

JERRY

Did you know that Bill's mom just got diagnosed with Lyme Disease?

SEAN

Well... no, but--

JERRY

You know Jo Anne the receptionist?

SEAN

Of course.

JERRY

Did you know that her name is actually Jane, but she's too afraid to tell you because you've been calling her Jo Anne for a year now?

Sean gets an embarrassed look on his face.

JERRY (CONT'D)

Did you know that two of Duk's sisters were sexually mutilated and thrown out of a helicopter in front of him when he was 3 years old?

SEAN

What? Oh my god.

JERRY

Okay, the Duk thing's obviously not true, but the point is, yeah, I might goof off a bit, I might not do things the "business school" way. But I understand people. I understand that relationships are the key to getting anything done.

SEAN

Does that include slap-boxing on the fire escape with Carl the janitor for 23 minutes?

JERRY

Alright, maybe I pushed things a bit too far. But I'm 65. I should be down at a condo in Florida, swerving around in a golf cart half-wasted on gin and tonics. But instead...

Jerry gestures to the office, letting out a sigh. He sucks it up, puts on a brave face and rises from his chair.

JERRY (CONT'D)

Look, I appreciate everything you've done for me, Sean. I really do. I love you, Stink'ems. But you can't teach an old dog new tricks.

Jerry exits. Sean sits down behind his desk, more exasperated than angry now. He picks up the photo of himself and Jerry from 25 years ago and stares at it sadly, almost longingly.

INT. COFFEE SHOP - DAY

Sean is having a mid afternoon cup of coffee with Sue.

SEAN

I'm not gonna fire him, Mom. I can't bring myself to do that. But things can't go on like this.

SUE

Is there any way you could, like, transfer him to another department?

SEAN

I already looked into it. There's only one other position available. It doesn't pay nearly as much, but at least he'll still get benefits.

SUE

Great. What's the job?

SEAN

Night shift custodian.

Sean and Sue both absorb the harshness of this option.

SUE

Well...in a way, it's more dignified than a man winning a Ulysses S. Grant doll on Ebay and then pumping his fist in celebration for five minutes.

INT. BULLPEN - DAY

Sean exits the elevator to see that Jerry is not at his cubicle. He gets the receptionist's attention.

SEAN

Jane? Have you seen my dad?

RECEPTIONIST

(surprised by correct name)
Um, yeah. He's over there.

She points across the bullpen to where Jerry and a few employees, Duk and Bill included, are cleaning up after the "lunch party." Bill has his single dreadlock hanging over his shoulder, proudly on display. Unseen by them, Sean approaches.

JERRY

You guys ever even try these things?

Sean notices that Jerry is snacking on a box of Zavosco's peanut butter filled pretzels.

Jerry offers the box to the other coworkers, who each grab a couple sticks. Sean slows down and hangs back, hiding behind a cubicle, eavesdropping.

BILL

Not bad.

JERRY

Kinda boring, though, right? It's just peanut butter in the middle.

DUK

But the Ansoff Matrix shows that snackers in the 12 to 25 demographic prefer familiarity over novelty.

JERRY

Well, what do you think?

Duk bites into a peanut butter filled pretzel stick.

DUK

Tastes like... lunch on a Wednesday. Where da party at, bitches?

Jerry, Bill and the other coworkers laugh.

JERRY

Exactly! What if we took out the peanut butter and put in, like, tiny little chocolate chips? So when you shake the pretzel, it makes a sound.

Bill holds up the maraca and shakes it.

BILL

Like a maraca!

Still listening in, Sean begins to realize what Jerry is doing. He grins and shakes his head to himself in disbelief.

DUK

And then when you eat it, it tastes like chocolate.

JERRY

Yeah! It's a party!

Sean considers what they're saying. He tentatively moves toward the group, joining the conversation.

SEAN

"Party Sticks... Shake up your life a little."

Everyone takes this in, warming to it. Jerry nods, smiling.

JERRY

If I saw that in a grocery store,
I'd buy the hell out of it.

INT. EXECUTIVE CONFERENCE ROOM - MORNING

Sean, Jerry, Duk, Bill, Mamie, Bryson and a few EXECUTIVES are at a table in the middle of a PowerPoint presentation. Sean clicks to the last slide, which shows a billboard mock-up of a nightclub filled with gorgeous black people dancing and partying, each of them holding up pretzel sticks. The wording says, "PARTY STICKS! SHAKE UP YOUR LIFE A LITTLE!"

Mamie rolls her eyes. Everyone turns to Bryson for a reaction.

BRYSON

I love it. Tiny edible maracas.
Crunchy and festive. This is gonna
be big.

The executives clap for the presentation. Jerry winks at Sean. Sean nods back in thanks. Bryson gets up, and everyone filters out of the room. Bryson catches Sean at the door.

BRYSON (CONT'D)

By the way, Sean, I noticed a large
expense on your corporate card. I
assume you'll be paying that off by
the end of the month.

Sean, caught off guard, smiles tightly.

SEAN

Absolutely, sir.

INT. BULLPEN - DAY

Sean hesitantly approaches Duk at his cubicle. He looks hung over as he drops a couple Alka-Seltzers into a glass of water.

SEAN

Listen Duk, I just wanted to
apologize for all the craziness
yesterday. I know you met over at
Chumkins recently. And hell, who
can blame you? But I hope you--

DUK

I already said no.

SEAN

What?

DUK

I told them no this morning.
Yesterday was fun. The Berzerker?
He's weird but he's funny.

Sean notices Allison across the room working on someone's computer. She smiles at him. He smiles back.

INT. KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

Jerry is negotiating with the caterer from earlier.

CATERER

I'll charge you half price, Jerry.
But that's the best I can do.

JERRY

Thanks, Dennis. I appreciate it.
Tell your Uncle Jimmy I owe him a
night out at the boob bar.

Jerry pats him on the back. As the caterer leaves, Jerry turns and sees that Sean has been standing in the doorway.

JERRY (CONT'D)

Hey, it might take me a while, but
I'm gonna pay off that corporate
card, Sean. I promise.

Sean nods. Jerry takes some leftover prime rib out of the fridge and begins slicing it.

SEAN

Nice job on the marketing campaign.

JERRY

It was a joint effort.

SEAN

You, uh, kinda knew what you were
doing all along, didn't you?

JERRY

(chuckles)
Hey, whatever you wanna believe.

SEAN

(after a beat)
Anyway, listen, about all that
stuff I said earlier--

JERRY

Forget it. We're family.

Jerry pulls Sean in for a hug. It's a nice moment.

After the heartfelt beat, Sean reaches over, pinches Jerry's nose and playfully shakes his head back and forth. Jerry, surprised, forces a smile, but it clearly hurt a bit.

END OF ACT THREE