

NewsRadio

"Big Day"

#105

Written by

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&

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&

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SHOOTING DRAFT/1st Rev.
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TENTATIVE WEEKLY PRODUCTION SCHEDULE

For

NewsRadio

"Big Day"

#105

03/21/95

THIS IS A TENTATIVE SCHEDULE ONLY AND DATES AND TIMES LISTED ARE SUBJECT TO CHANGE AT ANY TIME. THIS DOES NOT CONSTITUTE A CALL FOR ANY EPISODE OR DATE

TUESDAY, MARCH 21, 1995

Crew Call
Camera Rehearsal/Cast Call
Make-Up/Hair
Run-Thru
Make-Up (Con't)
Dinner
Audience Load-In
Cast Touch-Up
Cast Read Thru
Shoot Episode 105
Pick Ups

STAGE 9 213-993-7322

11:42 AM
12:00 Noon
2:00 PM
3:00 PM - 4:30 PM
4:30 PM - 5:00 PM
5:00 PM - 6:00 PM
6:00 PM
6:00 PM - 6:30 PM
6:30 PM
7:00 PM
After Audience Release

"NewsRadio"

Shooting Draft/1st Rev. - 3/21/95

#105

CAST

DAVE..... DAVE FOLEY
JIMMY..... STEPHEN ROOT
LISA..... MAURA TIERNEY
MATTHEW..... ANDY DICK
BETH..... VICKI LEWIS
CATHERINE..... KHANDI ALEXANDER
JOE..... JOE ROGAN

and

BILL..... PHIL HARTMAN

GUY..... ALBIE SELZNICK
DELIVERY GUY..... JOE WEIN

"NewsRadio"

#105

Shooting Draft/1st Rev. - 3/21/95

SETS

INTERIORS

BROADCAST BOOTH (D)

BULLPEN (D)

CONFERENCE TABLE (D)

DAVE'S OFFICE (D)

I / A	<u>INT. BULLPEN - MORNING</u> (1) (Joe, Dave, Matthew, Beth, Bill, Lisa, Guy)				
I / B	<u>INT. DAVE'S OFFICE - LATER</u> (6) (Joe, Dave, Lisa, Beth, Jimmy, Bill) <u>INT. BULLPEN - CONTINUOUS</u> (12) (Bill, Dave, Jimmy) <u>INT. DAVE'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS</u> (15) (Jimmy, Dave) <u>INT. BULLPEN - CONTINUOUS</u> (18) (Matthew, Dave, Jimmy, Bill, Lisa, Guy (extra))				
I / C	<u>INT. BULLPEN - LATER</u> (23) (Bill, Joe, Matthew, Jimmy) <u>INT. DAVE'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS</u> (24) (Jimmy, Beth, Dave) <u>INT. BULLPEN - CONTINUOUS</u> (28) (Bill, Dave) <u>INT. BROADCAST BOOTH-CONTINUOUS</u> (28) (Bill, Dave, Delivery Boy)				
II / D	<u>INT. DAVE'S OFFICE - MORNING</u> (31) (Beth, Dave, Lisa, Joe) <u>INT. BULLPEN - CONTINUOUS</u> (38) (Dave, Lisa, Joe, Catherine, Beth, Matthew) <u>INT. DAVE'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS</u> (40) (Dave, Matthew, Beth) <u>INT. CONFERENCE TABLE-CONTINUOUS</u> (43) (Dave, Lisa, Bill, Matthew, Beth, Joe, Catherine, Jimmy)				

ACT ONE

SCENE A

FADE IN:

INT. BULLPEN - MORNING

(Joe, Dave, Matthew, Beth, Bill, Lisa, Guy)

Dave enters from the elevator foyer. He stops at the coffee machine and pours himself a cup of coffee. Joe walks up and gets some coffee.

JOE

Morning, chief.

DAVE

Morning, Joe.

JOE *

So... big day tomorrow, huh? You stoked?

DAVE

What?

JOE *

"Stoked." It's a slang expression that means excited.

DAVE

Thanks, Joe. But "stoked" about what?

JOE

The big day tomorrow.

DAVE

Oh. (CONFUSED) But what's so big about...

Joe walks away. Matthew walks up.

MATTHEW

Big day tomorrow, huh?

DAVE

So I've heard.

MATTHEW

You nervous?

DAVE

Actually, I'm not so sure what's so
big about--

MATTHEW

I get so nervous before the big day.

DAVE

Really?

MATTHEW

Oh yeah.

DAVE

What's so big about--

MATTHEW

I don't even want to talk about it.

It's making me too nervous.

Matthew walks away. Beth walks up and hands Dave a
clipboard.

BETH

Here's your phone sheet, boss.

DAVE

What's tomorrow, Beth?

BETH

May 15th.

DAVE

And what's special about May 15th?

BETH

It's the big day.

Beth walks away. Bill walks up.

BILL

Morning, chief.

DAVE

Big day tomorrow, huh?

BILL

What's so big about it?

DAVE

You know... big day. Tomorrow.

Tomorrow's the big day. May 15th?

BILL

You're going to have to give me a
little more to go on, here...

DAVE

Actually, I'm not so sure myself,
but I thought you might--

BILL

(REALIZING) Hey. You're right.
Tomorrow is the big day. Thanks for
reminding me.

Bill walks away. Lisa is sitting at her desk.

LISA

(WITHOUT LOOKING AT DAVE) Give up?

DAVE

Yes.

LISA

Tomorrow -- May 15th -- is the day
Jimmy gives us all our annual
bonuses.

DAVE

Oh. That is a big day.

LISA

That's the kind of thing the news
director should know about, Dave.

DAVE

Well, I'm learning as I go along.

LISA

You've had two months.

DAVE

Thanks for your patience.

LISA

Anytime.

A guy wanders up to get a cup of coffee.

DAVE

Big day tomorrow, huh?

GUY

What's so big about it?

DAVE

You know -- May 15th. Mr. James
hands out the annual bonuses.

GUY

You don't say.

DAVE

Yep.

GUY

Who's Mr. James?

A beat.

DAVE

You don't work here, do you?

GUY

Only when the copy machine breaks
down.

The guy exits. A beat.

DAVE

(WITHOUT LOOKING) You enjoyed that,
didn't you?

LISA

I certainly did.

CUT TO:

OPENING CREDITS

ACT ONE

SCENE B

FADE IN:

INT. DAVE'S OFFICE/BULLPEN/DAVE'S OFFICE/BULLPEN/DAVE'S OFFICE - LATER

(Joe, Dave, Lisa, Beth, Jimmy, Bill, Matthew)

Dave is at his desk. Joe is helping him with his laptop.

JOE

See, then you just click on "Open File," and then select the name, and voila.

DAVE

Well. That's really something.

JOE

Yeah. And if you get a fax modem, you can download these directly into your own computer.

DAVE

Thanks, Joe. But I have to confess, I'm not much of an aficionado of computer pornography.

JOE

Me neither. It's the technology that fascinates me.

* They both tilt their heads.

DAVE

Uh-huh. And if I click on this button I can erase the file?

JOE

No, if you click on that button her legs move.

DAVE

So they do...

* Lisa enters. Joe snaps the laptop shut.

JOE *

(CROSSING) I'll be back later to run a diagnostic check on that, Dave, if you know what I mean.

DAVE *

I don't, Joe. And thank you.

* Joe exits. Lisa closes the door. Dave and Lisa kiss.

DAVE (CONT'D)

Can I ask you a favor?

LISA

Personal or professional?

DAVE

Both. Can you stop wearing my jacket when you go out to get the paper in the morning?

LISA

How is that professional?

DAVE

Well, you get your perfume all over
it, and I'm just afraid if I walk
around all day smelling like you,
people are going to get suspicious.

LISA

Let me see...

Lisa sniffs the lapel of Dave's jacket. Beth enters.

BETH *

Oh, is that you, Lisa?

DAVE

Don't you ever knock?

BETH

Nope. And neither does Mr. James.

Who's right behind me.

DAVE

How are we?

Beth examines Dave and Lisa.

BETH *

(TO DAVE) Lipstick right there. (TO
LISA) Bra straps showing. Just kidding.

Beth exits just as Jimmy enters.

BETH (CONT'D) *

Morning, Mr. James.

JIMMY *

Morning, Beth.

LISA

Morning, Jimmy.

JIMMY *

Nice perfume.

DAVE/LISA *

Thank you.

Lisa exits.

JIMMY

Sweet girl, isn't she?

DAVE

Yes, she is.

JIMMY

You got a thing for her?

DAVE

Of course not.

JIMMY

Good. Don't dip your pen in company
ink, that's what I always say.

DAVE

I hear you, sir.

JIMMY

Don't punch the clock with the
timecard in your pants. Know what
I'm saying?

DAVE

I said I heard you, sir.

JIMMY *

Just checking. Anyway... (LOOKS AT
LAPTOP) You know, these come in
color, Dave.

DAVE *

So, big day tomorrow.

JIMMY *

Exactly. Big day. You stoked?

DAVE

I guess so. And you?

JIMMY

I'm miserable, Dave. Figuring out
the annual bonuses is pure hell.

DAVE

Why?

JIMMY *

Because you have to take a living,
breathing human being and put a
price on his head. It's the devil's
work, Dave. Bad hoo-doo.

DAVE

Sounds like it.

JIMMY

Yep. It used to be the hardest part
of my job.

DAVE

Oh? What changed?

JIMMY

I made it the hardest part of your job.

DAVE

When did you do that?

JIMMY

Just now.

DAVE

Thank you, sir.

Bill enters.

BILL

Hello, Jimmy.

JIMMY *

Hello, Bill. (BEAT) Boy, that Lisa's
perfume really lingers, don't it?

BILL *

Is that what that smell is?

DAVE *

Actually, that smell is the stuff
they use to clean the carpets.

BILL

Jimmy? Can I borrow Dave for a second?

JIMMY *

Sure. If you need me in the next
forty-five seconds, you know where
I'll be.

DAVE *

In the--

JIMMY *

In the can. Yeah.

Jimmy, Bill and Dave exit into the bullpen.

INT. BULLPEN - CONTINUOUS

Bill and Dave enter and walk to Bill's desk. A coffee cup and a half-eaten Danish are on the desk.

BILL

I just have a few questions for you,
chief.

DAVE

Okay.

BILL

Whose desk is this?

DAVE

(BEAT) It's yours, Bill.

BILL

Right. And whose stapler is this?

DAVE

Bill...

BILL

Humor me, Dave. Whose stapler is
this?

DAVE

(RELUCTANTLY) Yours.

BILL

And this tape roll?

DAVE

Yours. Bill, why --

BILL

Ah ah ah, Dave. Now, whose coffee
cup is this?

DAVE

Yours.

BILL

That's where you're wrong. This is
not my coffee cup. Nor is this my
(PICKS UP DANISH DISTASTEFULLY)
whatever-the-hell-this-is.

DAVE

I didn't put them there, Bill.

BILL

And I'm not accusing you. But
recently my desk seems to have
become a public dumping ground for
half-eaten food.

Dave throws the coffee and Danish in the trash can and
walks back towards his office. Bill follows.

DAVE

Look, Bill -- you're hardly ever at your desk, it's in a high traffic area, I'm sure it was an accident. Why don't you just throw them away and forget about it?

BILL

And what happens the next time I find a cup of that and one of those on my desk?

DAVE

Throw them away and forget about it.

BILL

And the next time?

DAVE

Throw them away and forget--

BILL

I think I've made my point.

DAVE

Bill, you're being paranoid. And annoying.

BILL

Am I, Dave? Am I?

Bill turns around and gestures to Dave. There's another cup of coffee and half-eaten Danish on his desk.

BILL (CONT'D)

It's like some cruel magic trick.

Jimmy enters from the hallway and crosses over.

JIMMY

Dave? Your office, please.

Dave and Jimmy exit into Dave's office. A guy walks towards Bill's desk, holding a coffee cup and eating a bagel.

BILL

Just keep moving. Step away from the desk and keep moving.

INT. DAVE'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Dave and Jimmy enter.

JIMMY

I've got a few guidelines I'd like you to follow with these bonuses.

* Dave grabs a notepad.

JIMMY (CONT'D) *

(HANDS HIM A PEN) Here you go.

DAVE *

Thanks. (LOOKS AT PEN) Tessio Brothers Incorporated?

JIMMY *

Just a little company I do business with.

DAVE *

What do they do?

JIMMY *

They make pens. Anyway, Dave, I like to give everyone a bonus of four hundred dollars.

DAVE

(WRITING) Four hundred dollars. That sounds easy enough...

JIMMY

Except for one person, who gets a bonus of three thousand dollars.

DAVE

Three thousand dollars?

JIMMY

Yep. Three fat Louie's. Or as I call it "The big bonus." It's a great motivator.

DAVE

You're very generous, sir.

JIMMY

Thank you. I also like to give one person a bonus of zero dollars.

DAVE

Zero dollars?

JIMMY

Yep. Zero dollars. Or as I call it, "the shaft." That's an even better motivator.

*

DAVE

Okay. The standard four hundred part is great. But the big bonus and the shaft... it just seems like those are only going to create an atmosphere of paranoia and fear in the office.

A beat. Jimmy smiles.

DAVE (CONT'D)

Oh. I see...

JIMMY *

So you figure out who gets what, and then I'll hand out the bonuses. But don't tell anyone you're making the decisions. I don't want everyone getting ticked off at you.

DAVE *

Thank you, sir.

JIMMY *

Don't mention it. To tell the truth, I like playing the devil. I just don't like doing the paperwork. Now, if you need me in the next two minutes, I'll be...

DAVE *

In the can?

JIMMY *

What? No. Gotta make a phone call.

* Jimmy dials his cellular phone.

INT. BULLPEN - CONTINUOUS

* Dave exits his office. Matthew is sitting at the conference table.

MATTHEW

Did Mr. James drop any hints about who's getting the shaft this year?

DAVE

That... hasn't been figured out yet, Matthew.

MATTHEW *

Well, it better not be me, I can tell you that.

DAVE

I take it you've gotten the shaft before.

MATTHEW

Three times. I've worked here three years and I have been thrice shafted. It does not feel good, my friend.

DAVE

I can imagine.

Jimmy walks out of the office, talking on his cellular phone. Jimmy is pacing around with the phone, trying to find the right spot.

JIMMY

(ON CELL PHONE) Hang on. Hang on.
Yeah, I think the reception is much
better out here. Say something. Hang
on. Better. (MOVES AGAIN) Better.
Better. Crystal clear. Perfect. I
gotta go.

As soon as Jimmy hangs up the phone, Matthew picks up
a clipboard and starts talking to Dave, a little
loudly.

MATTHEW *

David? I just wanted to clear my
live spots with you, because I have
so many of them today. Hi, Mr.
James.

JIMMY *

Matthew.

DAVE

I already cleared these yesterday,
Matthew.

MATTHEW

Okay, as you'll see, I'll be busy,
busy, busy at the Pataki press
conference, then vroom... over for a
thirty second interview with the
public schools chancellor--

DAVE

Matthew. I know.

MATTHEW

Then after work, which is nothing new
to me, I'm going to get more bites
for the taxi commission piece--

JIMMY

Dave, I gotta go. We'll talk later.

MATTHEW *

Matthew the workaholic. That's what
they call me. I'd better slow down.
My heart might burst.

Jimmy exits.

DAVE

Matthew, what are you doing?

MATTHEW *

Trying to look busy in front of Mr.
James. I'm just worried that he
notices the way I always come in
late and leave early.

DAVE *

You do?

MATTHEW *

Don't tell him, David. I can't take
the shaft again.

SFX: PHONE RINGS

Matthew picks it up.

MATTHEW (CONT'D)

(INTO PHONE) Matthew's desk. Hang
on. It's for you.

Matthew hands the phone to Dave.

DAVE

(INTO PHONE) Hello? Hi, Bill.

Dave turns and sees Bill in the booth, talking to him
on the phone.

DAVE (CONT'D)

(INTO PHONE) What? Okay, I'll take
care of it...

Dave hangs up the phone and turns towards Bill's desk,
where a GUY is eating a big plate of take-out
spaghetti.

DAVE (CONT'D)

(TO GUY) Excuse me. Would you mind
not eating that there?

The guy shrugs and picks up his lunch to move over to
the conference table. While picking up the spaghetti,
he spills it all over Bill's desk.

SFX: PHONE RINGS

Matthew picks it up.

MATTHEW

(INTO PHONE) Matthew's desk.

DAVE *

(TO MATTHEW) Tell him I'm not here.

* Dave crosses back to his office.

MATTHEW *

(INTO PHONE) He stepped away. No, I
don't know where he went...

DISSOLVE TO:

ACT ONE

SCENE C

INT. BULLPEN/DAVE'S OFFICE/BULLPEN/BROADCAST BOOTH - LATER
(Bill, Joe, Matthew, Jimmy, Beth, Dave, Delivery Boy)

Matthew is writing at his desk. Joe is fixing something at another desk. Bill is pouring coffee. He glances over at Matthew.

BILL

Say, Joe, who's the black private dick that's a sex machine for all the chicks?

JOE

Why, Bill, I think that's Shaft.

BILL

(CROSSING) And who's the cat that won't cop out when there's danger all about?

JOE *

Again, Bill, that would be Shaft.

BILL

Damn right.

JOE

They say that cat Shaft is one bad
mother--

MATTHEW

Shut up, you guys!

Jimmy enters on this.

JIMMY

What's going on here?

BILL

We're just talking about Shaft.

Jimmy crosses to Dave's office.

JIMMY

(ON HIS CROSS) I can dig it.

Camera follows Jimmy to Dave's door.

MATTHEW (O.S.)

You guys are so mean!

INT. DAVE'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Jimmy enters. Beth jumps up.

JIMMY

As you were, Beth.

Beth lies back down on the couch.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

No, I mean as you were before you
decided to lie down for a nap.

BETH *

Sorry, sorry, sorry...

JIMMY

I'm just teasing, sweetie.

BETH

Oh.

Beth lies back down.

JIMMY

But I wasn't teasing that much.

BETH *

Sorry, sorry, sorry...

Beth stands and exits.

DAVE

Thanks for coming over, Mr. James.

JIMMY

Anytime. (SNIFFS) That perfume smell
is really troubling me.

DAVE *

It really is the stuff they use to
clean the carpets.

JIMMY

I know. But it's kind of turning me
on. That's what troubles me.

DAVE *

I'd like to talk about the bonuses.

JIMMY *

You gonna give Matthew the shaft? I
like the way you think, Dave.

DAVE *

I'd rather not give anyone the shaft, sir.

JIMMY *

You got to. It's the great motivator. It's all about motivation, Dave.

DAVE *

But--

JIMMY

I didn't used to think motivation was important. But then I got involved in some motivational seminars that really changed my life.

DAVE

That surprises me, sir. You don't really seem like the kind of person who would attend those.

JIMMY

I'm not. I put them together. Pack a few hundred suckers into a motel ballroom, hire some out-of-work actor to paraphrase the opening scene from "Patton," charge five hundred bucks a pop... boom -- Bob's your uncle.

DAVE *

Sir, what I'd really like to do is:
get rid of the big bonus -- and the
shaft -- and give everyone an equal
bonus.

JIMMY *

Then how you going to motivate
people? Bzzz. Time's up.

DAVE

I'd really rather--

JIMMY

Bzzz. Time's up again, Dave.

DAVE

Sir, why are you doing--

JIMMY

Bzzz, Dave. That was the final
buzzer. This game is over.

Jimmy exits. Dave follows.

INT. BULLPEN - CONTINUOUS

From the booth, Bill tosses pencils at the window and gestures for Dave to come inside.

INT. BROADCAST BOOTH - CONTINUOUS

Dave enters the booth quietly.

BILL

(ON-AIR)... has been rejuvenated by
higher newsstand sales and increases
in ad revenue. WNYX Newstime: 11:46.

(OFF-AIR) Dave, I'd like to talk to
you about...

Bill drifts off, looking out into the bullpen towards
Bill's desk.

DAVE

Bill, will you relax?

BILL

It's that guy with the beard. He's
been circling my desk all morning,
just waiting for me to turn my back.

DAVE

Look. See? He walked away.

BILL

He knew I was watching.

DAVE

Is this what you wanted to talk to
me about?

BILL

No. I just wanted you to tell Jimmy
that three thousand isn't going to
be enough for me this year.

DAVE

Pardon me?

BILL *

The big bonus. The one Jimmy gives
me almost every year because of my
consistent level of excellence. I
mean--

Bill abruptly stops and looks towards the person
hovering around his desk.

BILL (CONT'D)

(TO HIMSELF) That's right. Go ahead.
Set it down. No? Okay. Perhaps another
time. You're so sly. But so am I...

DAVE

(MOVING OFF) I've got work to do,
Bill.

BILL *

Sure. Just tell Jimmy. Bigger big
bonus.

Bill looks towards his desk. He walks over to it.
There are two big greasy bags of Chinese delivery food
sitting on his desk.

BILL (CONT'D)

Who did this? Whose food is this?

A DELIVERY BOY walks up.

BILL (CONT'D)

This desk is not a steam table,
okay? Whose food is this?

DELIVERY BOY

(LOOKING AT RECEIPT) Bill McNeal.

BILL

(EMBARRASSED) Oh. Right. Do you
have change for a fifty?

END OF ACT ONE

LISA *

Positive. He'll do it to make up
for the fact that he passed me over
and gave you the job that was
rightfully mine.

DAVE *

Of course. (BEAT) Lisa, you know how
we've always said our relationship
is based on complete and total
honesty?

LISA *

Except for the fact that we sneak
around and lie to our friends and
co-workers about it on a daily
basis? Sure...

DAVE *

There's something I have to tell
you. Jimmy's not deciding the
bonuses this year. I am.

LISA *

Great.

DAVE *

I just don't want this to cause
trouble for us, relationship-wise.

LISA *

I'm sure it won't. I don't really care who's giving me the big bonus, as long as I'm getting it. (BEAT) I am getting it, right?

DAVE *

Well, I do have to consider everyone...

LISA *

(PISSED) I don't believe this...

* Lisa exits.

DAVE *

Lisa? Could we just talk about this?

Dave starts to follow, but Joe enters.

JOE *

Dave? I've got a problem. You gotta help me out.

DAVE *

I'm actually in the middle of something, Joe.

* Joe closes the door.

JOE *

It's serious, Dave. My Mom is really sick and... well... could you just let Mr. James know about that before he decides the bonuses.

DAVE *

Sure, Joe. Is she going to be okay?

JOE *

We'll see. Just make sure Jimmy
knows about that.

DAVE *

Joe, with all due respect, I'm not
sure if that'll affect Jimmy's bonus
decision.

JOE *

Of course it will. Jimmy's not that
cold-blooded. There was something
else I wanted you to tell him. What
was it? (LAUGHS) Oh, yeah...

DAVE *

What?

JOE

Somewhere on this floor there's a
switch that controls all the power
to the station.

DAVE

What's funny about that?

JOE

I don't know. It just makes me
giggle. You know what's even
funnier?

DAVE

What's that?

JOE

I'm the only one who knows where the
switch is.

DAVE

Joe, I'm new to these parts, but
where I come from we call that a
threat.

JOE *

Yeah? And?

DAVE *

Are you sure you want me passing
along a threat to Mr. James?

JOE *

Either that or the thing about my
mom. Whichever you think will work
better.

DAVE *

Joe? What's your mother sick with?

JOE *

I haven't figured that out yet. Got
any suggestions?

DAVE *

I'll get back to you on that, Joe.

* Dave exits into the bullpen.

INT. BILLBEN - CONTINUOUS

* Dave tracks Lisa down at the coffee station.

DAVE (CONT'D) *

Come on, Lisa. Put yourself in my shoes. I really need your help with this one.

LISA *

(COLD) Why should I help you decide who's going to get my bonus?

DAVE *

(SOTTO) I haven't even decided it's definitely not you yet.

LISA *

(SOTTO) Thank you. That's very encouraging.

* Joe passes by.

JOE *

Hey, guys.

Dave and Lisa put forced smiles on.

DAVE/LISA

Hi, Joe.

DAVE

(SOTTO) Look, I know you deserve the big bonus. But considering that you and I are dating--

LISA *

(SOTTO) No one knows we're dating.

DAVE *

(SOTTO) Beth knows.

LISA

(SOTTO) Beth can be dealt with.

DAVE

(SOTTO) Oh, that's great. So, I
suppose eventually we'll have to
whack the entire staff.

Catherine exits the booth and passes them on the way
to the hallway.

CATHERINE *

Hi, Dave. Hi, Lisa.

DAVE/LISA *

(FORCED SMILES) Hi, Catherine.

LISA (CONT'D) *

(SOTTO) This is wonderful. I'm the
first person in the history of
business to sleep their way to the
bottom of the ladder.

* Beth passes by, leaving a pizza slice on Bill's desk.

BETH *

Hey you guys.

DAVE/LISA *

(FORCED SMILES) Hey.

DAVE (CONT'D)

(SOTTO) I thought we agreed not to
let our personal lives interfere
with our professional lives.

LISA *

That was before I realized I'm
getting screwed because I'm--
Matthew approaches.

MATTHEW *

Hi, you guys.

DAVE

Oh, shut up, Matthew.

Dave walks off.

MATTHEW

Did Mr. James give him the shaft?

LISA

No.

MATTHEW

Shoot.

* Joe crosses by.

JOE *

John Shaft.

Matthew walks off towards Dave's office.

INT. DAVE'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Matthew closes the door.

DAVE *

Alright, Matthew. What do you want
me to tell Mr. James for you? No, no
-- let me guess. You need an
operation of some kind?

MATTHEW *

I don't need you to tell Mr. James anything. Because I'm going to go do it myself.

DAVE *

Matthew, don't do that.

MATTHEW *

I am going downtown to his office.

DAVE *

No, Matthew...

MATTHEW *

I'm going to march right in and tell him to his face that if I get the shaft again there is going to be trouble.

DAVE *

Oh, Matthew. What kind of trouble?

MATTHEW

(THROWING TISSUE) Big trouble. You know, I don't get mad that often, but when I do it means trouble.

DAVE

Matthew, you don't want to do that. Mr. James doesn't seem like the kind of man who tolerates violent outbursts.

MATTHEW *

I've reached my breaking point,
Dave. I am now officially on a
rampage. (THROWS A CUSHION) Do you
have a subway token I could borrow?

DAVE

Matthew, if you can put that rampage
on hold for a few minutes I'm going
to call a staff meeting.

Matthew straightens the pillow and exits. Dave walks
to the door and leans out to Beth, who's on the phone
with her feet up on her desk.

DAVE (CONT'D)

Beth? Could you get everyone around
at the conference table?

BETH

Sure.

Dave walks back into his office.

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

Hey, everyone! Dave wants to have a
meeting at the conference table!

No reaction.

DAVE

Tell them it's about the bonuses.

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

It's about the bonuses!

We hear the RUMBLE of everyone moving towards the
conference table quickly.

Dave exits his office.

INT. CONFERENCE TABLE - CONTINUOUS

Everyone is gathered around the table. Dave enters from his office.

DAVE

Let's all settle down. Lisa, would you like to take a seat?

LISA

(DEFIANTLY) No, Dave, I wouldn't.

DAVE *

Fine. I think we need to discuss the bonus situation.

BILL *

Dave, before you continue, I just want to say I'm one hundred percent behind whatever decisions Mr. James makes, re: the bonuses.

DAVE *

Relax, Bill. Jimmy isn't even in the building.

BILL *

Oh. Then why are we pretending to have a meeting?

DAVE *

Because Jimmy's not giving out the bonuses this year. I am.

BILL *

Dave, before you continue, I just want to say I'm one hundred percent behind whatever decision you make--

DAVE *

Thank you, Bill.

MATTHEW

Please don't give me the shaft, David.

DAVE *

Matthew, I don't want to give anyone the shaft. Now we can't tell Jimmy about this, but here's what I'd like to do. I propose we pool all the bonuses and then divide them equally amongst us.

A beat.

BETH

So everyone gets an equal bonus.

DAVE

Right.

MATTHEW

And no one gets the shaft.

DAVE

No one gets the shaft.

MATTHEW

Well, I think this idea is a winner!

DAVE

Thanks, Matthew.

BILL

This idea is both fair and democratic.

DAVE

I think so.

BILL

And I want no part of it. It reeks
of communism. It penalizes the
person who deserves the big bonus,
and -- speaking as that person -- I
can't support it.

DAVE

But what if you don't get the big
bonus, Bill?

BILL

I'll take my chances.

LISA

Me, too.

JOE

Me, too.

BETH

Me, too.

DAVE *

Well, thank you all for your
honesty, not to mention your
sickening greed.

Catherine exits the booth.

DAVE (CONT'D) *

Catherine, you might want to join us
for this.

CATHERINE

What's going on?

DAVE

I'm deciding the bonuses.

CATHERINE *

Oh. Do you really need me for this?

I have three minutes, I sort of
wanted to get some fresh air.

DAVE

Last chance to get your two cents in...

CATHERINE

Hmm. (THINKS) I guess I don't
really have any opinion on this.

DAVE

Congratulations, Catherine. You get
the big bonus.

BILL

Oh, come on...

JOE

That's a waste of the big bonus. She
doesn't even care about it.

DAVE

Exactly.

CATHERINE

The big bonus? Is that good?

DAVE

Yes, it is.

MATTHEW

And who gets the shaft?

DAVE

I'll take the shaft, just to make
the rest of you feel guilty.

MATTHEW

God bless you, David.

DAVE

Everyone else, standard bonuses.

Thanks for your cooperation.

Dave exits into his office.

CATHERINE

So, what's the big bonus, you guys?

BILL

You can drop it, Cathy. He's gone.

CATHERINE

Sorry, gang. You just have to know
how to play the game.

From the hallway, we hear...

JIMMY (O.C.)

(DOING BEETHOVEN'S FIFTH) Bum-Bum-

Bum - Bummmmmmm!

Everyone looks up, startled. Jimmy swaggers in.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

(TO ROOM, BIG SMILE) Here comes the
bonus-man. The day of judgment is
upon us... Bum-Bum-Bum-Bummm!

No reaction.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

It's Armageddon time, people. Helter
Skelter's comin' down!

Jimmy sees that no one is paying him any attention and
gives up. Dave enters from his office and crosses to
Jimmy.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

Dave, what the hell's the matter
with these people? Today is the big
day, isn't it?

DAVE

I already gave out the bonuses, sir.

JIMMY *

Why'd you go and do a thing like
that, Dave? Who died and made you
satan?

DAVE

It's a long story, sir.

JIMMY *

So who got the big bonus?

DAVE

Catherine.

JIMMY

And who got the shaft?

DAVE

Me.

JIMMY

I wish you'd checked with me on that one, Dave. I usually like to give Matthew the shaft.

DAVE

Why is that, sir?

JIMMY

He doesn't need a bonus. I pay him more than any of these people.

DAVE

Why?

JIMMY

To make up for the fact that he always gets the shaft. (SOTTO) What kind of bonus did you give Joe?

DAVE

The standard four hundred.

All the power in the station goes off.

JIMMY

Well, that's another one I wish you'd checked with me on.

* The lights come back on.

JIMMY (CONT'D) *

Oh good. I guess we can consider
that a warning. Give Joe an extra
three hundred.

DAVE *

Consider it done.

JIMMY *

And while you're at it, give Lisa
the big bonus.

DAVE *

I already gave that to Catherine.

JIMMY *

Give another one to Lisa. She
deserves it. And give Beth another
hundred and fifty or so.

DAVE *

Mr. James, are there any of my bonus
decisions you agree with?

JIMMY *

What did you give yourself again?

DAVE *

The shaft.

JIMMY *

Good work. Gave yourself something
to aim for next year. I gotta go.

* Dave wanders over by Bill's desk. Bill walks up.

BILL *

Dave, I think you and I need to have
a serious talk.

DAVE *

Now is not the time, Bill. Trust me.

BILL *

(IGNORING HIM) I've asked you to do
something about the clutter on my
desk, and yet you refuse...

* Dave -- very calmly -- sweeps everything on Bill's
desk onto the floor.

DAVE *

Is that better?

BILL *

(TAKEN ABACK) Maybe we should talk
about this another time.

DAVE *

Maybe we should.

* Bill walks back towards the booth. Dave turns around
and looks at Bill's desk. Another coffee cup and half-
eaten Danish have magically appeared.

DAVE (CONT'D) *

Wow.

FADE OUT

END OF ACT TWO