

# *NewsRadio*

"Misrepresenting"

#306

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PRE-TABLE DRAFT  
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**BRILLSTEIN / GREY COMMUNICATIONS**

ACT ONE

SCENE A

FADE IN:

INT. BROADCAST BOOTH - MORNING (D-1)  
(Bill, Catherine)

Catherine enters the booth. Bill is going over some copy. He's trying out different intonations for the same few words.

BILL

Zupyall, brother Bill McNeal in your  
ear...Zupyall...Whizupp y'all...Bill  
McNeal here.

CATHERINE

(ANNOYED) Bill...

BILL

Let me ask you -- would you read  
"Whizzup" as an upbeat, cheery  
salutation, or more as a low,  
whispered greeting between  
intimates? Like, "Whizzup..."

CATHERINE

What are you talking about?

BILL

I'm supposed to do these live ads  
for a new sponsor and... whoops,  
time to start.

Bill punches in a cart. Some sophisticated slow-jam  
kind of music plays. Bill's opted for the low, Billy  
Dee Williams style of delivery.

MUSIC CUE: SLOW-JAM MUSIC

BILL (CONT'D)

Whizzup, y'all. Bill McNeal sayin'  
there's a party all up in here and you  
need to get with the flow. Aw yeah,  
Rocket Fuel Malt Liquor's got the  
heavyweight power, whether you've got  
the ee-yotch to rip it up to some fat  
booty beats, or just chill with your  
honey. So get on the rocket and see the  
stars. Rocket Fuel malt liquor...damn!

Bill takes his headphone off.

BILL

Well?

CATHERINE

Oh my Lord.

BILL

You're right. Maybe I should've  
kicked it freestyle.

CUT TO:

OPENING CREDITS

ACT ONE

SCENE B

FADE IN:

INT. BULLPEN/BROADCAST BOOTH/BULLPEN - LATER (D-1)  
(Beth, Lisa, Joe, Dave, Matthew, Catherine, Bill,  
Jimmy)

Beth and Lisa are outside of Dave's office, trying to  
hear what's happening inside.

BETH

This is not good.

LISA

No, I think you're wrong.

Confrontation is a healthy part of  
any relationship.

BETH

That's what my parents said. Then  
they got divorced. Give me evasion  
and subterfuge any day.

Joe comes up with a cup of coffee.

JOE

Has anyone tried this coffee  
substitute Dave got?

LISA/BETH

Shh./Quiet.

JOE

They call it "Cofa" -- like we're supposed to believe that if it sounds like coffee, it'll taste like coffee, too. Right.

LISA

We're in the middle of an austerity budget, which means either you buy your own coffee or you drink the cheap coffee substitute.

JOE

It tastes like burning metal mixed with lye and poison pieces of broken glass. I don't see why we can't have free snacks and good coffee anymore--

LISA

For your information, Dave is in there fighting with Jimmy over this very issue.

From the other side of the door, the voices get loud and angry. We can't hear anything being said, but the argument is decidedly heated.

BETH

I can't believe Dave's really going to the wall about free snacks.

JOE

Free snacks? They're probably  
arguing about who gets to hold us  
down and who gets to pour this crap  
down our throats.

LISA

Joe, if you hate the Cofa so much,  
why don't you just go downstairs and  
buy some real coffee?

JOE

Because now I'm hooked on it now!  
It's all part of their master plan!

Dave storms out of the office, slams the door and  
takes a deep breath. Beth and Lisa pretend they  
weren't listening.

JOE (CONT'D)

Dave, this Cofa--

DAVE

Not now. Definitely not now.

Dave re-enters his office. The others look at each  
other as the yelling starts all over again, this time  
even more forceful than before.

BETH

I have never heard Dave yell like  
this.

LISA

Or Jimmy. This is not good.

Jimmy storms out and slams the door. He stops and  
glares at everyone, then storms off to the foyer,  
nearly running Matthew over as he comes from the  
printer.

MATTHEW

(HOLDING UP A PIECE OF PAPER) Hey  
guys, look what I just found in the  
printer.

JOE

Wow. Paper. And you say you found  
that in the printer?

MATTHEW

No, look at it. It's Dave's resumé.

Beth, Lisa, and Joe all materialize from different  
sides. Beth grabs the resumé.

LISA

Beth, that's not yours to look at.

BETH

(READING RESUMÉ, GIGGLING) Oh my...

LISA

Or giggle over. What's so funny?

BETH

Lisa. I have bad news. Dave--your  
boyfriend--managed a Dairy Duke. How  
can he have any self respect?

JOE

Dairy Duke. Figures. Their soft ice  
cream is completely cheap and  
substandard.

MATTHEW

Hey, cool! Dave juggles. That's  
great.

Everyone looks at him.

MATTHEW (CONT'D)

I mean, if you're into really dumb  
stuff.

JOE

How'd you get this, dude?

MATTHEW

It was just sitting there in the  
printer.

BETH

How come Dave is printing out his  
resumé?

Just then, Dave comes out of his office. The others  
try to hide the resumé. Dave comes over.

DAVE

Is there anything at the printer?

MATTHEW

Nothing! Just our own work-related  
printed documents.

Lisa rolls her eyes and hands him the resumé.

LISA

Sorry. We had to look.

BETH

Dairy Duke, Dave?

JOE

That place gives frozen treats a bad  
name.



DAVE

We don't use preservatives, which is why our soft ice cream tends to melt faster... why am I defending the job I had in college to you?

BETH

Why are you printing out your resumé?

DAVE

There are lots of reasons I could be printing out my resumé.

BETH

Such as?

DAVE

Maybe an intern wants to use it as a model for his resumé. Or maybe I'm just updating it.

JOE

You're looking for another job.  
You're trying to get out of this sinking ship while the rest of us rats drown in a sea of Cofa!

Dave appears flustered.

DAVE

Uh, well, Joe, if it makes you feel better, it will be a speedy death.

JOE

But you don't deny that you could be  
looking for another job.

DAVE

There's nothing to confirm or deny.  
I merely printed out my resumé for a  
legitimate, private reason. Now, if  
you'll excuse me, I've had a  
stressful morning.

Dave takes his resumé and goes to his office.

MATTHEW

(TO LISA) Dave's not leaving, is he?

LISA

Of course not.

BETH

(TO JOE) She's covering for him.

JOE

(TO BETH) She doesn't actually know.

BETH

(TO JOE) Covering.

JOE

(TO BETH) Doesn't know.

LISA

Enough. Look -- just because a guy  
has a screaming match with his boss  
and then prints out his resumé  
doesn't mean...(THINKS) I'll be  
right back.

Lisa heads toward Dave's office.

INT. BROADCAST BOOTH - SIMULTANEOUS

Bill and Catherine have their headphones on and are  
finishing up a segment.

CATHERINE

...Although there were no serious  
injuries, property damage is  
expected to run into the millions.

BILL

WNYX newstime: 11:23. Stay tuned for  
weather.

They take off their headphones and walk down to the  
coffee station.

INT. BULLPEN - CONTINUOUS

CATHERINE

All I'm saying--

BILL

I've heard what you're saying.

CATHERINE

And you'll hear it again. How can  
you endorse a product that so  
obviously targets underage drinkers?

BILL

Look -- the good people at Hard Bull  
Enterprises run a respectable  
company. None of their products --  
not Rocket Fuel, not the Slow Jam  
Gin, not the Get-It-On pre-mixed  
cocktails -- none of them targets  
"underage drinkers."

CATHERINE

But you can't disagree that malt  
liquor only exists to get you drunk.

BILL

Nonsense. Rocket Fuel is fun. And  
I, for one, find it refreshing to  
see a company putting the fun back  
into drinking.

Matthew walks to the snack table.

BILL (CONT'D)

It's no different than Zima.

MATTHEW

That clear stuff? I love that stuff!

CATHERINE

Because it's fun?

MATTHEW

No, because it's clear. And most  
beer is yellow. But this one is  
clear!

CATHERINE

And the taste?

MATTHEW

Oh, I've never actually had it.  
Hops-based products give me a  
headache.

Matthew leaves.

BILL

I think you're threatened by my  
ability to reach out to the common  
man in the language of the streets.

CATHERINE

I am nothing but embarrassed to hear  
you trying to talk Street like that.

BILL

Because although the ads may be  
written in a frank street patois, I  
believe they appeal to a rainbow of  
consumers.

CATHERINE

Sure. A rainbow of underage drinkers  
-- black kids, white kids who want  
to be black, suburban kids who want  
to be urban. But they're all kids.

BILL

There, we must disagree...

CATHERINE

May I say something to you...in  
Street?

BILL

By all means!

CATHERINE

You're a jerk.

BILL

Hm, I don't know that one.

CUT TO:

ACT ONE

SCENE C

INT. DAVE'S OFFICE - SIMULTANEOUS (D-1)  
(Lisa, Dave)

Dave and Lisa, mid-discussion over the crisis.

LISA

Okay, your slick evasions might work on everyone else, but not me. Why did you print out your resumé?

DAVE

If my slick evasions don't work on you then I have to reconsider this whole relationship.

LISA

Why don't you just say you're looking for another job?

DAVE

Because I'm not.

LISA

Yet.

DAVE

Look at it my way. I've got a staff  
that just cares about free snacks.  
I've got a boss who just cares about  
saving money. I don't see any middle  
ground, much less time for the news.

LISA

But come on, you're not going to  
quit over a budget squabble.

DAVE

I might not have to.

LISA

(LAUGHING) Jimmy's not going to fire  
you.

Dave stares grimly at Lisa.

LISA (CONT'D)

(LESS CONFIDENT) Jimmy's not going  
to fire you... Right?

DAVE

It has been discussed. I shouldn't  
say any more.

LISA

Dave! You can't afford to be  
unemployed! You're not even vested  
yet!

DAVE

What does that mean, exactly?



LISA

I don't know, but it's bad.

DAVE

See, this is why I didn't tell you  
the truth. You worry too much.

LISA

Maybe so, but if you lose this job,  
you could start a horrible downward  
spiral. Alcohol, drugs, depression,  
homelessness.

DAVE

Alcohol, yes. Drugs, maybe. But I'd like  
to think that as long as we're together,  
I won't be depressed or homeless.

LISA

Well, I'd be depressed. And I'm  
certainly not about to have a  
homeless guy living with me.

DAVE

Look, it probably won't come to  
anything. Besides, I'm not  
unemployable. I do have some skills.

LISA

Oh, right. The job market is simply  
clamoring for people who can make  
runny ice cream.

DISSOLVE TO:

ACT ONE

SCENE D

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

Catherine and Bill in the booth. It's time for another  
Rocket Fuel spot. A messenger hands Bill some copy.  
Party music up.

MUSIC CUE: PARTY MUSIC

BILL

Whazzup, y'all. Bill McNeal rockin'  
the mic again, cold-representin'  
Rocket Fuel malt liquor. It's got  
the mad flava that takes any  
situation to the next level. So when  
the party starts bouncin' and the  
ladies start bumpin', tighten up  
your flow with Rocket Fuel. Rocket  
Fuel Malt Liquor...damn!

Bill turns to the messenger.

BILL (CONT'D)

Anything else?

MESSENGER

They said they'd send over more copy  
later in the day.

The messenger leaves.

CATHERINE

Bill, how can you sit up here and  
prey on the insecurities of kids who  
think drinking will make them cool?

BILL

Hey -- did I object when you did ads  
for adult diapers? No. And do you  
wear adult diapers?

Beat.

BILL (CONT'D)

Well?

CATHERINE

Of course not.

BILL

Just checking. So isn't it just a  
little hypocritical to attack me  
when you're preying on the  
insecurities of the incontinent?

CATHERINE

No, because if the time comes when I do wear adult diapers, I'll face it with the dignity and confidence made possible by the good people at Underpinnings Incorporated.

BILL

Well, same here. When Rocket Fuel is an appropriate drink, I gladly serve it.

CATHERINE

But as it happens, you've never been in that situation.

BILL

That's where you're wrong. I do enjoy Rocket Fuel from time to time.

CATHERINE

No, you don't.

BILL

Indeed I do, as do many of my friends, none of whom, I believe, are underage youths.

CATHERINE

Is that so? What's it taste like?

BILL

(THINKS) How to describe such a robust brew? Let's see... it's a hearty, full-bodied beverage with hints of apple and smoke.

CATHERINE

And one sip got you blind drunk and borderline psychotic.

BILL

Not at all. I could drink it all afternoon, at a garden party, perhaps, or while yachting, and feel nothing more than a warm glow you'd feel after consuming a weak wine spritzer.

CATHERINE

Oh, it sounds delicious.

BILL

Indeed it is.

CATHERINE

Then maybe we should wet our beaks with a little Rocket Fuel some time.

BILL

Certainly, my dear. I'd like that very much.

CATHERINE

Good.

Catherine reaches under he desk, and pulls out a great big 40 of Rocket Fuel Malt Liquor, which she sets solemnly in front of Bill.

INT. BULLPEN - SIMULTANEOUS

Lisa and Matthew are at their desks. Joe's by the coffee. Jimmy enters the bullpen, still a little steamed, and stops by Lisa's desk.

JIMMY

Is he in?

LISA

You mean Dave?

JIMMY

No, the mule I had when I was a boy.  
Though at least a two-by-four can  
persuade a mule. How do you guys put  
up with this?

LISA

I think Dave is an excellent  
motivator, sir.

JIMMY

Right. He's motivated you into a  
bunch of malcontents, just 'cause I  
use a cheapo coffee substitute that  
tastes like poison pieces of broken  
glass or something.

Joe comes up to Lisa's desk.

JOE

This isn't real coffee? But it  
tastes like a premium import. I'll  
be.

JIMMY

You're saying you don't mind these  
cuts Dave is mismanaging down your  
throats?

BETH

No way, sir. They're going down as  
smooth as butter substitute. A  
really good butter substitute, that  
is.

Matthew comes over.

MATTHEW

I don't think so!

LISA

You didn't think so. At first.

Matthew.

MATTHEW

What? I think Mr. James has a darn  
good point.

LISA

But maybe you should go back to your  
desk and think about that point some  
more.

MATTHEW

What? This is a golden opportunity.

Let's get Dave! Who's with me?

She jerks her head to signal Joe. Beth catches on, instantly.

BETH

Mr. James, can you come over here? I need to forge your signature on something.

JIMMY

Then what do you need me for?

BETH

Um. It's very complicated. Come over here and I'll explain it.

MATTHEW

Wait! I have something to say!

While Jimmy crosses to Beth's desk, Joe silently puts his hand over Matthew's mouth and virtually carries him into the break room.

JIMMY

What are we signing here?

BETH

You know what? It's gone now. My mistake.

JIMMY

You people are crazy. And it's his fault.

Jimmy walks into Dave's office, slamming the door behind him.



INT. DAVE'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Jimmy enters, closes the door.

DAVE

How's it going, sir?

JIMMY

Fine, fine. Lisa seems really  
agitated today, did you notice that?

DAVE

Well, sir, we had a little talk.  
She's worried about my job security.

JIMMY

Really? (SUDDENLY BRIGHTENING)

Excellent!

Jimmy reaches into his coat and pulls out a small  
notepad. Dave reaches into his pocket and pulls out an  
identical notepad.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

(CHECKING OFF NOTEPAD) "Fake  
argument." Check.

DAVE

Check. "Jimmy stalks out in huff."  
Check.

JIMMY

Check.

DAVE

And what a huff it was.

JIMMY

I thank you. "Dave leaves resumé in printer"?

DAVE

Check. "Confides in Lisa." Check. Did you "grumble ominously to the staff about my job performance"?

JIMMY

Just did it. Check.

DAVE

Were they projecting a more positive attitude?

JIMMY

Worked just like you said. I gotta admit, Dave, they're really buying it. You have lit a fire under them. You are a slippery one.

They both put away their notepads.

DAVE

Thank you, sir. But I prefer the term "indirect."

JIMMY

I love it -- you even have a slippery word for "slippery." Man, this was a scam for the books!

DAVE

Well, sir, with your permission, I'd  
like to go a little farther.

JIMMY

Sure. You mean, really drive the  
point home?

DAVE

I guess so.

JIMMY

Well, you're the puppeteer here. By  
golly, I do like watching you work.  
Can't wait to see what's next.

Jimmy goes to the door.

DAVE

Thanks, sir. Don't forget the door.

JIMMY

Oh yeah. Almost closed it.

Jimmy leaves, remembering to slam the door. Dave pulls  
out his notepad yet again and checks something off.

DAVE

Thank you very much, sir.

DISSOLVE TO:

ACT ONE

SCENE E

INT. BREAK ROOM - LATER (D-1)  
(Bill, Catherine)

Catherine and Bill are leaning against the counter in front of the sink. They each have a bottle of Rocket Fuel in front of them, and paper cups filled with malt liquor.

BILL

As much as I'd love to sample Rocket Fuel, this isn't the time or place. I say we find a bar after work...

CATHERINE

Bill, they don't serve this at bars. They serve it under bridges and on street corners.

BILL

Really? I'll have to inquire about our local distributors.

CATHERINE

This will be perfect. We can share a civilized drink in a familiar, comfortable environment.

BILL

I guess it couldn't hurt to have  
just a sip.

CATHERINE

Of course not.

Resigned, Bill raises his cup. Catherine does the  
same.

BILL

Well, then. Catherine... salut.

Bill slams it back. Catherine pretends to drink, but  
just tosses the malt liquor over her shoulder into the  
sink. Bill slaps his cup back down onto the table. The  
drink has been anything but smooth.

BILL (CONT'D)

Wow.

CATHERINE

"Wow" is right. That's some smooth  
drinkin'. Perhaps I've misjudged  
you. And Rocket Fuel. Let's have  
another.

Catherine quickly pours out two more.

BILL

Yes. Another.

CATHERINE

Down the hatch.

BILL

Again, salut.

Again Bill slams it down, and again Catherine tosses  
hers over her shoulder.

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BILL (CONT'D)

(RASPY) Damn.

FADE OUT

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

SCENE H

FADE IN:

INT. DAVE'S OFFICE - LATER (D-1)  
(Bill, Dave, Beth)

Dave comes into his office to find Bill on his knees in front of Dave's desk, examining one of the framed pictures on his desk. Bill is doing a very good job of covering his drunken condition -- not slurring at all.

BILL

She looks like quite a woman, Dave.

She must be a wonderful mother.

DAVE

That's Lisa, Bill. The other picture is my mother. What am I smelling?

BILL

Hear you're leaving us. Goodbye, my friend. Salut.

Bill rolls over onto his back, still looking at the picture.

DAVE

Bill?

BILL

Stern, but soft. You know, my mother  
never touched me. Avoided all  
physical contact.

DAVE

Those malt liquor people didn't send  
over some free samples, did they?

Bill gets up and puts the picture in his coat pocket.

BILL

I beg your pardon! Are you  
suggesting I've been drinking?

Bill sways and in the process of steadying himself,  
knocks books and papers off Dave's desk.

BILL (CONT'D)

I demand an apology, sir!

DAVE

Sorry. Can I have my picture back?

Bill huffily takes the picture from his pocket,  
pulling his pocket inside out in the process, and  
hands it to Dave.

BILL

And now, there is work to be done.

Bill struggles with the door, pushing it instead of  
pulling it. After a moment, he gets it open.

BILL (CONT'D)

And now, there is work to be done.

Bill leaves and Dave goes to the door.

DAVE

(CALLING) Beth?



Beth enters.

BETH

Whoa, malt liquor, Dave? I didn't think it would start so soon.

DAVE

That was Bill McNeal, consummate broadcast professional. Do I have any appointments this afternoon?

BETH

Aside from dinner at the soup kitchen, you're clear. What do you want your cake to say?

DAVE

My cake?

BETH

Your farewell cake. Do you want heartfelt or "ironic"?

DAVE

You're jumping to conclusions. I'm not getting fired.

BETH

Okay, downsized. I can't keep up with your crazy slang.

DAVE

I'm not getting downsized, okay?

BETH

Okay.

DAVE

So just make it a plain cake with no  
message at all.

BETH

Fine.

Beth exits. Dave looks at his watch.

DAVE

Five, four, three, two, one.

On cue, Beth re-enters and closes the door behind her.

BETH

You still want the cake.

DAVE

What?

BETH

You still want the cake. You are  
leaving, aren't you?

DAVE

No, I'm just... I can't hide  
anything from you, can I?

BETH

(MODESTLY) Well, I am known for my  
sharp eye...

DAVE

Right. Now, this is top secret. I  
have a job interview this afternoon.  
It's a pre-emptive strike.

BETH

Really? Mr. James would die if he  
found out!

DAVE

Yes, but you're not going to tell  
him or anybody else, are you, Beth?

BETH

Dave! You can trust me.

DAVE

What did you just say?

BETH

I said you can trust me.

DAVE

Thanks.

Beth leaves and Dave takes out his notebook and checks  
off another item.

DAVE (CONT'D)

"Trust Beth." Check. Excellent.

CUT TO:

ACT TWO

SCENE J

INT. BROADCAST BOOTH - SIMULTANEOUS (D-1)  
(Catherine, Bill, Matthew, Dave)

Catherine is looking over some copy when Bill comes into the booth. He's a little unsteady, and has a bad headache, but is covering admirably.

CATHERINE

You don't look so good.

BILL

I think it's the Cofa.

CATHERINE

Maybe you shouldn't have had all  
that Rocket Fuel.

BILL

Nonsense. The malt liquor was  
delicious and refreshing. I'm fine.

CATHERINE

Good. Because I want to say that I think I overreacted. It's not like you're putting a gun to anyone's head, right?

BILL

Exactly. If they want to kill themselves drinking that crap, it's their choice.

CATHERINE

Crap? I thought you liked it.

BILL

I mean it's crap to them. They're not ready to appreciate it yet.

CATHERINE

I agree. That's why I feel bad. Forgive me?

BILL

Of course. I admire your principled stand.

CATHERINE

Thanks, Bill, that's sweet. Now can I just give you a tip?

BILL

Sure. What?

CATHERINE

I think your spots sound...  
inauthentic.

BILL

That's absurd. Those spots are very  
authentic.

CATHERINE

Get real. That "Whazzup, y'all"  
stuff is all played-out. Very 1995.  
I don't know who's writing your  
stuff, but it's strictly VH-1.

BILL

Really? What do they say now?

CATHERINE

All sorts of things. Slang changes  
quickly. A man's got to be very  
barchos just to keep up.

BILL

Very what?

CATHERINE

Barchos. You know like... (BEAT)  
You've never even heard that word?

BILL

No.

CATHERINE

Man, your fortran is really all  
waddled-up.

BILL

Help me then.

Bill grabs a pen and paper.

CATHERINE

Okay, just a little. For instance,  
"Whazzup, y'all"? Come on...

BILL

People aren't saying "Whazzup"  
anymore?

CATHERINE

Not on the street.

BILL

What do they say now?

CATHERINE

Now they say, "Guhzizzah."

BILL

(TRYING IT OUT) Guhzizzah! I like  
it. What does it mean?

CATHERINE

It means hello. Or goodbye. And if  
someone's your friend, you call  
him...

BILL

My homie?

CATHERINE

No.

BILL

My peeps?

CATHERINE

No. You call him "mon poisson-  
homme."

BILL

"Poisson-homme." What is the  
derivation of that, exactly?

CATHERINE

It means "fish-man" in French.

BILL

Oh, right, right. (BEAT) Guzizzah,  
mon poisson-homme!

CATHERINE

You've got it. Very, very barchos,  
Bill.

BILL

Thank you! What do you say if  
something's really good?

CATHERINE

Like Rocket Fuel? You say it's  
poison.

BILL

Seriously? Poison? Marvelous! What  
else?

CATHERINE

No more, you're not ready.



BILL

Yes, more. Feed me.

INT. BULLPEN - SIMULTANEOUS

Dave, coat on, is leaving the office when Matthew stops him.

MATTHEW

(FURTIVE) Uh, Dave?

DAVE

Yes, what is it, Matthew?

Matthew pulls Dave aside.

MATTHEW

Can I just say something to you, in confidence? (WHISPERS)

Congratulations!

DAVE

(WHISPERING ALSO) For what?

MATTHEW

(STILL WHISPERING) For getting out of here before Mr. James has a chance to fire you.

DAVE

How did you find out?

MATTHEW

I have my ways.

DAVE

Did Beth tell you?

MATTHEW

Beth? Oh, no, no, no. My source is  
top secret. Secret, secret source.  
Not Beth. Beth? No.

DAVE

Well, I can't divulge anything  
because I don't want you to get in  
trouble.

MATTHEW

Right, right. Thank you.

DAVE

But what I need you to do is help  
convince everyone that I really,  
really like my job and want to stay.

MATTHEW

You mean lie?

DAVE

I don't mean lie. Think of it as a  
grift.

MATTHEW

Right... a grift. (BEAT) What's a  
grift?

DAVE

It's like make-believe.

MATTHEW

Well, I'm very well acquainted with  
that, as you well know!

DAVE

Yes, of course. Now, I've got to go.

If Mr. James comes in...

MATTHEW

Consider him persuaded.

Matthew leaves and Dave takes out his notebook, checking off another item. He remembers something.

DAVE

Matthew!

Matthew steps back in.

DAVE (CONT'D)

Joe wasn't your source, was he?

MATTHEW

(WITH A LAUGH) Joe? Joe says this resumé thing is a fraud and that you're probably working some deeper scam, but he's going to hack into your computer and find out for sure.

DAVE

Oh, brother. That Joe.

MATTHEW

Really!

Matthew leaves again, and again Dave takes out his notebook and checks off another item.

DAVE

Good old Joe.

DISSOLVE TO:

ACT TWO

SCENE K

INT. BROADCAST BOOTH/BULLPEN - LATER (D-1)

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

Bill and Catherine are in the booth. The messenger from before comes up with the copy. Bill motions him to come in, but waves the copy away.

BILL

Guhzizzah! Guhzizzah! Have a seat.

We're just about ready.

Bill sits back down and puts the headphones back on. He cues the music and reads his own new spot.

MUSIC CUE

BILL (CONT'D)

Guhzizzah, mespoisson-hommes. Bill McNeal sayin' get with the poison taste of Rocket Fuel malt liquor. Rocket Fuel's got the upstate prison flava that keeps you ugly all night long. So when you want to get sick, remember: nothing makes your feet stank like Rocket Fuel malt liquor... Damn, it's poison!

CATHERINE

Perfect.

BILL

Thank you. (TO THE MESSENGER) What  
did you think?

MESSENGER

Honestly? I thought it sucked.

BILL

(TO CATHERINE) Outtasight! He liked  
it!

CATHERINE

Good job, Bill.

BILL (CONT'D)

Thanks. (TO MESSENGER) And Guhzzizah  
to you, my man!

INT. BULLPEN - SIMULTANEOUS

Jimmy joins Matthew at the coffee station. Matthew is  
overly nonchalant.

MATTHEW

Ah, Mr. James. I just want to say  
that Dave really, really likes his  
job.

JIMMY

Say what?

MATTHEW

Oh, nothing. Just a casual  
observation I wanted to make. I'd  
even go so far as to say he has no  
plans to quit and get another job.

JIMMY

That's great, Matthew. Thanks for  
the... casual observation.

MATTHEW

(SIGNIFICANTLY) I think I've said  
enough.

Jimmy approaches Lisa's desk. Beth and Lisa are there.

JIMMY

Where's Dave?

LISA

Um...

BETH

He's out. It's a new motivational  
tactic. I think.

JIMMY

C'mon, c'mon -- spit it out.

LISA

Actually, Mr. James, he's worried  
you're going to fire him.

JIMMY

(LAUGHING) Oh, that? I don't think  
he's worried about that.

LISA

But haven't you been discussing  
that?

JIMMY

Yeah, but, in the heat of the  
moment, you'll say anything. Dave's  
fine.

Jimmy starts to go back to the coffee station.

BETH

Then why did you drive him to go to  
a job interview?

LISA

Beth!

JIMMY

He went to a job interview?

BETH

Yes!

LISA

Beth!

JIMMY

Excuse me for a moment.

Jimmy exits into the foyer. He takes out his notepad  
and checks it. Nothing. He shakes his head. Joe passes  
by.

JOE

If you're looking for Dave, he's out  
at a job interview.

JIMMY

And what makes you so sure?

JOE

No reason.

JIMMY

Joe?

JOE

Okay. I accidentally got into his  
computer and read his planner.

DISSOLVE TO:



ACT TWO

SCENE M

INT. BREAK ROOM - LATER (D-1)  
(Bill, Catherine, Beth, Glenn)

Bill is reading a paper at the table, eating a donut.  
Catherine comes in for a Coke. Bill turns to her.

BILL

Ah, the afternoon soda. Damn, that's  
a poison idea!

CATHERINE

Bill, I prefer not to speak street  
during office hours. It might throw  
off the others.

BILL

Right. I hear you.

Beth pokes her head in.

BETH

There's some guy from Rocket Fuel  
here for you. If he's got any of  
those little airline bottles, try to  
get ten or twelve for me.

CATHERINE

Malt liquor doesn't come in airline  
bottles.

BETH

Great! Get me ten or twelve of the  
big ones, then.

Beth shows in a youngish executive guy.

GLENN

Bill? Glenn Conrad from Hard Bull.  
We spoke on the phone.

BILL

Guhzizzah!

GLENN

Bless you.

BILL

So how are you enjoying the spots?

GLENN

What happened to the copy we asked  
you to read?

BILL

Glenn. That copy was strictly 1995.  
I want to reach the people of today.

GLENN

You might be reaching the people of  
Mars but here on this planet, no one  
talks like that.

BILL

What? Of course they do. On the street. That was street talk, the coin of the realm. Lingua Franca.

GLENN

That was an embarrassment. We have a little something called street cred -- or we did, until that spot.

BILL

You're living in the past, my friend.

GLENN

Regardless -- we can't use you. We're going to go with someone else.

BILL

What do you mean? "Whazzup, y'all. Rocket Fuel Malt Liquor... Damn!"

GLENN

Bill, stop it. We don't want you promoting our product. That's all there is to it. (TO CATHERINE)  
Excuse me. You're Catherine Duke, right? Glenn Conrad from Hard Bull.

CATHERINE

In Bill's defense, he really wanted the job. He even went out and drank some of your product.

GLENN

God, really? That crap gives me a  
headache.

BILL

That's right. Now the truth can be  
told. What about all the underage  
kids you people prey on, huh? What  
about them, predator?

GLENN

(IGNORING BILL) It'd be a tremendous  
coup for us to have an articulate  
and attractive woman of color like  
yourself as the Rocket Fuel  
spokesperson.

CATHERINE

(SWEETLY) And it would be tremendous  
coup for me to have an articulate  
and remarkably ugly white boy like  
yourself get out of this office  
before I say something nasty.

Glenn exits quickly.

BILL

(IMPRESSED) Damn!

CUT TO:

ACT TWO

SCENE P

INT. DAVE'S OFFICE/BULLPEN/DAVE'S OFFICE/BULLPEN - LATE  
AFTERNOON (D-1)

(Jimmy, Dave)

Dave enters to find Jimmy sitting behind his desk.

JIMMY

Where you been?

DAVE

Out and about. Why?

JIMMY

No reason. Uptown or downtown?

DAVE

Here and there.

JIMMY

You're a cagey customer, Dave. You  
weren't at a job interview, were you?

DAVE

(LAUGHING) A job interview? Come on,  
sir.

JIMMY

I didn't hear a "No" in there.

DAVE

Alright, sir, you got me. Who leaked  
it -- Matthew, right?

JIMMY

Matthew. And Beth. And Lisa and Joe.  
What's going on, here, Dave? We were  
supposed to be running a scam on  
them. You didn't tell me anything  
about a job interview.

DAVE

I just went to the job interview to  
make sure they'd believe me.

JIMMY

Oh, I see. Gotcha.

Jimmy exits. After a beat, he re-enters, looking at  
his notebook.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

You wouldn't leave me high and dry  
without a news director, would you?

DAVE

(LAUGHING) High and dry? Without a  
news director? Come on, sir.  
Everything's going according to  
plan.

JIMMY

Cause you got me improvising here.  
When I run a scam, I like to follow  
a script. What happens next?

DAVE

It's very simple. You bring the  
snacks back, 'cause it's a minor  
item that means a lot. Then I cancel  
, my next interview.

Jimmy's been writing this down in his notepad.

JIMMY

(SMILING) Okay, good. (BEAT) Wait.  
This is an actual ultimatum, not  
just a scam, isn't it?

Beat.

DAVE

If you don't play along, sir, you  
may never know.

JIMMY

What if I don't play along? If I  
call your bluff?

DAVE

I'm willing to bet there's a station  
out there that could use a guy with  
a good scam or two.

JIMMY

Well, we'll just see about that.

Jimmy exits and slams the door. Dave stands in his  
office.

DAVE

(LOOKING AT HIS WATCH) Eight, seven,

six--

INT. BULLPEN - SIMULTANEOUS

Jimmy is standing outside Dave's door, looking at his own watch.

JIMMY

Five, four, three--

INT. DAVE'S OFFICE - SIMULTANEOUS

DAVE

Two, one.

A beat. Nothing happens. Dave is puzzled.

INT. BULLPEN - SIMULTANEOUS

A beat. Nothing happens. Jimmy is puzzled.

JIMMY

(TO HIMSELF) Fine, he wins.

Jimmy opens the door of Dave's office -- which, unseen to us, obviously smacks Dave in the face.

DAVE (O.C.)

Ow!

JIMMY

Oh geez, I'm sorry.

FADE OUT

END OF ACT TWO