



# Just Shoot Me!

**"Elliott The Geek"**

(a.k.a "Wake Me When it's Over")

**Episode # 210**

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JUST SHOOT ME  
"Elliott The Geek"  
(a.k.a. "Wake Me When it's Over")

TEASER

INT. ELLIOTT'S STUDIO - DAY (DAY 1)  
(Elliott, Finch, Jack, Models)

ELLIOTT IS SHOOTING A COUPLE OF MODELS IN LINGERIE  
BEFORE A STYLISH BACKDROP. FINCH ENTERS AND SNEAKS  
A GOOD LOOK.

ELLIOTT

Yes?

FINCH

Uh... phone call for you.

ELLIOTT

Not now.

FINCH EXITS. A BEAT. FINCH ENTERS AGAIN AND OGLES  
THE MODELS.

ELLIOTT (CONT'D)

Yes?

FINCH

Hey, dude, we got more of those muffins  
you like.

ELLIOTT

I'm busy, Finch.

FINCH

Right, sorry.

FINCH EXITS. A BEAT. FINCH ENTERS AGAIN.

FINCH (CONT'D)

Did I leave my keys in here?

ELLIOTT

Alright, that's it. I'm fed up with  
these ridiculous excuses to come in  
here and gawk. It's infantile and  
pathetic. Now get out, and go tell  
everyone else that during lingerie  
shoots, my studio is off limits!

FINCH

(CHASTISED) Fine.

FINCH EXITS. A BEAT. JACK ENTERS.

JACK

(BRIGHTLY) Hey, dude, we got more of  
those muffins you like.

OFF ELLIOTT'S REACTION, WE...

DISSOLVE TO:

ACT ONE

A

INT. BULLPEN - MORNING (DAY 1)  
(Maya, Elliott, Finch, Models, Atmosphere)

MAYA IS SORTING THROUGH MAIL. SHE NOTICES ELLIOTT INTENTLY WATCHING THE TWO LINGERIE MODELS CHATTING NEARBY.

MAYA

What are you doing?

ELLIOTT

I can't decide which one to take to the Hamptons. Lynn has perfect legs, but Crissy has perfect breasts. This is killing me.

MAYA

The Lord is a cruel prankster.

FINCH ENTERS, HOLDING PAPERS, IN TIME TO SEE MAYA MAKE AN ANNOYED FACE AT ELLIOTT.

FINCH

Good morning. (SNIFFS) Hmm, tension in the air. Let me guess. Mr. Love Machine made some yappety-yap about gettin' it on with the ladies, and Mother Superior was all, "You're a pig," and you were all, "But me likey the womens," and she was all, "Boo-hoo-hoo, what about our brains?" Am I warm?

MAYA

Finch, do you want to get smacked?

FINCH

Kinda. I'm not proud of it. (HANDS PAPERS TO ELLIOTT) Here, your mom sent more faxes. Keep 'em coming -- we wouldn't want a business letter to sneak through.

FINCH CROSSES OFF. ELLIOTT LOOKS AT A FAX. \*

ELLIOTT

Oh wow -- Mr. Farrell died. (READING)  
"A memorial service hosted by the Class of '81 will be held at the Hawthorne High Cafetorium."

MAYA

Who's Mr. Farrell?

ELLIOTT

My high school history teacher.

Otherwise known as "Farrell the Ferret."

MAYA

Why'd you call him that?

ELLIOTT

You know, 'cause he was a big man.

MAYA

Ferrets aren't big.

ELLIOTT

It was just a nickname.

MAYA

Why didn't you call him "Farrell the  
Barrel?"

ELLIOTT

(BEAT) People weren't that clever in  
my town. When the train went by,  
everyone would clap.

MAYA

So, are you gonna go?

ELLIOTT

Are you kidding? I had to miss my ten  
year reunion. This will finally be my  
triumphant return. A chance to let  
everyone revel in my success.

(MORE)

ELLIOTT (CONT'D)

It is time for Elliott DiMauro to  
descend from the clouds.

MAYA

I'll leave you alone with your grief.

AND WE...

FADE OUT.

B

FADE IN:

BLUSH COVER: GAMES MEN PLAY: LEARN TO WIN!

INT. BULLPEN/JACK'S OFFICE - LATER (DAY 1)  
(Nina, Finch, Jack, Atmosphere)

FINCH IS AT HIS STATION AS NINA ENTERS.

NINA

Finch, I'm having an antique mirror  
delivered to my office tomorrow. Here's  
the bill.

NINA HANDS FINCH A BILL AND STARTS TO LEAVE.

FINCH

Whoa, whoa. You can't charge this to  
the magazine.

NINA

Why not?

FINCH

Because it's for your personal use.

NINA

How do you know?

FINCH

Because it's a mirror.

NINA

So?

FINCH

I can't explain it any better than that.

NINA

As Fashion Editor, it's my job to look good. As a Keebler elf, it's your job to make delicious little cookies.

NINA CROSSES OFF.

FINCH

Don't be surprised if the mirror talks back, you witch.

JACK (O.S.)

Dennis? Got a minute? \*

FINCH CROSSES INTO JACK'S OFFICE.

RESET TO:

INT. JACK'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

JACK SITS AT HIS DESK. FINCH ENTERS.

FINCH \*

Yes? \*

JACK

So... I heard all that with Nina.

FINCH

(PROUDLY) What'd you think of the  
witch line?

JACK

Dennis, I see this magazine as my castle. \*  
And you are, for lack of a better word, \*  
my gargoyle.

FINCH

So far today I've been called an elf  
and a gargoyle. I'm going home.

JACK

What I'm trying to say is you have to  
make the staff respect you the way  
they respect me.

FINCH

Of course Nina respects you. You're  
the boss, and she's two paychecks away  
from lapdancing at a Mexican truck stop.

JACK

Being the boss doesn't win me respect.  
It's winning respect that made me the  
boss.

FINCH

Ah, I see. (TAKES THE BOTTLE OF SCOTCH  
OFF THE BAR) No more for you.

JACK RISES AND BEGINS STROLLING AS HE SPEAKS.

JACK

What if I taught you how to intimidate  
people without them ever knowing it?

FINCH

Is this about the way I stand at the  
urinal?

JACK

Dennis, forty years in the trenches  
have taught me a few tricks. Tricks  
I've never shared with anyone.

FINCH

Okay, like what?

A BEAT WHILE JACK CLOSES THE DOOR.

JACK

How to use perception and position.  
Light and shadow. You want the  
advantage? Sit higher than your  
adversary. Or keep the sun at your  
back. Or speak in a whisper to make  
them come to you.

FINCH

Oh, I don't know.

JACK TURNS AND GAZES OUT HIS WINDOW.

JACK

It's all about psychology.

(MORE)

JACK (CONT'D)

What people want. What they fear.

What makes them vulnerable.

FINCH

Look, I appreciate the advice. But if  
you're saying these little mind games  
can change how people think, I say no  
way.

JACK TURNS AROUND -- HE'S WEARING SHADES. FINCH  
DOESN'T APPEAR TO NOTICE.

FINCH (CONT'D)

Of course anything's possible.

AND WE...

DISSOLVE TO:

C

BLUSH COVER: LEAVING THE OLD YOU BEHIND

INT. BULLPEN - DAY (DAY 1)

(Elliott, Nina, Maya, Finch, Jack, Atmosphere)

ELLIOTT APPROACHES NINA.

ELLIOTT

Nina, help me find a suit for this  
memorial service.

NINA

Well, well, well.

ELLIOTT

What.

NINA

So, now, after all the taunting, after  
all the cheap shots, now you need my help.

ELLIOTT

That's right.

NINA

Now, suddenly, you want me to do you a  
personal favor.

ELLIOTT

Sure.

NINA

Ha! I want everyone here to bear  
witness that today --

ELLIOTT

Okay, forget it.

ELLIOTT STARTS TO WALK AWAY. NINA GRABS HIM.

NINA

Wait, I'm sorry. Let me help. Please!  
(HE NODS) Okay, what do you want this  
suit to say?

MAYA ENTERS IN TIME TO HEAR:

ELLIOTT

It's for a memorial service. I want  
it to be respectful, yet arrogant. It  
should say, "I'll be sad for an hour,  
then, on the way back to town, I'm  
having sex in a limo."

NINA

Hugo Boss, double breasted, no pleats,  
charcoal gray.

NINA EXITS WITH GREAT PURPOSE. MAYA APPROACHES  
ELLIOTT.

MAYA

Elliott, a new suit isn't going to  
impress anyone.

ELLIOTT

You're right, I'll bring a date. \*

(REACHING FOR PHONE) Who looks hotter  
in black, Frederique or Stephanie  
Seymour?

MAYA

Well, how much did you love this  
teacher? Maybe you could bring them  
both.

ELLIOTT \*

What's your point? \*

MAYA \*

Why are you trying so hard? \*

ELLIOTT

Because I care. Ever since grade  
school, I've always been the trend-  
setter in that town -- the guy destined  
for greatness. I never sought the  
attention, but I guess people just  
need something to clap at besides a  
train. \*

MAYA

How about the flatbed truck arriving  
with your giant head?

FINCH APPROACHES, HOLDING FAXES.

ELLIOTT

Hey, The Ferret would expect this of me. I was the artist. I had a certain *joie de vivre*.

FINCH

From the looks of your yearbook picture, you also had a certain *joie de acne*.

ELLIOTT

What?

FINCH

Your mom faxed it over. (CROSSES HIS FINGERS) Delores and I are like this.

ELLIOTT

Give me that!

ELLIOTT TRIES TO GRAB THE FAX, BUT FINCH ELUDES HIM.

MAYA

Finch, give him a break. Everyone's yearbook picture is embarrass-- (SEES HIS PHOTO) Oh my god, you're a little fatty.

ELLIOTT

That was a bulky sweater.

FINCH

(READING) Member - Model Train Club. \*

(LAUGHS) Co-manager - Chess Team. \*

(LAUGHS) \*

MAYA

I'm surprised you weren't in the  
marching band.

FINCH STOPS LAUGHING UPON HEARING THE WORDS "MARCHING  
BAND."

FINCH

(TO MAYA) You ever been to the Gator  
Bowl? Then shut up.

FINCH CROSSES OFF.

MAYA

So, the truth comes out: the legendary  
Elliott DiMauro was once a nerd.

ELLIOTT

That was a long time ago. The guy in  
that picture doesn't exist anymore.

MAYA

(PLAYFULLY) Nerd.

ELLIOTT

That's very funny.

MAYA

(PLAYFULLY) Nerd.

ELLIOTT

That's not funny.

MAYA

(PLAYFULLY) Nerd, nerd, nerd.

ELLIOTT

Oh yeah? Would a nerd bring a supermodel  
to a funeral in a stretch limo with four  
hundred roses shaped into a giant tear?

MAYA

Hey, if the Spock ears fit...

MAYA CROSSES OFF.

ANGLE ON:

FINCH IS SITTING AT HIS WORKSTATION. NINA CROSSES  
THROUGH TOWARD THE ELEVATOR.

FINCH

Nina -- a moment, please?

NINA

Look, why don't we skip the part where  
you tell me to pay for the mirror, and  
get right to me ignoring you.

JACK IS CROSSING UPSTAGE. HE STOPS TO WATCH.

FINCH

Nina, how can I convince you it would  
be best if you paid for the mirror?

NINA

You can't.

FINCH COVERTLY REACHES FOR A LEVER AND HIS CHAIR  
BEGINS TO RISE. NINA DOESN'T APPEAR TO NOTICE.

NINA (CONT'D)

I repeat, you most likely can't.

THE CHAIR CONTINUES TO RISE.

NINA (CONT'D)

I'll get my checkbook.

FINCH HANDS HER THE BILL. NINA EXITS TO HER OFFICE.  
FINCH CAN'T BELIEVE IT WORKED. JACK WANDERS OVER  
AND SMILES.

JACK

Welcome to the varsity team, Dennis.

JACK HEADS INTO HIS OFFICE.

FINCH

Can you teach me more? Can you show  
me the way?

JACK'S DOOR CLOSES.

FINCH (CONT'D)

Can you help me down?

AS FINCH STRUGGLES TO GET DOWN, WE...

DISSOLVE TO:

D

BLUSH COVER: THE MALE SUBCONCIOUS: STARTLING NEW  
FACTS!

INT. BULLPEN - THE NEXT DAY (DAY 2)  
(Jack, Elliott, Maya, Finch, Nina, Atmosphere)

MAYA, FINCH AND JACK ARE AT THE CONFERENCE TABLE.  
ELLIOTT ENTERS FROM THE ELEVATOR, HOLDING A  
HANDKERCHIEF OVER HIS FACE. HE TRIES TO SNEAK BY  
UNNOTICED, BUT:

JACK

Elliott, there you are. Let's get this  
meeting started.

ELLIOTT WALKS OVER AND SITS DOWN, ALL WITHOUT  
REMOVING HIS HANDKERCHIEF.

JACK (CONT'D)

You know, those things are designed to  
be removed after you sneeze.

ELLIOTT

(LAUGHING) Yeah, that's a good one.

A BEAT. ELLIOTT KEEPS THE HANDKERCHIEF AT HIS NOSE.

JACK

What are you hiding?

ELLIOTT

Nothing.

JACK

Then lose it.

ELLIOTT LOWERS THE HANDKERCHIEF, REVEALING THE MOTHER  
OF ALL PIMPLES ON THE TIP OF HIS NOSE. THEY ALL RECOIL.

MAYA

Whoa. Krakatoa.

ELLIOTT

It's just a little blemish.

JACK

(FASCINATED) It's like an escape hatch  
for your brain.

ELLIOTT

Can we move on?

FINCH

Yes, let's. Item One: Santa called.  
It's a foggy night and he wants to  
borrow Elliott.

NINA ENTERS.

NINA

(GRAVELY) Sorry I'm late. I was  
watching the news. They were showing  
the saddest footage of these flood  
victims who --

NINA NOTICES ELLIOTT'S ZIT AND STARTS LAUGHING.

ELLIOTT

That's it. I'm out of here.

NINA

Wait. You have to pick a shot you  
like.

SHE HANDS SOME PHOTOS TO ELLIOTT. ELLIOTT HOLDS ONE  
AT A VARIETY OF DISTANCES IN AN ATTEMPT TO SEE IT.  
HE LOOKS UP TO SEE EVERYBODY STARING AT HIM.

ELLIOTT

What? I lost my contacts this morning.  
I'll do it later.

NINA

It can't wait.

ELLIOTT

Fine.

ELLIOTT PULLS OUT A PAIR OF OLD, HORNED-RIM, TAPED  
GLASSES WITH THICK LENSES AND PUTS THEM ON. HE  
POINTS TO A PHOTO.

ELLIOTT (CONT'D)

That one.

FINCH

Moving on. Item Two: NASA called.

(RE: ELLIOTT) They want their  
telescopes back.

EVERYBODY BUT ELLIOTT LAUGHS.

ELLIOTT

Okay, enough. So I have a little zit  
and I have to wear my old glasses. Big  
deal.

ELLIOTT PULLS AN ASTHMA INHALER FROM HIS POCKET AND  
BREATHES DEEPLY.

ELLIOTT (CONT'D)

What? I'm just a little wheezy. I  
think maybe I'll go lie down.

ELLIOTT GETS UP AND TURNS AROUND, ONLY TO STAND  
FACE-TO-FACE WITH A WORKER WHO IS CARRYING A BIG  
ANTIQUE MIRROR.

ELLIOTT (CONT'D)

(HORRIFIED) Oh god, look at me. I...

I'm a nerd!

AND WE...

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

E

FADE IN:

BLUSH COVER: MEN WHO USE WOMEN AND THE WOMEN WHO  
LET THEM

INT. BULLPEN/JACK'S OFFICE - LATER THAT DAY (DAY 2)  
(Finch, Nina, Maya, Jack, Atmosphere)

FINCH IS AT HIS STATION, LOOKING THROUGH SOME PAPERS,  
BUT OBVIOUSLY WAITING FOR NINA. SHE ENTERS FROM  
THE ELEVATOR.

FINCH

Nina, Jack needs all these ad contracts  
filed. \*

FINCH HANDS HER A STACK OF FILES. \*

NINA

Isn't that your job?

FINCH

It's my job to see that it gets done.

FINCH CLAPS TWICE. A BRIGHT LIGHT FROM UNDERNEATH  
HIS COUNTER ILLUMINATES HIM, CASTING AN INTIMIDATING  
SHADOW ON THE WALL BEHIND HIM.

FINCH (CONT'D)

We all have to pitch in. I know you  
won't disappoint me.

NINA

Okay.

NINA TAKES THE RECEIPTS AND WALKS OFF. MAYA CROSSES  
THROUGH EN ROUTE TO JACK'S OFFICE.

RESET TO:

INT. JACK'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

MAYA ENTERS. JACK IS AT HIS DESK, EXAMINING PHOTOS.

MAYA

You wanted to see me?

JACK

Maya, what's up with Elliott?

MAYA

Beats me. He's been locked in his  
studio all afternoon cranking Led  
Zeppelin. \*

JACK

Well, what do you plan to do about it?

MAYA

Me? Why me?

JACK

Maya, I heard all about you calling  
him a nerd. \*

MAYA

It was a joke. \*

JACK

Elliott's work is all about confidence. \*  
He makes models love him, and it shows \*  
on the page. But when you made fun of \*  
him, that confidence was shattered. \*

MAYA

He'll get over it. \*

JACK

He's supposed to be doing a big shoot \*  
right now. We've got models waiting. \*  
I need the old Elliott back. So go \*  
talk to him. \*

MAYA

Look, I feel bad for him, but you're his \*  
boss. You talk to him. \*

JACK NONCHALANTLY SLIPS ON SHADES AND STARES AT HER.

JACK

Won't you reconsider? \*

MAYA

Oh, stop it. Those stupid things \*  
haven't worked since I was four. \*

AS MAYA EXITS, WE...

CUT TO: \*

H

BLUSH COVER: HOW TO GET YOUR MAN TO OPEN UP

INT. ELLIOTT'S STUDIO HALLWAY/ELLIOTT'S STUDIO -  
LATER (DAY 2)  
(Maya, Elliott)

FROM BEHIND THE STUDIO DOOR WE HEAR THE MUFFLED  
STRAINS OF HARD ROCK MUSIC. MAYA KNOCKS.

MAYA

Elliott?

A BEAT. NO RESPONSE. SHE TRIES THE DOOR -- LOCKED.

MAYA (CONT'D)

Elliott!

ELLIOTT (O.S.)

(YELLS) What?

MAYA

Open the door.

A PAINFUL SCRATCHING SOUND AS A RECORD NEEDLE IS  
YANKED OFF.

ELLIOTT (O.S.)

Go away.

MAYA

Elliott, there are models out here  
waiting for you.

ELLIOTT (O.S.)

They'll laugh at me.

MAYA

No, they won't. They're too busy making  
out with each other.

ELLIOTT OPENS THE DOOR A CRACK. WE SEE HIS EYE  
PEERING OUT FOR A PEEK. MAYA PUSHES HER WAY INTO  
THE ROOM.

RESET TO:

INT. ELLIOTT'S STUDIO - CONTINUOUS

MAYA ENTERS.

MAYA (CONT'D)

Alright, enough of this.

ELLIOTT

That was uncool.

MAYA

Look, when I called you a nerd I was just  
kidding. So stop being such a dork.

ELLIOTT

I'm not a dork, dork. \*

MAYA

Point well taken. (THEN) Elliott,  
this is nuts. You're the same person  
you were yesterday. \*

ELLIOTT

And the day before that, and the day  
before that, all the way back to ninth  
grade.

MAYA

That was a long time ago. You've  
changed.

ELLIOTT

I've pretended to change. But I've  
only been fooling myself.

MAYA

Come on, everyone worries about fitting  
in. It's no big deal. You're gonna  
be fine, okay? Okay. (CLAPS HANDS)  
Now let's take some pictures.

SHE STARTS TO LEAVE.

ELLIOTT

I can't.

MAYA

Elliott, I'm going to tell you something  
I never thought I would. When I first  
met you, I thought to myself, now that's  
a man. Sexy, talented, sophisticated...

ELLIOTT TAKES A LOUD HIT OFF HIS INHALER.

MAYA (CONT'D)

Uh... could you lose that while I'm  
trying to make this point? (HE DOES) \*  
And zip up your pants. (HE DOES) And \*  
blow your nose. \*

AS HE BLOWS HIS NOSE: \*

MAYA (CONT'D) \*

Anyway, where was I? Sophisticated, \*  
talented:.. \*

SHE POINTS TO ONE OF SEVERAL PHOTOS LINED UP ON THE \*  
COUNTER SO THE AUDIENCE CAN SEE THEM. \*

MAYA (CONT'D)

I mean, look at this. Look at that  
vibrance, that style. It screams out  
Elliott DiMauro.

ELLIOTT

Coincidentally, so did that model.

HE SMILES SLIGHTLY.

MAYA

Ewww. (TURNS) I mean, there you go!  
You're the king.

ELLIOTT

(CHEERING UP) She screamed that, too.

MAYA

Okay, time to move on.

ELLIOTT

That's what I said the next morning.

MAYA TAKES THIS IN FOR A BEAT AND THEN:

MAYA

My point is, you're living the dream.  
I'll bet every guy at that memorial  
service would trade places with you in  
a heartbeat. You're the man. \*

ELLIOTT

I am the man!

MAYA

So what do you say we get those models  
in here and start shooting?

ELLIOTT

Can't. I got a speech to write. \*

MAYA

What? \*

ELLIOTT

I'm going to that memorial service to  
notify the citizens of Loserville, New  
Jersey, that their top export is no  
longer medical waste containers, it's  
Elliott DiMauro. \*

ELLIOTT GRABS HIS COAT.

MAYA

That's not what I meant. \*

HE HEADS FOR THE DOOR, THEN STOPS.

ELLIOTT

Oh, I know what you meant. And by the way, that stuff about the first day we met? I knew you wanted me.

HE LAUGHS, WHICH TURNS INTO A WHEEZE. AS ELLIOTT BREATHES LIFE FROM HIS INHALER, WE...

DISSOLVE TO:

J

INT. JACK'S OFFICE - LATER THAT DAY (DAY 2)  
(Finch, Jack, Nina)

JACK IS AT HIS DESK WITH A COCKTAIL. FINCH ENTERS  
AND SHUTS THE DOOR. \*

FINCH

Yes?

JACK

Dennis, I'm very disappointed in you.

FINCH

What do you mean?

JACK

Don't play innocent with me. Nina is  
doing your job!

FINCH

Come on, you're exaggerating.

JACK OPENS HIS DOOR REVEALING NINA AT FINCH'S STATION  
AS SHE ANSWERS THE PHONE.

NINA

(BRIGHTLY) Jack Gallo's office, may I  
help you?

JACK SLAMS THE DOOR SHUT.

FINCH

Hey, what's the harm?

JACK

I trusted you with my secret power tips, and now you're using them for evil.

FINCH

Evil in whose eyes?

JACK

I'm cutting you off from training and I forbid you to use my knowledge.

FINCH

Perhaps it's too late.

FINCH SITS DOWN IN FRONT OF JACK'S DESK.

FINCH (CONT'D)

Perhaps the student has outgrown the master. I speak hypothetically, of course.

FINCH NONCHALANTLY SWINGS HIS FEET UP ON JACK'S DESK.

JACK

Of course.

JACK PUTS A BIG CIGAR IN HIS MOUTH. \*

JACK (CONT'D)

Cigar?

JACK OFFERS THE CIGAR BOX TO FINCH. \*

FINCH

Don't mind if I do.

FINCH PULLS OUT A VERY SMALL CIGAR. \*

FINCH (CONT'D)

Ah yes, the tiny cigar trick. Saw it  
coming.

DURING THE FOLLOWING SPEECH, FINCH CASUALLY ANGLES  
HIS WATCH SO THAT A PATCH OF REFLECTED SUNLIGHT  
SHINES PAINFULLY IN JACK'S FACE.

FINCH (CONT'D)

You disappoint me. I expected more  
from the man they call Gallo.

JACK RISES AND GOES TO THE BAR TO ESCAPE THE LIGHT. \*

JACK

Hmm... maybe you're right. Maybe the  
winds are shifting. May I pour you  
one? \*

FINCH

I insist.

JACK

I insist.

JACK POURS FINCH A DRINK, MOMENTARILY TURNING HIS  
BACK ON FINCH.

JACK (CONT'D)

I hope you enjoy my scotch. \*

FINCH

I'm sure I will. \*

THEY CLINK GLASSES. FINCH TRIES TO DRINK BUT HIS GLASS IS A "DRIBBLE" GLASS AND LEAKS ALL OVER HIM.

FINCH (CONT'D)

(RATTLED) My new shirt! Oh man, this stuff is gonna stain... (FIGURES IT OUT) The dribble glass.

JACK

You should've seen it coming.

JACK PATS FINCH ON THE SHOULDER, DOWNS HIS DRINK, THEN MAKES A STARTLED FACE.

JACK (CONT'D)

Hey, this tastes weird.

FINCH

Maybe it's the chili sauce I poured in it. Ha! Face!

JACK

But... you can't do that.

FINCH

But I did.

JACK LEANS AGAINST HIS DESK, LOOKING PANICKED.

JACK

No, I'm severely allergic to chili peppers. My throat closes off completely.

FINCH

(THROWN) What!?

JACK TUGS AT HIS SHIRT COLLAR.

JACK

(COUGHS) I feel dizzy.

FINCH

I'm so sorry.

JACK

Antihistamines.

FINCH

(TOTALLY PANICKED) I'll go to the  
drugstore. I'll run. Please don't  
die!

FINCH TEARS OUT. AS SOON AS HE'S OUT OF THE ROOM,  
JACK LEANS BACK, SMILES AND TAKES A SIP OF HIS  
SCOTCH. AND WE...

DISSOLVE TO:

K

BLUSH COVER: WHEN YOU'VE GOT IT, FLAUNT IT!

INT. HAWTHORNE HIGH CAFETORIUM - NIGHT (NIGHT 2)  
(Maya, Elliott, Deke, Principal, Atmosphere)

MEN AND WOMEN ELLIOTT'S AGE MILL AROUND. ON THE STAGE IS A PODIUM AND A MEMORIAL AREA WITH FLOWERS AND A PHOTO DISPLAY. ELLIOTT ENTERS. HE TAKES THE PLACE IN. AFTER A BEAT, MAYA ENTERS BEHIND HIM.

MAYA

There you are.

ELLIOTT

What are you doing here?

MAYA

Elliott, you're making a huge mistake.

You don't want to get up there and make some dumb self-serving speech.

ELLIOTT

Oh, yeah? (POINTS) See that guy?

That's Deke Williams. When I was fourteen he pulled my jacket over my head, yanked my pants down and pushed me into the girls' locker room.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

MAYA

Kids do stupid things.

ELLIOTT

Another time he cornered me in this very Cafetorium, dumped mashed potatoes on my head, pulled my pants down and pushed me into the girls' locker room. Another time at Career Day -- well, you know how it ends.

MAYA

That's awful.

ELLIOTT

Every morning for four years I didn't want to get out of bed because I knew when I got to school someone, somehow, was going to remind me that I didn't fit in, that I was nobody.

MAYA

I'm so sorry.

ELLIOTT

That's why I'm here. That's why I want to rub their faces in it. I don't expect you to understand.

MAYA

Well, I do.

(MORE)

MAYA (CONT'D)

I know what it's like to be bullied  
and made fun of just because you were  
a little clumsy... or a little heavy...  
or maybe you wore corrective shoes...  
(THEN) You know what the kids used to  
call me? Crisco. Because I was "fat  
in the can." Get it? Pretty funny,  
huh? That's the kind of thing that  
warps you for life. Well, who's fat  
now, Gina?

ELLIOTT

Calm down, Maya. This is about me. \*

(NOTICING) Well, well, look who's \*

coming. (CALLING) Yo, Deke! \*

MAYA \*

Start your bragging. \*

DEKE, THIRTYISH, EX-JOCK, APPROACHES. \*

DEKE

Elliott? Is it really you?

ELLIOTT

It's really me.

DEKE \*

So who's your friend?

ELLIOTT

Oh, this is Maya Gallo.

DEKE

No, I mean the one on your nose.

DEKE GUFFAWS. MAYA SCOWLS.

DEKE (CONT'D)

Just kidding, just kidding. Hey guys,  
remember Elliott DiMoron?

TWO DEKE-LIKE GUYS APPROACH. MAYA JABS ELLIOTT AS  
IF TO SAY "LET HIM HAVE IT." DEKE PUTS HIS ARM  
AROUND ELLIOTT.

DEKE (CONT'D)

You're looking great. You've lost  
weight. Especially from the scalp  
area. (GUFFAWS) Just kidding, just  
kidding.

MAYA

Yeah? Well you've got a lazy eye.

DEKE

What?

ELLIOTT

Shh.

DEKE

So, what are you doing these days,  
DiMoron?

ELLIOTT

Well, Deke my man, I'm glad you asked.

(MORE)

ELLIOTT (CONT'D)

Remember how The Ferret would tell you  
that if you believed in yourself, you'd  
end up a winner?

\*  
\*  
\*

DEKE

No.

DEKE LOOKS TO THE OTHERS. THEY ALL SHAKE THEIR  
HEADS "NO."

ELLIOTT

Come on, remember how he used to pull  
you into his office and say you were  
capable of doing anything? That you  
were special?

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

DEKE

No. He threw a pen at me once.

ELLIOTT

Oh.

ELLIOTT LOOKS OVER TO THE SMILING PORTRAIT OF MR.  
FARRELL, THEN LOOKS BACK AT DEKE.

MAYA

(SOTTO) Go on, let him have it.

ELLIOTT

Good to see you, Deke.

TO MAYA'S SURPRISE, ELLIOTT PATS DEKE'S SHOULDER  
AND WALKS OFF. MAYA FOLLOWS.

\*  
\*  
\*

MAYA

Why didn't you rub his face in it?

\*

ELLIOTT

I didn't have to.

ANGLE ON:

A MIDDLE-AGED PRINCIPAL AT THE PODIUM.

PRINCIPAL

Welcome, friends and former students!

EVERYONE IS SEATED. MAYA AND ELLIOTT FIND THEMSELVES  
NEAR DEKE.

PRINCIPAL (CONT'D)

We are here today to celebrate the  
life of Jasper Farrell. His good friend  
Stan Hayden, our statistics teacher,  
tells us Jasper not only embraced life,  
but also lived twelve hundred and sixty-  
four days past the national average.

ANGLE ON:

ELLIOTT AND MAYA.

MAYA

I can't believe you. At least do your  
speech.

ELLIOTT

No.

PRINCIPAL (O.S.)

At this time, would any of you like to  
share any special thoughts?

MAYA JERKS ELLIOTT'S HAND UP.

MAYA

Right here, special thoughts!

PRINCIPAL

Do you wish to speak?

ELLIOTT

Uh... sure.

ELLIOTT CROSSES TO THE STAGE. DEKE SQUIRMS CLOSE TO MAYA.

DEKE

(TO MAYA) Hey, why don't you dump DiMoron and step up to the Deke. Just kidding. But not really.

ANGLE ON:

ELLIOTT AT THE PODIUM.

ELLIOTT

I'm Elliott DiMauro, and I'd just like to say that Mr. Farrell was a wonderful man and an inspiring teacher.

MAYA

(CALLS OUT) Say, what do you do for a living?

ELLIOTT

A teacher who taught me how to be the bigger man. A teacher who taught me the value of self-confidence.

MAYA

Ever date a supermodel?

ELLIOTT

(HEARTFELT) Anyway, I will always appreciate the way he singled me out and made me feel special. I'll miss him -- actually, I'm just realizing how much I'll miss him -- and I feel bad for those who will never have the privilege of knowing him.

MAYA

Like Cindy Crawford?

ELLIOTT

Oh, shut up!

DEKE

(TO MAYA) Hey, I love crazy chicks.  
Just kidding.

ELLIOTT STEPS DOWN.

PRINCIPAL

Thank you very much. Would anyone else like to speak?

MAYA

(CALLING OUT) Deke!

DEKE

What? Um, okay.

DEKE APPROACHES THE STAGE. ELLIOTT SITS DOWN NEXT TO MAYA.

ANGLE ON:

DEKE ONSTAGE.

DEKE (CONT'D)

I'm not much of a speaker, I'm more of  
a doer. (WINKS AT MAYA) Just kidding.  
But Farrell was a good guy. His quizzes  
were hard, but they prepared us for  
the hardest test of all -- life.

ANGLE ON:

ELLIOTT.

ELLIOTT

(TO MAYA) Do you believe this guy?

HE TURNS TO FIND THAT MAYA IS GONE.

ANGLE ON:

DEKE

But you gotta be tough. Like at the  
hardware store, if I see someone  
slacking off, I kick a little butt,  
you know what I'm saying?

THERE'S MOVEMENT IN THE CURTAIN BEHIND DEKE.

DEKE (CONT'D)

'Cause that's me. That's the Dekester.

MAYA'S ARMS POKE THROUGH THE CURTAIN AND STEALTHILY  
MOVE TOWARD DEKE.

DEKE (CONT'D)

What you see is what you get.

DEKE GUFFAWS. MAYA'S HANDS REACH UP AND YANK DEKE'S  
PANTS DOWN TO HIS ANKLES.

DEKE IS WEARING SMALL ORANGE UNDERPANTS. THE CROWD  
HOOTS.

MAYA (O.S.)

Just kidding. \*

ANGLE ON:

ELLIOTT, ENJOYING THIS DESPITE HIMSELF. AND WE...

FADE OUT.

END OF SHOW