

SCRIPT TITLE

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COLD OPEN

OVER BLACK:

ANNOUNCER'S VOICE (V.O.)

You are listening to National Public
Radio.

INT. RADIO STATION - MORNING

IN STUDIO. CLASSICAL MUSIC PLAYS AS A BUTTONED UP MAN OF THIRTY, **LEONARD**, SITS IN FRONT OF THE MICROPHONE. IT'S A VERY SERENE, CIVILIZED AFFAIR.

THE ON-AIR LIGHT BLINKS TO LIFE.

LEONARD

Welcome to the inaugural broadcast of
"After Hours". Where we discuss the
finer aspects of American leisure.
With a little *humor* thrown in for good
measure. I'm your host Leonard Clark--

SUDDENLY THE DOOR FLIES OPEN. IN BURSTS A MANIC, UNKEMPT MAN IN HIS 30'S HOLDING A TUMBLER OF WHISKEY AND SCREAMING.

CRAZY MAN

LIAR! You are a liar!

INSTEAD OF FREAKING OUT AT THIS SEEMINGLY INSANE VAGRANT, LEONARD VERY CALMLY RESPONDS.

LEONARD

Hello, Dan. Ladies and Gentleman, we
have a mongrel in the studio with us
today.

DAN

No, we have liar in the studio!

LEONARD

How am I a liar?

DAN

You just said that you are the host!
You are not the host of this show. *We*
are the *hosts* of this show. Also, *you*
are black.

LEONARD

Indeed I am. So what?

DAN

(RE: THE AUDIENCE) Did you tell *them*
that?

LEONARD

Why would I tell the audience that I'm
black within the first thirty seconds
of the program?

DAN IS CAUGHT OFF-GUARD BY HIS OWN ARGUMENT. HE'S ALSO
PROBABLY A BIT DRUNK.

DAN

I don't know. But it is a form of
lying. There is no way that anybody
out there assumed that you were a
black man.

LEONARD PRESSES A MUTE BUTTON. CLASSICAL MUSIC COMES UP.

LEONARD

Is this really how you want to start
the show?

DAN

...No. I got caught up in the moment.

Can you fix it?

LEONARD

Fix it? We're live on the air.

DAN

(GATHERS HIMSELF) Okay, let's just reset and pretend like the last thirty seconds didn't happen and we'll restart the show.

LEONARD

Just pretend you didn't begin our first broadcast by storming in late and insult our incredibly liberal audience with a racist tantrum?

DAN

Yeah. They won't even notice. Just play the opening part again.

LEONARD PLAYS THE OPENING SLUG AND SWITCHES OFF MUTE.

ANNOUNCER'S VOICE (O.S.)

You are listening to National Public Radio...

DAN COMPOSES HIMSELF AND PUTS ON HIS SOFTEST NPR VOICE.

DAN

Hello and welcome to "After Hours". Where we discuss the finer points of American leisure. We are your hosts Dan Deegan and...

DAN MOTIONS FOR LEONARD TO SPEAK. LEONARD CAN'T BELIEVE WHAT IS HAPPENING BUT HAS NO OTHER CHOICE.

LEONARD

...Leonard Clark.

DAN

Ladies and Gentleman, Americans spend eighty percent of their lives at work. And yet, if you ask the average American if they believe their job defines them as a person they would say no. So, our thesis is this: Who we truly are is exhibited not during the work week but in our leisure. "After Hours" takes an introspective look into the weekend activities of our nation and asks the question: Who are we?

DAN SMILES, SELF-SATISFIED. LEONARD CAN'T HELP BUT BE AT LEAST A LITTLE IMPRESSED. DIDN'T EXPECT THAT.

LEONARD

Yes. That's right. Well said.

DAN

Thank you. Our promise to you is
quality. Class. But most of all-

LEONARD

Dan?

DAN

Yes, Leonard?

LEONARD

Your ear is bleeding.

WE NOTICE A TRICKLE OF BLOOD RUNNING DOWN HIS EAR.

DAN

Uh-oh. Wow. That's bad. That's a
straight up perforated eardrum. I
gotta clean this up. Leonard, go to
commercial.

LEONARD

It's NPR. We don't have commercials.

DAN

Ughhh. I'm not letting you do the show
without me. Okay, just go to music and
we'll re-start again in a few minutes.

DAN FIRES OUT. LEONARD IS ALONE AGAIN. STARTS TO SAY
SOMETHING INTO THE MIC BUT REALIZES IT'S FUTILE.

HE SIGHS AND HITS A BUTTON. THE CLASSICAL MUSIC BEGINS TO
PLAY AGAIN.

CUT TO:

MAIN TITLES

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

INT. RADIO STATION - MORNING

DAN IS BACK IN HIS CHAIR.

LEONARD

Welcome back everybody to our *third* shot at the beginning of this show.

DAN

Don't patronize me Leonard. Now, let's just jump in, shall we? Let's take some calls.

LEONARD

We don't have any calls. Nobody knows what the show is yet. Why would they call?

DAN

We should explain what the show is again.

LEONARD

No. We should just do the show. But that's going to be difficult given what happened this past weekend. And because of your behavior we now sit here without anything really meaningful to do or say.

DAN

There's some truth to that.

LEONARD

Some!?! (FREAKING, THEN INSTANTLY
COMPOSING) It is *entirely* true.

DAN

I think we got a lot of good material
yesterday. Maybe I should explain what
happened to our listeners so that they
won't be completely lost.

LEONARD

Actually, let me start. I was there
from the beginning. Weeks ago I was
approached by a great man of Public
Radio. Not only the General Manager of
this station but a man who's been a
mentor to me. And he had a vision...

CUT TO:

INT. GRANT'S OFFICE - FLASHBACK

LEONARD IS WITH **GRANT**, A REFINED BUT INCREDIBLY STRONG OLDER
GENTLEMAN. A SERIOUS PRESENCE.

GRANT

(PASSIONATE, PROUD)...a show of great
dignity and insight. Something with a
populist facade but underneath a
foundation of integrity and societal
responsibility. Something with...
resonance.

LEONARD

(REPEATING WITH AWE) Resonance...

LEONARD DIPS ON BENDED KNEE.

LEONARD (CONT'D)

Lead me into battle, my liege.

GRANT

Don't be weird, Leonard. Get up.

LEONARD

Oh, sorry. A few of us have started referring to you as our general. I guess I took it a little-

GRANT

General?

LEONARD

Yes. We look at you as a lion. Standing at the gates holding back the hordes of barbarians with nothing but the strength of your character.

GRANT

Who's we?

LEONARD

Well, just me.

GRANT

That's what I thought. Tell no one. (THEN, THINKING BETTER OF IT) But write it down somewhere. Spread it anonymously. Good to have that kind of buzz throughout the office.

(MORE)

GRANT (CONT'D)

Now, this show will be KPFK's first opportunity for original *national* programming. This is our chance, Leonard. To make our mark.

LEONARD

And I am honored that you have chosen me to be the bearer of this torch. I wanted to thank you with this...

LEONARD HANDS HIM A WRAPPED RECORD SLEEVE. GRANT SLIDES OUT THE CONTENTS. HE'S MOVED.

GRANT

Bach. Air on the G String.

LEONARD

First pressing vinyl from Paris.

GRANT

I don't know what to say. Maybe I'll have Bach speak for me.

GRANT MOVES TO THE RECORD PLAYER WHEN THE DOOR OPENS SLOWLY.

BERNIE (O.S.)

Knock, knock.

IN WALKS **BERNIE MARSH** (36) A BOOKISH, PAINFULLY SHY NATIONAL EXECUTIVE. HER MIDWESTERN, LIBRARIAN Demeanor BELIES HER BRUTAL MANAGEMENT PHILOSOPHY. IT'S AS IF RAHM EMANUEL WAS STUCK IN ELLIE KEMPER'S BODY.

BERNIE (CONT'D)

Gosh. So sorry to bother you guys.

GRANT

That's okay Bernie. Come on in. We're just celebrating. Leonard is going to be the host of our new show!

BERNIE

(WITH A WINCE, DOESN'T LIKE TO BE CONTRARIAN) Oooh. You didn't check in with me on that one. Oh boy.

GRANT

Well, no. You're from National. I'm local. I've always had autonomy to make my own decisions.

BERNIE

Yeah.... I thought this could be an opportunity to broaden our appeal. I was leaning towards a host with a "younger" sensibility.

GRANT

This is how it starts, Leonard. They come in sheep's clothing. I know what "younger sensibility" means. You want garbage. You want "nip slip" journalism and lowest common denominator programming. Thanks for the suggestion Bernie but I won't do it.

BERNIE

Yeah....oops. I made a mistake. I phrased that as if it were a suggestion instead of an order. I am so sorry. I take full responsibility for that.

GRANT

So...you're coercing us to ruin our show?

BERNIE

Think of it as me *forcing* you to save your job. This particular branch is in desperate shape. No one is listening, Grant. Federal funding is shaky and our sponsors are growing weary of rearranging the deck chairs on the Titanic.

LEONARD STANDS IN DEFENSE OF HIS MENTOR.

LEONARD

Foul scourge! I will unseam you from the nave to the chops! Metaphorically.

GRANT

Sit down Leonard.

BERNIE

Right. Okay.

SHE PULLS OUT HER IPAD AND STARTS SCROLLING THROUGH.

BERNIE (CONT'D)

Just give this guy a shot. He has one of the biggest blogs on the net and over a million Twitter followers. Team him up with Leonard if you like. Maybe it'll create an interesting dynamic.

GRANT

(RESIGNED) What's his name?

BERNIE

Okay. Don't freak out.

SHE PULLS UP A WEBSITE CALLED "LIVING LOADED". FRONT AND CENTER IS DAN SMILING, SURROUNDED BY NAKED WOMEN AND HOLDING A TUMBLER OF WHISKEY. GRANT'S WORST NIGHTMARE.

GRANT

Please God. No.

EXT. MANHATTAN BEACH - DAY

THERE'S A GIANT BEACH PARTY ON THE STRAND. VOLLEYBALL, HALF NAKED MEN AND WOMEN. THE WORKS. STRANGE TINNY ARCADE MUSIC BLASTS OVER THE SPEAKERS.

ON AN ADJACENT BUILDING WE SEE A BIZARRE SCENE: A **WOMAN** IN A TIARA AND BIKINI STANDS AT THE TOP OF A FIRE ESCAPE. ACROSS FROM HER IS A MAN IN A GORILLA SUIT.

THE **GORILLA MAN** HAS A NEVER ENDING SUPPLY OF PLASTIC QUARTER-KEGS WHICH HE'S FIRING DOWN AT ANOTHER MAN (DRESSED LIKE AN **ITALIAN PLUMBER**) WHO'S ATTEMPTING TO NAVIGATE HIS WAY UP THE FIRE ESCAPE.

DAN IS ON THE BEACH WITH A MIC DOING THE PLAY BY PLAY.

DAN

And Mario is trying to make his ascent to the second level and-ohhhh! He is drilled. Wow. Nice shot!

(MORE)

DAN (CONT'D)

Everybody give it up for the one, the only Mr. Donkey Kong! And please give it up for Maxim magazine for renting out this beautiful beach house and our good friends at Heineken for supplying the booze! Who's next?

ANOTHER GUY (DRESSED AS LUIGI) STEPS UP.

DAN (CONT'D)

Alright, Luigi. Let's see what you can do.

GRANT WADES HIS WAY THROUGH THE CROWD. HE CLOCKS DAN CHUGGING A PINT GLASS OF WHISKEY AND SHAKES HIS HEAD IN DISGUST. HE WALKS OVER.

GRANT

Hello.

DAN

What's up? Can I offer you a refreshment?

GRANT

No. I see that you're... busy so I'll be brief. I left you a number of messages.

DAN

Oh, yeah...the radio thing. I'm gonna pass. I mean, I already got a really good job.

GRANT

How is this a job?

DAN

(RE: PARTY, DONKEY KONG, ETC.) Well,
this isn't. But...

DAN TAKES OUT HIS PHONE AND SENDS A QUICK TWEET.

DAN (CONT'D)

...*this* is. Just a quick reminder to
drink Heineken and only buy your
shocks at Gary's Automall... done.
There's a quick grand.

GRANT

(SIGHS, THEN) Look, I'm not going to
beg you. You have an opportunity to
doing something of quality with your
life. Something of substance. Instead
of destroying your brain cells with a
gorilla that for some reason is named
Donkey. This is a chance to do
something that maybe your father would
be proud of.

DAN

Huh. I wasn't thinking of it like
that. What kind of time commitment are
we talking about?

GRANT

One show a week. It won't impede
upon...what ever it is you do.

DAN

Hm. Okay, well I guess we could work something out.

GRANT

(CERTAINLY NOT EXCITED) Fine. I'll send you the details.

GRANTS SETS OFF.

DAN

Hey...

GRANT TURNS. (AND FOR THOSE READERS WHO HAVEN'T READ ALL THIRTY VERSIONS OF THE SCRIPT YOU'LL FIND OUT SOME INTRIGUING INFO HERE THAT WILL TAKE US TO BREAK.)

DAN (CONT'D)

...Dad?

GRANT

Yes, son?

DAN

Someone lit your shoe on fire.

GRANT LOOKS DOWN AND SEES SOME TISSUE PAPER STUCK TO HIS SHOE THAT IS IN FACT ON FIRE. HE STAMPS IT OUT.

GRANT

Hilarious.

END ACT 1

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

INT. RADIO STUDIO - DAY

DAN

Hosting a radio show on NPR for my father was the last place I expected to find myself. My friends certainly weren't crazy about the idea...

CUT TO:

INT. DAN'S APARTMENT - FLASHBACK

MAUREEN

NPR sucks.

WE'RE IN DAN'S APARTMENT, A NICE PLACE IN HOLLYWOOD. HE'S WITH **MAUREEN** (30'S, A BLUE COLLAR MEGAN MULLALLY) AND **BOBBY** (30'S, A ROUGHNECK WITH SKIN LIKE A CATCHER'S MITT).

MAUREEN (CONT'D)

Dan, you have the best job in the world. You get drunk *for a living*. You did it. You figured it out. That's the dream.

BOBBY

Don't wake up from that dream, bro.
For all of us.

DAN

This is the first time my dad has taken an interest in my work. And this station means everything to him so it's a really big deal.

BOBBY

You're not gonna give up the other
stuff are you?

DAN

No, I'll just be adding this to my
portfolio. It's a great opportunity to
expand my audience.

MAUREEN

Well, I don't get it but we support
you anyway. We got you something.

SHE GIVES DAN A SMALL WRAPPED BOX.

DAN

You guys are the best. (UNWRAPS GIFT)
A hearing aid?! Oh my God!

MAUREEN

Well, you wrote that piece about how
people with normal hearing should wear
hearing aids because it'd be like a
having a superpower...

DAN

Guys, I love it. I'm gonna pop this
sucker in right now.

HE PUTS IN THE HEARING AID.

DAN (CONT'D)

Let's test it out. Whisper something
to Bobby.

MO WHISPERS TO BOBBY.

DAN (CONT'D)

"Can I have a vicodin?"

MAUREEN

Look at that, it worked.

DAN

Wow. This thing's awesome. It *is* like having a superpower. Thanks, guys.

BOBBY

Maybe you can use it for the new show.

DAN

To be honest, I'm not really sure what the new show is. My co-host Leonard is picking me up in a few minutes and we're going to a winery to listen to lectures on the wine making process.

MAUREEN

That sounds terrible.

BOBBY

How is that a show?

DAN

Well, it's not yet. I guess we're gonna figure that out.

MAUREEN

Sweet. We'll help.

BOBBY

(HEADS TO FRIDGE) You got beers, D?

DAN

Eeesh... I don't know if it's a good idea for you guys to come.

BOBBY

We always come to work with you.

MAUREEN

Yeah and we help you come up with ideas. It's the main reason I look forward to the weekend.

DAN

Yeah... but this is *different*.

MAUREEN AND BOBBY LOOK AT HIM, HURT.

MAUREEN

(GENUINE) Oh. Not our crowd. Okay, we don't want to embarrass you, D.

BOBBY

I could put on a shirt.

MAUREEN

No, Bob. He doesn't want us there.

It's cool. We don't have to go.

DAN FEELS TERRIBLE. THIS IS NOT THE KIND OF GUY HE IS.

INT. LEONARD'S CIVIC - LATER

LEONARD DRIVES. DAN SITS SHOTGUN. MO AND BOBBY ARE SQUEEZED INTO THE TINY BACK SEAT. NO ONE SAYS ANYTHING. THEN:

LEONARD

I'm still confused. Why are your friends coming with us to work?

DAN

They're my idea guys.

LEONARD

Oh. Okay, well, after today we'll be bursting with ideas. To think, later this afternoon we'll be tasting one of the most acclaimed vintages in history. '82 Rothchild Bordea-

MAUREEN

(TO BOBBY) Bob, you're spilling your roadie.

BOBBY

Oh sorry. I'm just trying to get into my pocket for my Vikes. My back is killing me.

MAUREEN

Ooh. Can I have another? My back is also killing me.

LEONARD

Um...excuse me.

MAUREEN

Don't worry. He has a prescription for the Vikes. Don't get nuts.

LEONARD

What are Vikes? (NOTICING THEIR DRINKS) Are you drinking alcohol?

BOBBY

Whoa! They spilled. They're everywhere.

MAUREEN

Watch out! Precious cargo!

BOBBY'S NEXTEL GOES OFF. HE CHECKS IT.

BOBBY

Uh-oh. Guys, I gotta deal with something.

INT. RADIO STATION - PRESENT

LEONARD

And it was at that point that the entire show was doomed.

DAN

Oh come on. You're overreacting.

LEONARD

Why couldn't we just drop him off?

DAN

It was on the way. And it was not the situation that caused the issue. It was your reaction to the situation.

(INTO THE MIC) Bobby, would you please come in here?

LEONARD

What? Where is he?

DAN

He's out in the car, listening. Who do you think drove me here? I don't have a license.

LEONARD

Why are you bringing him in here?

DAN

To tell the story. He's a great storyteller. This is one of the problems with NPR. There's no showmanship.

BOBBY WALKS IN. HE SETTLES INTO A SEAT WITH A MIC.

BOBBY

Hey, everybody.

DAN

Now, Bobby, can you run us through the events of yesterday morning?

BOBBY

Yeah...uh, I'm what you might refer to as a workaholic. I am married to my work. It consumes me.

DAN

And what is that work, Bob?

BOBBY

I'm a roofer.

EXT. SMALL SUBURBAN HOUSE - DAY

BOBBY GETS OUT OF LEONARD'S CAR AT A JOB SITE.

BOBBY (V.O.)

Truthfully, the trouble started when I was promoted to management a few months back. I went from being a worker to being *in charge* of the workers and it was a tough transition.

HE WALKS TOWARDS A ONE STORY HOUSE. HE HEARS SOMETHING COMING FROM THE ROOF.

BOBBY (V.O.)

So, I got that text about something going sour down at a job and that I need to come immediately. As soon as I walk up to this house I smell reefer.

EXT. ROOF - MOMENTS LATER

BOBBY CLIMBS UP THE LADDER.

BOBBY (V.O.)

So I get up on the roof and what do I find? My guys are stoned out of their heads, slapping each other around with the hot mops, throwing around shingles. The white guys, of course. The Mexicans are on the other side working their asses off slopping down hot tar. As they always do. God Bless 'em. I love these Mexicans. They work hard and they're happy to have the job.

(MORE)

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

Not like these white pricks who are running around like they're at a Jimmy Buffet concert. They don't give a damn cause they're in the union and they got handed this job on a silver platter. But now I'm the boss and I gotta deal with it. I'm responsible for what goes on at this site.

CUT TO:

INT. STUDIO - SAME

DAN

Uh-huh. So what did you do?

BOBBY

I threw them off the roof.

DAN

I'm sorry, Bob. Could you repeat that for our listening audience?

BOBBY

I threw them. Off the roof.

CUT TO:

EXT. ROOF - BOBBY'S FLASHBACK CONTINUED

BOBBY FIRES THE TERRIFIED WHITE GUYS OFF THE ROOF AND ONTO THE LAWN BELOW AND ALL HELL BREAKS LOOSE.

BOBBY (V.O.)

I needed to set an example. But it was mayhem. Because the Mexicans, they started getting all bananas.

(MORE)

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

They're screaming like banshees up there, thinking they're next. I'm trying to calm 'em down but they don't understand what I'm saying. They started jumping off the roof just to get away from me like I'm some sort of monster. Meanwhile, it looks like the beaches of Normandy down there on the lawn. Guys are all busted up. Freaking out. Some of them are crying. I'm all excited now, I start getting emotional. I'm screaming, "I'm sorry Mexicans! I'm sorry!" These poor bastards did a heave-ho right into a concrete walkway and they're the ones that wind up hurt. All because I made a poor managerial decision.

LEONARD (V.O.)

And that's when I called the police.

LEONARD RUNS UP AND SEES BODIES FLYING OFF THE ROOF LIKE IT'S RAINING MEN. HE DIALS 911.

DAN (V.O.)

Which was a big mistake. Because while Bobby had a prescription for the Vicodin. Leonard did not.

THE COPS FIND A BUNCH OF LOOSIES IN THE CAR. THEY PLACE LEONARD UNDER ARREST.

DAN (V.O.)

So they arrested him. And we had to spend the next four hours at the police station getting everything sorted out.

INT. RADIO STATION - PRESENT

LEONARD

How is that *my* fault? I was witnessing an assault.

DAN

Roofers have their own brand of frontier justice. Who are we to step in and impose our will on them?

THE DOOR TO THE STUDIO FLIES OPEN. GRANT IS STANDING THERE ENRAGED, CONFUSED, HORRIFIED. LEONARD CUTS THE MIC.

BOBBY

Hey Mr. Deegan.

GRANT

(TO BOBBY, CONTROLLED) Leave.

BOBBY

Yes, sir.

HE DOES.

GRANT

I don't...I can't even...I...

LEONARD

Sir, I don't know what's happening.

DAN

Dad. Wait. We can make this work. I was going somewhere with this.

GRANT

I'm pulling the plug on this right now.

DAN

No. Just give me a chance. We're already halfway through. What's the worst that can happen?

GRANTS THINKS FOR A SECOND. HE LOOKS TO LEONARD WHO SHRUGS. GRANT WALKS OUT.

DAN (CONT'D)

Was that a yes? Well, he didn't say anything so I'm gonna take that as a green light to plow ahead. Unmute it.

LEONARD DOES.

DAN (CONT'D)

So as I was saying..we missed the lecture, the tasting and I'm pretty sure I saw Leonard cry.

LEONARD

I didn't cry.

EXT. WINERY - NIGHT

THE FOUR OF THEM STAND OUTSIDE OF THE WINERY WHICH IS CLOSED UP FOR THE EVENING. LEONARD IS HOLDING BACK TEARS.

MAUREEN

Maybe this is a sign. Maybe the first show shouldn't be about wine. Let's brainstorm. Quick. Say the first thing that comes into your head when I say: "The first show should be about"... Bobby?

BOBBY

Dogs in tiny hats.

MAUREEN

Terrible. Dan?

DAN

Hearing Aids.

MAUREEN

Off topic. Leonard?

LEONARD

My career is ruined.

MAUREEN

You guys are pathetic. We have a *little* speed bump! All we need to do is come up with something people do on the weekends and talk about why it's amazing. Personally, I vote for going to the Indian Casino, dropping Peyote and trying to enter the spirit world.

LEONARD

This is not some frat house radio station! We have an assignment!

DAN

Then why don't you just buck up and buy a bottle of the stupid wine?

LEONARD

Oh, okay, let's just head down to the gas station and pick up a bottle of Lafite Rothcild. It'll be next to the Mad Dog 20/20 and the rack of magazines featuring articles about women's areolas that you wrote in six minutes and got paid a thousand dollars for.

DAN

Women's no. Men's yes. Did you know that Gary Shandling has the largest nipples in the entertainment industry?

BOBBY

It's true. They're like slices of salami.

LEONARD

My God. The point is, you *buffoons*, that a vintage like this is extremely rare.

(MORE)

LEONARD (CONT'D)

This winery is probably the only place in the state that has a bottle of it readily available. And unless we break in and steal it we are out of luck.

BOBBY

Oh! I got an idea.

INT. WINE CELLAR - LATER

WE'RE ALONE INSIDE A DARK ROOM FILLED WITH CASKS AND HUNDREDS OF BOTTLES OF WINE. THE DOOR SMASHES OPEN. BOBBY ENTERS WITH A CROWBAR FOLLOWED BY EVERYONE ELSE.

BOBBY

I'll fix that later.

DAN

No big deal. We're in a bind. I'll leave cash.

LEONARD WALKS IN AND LOOKS AROUND WITH AWE. HE RUNS HIS FINGERS DOWN A FEW OF THE BOTTLES.

LEONARD

Rothchild, Chateau Margaux, Chateau Latour...

DAN

See, buddy, there's always a way to figure things out. Let's pop one of these bad boys open.

LEONARD

I don't even need to drink it. I just wanna hold the bottle.

MAUREEN

Wow, dude. You are a sad, strange man.

DAN (V.O.)

And it was in that moment that I
realized what this show should be.

DAN REACHES IN AND GRABS A BOTTLE OF WINE. AS HE PULLS IT OUT
HE TRIPS A SENSOR THAT SETS OFF A FEW LIGHT WARNING CHIRPS.

DAN (V.O.)

I also realized that a place like this
would have a very sophisticated
security system.

BOBBY

Uh-oh.

DAN (V.O.)

And that I was still wearing that
hearing aid.

THE FULL VOLUME ALARM GOES OFF. THE SOUND IS DEAFENING. POP!

DAN

Ahh! My ear just fucking exploded!

INT. RADIO STATION - PRESENT

DAN

So, my friends took me to the hospital
where I spent the night. And Leonard
came in this morning and started the
show without me. I rushed here as fast
as I could and, well, you know the
rest. So now you're all caught up.
Glad we got that out of the way.

(MORE)

DAN (CONT'D)

I'd like to switch gears now and now
talk about beer-

LEONARD

Wait. Hold on. What are you doing?

DAN

I'm done with the story and now I'm
moving on with the show.

LEONARD

You said you had a point. You said you
were going somewhere with all of this.

DAN

I am going somewhere. I'm going to the
end. But there is no point. It is what
it is. Stop trying to intellectualize
everything. Just experience it.

LEONARD

It's the ramblings of a lunatic! How
am I supposed to enjoy- That's it. I'm
taking over. I will not have you
destroy this opportunity for me.

DAN

Oh, Leonard. Sweet Leonard. You don't
realize that I'm saving you from
yourself.

LEONARD

Is that so?

DAN

You guys want to do a show about the average American. But we were sent to drink a five thousand dollar bottle of wine.

LEONARD

I believe there's some interesting talking points there.

DAN

You pompous, elitist ass. Okay, Leonard. Educate me. How in the hell is the average American, in an economy like this, connected to a five thousand dollar bottle of wine? If you can tell me that I'll keep my mouth shut for the rest of the show. Go.

LEONARD

Well...

LEONARD PONDERES FOR A SECOND. DAN BELIEVES HE HAS HIM BEAT. THEN:

LEONARD (CONT'D)

...you look at a bottle of wine and think of the price tag. I think of my father. A day laborer who worked his hands raw picking the grapes. I think of the woman who pressed those grapes. The foreman who oversaw the fermentation.

(MORE)

LEONARD (CONT'D)

Even the man who drove the truck that brought it to the ship that brought it here. I think of all the people who had a role in it's meticulous creation. A creation of stunning beauty that will be enjoyed long after they're gone by people they'll never meet. But to my Dad, the end result was irrelevant. The process was all there was. The process was the reward. When its "After Hours", I can sit back and marvel at a bottle of wine but I don't need to drink it. Its mere existence is enough to remind me that we're *all* connected.

DAN THINKS ABOUT THIS FOR A BEAT. THEN:

DAN

Well, that just blew me on my ass. I'm going to quit now.

LEONARD

Excuse me?

DAN

Dude. You're smart as hell. I can't compete with you.

DAN GETS UP TO LEAVE.

LEONARD

Are you serious?

DAN

I thought I had you nailed there. But you completely flipped it on me. When we started this show I figured you'd be the stuff-shirt square that would be the butt of all the jokes. But now I realize I will be the butt of the jokes. Because your brain is...better than mine.

LEONARD

Well said.

DAN

See, there you go. I can't have that every week. So, I'm gonna cut my losses before I humiliate myself further. Good day to you, Leonard.

DAN WALKS OUT. LEONARD IS ALONE.

LEONARD

Uh...okay, um...I wasn't ready for this. Hmmm. Not sure what to say.

(NOTICES A BLINKING LIGHT) Oh, it appears we have a call. (ANSWERING)

Hello and welcome to "After Hours..."

MAUREEN (O.S.)

(THROUGH THE PHONE) Leonard, it's Mo. That was amazing.

(MORE)

MAUREEN (O.S.) (CONT'D)

I'm very attracted to you right now
and would like to come into the studio-

BOBBY (O.S.)

(THROUGH THE PHONE) That was great
man! You hammered him. Keep it up!

LEONARD HANGS UP.

LEONARD

Ooops. Bad connection.

LEONARD CUES UP SOME MUSIC.

END ACT II

ACT III

FADE IN:

INT. GRANT'S OFFICE

THE LIGHTS ARE LOW. GRANT IS SITTING IN SILENCE STARING
DAGGERS INTO THE DOOR. IT'S CREEPY. UNSETTLING. DAN ENTERS.

DAN

Dad?

GRANT

I'm meditating.

DAN

Oh...uh, just wanted to say I'm sorry.
I wanted to do a good job for you...is
there anyway you could blink or
something because this is freaking me
out.

GRANT

This meditative state is keeping me
from doing or saying something that I
might regret for the rest of my life.

DAN

Ah... I see. Well, anyway, sorry for
ruining your show. I did my best but
the truth is that I just don't think
I'm a good fit for NPR. Thanks for the
opportunity.

HE WALKS TOWARDS THE EXIT.

GRANT

Dan...I am proud of you. It just might
not always feel that way.

DAN

Thanks.

GRANT

Now get out.

EXT. PARKING LOT - MOMENTS LATER

DAN WALKS OUT. MO AND BOBBY SIT IN THE CAR. HE GETS IN.

BOBBY

That was sweet as hell!

MAUREEN

I would listen to this show! I thought
you totally had Leonard on the ropes
but then BOOM, K.O.!

DAN

Let's get out of here. Let's go do
anything fun.

MAUREEN

We have to go to work. It's Monday.

DAN

Oh, right.

BOBBY

That was a good weekend, though.

THERE'S A KNOCK ON THE WINDOW. WE SEE: BERNIE STANDING
OUTSIDE. DAN ROLLS IT DOWN A SMIDGE.

BERNIE

You should quit every week. It could be your thing.

DAN

(TO BOBBY AND MO) Hang on.

DAN GETS OUT OF THE CAR.

BERNIE

Mr. Deegan, I'd like for you to reconsider your resignation. That was brilliant.

DAN

But I made an ass out of myself.

BERNIE

Of course you did. What you're doing is garbage. But our phones have been lit up for the entire half hour! Everybody hates you! And that's buzz. Buzz generates sampling. We're hoping this car wreck of a show will attract a larger audience who will stick around and listen to programming that's actually...you know...*not* garbage.

DAN

Why would I take a job I don't need and get humiliated every week? No thanks.

BERNIE

Uh-oh. I did it again. I need to be more clear. If you go, I'm going to fire your Dad. *But* if you stay I'll give him another six months to try and work it out. How's that? Was that clear? I am soooo sorry for the misunderstanding.

BERNIE WALKS OFF LEAVING DAN TO MAKE A DECISION.

CUT TO:

INT. GRANT'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

GRANT AND LEONARD ARE DOING A POST MORTEM. SPIRITS ARE HIGH-ISH.

GRANT

You did a pretty great job under the circumstances. I'm looking forward to the evolution.

LEONARD

Thank you, sir. Just a little stumble today but we'll right this mare.

GRANT

How about a little '82 Bordeaux to celebrate.

GRANT PULLS OUT A VINTAGE BOTTLE.

LEONARD

I should have known.

THE DOOR OPENS AND IN WALKS DAN.

DAN

I've had a change of heart.

GRANT

A change of heart?

DAN

Yes. I'm un-quitting.

GRANT

No. No, no, no. You can't do that.

DAN

I've done it.

GRANT

You've always been such a great quitter. It's the one thing you're actually good at.

DAN

I'm back, baby! Let's get to work on show number two!

GRANT CAN HOLD IT IN NO LONGER. HE EXPLODES.

GRANT

No! You are going to destroy me! You are going to destroy everything I've built. I thought I could help you. But you can't be helped. You're arrogant and immature but most of all, you're just a drunk!

(MORE)

GRANT (CONT'D)

Underneath it all, I thought because you're my son that maybe you had some talent that I could harness. But you don't. You have nothing to offer me!

DAN

I have nothing to offer you.

A BEAT. THEN:

DAN (CONT'D)

Leonard, can you give us a second? I have something I'd like to say to my father.

LEONARD LEAVES. DAN FACES GRANT.

DAN (CONT'D)

Dad, I have some news for you.

GRANT

I don't wanna hear it. You can not possible say anything to me that will change my mind. You have had-

DAN

I don't drink.

LEONARD

What?

DAN

I don't drink alcohol.

GRANT

(RE: DAN'S GLASS) You're drinking right now.

DAN

(HANDS HIM GLASS) Taste it.

GRANT

(TASTES) It's iced tea.

DAN

I stopped drinking five years ago.

GRANT

What?! Your whole career is built on drinking.

DAN

Exactly. But I could've never kept that pace up. If I was drinking as much as my readers thought I was, I wouldn't have a liver, let alone a career. I work really hard at being a moron. But I couldn't just quit because then I wouldn't have a job. So I came up with this. (HOLDS UP GLASS)

GRANT

Who knows about this?

DAN

Nobody. I'm a fraud, they can't know that.

GRANT

You spend your entire life pretending to be drunk?

DAN

It wasn't just about the physical toll it was taking on my body - which was massive - I just knew that I wanted to do something better with my life. And maybe that's this. Yeah, I'm not as smart as Leonard but I'll try as hard as I can to make the show you want to make. Something with... resonance.

GRANT

I don't know what to say. That was really moving.

GRANT STARES AT HIS SON. THERE'S ALMOST A NICE MOMENT BETWEEN THEM. THEN:

GRANT (CONT'D)

I'd still prefer if you didn't take the job.

DAN

Too bad. Already did. See you tomorrow, boss.

DAN LEAVES. GRANT PICKS UP THE BOTTLE OF FIVE THOUSAND DOLLAR WINE AND TAKES A PULL.

FADE OUT.