

UNTITLED PETER KNIGHT/HAPPY MADISON PROJECT

by

Peter Knight

January 13, 2010

COLD OPEN:

INT. UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - MORNING

A SLEEK, MODERN OFFICE. WE TRACK, DANNY, 20'S, (A YOUNG JOHN CUSACK) PUSHING A MAIL CART DOWN A HALLWAY. HIS RUNTY PAL, SNYDER, 20'S (BEAVIS, IF HE'D BEEN BORN RICH) JOINS HIM.

SNYDER

You put in some serious time with
Gracie at the bar last night.
Anything happen?

DANNY

Nah, we just talked.

SNYDER

Full disclosure, I saw you leave together.

DANNY

Well, yeah, I walked her to her car.

SNYDER

Full disclosure, I saw you making out.

DANNY

Okay, we kissed a little. That was it.

SNYDER

Full disclosure, I grabbed some video
of you guys in Gracie's car.

DANNY

So, you don't know what full
disclosure means?

SNYDER

I know it means you got to, at least,
third base with the chick you've been
gay for since last fall. Up top!

IGNORING SNYDER'S HIGH FIVE, DANNY YANKS HIM INTO...

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - CONTINUOUS

DANNY

First of all, I'm not gay for her. I
just, you know, like her.

SNYDER

Great. That's what you said sophomore year
before you gave Liz Fulco a Coldplay mix and
left me without a wingman for a semester and
a half.

DANNY

And secondly, I'm about to get
promoted out of the mailroom. If they
find out we're in a relationship--

SNYDER

Relationship? It was a hook up, Sally.

DANNY

Snyder, trust me. It was more than
that. This could go somewhere.

SNYDER

A same sex commitment ceremony?

GRACIE, 20'S, ENTERS. SELF-POSSESSED, BRIGHT, FUN.

DANNY

(SMILING; FLIRTY) Hey.

GRACIE

(IT'S MUTUAL) Hey.

SNYDER

Bashful one word greetings. Flushed faces. God, I love the morning after.

GRACIE

You told him?

SNYDER

I saw you guys at O'Really's.

GRACIE

Okay. So what. We talked.

SNYDER

Full disclosure...

DANNY

He saw us. In your car.

SNYDER

(SHOWS HIS IPHONE) Doing this. (NOW HIS BLACKBERRY) And this. Two cameras lets me cut around the boring parts.

GRACIE

While I would love for this to go viral, I'm already under contract to a surveillance sex tape company. So...

SHE YANKS HIS PHONES AWAY TO SNYDER'S DISAPPOINTMENT.

DANNY

Snyder, you may not care 'cause it's your dad's company, but some of us are actually trying to get promoted here.

GRACIE

(POINTEDLY) Yes, some of us are...

DANNY

And some of us have been here longer than their lovely and talented colleagues.

GRACIE

By a week, Danny. And this is a Venture Capital firm not the DMV. It's not *just* about seniority. Julian gets a lot of input from the Senior Associates who work under him.

SHE GESTURES THROUGH THE GLASS WALL THAT SEPARATES THEM.

DANNY

Yeah, and the SA's love me. Sanjay and I make small talk on Bagel Fridays.

DANNY WAVES TO SANJAY WHO RETURNS IT WITH A SMILE.

DANNY (CONT'D)

Jared and I share a bookie. Guy's got a gambling problem by the way.

HE NODS TO A SHLUBBY LOOKING GUY, JARED.

DANNY (CONT'D)

Vanessa has made it abundantly clear that it is on.

HE GLANCES AT VANESSA, 40'S. SHE FLASHES A SULTRY SMILE.

DANNY (CONT'D)

I get along with all of them.

GRACIE

Except Andrew, arguably the most
important SA of them all.

SHE GESTURES TO ANDREW, COCKY, FRAT BOY, MID 30'S, WHO SHOWS
OFF A FLASHY, BLINGY WATCH TO A DISINTERESTED CO-WORKER.

DANNY

Well, yeah, but c'mon, he's...*Andrew*.

GRACIE

Meaning what?

DANNY

Where is this coming from? Don't you
remember texting me your haiku from
that sushi place last fall?

DANNY SCROLLS THROUGH HIS CELL PHONE, HANDS IT OVER.

GRACIE

You saved my text for a whole year?

DANNY

Um, yeah. I save all my texts.

SNYDER

(SNEAKS A PEAK) There's only one on
here.

GRACIE

(TOUCHED; READS) "Douchebag drives
Boxster / Chafes us with cheesey lingo
/ Will name drop Harvard."

SNYDER

Classique.

GRACIE SHARES A SMILE OF RECOLLECTION WITH DANNY.

GRACIE

I admit there's a certain, saki
drenched beauty to it. But guys, this
was a year ago. Orientation is over.
We're playing for real now.

ANDREW ENTERS. HE SPOTS HER LOOKING AT DANNY'S PHONE.

ANDREW

Whatcha got there, Gracie?

SNYDER

Oh, lordy.

GRACIE

Nothing.

SNYDER

It's a haiku. It's really good.

ANDREW

Haiku? Let me see it. I took a
Japanese lit class at Harvard.

DANNY

(SNATCHING THE PHONE) It's mine. I
wrote it. It's a work in progress.

ANDREW

Not ready for prime time, Ace?

ANDREW EYES DANNY UP AND DOWN BEFORE TAKING A SEAT.

GRACIE

Thanks. Look, there's something you
should know about the promotion...

DANNY

I already know. (OFF HER LOOK) Last week a senior partner from the New York office, who will remain nameless, told me it was mine.

GRACIE

Was it Wes Maynard?

DANNY

Won't tell. Not my style. (BEAT) Yes.

GRACIE

You need to start reading your emails before eight A.M. Wes was fired yesterday for gross sexual misconduct.

DANNY

(SHOCKED) Wes?

GRACIE

Wes.

DANNY

Fired?

GRACIE

Fired.

DANNY

For "gross--

GRACIE

Sexual misconduct. Yes. Crazy, I know. But it's true. And there's more. I met with Julian this morning.

(MORE)

GRACIE (CONT'D)

I know who's getting promoted to
Junior Associate.

JUST THEN, JULIAN, 50, AFRICAN AMERICAN, MANAGING PARTNER,
STUD (DELOY LINDO), ENTERS, GIVES GRACIE A COLLEGIAL WINK.

JULIAN

Okay, big preeze tomorrow. I want
everything ready for my approval by
the end of the day. I'll give
assignments in a moment. But first...
earlier this A.M. I offered a JA spot
to one of our trainees and I think she-

THE ASSOCIATES ALL CLEAR THEIR THROATS.

ANDREW

Uh, chief...Got a joker in the deck.

ANDREW NODS TO DANNY AND GRACIE IN THE CORNER. SHE BEAMS.

JULIAN

Oh. You mind stepping out for a sec?

DANNY MUTELY OBLIGES. ANDREW SHUTS THE DOOR. THE ROOM BURSTS
INTO APPLAUSE. AS DANNY PEERS IN THROUGH THE WINDOW, ANDREW
LOWERS THE BLINDS BLOCKING DANNY'S VIEW OF GRACIE.

END COLD OPEN

ACT ONE:INT. DOWNSTAIRS HALLWAY - LATER

THIS HALLWAY IS A STARK CONTRAST WITH ITS UPSTAIRS COUNTERPART; FLUORESCENT LIGHTS, PEELING PAINT, GRAFITI. SNYDER ACCOMPANIES DANNY WITH HIS EMPTY MAIL CART.

DANNY

That promotion should've been mine. I should resign. Just to show them.

SNYDER

'Cause nothing would cripple America's top VC firm like losing an intern.

THEY APPROACH A FELLOW TRAINEE, MARQUES, 20'S LATINO.

MARQUES

Hey, guys. You wanna sign a congratulations card for Gracie.

DANNY

Sure. (READS) "Congrats Gracie. We all knew you'd be the first one upstairs." Wait, we *all* knew that? Didn't anyone think it might be me?

MARQUES

You? Nah, this was Gracie's. She's smarter than all of us. She gets here earlier. Stays later. Does extra work. Gives great hugs. Plus she created Bagel Fridays.

DANNY

There were bagels before she got here.

MARQUES

Not on Fridays though. She knew that was the right day for bagels and she acted on it.

ANOTHER TRAINEE RANDALL, ASIAN 20'S, ENTERS THE HALLWAY.

RANDALL

You guys heard they fired Wes, right. Well, don't be distracted by Gracie's good news. Firings here are like celebrity deaths. They come in threes. So get your resumes ready. You never know who's next.

MARQUES

Well, I'm a diversity hire, so...

RANDALL

You went to Middlebury! You played lacrosse!

MARQUES

And squash, *esse*.

MARQUES SQUEEZES PAST THEM, RANDALL FOLLOWS OFF AFTER HIM.

RANDALL

Those are not diversity sports!

DANNY

This blows. Wes can't keep it in his pants so I have to claw my way through another promotion cycle.

SNYDER

And you can forget about round two
with Gracie, now.

DANNY

Why?

SNYDER

Are you cereal? She's upstairs now.
You're the help. A living, breathing
reminder of the brown bag world she
just escaped. She's like the space
shuttle. You're the spent fuel tanks
that get ditched in low Earth orbit.

DANNY

You're wrong. This won't change
anything. She's still Gracie.

SNYDER

No, she's Gracie 2.0. The Junior
Associate version. She won't have
time to be your water cooler buddy.
The flirting laboratory is closed.
Your yearlong experiment is over.

DANNY

It's not over. Last night was more
than just a hook up. It was...real.

SNYDER

You realize that the only way you
could come across gayer, would be if
you were literally doing funtime stuff
to a dude, right now?

INT. JULIAN'S OFFICE - DAY

A BEAUTIFUL EXECUTIVE SUITE. JULIAN SITS AT HIS DESK
FRETFULLY EXAMINING HIS LAPTOP, FRUSTRATION MOUNTING.

JULIAN

Snyder, get in here, please. (HEARING
NO REPLY) Snyder!

SNYDER ENTERS SHOWING NO DEFERENCE, RUBBING BLEARY EYES.

SNYDER

Sorry. Little buzzed. I don't know
how those Mad Men guys do it. What's
up?

JULIAN

Something's wrong with my laptop.
It's frozen. I can't access my files.
Email. Nothing. Seems like you know
what you're doing on the computer.

SNYDER

(CHUCKLES) I like when old people call
it "the computer."

JULIAN

Can you take a look at it? It started
going screwy last night.

SNYDER OPENS THE LAPTOP AND BEGINS FIDDLING.

JULIAN (CONT'D)

You don't need to dig too deep. I just thought there might be a quick fix.

SNYDER

What were you doing?

JULIAN

Research. On Asian currency markets.

SNYDER

(RE COMPUTER) At OrientalPoontang.com?

SNYDER (CONT'D)

I know Japan has the yen and China has the yuan. Who's monetary unit is the poontang?

JULIAN

You know how fast I'd fire you if your father wasn't the CEO of this company?

SNYDER

Yeah. That's why I don't work hard.

JULIAN

Then why don't you just quit?

SNYDER

Because my dad would, y'know...

SNYDER RUNS HIS FINGER ACROSS HIS THROAT.

JULIAN

Kill you?

SNYDER

Worse. Cut me off.

JULIAN

So, what am I supposed to do with you?

SNYDER

Well, I was hoping that together we could carve out a sweet spot for me between sub-standard performance and dangerous incompetence.

JULIAN

Not happening. You know your old man begged me to take you on my desk?

SNYDER

Take it as a compliment. He thinks you're the best. He probably sees this is a character builder for me, but frankly character's never gonna be my thing. Besides, *when* I inherit the reins of the company--

JULIAN

God help us.

SNYDER

(CONTINUING; RE: COMPUTER) *This* won't even be grounds for dismissal.

JULIAN

Do you know what's wrong with it?

SNYDER

Looks like a nasty virus.

JULIAN

Can you fix it?

SNYDER

Well, that depends on what you're willing to do for me?

JULIAN

What I'm willing to do for you, huh?
How about this? Fix it and I won't drop a dime to your dad.

SNYDER

And if I don't?

JULIAN

I'll send it down to IT and tell 'em it was working fine til you hopped on there. If they don't believe me they can call CSI and dust it for prints.

SNYDER

But my prints are... (REALIZING) Oh.

JULIAN

Now, let's see what *you're* willing to do for *me*. You got til the end of the day. Tick tock.

INT. UPSTAIRS BREAK ROOM - MORNING

A DELUXE, BRIGHT AND CLEAN, KITCHENETTE WITH A GLEAMING CAPPUCCINO MAKER AND STAINLESS STEEL APPLIANCES.

DANNY ENTERS WITH A PLATTER FULL OF BAGELS AND SETS IT DOWN.
SANJAY AND A FEW SENIOR ASSOCIATES FOLLOW HIM IN.

DANNY

Sorry, Sanjay, no poppy seed today.

SANJAY

That's a drag, man.

DANNY

And Jared, one gluten free for you.

HE HANDS JARED AN INDIVIDUALLY BAGGED BAGEL.

JARED

Dammit. (REACHES FOR HIS WALLET) I bet
Sanjay a c-note you'd forget.

VANESSA SIDLES UP BEHIND HIM.

VANESSA

(BREATHY) I like pumpernickel.

DANNY

Wow, that's a hard word to sexualize.

GRACIE ENTERS. SHE AND DANNY SHARE AWKWARD GLANCES.

DANNY (CONT'D)

(TO GRACIE) Hey.

GRACIE

Sorry about...

DANNY

Congratulations on the...

GRACIE

Look, that's not the way I wanted you
to find out. I had no idea until
early this morn--

ANDREW

(INTERRUPTING) Ooo, Ace. Did you not get the email? Bagel Friday's are only for J.A.'s or better now. There was an incident. That weird guy in the mailroom stuck a finger in the cream cheese last week.

SANJAY

I heard it was more than his finger.

DANNY

Fine. I won't have a bagel. I'm just talking to Gracie for a second.

ANDREW

Rules is rules. (BEAT) Tell ya what.
(RETRIEVES A FIVER) Grab a sack of doughnuts for the downstairs crew.

DANNY LOOKS TO GRACIE FOR EVEN A WHIFF OF SYMPATHY. NOTHING.

INT. MAILROOM

A DUMP. UNTOUCHED BY JANITORS. CLUTTER EVERYWHERE. NUGZY, A MUTANTY LOOKING MAILROOM LIFER STUFFS MAIL SLOTS. AS RANDALL AND MARQUES READY THEIR CARTS TO EXIT.

DANNY ENTERS WITH A BAG OF DOUGHNUTS.

DANNY

Hey guys, Andrew bought these for us.

MARQUES INSPECTS DANNY'S OFFERING.

MARQUES

Doughnuts? On a Friday? That just feels wrong. Pass.

RANDALL

Why would he buy us doughnuts? Unless
it's, like, our symbolic last meal.
Wait, that's it. We're getting canned.
I knew I should've gone pre-med.

RANDALL AND MARQUES EXIT WITH THEIR CARTS.

DANNY

Hey, Nugzy did you do something weird
to the cream chese last week?

NUGZY

No. (BEAT) It was hummus.

DANNY

Oh. (BEAT) Hey, how long have you
worked in the mailroom?

NUGZY

I dunno. Not too long. Just since,
like, what, ninety-four.

DANNY

Oh, so, just fourteen years, huh?
I don't know how much longer I can
take it down here.

NUGZY

You mean because of the asbestos or...

DANNY COUGHS SUDDENLY CONSCIOUS OF THE UNSEEN ASBESTOS.

NUGZY (CONT'D)

I know what's going on. When I got passed over for my promotion, things went south for a while. I put on some weight. The bathing got sporadic. My social skills dried up. But eventually I pulled out of it.

AS GRACIE ENTERS.

NUGZY (CONT'D)

Hey Gracie, congrats on the promotion.

GRACIE

Oh, thanks, Nugzy. Were you the one who set me up with the fancy chair?

NUGZY

Calfskin. I pulled a few strings with operations. You're the only JA who's got one. I'll always be looking out for you. (BEAT) But not in a creepy way that you should worry about.

GRACIE SMILES AT HIM AS NUGZY EXITS.

GRACIE

Sorry about before. I should have said something. Here.

SHE OPENS AN INTEROFFICE ENVELOPE AND PRODUCES A BAGEL.

GRACIE (CONT'D)

It wasn't easy. Security was tight. But what's Friday without a bagel?

DANNY

Thanks. And congratulations on the promotion. It's great. I'm really happy for you.

GRACIE

Really?

DANNY

Yeah. I am. I'm ...begrudgingly happy.

GRACIE

You can't be begrudgingly happy.

DANNY

Well, of course I'm happy for you, but come on. I just thought...

GRACIE

You'd get it over me?

DANNY

Yeah. Or even that we'd work upstairs together. Like we did down here. I just didn't think I'd end up as your mail boy. Especially since Wes basically told me I had it. Before he turned out to be a big creepy perv.

GRACIE

Well, he wasn't always like that.

DANNY

What do you mean by that?

GRACIE

Nothing.

DANNY

Don't tell me he tried to hit on you.

GRACIE

(TELLING SILENCE; THEN) Okay.

DANNY

He did?

GRACIE

Sort of.

DANNY

And you blew the whistle on him?

GRACIE

Not exactly.

DANNY

(DELICATELY) Did you blow something
else on him? (OFF HER AVERTED EYES)
Oh, Gracie. You didn't...

GRACIE

It wasn't like that.

DANNY

What was it then?

GRACIE

We... dated.

DANNY

Dated! You "dated?"

GRACIE

Yes, for about three months last fall.

DANNY

It sounds lovely. Did you go to ice cream socials together? Was it like an age inappropriate Norman Rockwell painting?

GRACIE

Don't bring age into it. He's forty-two. He's not a WalMart greeter.

DANNY

Look me in the eye and tell me he never complained about joint pain!

(BUSTED) Ah ha!

DANNY IS PACING FURIOUSLY.

DANNY (CONT'D)

He's a senior partner, Gracie. You can't *date* a senior partner. It's wrong. It's stupid and wrong.

GRACIE

I know. I know. And that's not even the reason I broke up with him.

DANNY

You mean it gets worse?

GRACIE

I was falling for someone else at work.

DANNY

Jesus, Gracie. You have no sense of boundaries! You know what? I don't even want to hear this garbage!

GRACIE

It was you.

DANNY

Go on.

GRACIE

But you're right. This whole promotion thing is weird enough already.

DANNY

Weird how?

GRACIE

No, not weird. Just...Look. He was never like that with me, but after we broke up, Wes just kind of flipped. He started all the gross stuff with the girls in the New York office. I got called into HR. I told them I had no plans to file a harassment claim. And last week I signed a release to that effect. End of story.

DANNY

And this week you get promoted. Gee, I wonder if there's a connection.

GRACIE

Are you saying I don't deserve it?

DANNY

Are you saying you do?

GRACIE

Of course I do.

DANNY

I guess it helps when you sign a deal.

GRACIE

It was not a deal. It was a release.

DANNY

Call it whatever you want. It worked.

GRACIE

Oh, okay. So, you're going to blame not getting promoted on a senior partner who didn't even work in our office? You don't think it had anything to do with you?

DANNY

What about me?

GRACIE

You don't give Andrew any respect.

DANNY

He doesn't deserve any.

GRACIE

He's your boss, genius. You think because he's obnoxious and he drives a flashy car and he's good looking that he's not good at his job? Guess again.

DANNY

I'm sorry, "good looking?"

GRACIE

Focus, Danny. The corporate ladder's a real thing. And it's not easy to climb.

DANNY

Unless there's a corporate mattress there to catch you if you fall.

SHE GLARES AT HIM. PURE FIRE. HE KNOWS HE'S IN TROUBLE.

DANNY (CONT'D)

Are you debating whether to slap me?

SHE NODS, STILL BURNING.

DANNY (CONT'D)

Can I make the case against?

SHE SLAPS HIM. HARD.

GRACIE

Sure.

SHE EXITS. HE RUBS HIS SORE CHEEK.

DANNY

So, I'll just email it to you, then?

END ACT ONE

ACT TWOINT. UPSTAIRS BREAK ROOM

DANNY'S CLEARING THE BAGEL DETRITUS. HE EXAMINES A TUB OF HUMMUS. IT BEARS A CURIOUS YET FAMILIAR INDENTATION. JULIAN ENTERS. DANNY SNAPS TO, STANDS STRAIGHTER, ETC.

JULIAN

Hey, kid. How you doing? (GRABBING A BAGEL) Is there any more hummus?

DANNY SCANS THE COUNTER, SLYLY DISPOSES OF THE HUMMUS.

DANNY

No, it's all gone. You want me to run back to Bruegger's?

JULIAN TAKES HIS BAGEL AND WALKS WITH DANNY.

JULIAN

Nah, I'm good.

DANNY

Can I ask you a question?

JULIAN

You want to know why you got skipped over for promotion, huh? Or did you figure it out on your own?

DANNY

Well, kind of. Did it have something to do with the Wes Maynard situation?

JULIAN

Shoot, no. Andrew dinged you.

DANNY

Oh. I didn't realize that he--

JULIAN

Happen's to be one of the best Senior Associate's I've got?

(MORE)

JULIAN (CONT'D)

Look, Venture Cap's a team sport. Not a solo event. You can't communicate productively with Andrew, you're no good to me.

DANNY

And, that's why you picked Gracie?

JULIAN

No. I let Andrew make that call. He works closer with the JA's than I do. It's his team. His hire.

DANNY THINKS FOR A MOMENT; CONNECTING SOME DOTS.

JULIAN (CONT'D)

Look, I know you've got skills and drive. And I know you want a JA spot. So, show me how you handle a setback. Make it right with your man, Andrew.

THEY STOP AT ANDREW'S DOOR. JULIAN NODS FOR DANNY TO GO IN.

INT. ANDREW'S OFFICE

DANNY PEEKS IN TO FIND ANDREW WORKING AWAY

DANNY

Hey, Andrew. You got a sec?

ANDREW

Go.

DANNY

Um, I know you're getting ready to present to the partners, so if there's any way I can help, I'd love to--

ANDREW

Hold up a sec, Ace. Have a seat.

DANNY RELUCTANTLY SITS.

ANDREW (CONT'D)

Why the change of heart?

DANNY

No change of heart. I just--

ANDREW

Ace. Let me be your bodhisattva.

DANNY

My what?

ANDREW

In Buddhism people try to reach Nirvana, right? Well, a bodhisattva is someone who just wants to help others achieve enlightenment.

DANNY

I just want to achieve promotion.

ANDREW

You're not the first guy who had to pay his dues as a mail cart jockey.

DANNY

You started as an intern?

ANDREW

No. I was hired as a Junior Associate straight out of the H-bomb. Harvard.

DANNY

Got it.

ANDREW

But I know how it feels to be low man on the totem pole. And I struggled here at first. 'Til I asked for help from the man upstairs.

DANNY

I didn't know you were religious.

ANDREW

I'm talking about Julian. In the old building he had the office right above me.

DANNY

Look, I talked to Julian. I got the message. I'm going to be a better team player. In the meantime, just let me know if you need anything.

DANNY GETS HIS MAIL CART READY TO GO.

ANDREW

There is one thing... You may be surprised to know I'm single.

DANNY

You?

ANDREW

Allow me put my cards on the table.

ANDREW GETS UP AND CLOSES THE DOOR.

ANDREW (CONT'D)

I know I'm an acquired taste. My personality is *muy grande*, and that can throw people. Add to that a ninety hour work week and it's no wonder I've been a lone wolf so long. But I'm ready for someone to rock my world.

DANNY

Are you asking me to set you up?
Geez, I don't know any women your age.

ANDREW

What about Gracie?

SANJAY POPS HIS HEAD INTO ANDREW'S OFFICE IN PASSING.

SANJAY

I just emailed the preeze docs to Julian. Your numbers check out. Let me know when he signs off on them.

ANDREW

(CALLS AFTER HIM) Keep crushing, Sanj.

DANNY

You want me to set you up with Gracie?

ANDREW

Whoa, Ace, can we massage your wording? Technically it's not even kosher to have this discussion. Let's call it product placement, like in the movies, only I'm the product.

(MORE)

ANDREW (CONT'D)

Work me into the conversation in positive ways. E.G. "Nice Harvard sticker on Andrew's Boxster, huh?"

DANNY

Is she giving you any indication?

ANDREW

Big time. (BEAT) None at all. That's why I need you in my corner.

DANNY

Look, Gracie and I aren't on the best of terms at the moment.

ANDREW

Fair enough. You think you'll find yourself on better terms with her before the next round of promotions?

DANNY

Are you saying this is quid pro quo?

ANDREW

I'm saying you scratch my onions, I scratch yours.

DANNY

Yuck.

ANDREW

Here endeth the lesson. Now, go forth into the world and crush.

INT. JULIAN'S RECEPTION AREA -

GRACIE POPS INTO JULIAN'S OFFICE.

GRACIE

Sorry to bug you, Julian, but did you have a chance to look at Sanjay's email?

JULIAN

Not yet. I will. My computer crashed.

GRACIE

Want me to send it down to IT?

JULIAN

No! No thanks. (BEAT; HEARS A FAINT NOISE) You hear that? What is that...

JULIAN FOLLOWS THE SOUND AND STOPS AT HIS DOORWAY.

JULIAN (CONT'D)

Snoring?

HE FINDS SNYDER SLUMPED FORWARD ON HIS DESK, HIS HEAD RESTING ON FOLDED ARMS. GRACIE EXITS SHEEPISHLY.

JULIAN GRABS A PUTTER FROM HIS OFFICE AND SQUATS DOWN. HE HOOKS THE BLADE AROUND ONE OF THE ROLLING CASTORS. HE GENTLY SLIDES THE CHAIR AWAY FROM THE DESK INCH BY INCH.

JULIAN (CONT'D)

Easy. Easy.

AT LAST, SNYDER'S ARMS DROP AND HE TUMBLES FORWARD, A PAINFUL HALF SOMERSAULT. HIS BACK IS ON THE FLOOR, HIS FEET IN THE AIR. HE GETS UP QUICKLY AND RUNS INTO JULIAN'S OFFICE ONLY TO FIND HIM IMPOSSIBLY COMPOSED AT HIS DESK.

JULIAN (CONT'D)

You okay? What happened?

SNYDER

I don't know. I was taking my nap and all of a sudden, wham!

JULIAN

I tipped you over, jackass! Alright,
deal's off. I'm calling your old man.

JULIAN STARTS TO DIAL.

SNYDER

I think he's in the Madrid office.

JULIAN STARES LONG AND HARD AT SNYDER, THEN SMILES, HANGS UP.

JULIAN

Well, I'll be damned. You're scared.

SNYDER

Oh really? Then why did I just tell
you where to find him.

JULIAN

You're not afraid of me calling him.

JULIAN GETS IN CLOSE ON SNYDER.

JULIAN (CONT'D)

In fact, you want me to. That way you
can say you tried your best on my desk
and it just didn't work out. But in
reality, you never tried. And you
didn't try because you're scared.

SNYDER

Please. I fear nothing. (BEAT) Except
that one day I might be called upon to
sexually satisfy Angelina Jolie.

JULIAN

See, you hide it with your punk ass comments, but I know what's going on in your head. You're afraid you'll never stack up to your old man. Afraid to find out you don't have his brains or his balls.

THIS HITS HOME FOR SNYDER; HE GETS CONTEMPLATIVE.

SNYDER

His balls are enormous.

JULIAN

Now, you can spend your whole life running from that fear. Or you can pick a moment, a single moment, where you stand up against it and say, win or lose, I won't be afraid to try.

SNYDER

This is why Dad put me on your desk.

SANJAY APPEARS IN THE DOORWAY.

SANJAY

Boss, we need your okay, ASAP.

JULIAN

My computer's been out all day. I don't think I'm gonna be able to--

SNYDER

Yes you are! I'm gonna fix your poontang virus--

JULIAN

Steady...

SNYDER

And I'm gonna get you those docs.

SANJAY EXITS. SNYDER HUGS JULIAN. IT'S REAL.

SNYDER (CONT'D)

(STILL HUGGING) Can I use your private rest room from now on?

JULIAN

(HUGGING BACK) No, son.

INT. GRACIE'S OFFICE

DANNY FINDS GRACIE HARD AT WORK. HE PEAKS HIS HEAD INTO HER OFFICE AND ENTERS TO REVEAL HE'S HOLDING A BIG TEDDY BEAR, A BOUQUET OF MYLAR BALLOONS AND CHOCOLATES.

DANNY

(SHEEPISHLY) Here.

HE PLACES THE ARRANGEMENT ON HER DESK. THE TEDDY BEAR WEARS A SMOCK AND A BERET AND HOLDS A PAINTBRUSH.

GRACIE

"You are a work of heart." (BEAT) You bought this for me?

DANNY

No. Someone named Randy bought it for Delores Scarpazzo in Operations. But since I owe you an apology, I thought I could soften your defenses with mylar, chocolate, and cheap sentiment.

GRACIE BARELY CRACKS A SMILE.

DANNY (CONT'D)

So, yeah. I'm sorry about how I acted before. Not my best moment. Don't look for it on my year end highlight reel.

GRACIE

It's okay. I deserved *some* of it.

(BEAT) I'm sorry I bitchslapped you.

SHE SHOOTS HIM A CHEEKY SMILE.

DANNY

S'okay. By the way, you were right about me not playing well with others.

GRACIE

What do you mean?

DANNY

Julian set me straight. And if it's any consolation, your promotion had nothing to do with Wes.

GRACIE

Really? I mean, I know that, but...

(DROPS THE RUSE) What did he say?

DANNY

That it was Andrew's hire. His call all the way. You work better with him than I do. Just like you said. I lost the job because I suck. Not because *you*-- (CATCHES IT) I'll go.

DANNY TURNS TO LEAVE.

GRACIE

Hey, um, are you and the guys going to O'Really's tonight?

DANNY

Yeah. It's Friday night. Our livers aren't going to poison themselves.

GRACIE

If Julian gives us the okay, maybe I'll join you.

THE ROOM TEMPERATURE RISES JUST AS ANDREW POPS IN.

ANDREW

Has Julian gotten back to you on the preeze docs?

GRACIE

Not yet. His computer was down. I was going to check back with him in ten.

AS GRACIE TURNS TO HER COMPUTER ANDREW LOOKS TO DANNY AND MOUTHS "SCRATCH MY ONIONS, I'LL SCRATCH YOURS" WITH GESTURES.

ANDREW

Thanks, G-thang. Keep me dialed in.

ANDREW EXITS. GRACIE TURNS TO DANNY.

GRACIE

Go ahead. You obviously want to say something.

DANNY

No. I'm good. It's about time I got over that stuff anyway. Orientation's over. I'm playing for real now.

GRACIE

Really? Are you making fun of me?

DANNY

No. Besides he's not so bad. In his own way, he's even kind of endearing.

SHE WAITS FOR THE TAKE AWAY, BUT IT DOESN'T COME.

DANNY (CONT'D)

Anyway, (RE THE BALLOONS ETC.) I better get these down to Delores. See you in the mailroom around six?

GRACIE NODS AND DANNY'S GONE.

INT. MAILROOM - EVENING

A PRE-PARTY UNDERWAY FOR NUGZY'S TRAINEES. HE SPOTS DANNY.

NUGZY

Shirt tucked in, or leave it out?

DANNY

I would go shirt in, and I would maybe brush.

NUGZY

Teeth or moustache?

DANNY

Surprise me.

GRACIE ENTERS IN HER COAT READY TO JOIN THEM. THEY ALL REACT, HAPPY TO HAVE HER THERE.

GRACIE

Sorry, I'm late everybody.

NUGZY

Who's up for a shot?

THEY SAY "SURE." NUGZY REACHES DOWN THE FRONT OF HIS PANTS TO PRODUCE A FLASK. EYES BULGE AS NUGZY POURS A ROUND.

NUGZY (CONT'D)

To women with low standards. And
their less discerning friends.

BEFORE THEY DRINK ANDREW ENTERS. GLAD FOR THE DISTRACTION, THEY ALL PUT THEIR DRINKS DOWN.

RANDALL

Oh, god. I'm fired, aren't I?

ANDREW

Negatory. I was looking for Gracie.
(SNIFFS) Why does it smell like a
Fromunda cheese quesadilla down here?

ALL EYES INADVERTENTLY FALL ON NUGZY.

ANDREW (CONT'D)

Anyway, Gracie, Julian finally
responded to the email. We need to
make some changes to the preeze ASAP.

GRACIE

(TO THE OTHERS) Guys, go on without
me. I'll see you Monday.

THE OTHERS DISPERSE LEAVING ANDREW, GRACIE, AND DANNY.

GRACIE (CONT'D)

(TO ANDREW) Conference room, okay?

DANNY

(BUTTING IN) The conference room?
Now? It's so dark up there. No way.

ANDREW

(WITHERING) No way?

DANNY

I mean, why not your apartment?

ANDREW

Well, technically it's a condo, but
that's a dynamite call. Gracie, I'll
send out for Injun. Lobby in ten?

AS HE EXITS, ANDREW MAKES A SLY ONION SCRATCHING GESTURE.
WHICH GRACIE DOESN'T SEE AS HE MOUTHS, "NIIICE."

DANNY

(ONCE THE COAST IS CLEAR) Don't go.

GRACIE

Don't go? I have to. It's work.

DANNY

Not for him. He...likes you.

GRACIE

How do you know?

DANNY

He said you rocked his world. (BEAT)
And other things that sounded like
they were part of Jermaine Jackson's
wedding vows.

GRACIE

Okay. Well, fair warning. But I can
handle myself.

DANNY

And it's not just that. I mean, we
haven't even talked about last night.

GRACIE

I know. I know. It's just with the promotion and everything...I can't afford to focus on this right now.

DANNY

Neither can I! But let's not pretend it didn't happen.

THIS HITS HER. SHE SOFTENS.

GRACIE

It did happen, didn't it? I can't believe it's been a year. My first day of orientation. You showed me around. You tried to act so cool.

DANNY

It's called professionalism.

GRACIE

No, it's called squinting to make yourself look like Brad Pitt.

SHE IMITATES HIS STARE.

DANNY

What are you talking about, this?

HE JOINS HER IN HIS BEST TOUGH GUY SQUINT.

DANNY (CONT'D)

This is involuntary. If you're powerless to resist it, that's on you.

GRACIE

How did I last so long?

THEY STEP TOWARD EACH OTHER, HEAT BUILDING.

GRACIE (CONT'D)

You know, it's not going to be easy
for us moving forward.

DANNY

Does that mean you want to move
forward?

GRACIE

Yeah.

THEY'RE ABOUT TO KISS, THEN...

GRACIE (CONT'D)

Wait. (SEARCHING) If you didn't want
me to be with Andrew just now, why did
you suggest I go to his place?

DANNY

Say again?

GRACIE

You said the conference room was too
dark. We should go to his apartment.

DANNY

(EVASIVE) I believe it's a condo. (OFF
HER LOOK) Okay, funny story. Andrew
asked me to help him with you. (LAUGH)
Pfft, as if I would actually do that.

GRACIE

(NOT LAUGHING) But you kind of did.
And I guess, I just want to know why?

DANNY

Well that too is kind of funny. (BEAT)
Perhaps not thigh-slappingly so.

GRACIE

Try me.

DANNY

He said he would return the favor come
the next round of promotions, but--

GRACIE

So, you deliberately steered me to his
condo so you could get promoted?

DANNY

Please! That's not... I was never- -

GRACIE

Well, since I can't seem to convince
you that I'm not a whore, let's be
clear on this: you're not my pimp!

SHE'S FUMING. HERE WE ARE AGAIN. SHE PICKS UP HER DRINK.

DANNY

Are you debating whether to throw your
drink in my face because I'd really
like to make the case against.

SHE HANDS HIM THE DRINK PEACEABLY.

DANNY (CONT'D)

Thank you.

SHE SLAPS HIM HARD AND EXITS. DANNY TAKES THE DRINK AND WE:

END ACT TWO

ACT THREEINT. BAR

DANNY AND NUGZY SIT AT THE BAR. DANNY'S LOST IN HIS BEER.

NUGZY

You know I read somewhere that urine
is sterile. I mean, you can drink it.

DANNY

What? Like in an emergency?

NUGZY

Yeah. Or whatever.

JUST THEN GRACIE ENTERS. DANNY BRIGHTENS CONSIDERABLY.

NUGZY (CONT'D)

Hey, Gracie. Wanna do a bodyshot?

DANNY

I did one.

GRACIE

Um...Sure. Why not?

NUGZY PLACES THE ORDER LEAVING DANNY AND GRACIE ALONE.

DANNY

Hey. What's going on? I thought you
had to work tonight?

GRACIE

We powered through it. Besides, I
didn't want to leave things the way we
left them.

DANNY

You mean, with me not bleeding?

GRACIE

No, come on, Danny, I'm not mad.

DANNY

Okay...

GRACIE

Look, I *really* like you.

DANNY

But...

GRACIE

Last night was awesome. But we were both interns. And I'm not an intern anymore. I can't race elevators with you during the morning meeting. And we can't look at Fail Blog and play Scrabble while our bosses are rolling calls. Like it or not, it's different now.

DANNY

Because you're the space shuttle and I'm the fuel tanks...

GRACIE

No idea what that means, but... If I learned anything from the Wes thing it's that office relationships eventually get weird.

DANNY

It won't be weird with us.

GRACIE

It already is. With you shilling for Andrew to get your promotion.

DANNY

I wasn't sh--

GRACIE

Danny... (SHAKES HER HEAD) I'm sorry. It can't happen now. But I truly, truly hope that we can still...

DANNY

Hook up? Or were you going to say "be friends?" You were going to say "be friends" weren't you?

GRACIE

Yeah. Are you good with that?

DANNY

(GULPS IT DOWN) Yeah, sure. (BEAT)
Will you keep me on your haiku distribution list?

GRACIE

Yes, but you should know I've branched out into dirty Limericks. Growth is everything to an artist...

THEY SHARE A SMILE. JUST THEN ANDREW ENTERS.

DANNY

Oh, god.

ANDREW

Sorry I'm late. Had to circle the
block to find two spots together for
the boxster. What are we drinking?

NUGZY HANDS ANDREW HIS FLASK. ANDREW TAKES A BIG RIP.

ANDREW (CONT'D)

That's nice. Mellow.

ANDREW GETS INTO IT WITH NUGZY AS DANNY AND GRACIE TALK.

GRACIE

By the way, I talked to Andrew after
you fessed up about your little
promotion plan.

DANNY

Great, now that he knows I blew
operation onion scratch, I'll be
downstairs til my prostate enlarges.

GRACIE

I don't know about that.

DANNY

Why? What'd you tell him?

GRACIE

(SEES NUGZY) I'm up. Got any Purell?

SHE HEADS TO NUGZY WHO HAS THE BODY SHOT GEAR AT THE BAR.
ANDREW SLIDES OVER TO DANNY.

ANDREW

Accccccceeeeeee.

HE WRAPS HIS HANDS BEHIND DANNY'S HEAD LIKE MICHAEL CORLEONE
HANDLING FREDO, BUT WE CAN'T READ HIS INTENT.

DANNY

(LONG BEAT) Yes?

ANDREW

You hooked me up! Not only did you try to steer the action back to the Thunderdome, she said you called me "*endearing*." That's gold. I won't forget it. Your road out of the mailroom just got shorter.

GRACIE RETURNS FROM THE BAR WITH BEERS FOR EACH OF THEM.

ANDREW (CONT'D)

A toast to my new wingwoman, G-thang.
(CLINK; TO DANNY) And my new protege,
who from now on I will be calling...
Kid Bodhisattva, Jr.

DANNY DOES NOT CLINK HIS BEER.

DANNY

You know, Andrew, I'd actually prefer
if you could just call me by name...

GRACIE SHOOTS HIM A LOOK OF CONCERN.

DANNY (CONT'D)

Which is...Ace.

ANDREW

Ka-boom.

THEY CLINK BEERS. DANNY SMILES THROUGH GRITTED TEETH, AS WE:

END ACT THREE

TAG

INT. JULIAN'S OFFICE

JULIAN WORKS DILIGENTLY AS SNYDER ENTERS WITH REVERENCE.

SNYDER

Morning, boss. Hey, about yesterday...

I just wanted to say thanks. You helped me get to the bottom of some stuff with my dad that I've wrestled with since I was a kid.

JULIAN

You're welcome. Now, what do you say we roll up the sleeves and--

SNYDER

I mean, I've been to shrinks before, but...you? You just...wow.

JULIAN

Well, glad I could help. So, let's--

SNYDER

And it got me thinking about my mom.

JULIAN

Your mom? Oh, I don't really...

SNYDER SITS DOWN ON JULIAN'S COUCH, STRETCHES OUT.

SNYDER

She's so controlling and manipulative.

I know she has her own demons, but it's like, come on! You know?

AS JULIAN REALIZES HE'S OPENED A CAN OF WORMS, WE:

END SHOW