

CON MEN

by

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EXT. MEDICAL CENTER PARKING LOT - TRUMBULL, CT - DAY

A Volvo wagon rolls into a space. GREG WEINSTOCK, 25, a hangdog mensch in a navy suit, steps out and opens the rear hatch revealing:

Boxes of DRUG SAMPLES: PREXIOLO, STARICLOR, ZONATREX, and PERCALIM. He's a drug rep. Greg grabs a tray of breakfast pastries, a smaller tray of coffee drinks and heads towards the office building.

INT. DOCTOR GARDNER'S OFFICE - DAY

Your standard pediatrician's waiting room. Sick kids, sneezes and dilapidated toys abound. A girl with a ponytail taps on a fish tank. Balancing the trays of coffee and pastries, Greg nearly trips over a plastic firetruck. He recovers, and approaches MIKA, the office manager, at the reception desk.

GREG
Morning, Mika.

Excited by the pastries, she announces to the office staff--

MIKA
Greg brought breakfast!
(to Greg)
Greg, are you ever gonna tell us
where you get these?

GREG
If you ever found out, I'd probably
find myself out of a job.

Greg grins. Mika laughs and takes the trays.

MIKA
He's with a patient. Have a seat,
sweetie and I'll see what I can do.

Greg sits down next to BOOGER BOY, 4, who's picking his nose.

GREG
You find anything good up there?

BOOGER BOY shows Greg his booger-tipped index finger.

GREG
Crackerjack work, professor.

Greg sees another rep staring him down with disdain.

GREG
Hi, Greg Weinstock, Burlington
Labs.

Greg extends his hand. Jeff doesn't shake it.

JEFF
I know who you are, Weinstock.
Your f'ing doilies make the rest of
us look like chumps.

MIKA
Greg. He'll see you now.

JEFF
Whoa, wait. I was here first.

GREG
Oh, I'm sorry. He can go.

MIKA
No no no. He can sit tight. Come on
back, sweetie.

GREG
Thanks Mika.
(mumbles to Jeff)
Sorry.

INT. DOCTOR GARDNER'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Dr. Gardner sits at his desk, rubbing his temples.

GREG
This is the latest article showing
Prexiol works wonders with kids. In
eighty-five percent--

DR. GARDNER
Just leave it. I'll get to it.

GREG
Sure. Uh, can I just get a John
Hancock for some samples?

Dr. Gardner sighs. He signs Greg's sig sheet.

GREG
Thanks Doc. Oh, here's something to
bulldoze that headache.

Greg hands Dr. Gardner a sample box of Zonatrex he's pulled
from his suit pocket.

INT. GREG'S HOUSE - ENTRYWAY - DUSK

Greg sets down his briefcase and takes off his shoes, which he places next to the other pairs of shoes. He goes through the mail set out on the credenza. There's a credit card bill, which he opens. A sizable charge catches his attention.

GREG

Tiff?

INT. GREG'S BEDROOM - DUSK

TIFFANY "TIFF" MARINO, 28, Greg's bubbly whirlwind of a girlfriend, is seated at her vanity, applying eyeliner. Greg walks in, credit card bill in hand.

GREG

Tiff? I was wondering--

TIFF

Is that what you're wearing tonight?

GREG

Uh. What's tonight?

TIFF

We're going to Onyx. It's on the calendar.

GREG

Okay. Babe, do you remember buying anything at Nieman Marcus? Like in the last three weeks or so?

TIFF

Yeah, I got that new handbag, remember? The maroon one?

GREG

Actually no, I don't. But you spent six hundred and seventy five dollars on my credit card? On a purse? This is like our car payments for a month combined.

TIFF

Yeah, well, mine was all maxed out.

Tiff begins to bat her eyes. It's worked her entire life.

TIFF

You're upset. I can tell.

GREG

Well, we've been over this. This isn't news to you. The Mastercard is supposed to be for emergencies.

TIFF

This was an emergency. It was on sale.

(beat)

Why can't you ever check the calendar for once? How hard is that? Jesus.

GREG

What does the calendar have to do with anything?

TIFF

Greg, stop trying to pick a fight. I don't need you ruining my night over a purse. You're so petty, it's laughable. Go change your shirt.

INT. ONYX NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT

Tiff's friends, JUSTINE, BARRY, and two other couples, are lounging about. A bottle of tequila and shot glasses rest on the table. Drunk, Tiff is showing off the aforementioned 675 dollar purse. Greg is talking to Barry and the other guys.

GREG

Being a drug rep is a stepping stone. The eventual goal is one day forming my own boutique marketing and consulting firm.

TIFF

Greg, no one wants to hear about your dreams. You're twenty-five. You're doing what you're gonna be doing for the rest of your life.

GREG

Well, in that case, excuse me then. I'm gonna go find a pawnshop and see how much I can get for my hopes and aspirations.

Greg stands.

TIFF

Greg, grow some balls. Sit back down. Take a shot.

GREG

Okay, just one. *L'Chaim*.

Greg downs a shot. Justine places another in front of him.

GREG

Thanks, I can't. Guys, it's always a pleasure, but it's getting late. Tiff, hon, we should probably call it a night.

TIFF

Come on Greg. Can you not be such a pussy tonight?

(to her friends)

He's just grumpy 'cause I'm not having sex with him tonight. Because I'M ON MY CYCLE!

Tiff's friends erupt with giggles. Tiff pulls some tampons from her purse and begins chucking them at Greg.

GREG

Can you stop throwing tampons?

TIFF

Oh poor little pussy. Poor you. What about me? You think you're the only one with feelings? People like my purse. So you're wrong.

GREG

Tiff, why don't you turn it down a couple notches? You keep going like this, you're gonna get sick.

TIFF

No I'm not. I have amazing throw up control.

(throws back a shot)

We went out for drinks after work last Tuesday, and I got hella sauced. Absolutely *shiffaced*. And I didn't vomit once, dude. Not once. So there. Oh, and I totally ended up giving Clyde a lapdance in a photo booth. 'Twas hi-larious.

GREG

You gave your boss a lapdance?

TIFF

It's not like I blew the guy. It was just a lapdance.

(MORE)

TIFF (CONT'D)

Not a big deal. Don't get jealous, Greg, not over Clyde. He's gross. Totally unfuckable. You've seen his paunch, right, Justine?

JUSTINE

Uh-huh. His gut's like third trimester huge. Bleh.

TIFF

Are you upset, baby? Oh, that's so cute. Let's go dance.

Greg reluctantly takes Tiff's hand and she pulls him out onto the dance floor. Tiff stumbles in her heels. She and Greg begin dancing. Greg's moves are ridiculous, an amalgamation of white-guy moves learned through high-school dances, weddings, and bar mitzvahs. Tiff breaks off from him.

TIFF

What are you doing?

GREG

I'm blowing up the dance floor.

TIFF

No you're not. You look like an idiot. You're embarrassing me.

GREG

I'm embarrassing you? Well--

Greg comes to a stop, and yanks the purse away from Tiff.

GREG

This embarrasses me. My job isn't about slaving away sixty hours a week so you can blow my paycheck on garbage like this. Check me out. A breathing walking vision of fiscal conservatism. Pardon me, anyone in need of a lapdance? Or a tampon?

TIFF

Put my purse down. Put it down, dude. You're being a total jerk.

GREG

I'm not being a jerk. I'm doing us both a favor here. Six hundred and seventy five dollars. This is like one percent of my annual salary, post tax. Fuck this purse.

Greg throws the purse to the floor and stomps on it. BIG GUY, a wall of a man, forces Greg into a half-nelson. He winces.

BIG GUY
You gonna be cool, man?

GREG
Yeah, I'll be cool.

BIG GUY
Damn yes you will. Now pick up the lady's handbag before I get brusque.

Greg hands Tiff her purse.

TIFF
(to Big Guy)
You're a gentleman.

BIG GUY
Wasn't a thing.

Big Guy pulls Tiff close. Greg watches from the sidelines, as they begin grinding, oblivious to Greg's discomfort.

EXT. GREG'S HOUSE - DRIVEWAY - NIGHT

Greg rubs Tiff's back as she vomits into a potted plant. With his free hand, he holds her shoes and the purse. She stands.

GREG
Do you feel better now?

TIFF
(points at the puke)
That's your fault.

She wipes her mouth with her forearm, and glares at him.

GREG
I was upset. I was saying things I didn't mean. Tiff, can we please talk about this like adults?

TIFF
I don't want you sleeping here.

GREG
Oh c'mon. Really? It's midnight, Tiff. Where am I supposed to go?

TIFF

I don't know, Greg. All I know is I don't need you giving me agita for every little thing I do wrong. All I know is I don't want you here when I wake up in the morning. I'm tired. Tired of this whole thing. I guess I never saw myself ending up with a stagnant wimp who can't even send food back at restaurants.

GREG

Look, I really am sorry for embarrassing you in front of your friends. I'm sorry about nagging you about the purse. I'm sorry if I'm wound too tight. But we're good together, you and me.

TIFF

Good together? Greg, give me a break. We're in couples therapy and we haven't even lived together for a year yet. Don't you think that's some kind of sign?

GREG

I'll call you in the morning, okay?

Greg goes to kiss her, and she pulls away. She turns, walks into the house, and slams the door. The deadbolt clicks.

INT. OFFICE RECEPTION - MORNING

Seated at a desk beneath the Burlington Labs's Logo is DARBY OPPENHEIM, a timid receptionist with bangs. She's on a call. Greg gives Darby a lackluster wave as he passes by in his wrinkled shirt. Darby places her hand over the handset.

DARBY

Greg, um, Ressler wants to see you.

GREG

In his office? Oh boy. Today of all days. Well it's been nice knowing you. J.K. I'm sure it's all good.

Greg sighs, and turns to go.

DARBY

Hey wait. I made Snickerdoodles again. They came out pretty well this time. If you want one...

Darby holds out a plate and Greg takes a cookie.

GREG

Thanks. Okay. I've gotta go have my
panic attack about impending
unemployment. I'll see ya, Darby.

INT. STORAGE CLOSET - DAY

Greg closes the door, and paces amongst the cleaning
supplies. He leans his forehead against the back wall.

GREG

You're not getting fired. You're
not getting fired. Breathe. You've
gotta breathe, brother. Christ. I'm
totally getting fired.

FOOTSTEPS approach. Greg quickly crouches down behind some
shelves. The door opens. A MAN and WOMAN enter, giggling. We
can only see their shoes. Greg closes his eyes.

KEVIN (O.S.)

I'll be straight with you, Ruth.
I'm not the janitor.

RUTH (O.S.)

Are you saying you brought me here
under false pretense?

KEVIN (O.S.)

Why don't I show you something? Did
I ever tell you I read braille?

RUTH (O.S.)

Oooh, Kevin Russell. That tickles.
What does that say? How about that?

KISSING and UNZIPPING. Clothes drop to the floor. A purple
bra hits Greg in the face. He tosses it back towards the
shoes, and attempts to ignore the frenzied cadence. He takes
a bite of his cookie while waiting for the storm to pass.

RUTH (O.S.)

Oh god! Oh my god! Is that your
pinky? Yes, Kevin Russell! Yeah!

INT. RESSLER'S OFFICE - DAY

TED RESSLER, 47, District Manager, is engrossed in a
televised golf tournament when Greg nervously tiptoes in.
Ressler is a barrel-chested, overbearing boss.

GREG

Hi Ted. I was told you wanted to see me. If this is about last month's expense report, I apologize. The wine ordering at that dinner got way out of control. My fault. I'll pay it back, if necessary. Whatever it takes.

RESSLER

Expense report? Weinstock, if you get eighty-sixed, HR reaches out. Not me. So you can simmer down and plant your cheeks.

Greg sits down in an armchair. Ted looks him in the eye.

RESSLER

You know Kevin Russell? He's our ace rep in Westchester.

Greg recognizes the name from earlier in the closet.

GREG

Uh, not personally, but yeah, I know the name. Why?

A knock on the door. KEVIN RUSSELL, 33, a wasp-y rooster who knows how good looking he is, strolls in, a potent combination of swagger and solipsism. He's his own hero.

KEVIN

Sorry I'm late. Caught in traffic.
(to Greg)
What's going on? Kevin Russell.

Kevin extends his hand. Kinda grossed out, Greg considers Kevin's hand for a moment before shaking it.

GREG

Hi. Greg Weinstock.

KEVIN

Ressler, how goes it on the eastern front, *amigo*? How're the kids?

RESSLER

Fuck if I know. Linda got custody. Not sure if you crossed paths with them, but do either of you remember Sheera Reubens and Mandy Jones?

This has hit Kevin like a brick. He sighs.

KEVIN

Yeah. I know them.

GREG

I don't. Were they on this floor?

RESSLER

Sheera and Mandy were our institutional sales team. Last week, they resigned suddenly. And with the USHC Convention next week, we're in a hell of a bind. Now we've got no choice but to send a couple of local reps in their place for TWR's Prexiol contract. Turns out, averaged out for the last five quarters, you're our top two PPI reps in the country. Sheera and Mandy would steal a baby from its crib and eat it if it meant closing a sale. So what I'm saying is, are you hungry for Milwaukee?

KEVIN

You bet we are. Gluttons.

GREG

I'm sorry. We're not cut out for this. At least, I'm not. I'm sure there's a million other guys better suited than me. Thanks.

(to Kevin)

Nice to have met you.

Greg stands and heads out into the hallway. Kevin smiles towards Ressler.

RESSLER

I don't know what you're smiling about. I'm not sending you to Milwaukee without a babysitter. You're a liability and he's the insurance. He's out, you're out. Sorry, *amigo*.

KEVIN

Excuse me a sec.

Kevin scampers after Greg.

INT. OFFICE HALLWAY - OUTSIDE RESSLER'S OFFICE - DAY

KEVIN

Hold up. Why are you walking away?
We just got called up to the big
leagues. We can do this, no prob.

GREG

It's a huge prob- problem. The U.S.
Hospitals Conference. We're gonna
crash and burn out there.

KEVIN

Hey, I don't know you, Greg. But
I'm pretty certain being a rep
isn't the bright light on your
horizon. There's something else out
there, right? This sale is our
ticket up and out of here, to
management. Look, you bring the
technical know-how, I bring the
sexy. And we come home heroes.
You'll be a wanted man. Don't you
want to be wanted?

GREG

Hey, thanks for the hard sell, but
I'm comfortable where I am.

KEVIN

Comfortable, really? Alright. But
um, doesn't the bonus intrigue you
at all?

GREG

What bonus?

Kevin lights up. Greg's taken the bait.

KEVIN

Thirty five thousand. Each. Greg, I
was around ten years ago, and the
regulation and rules that came
along to shit all over what made
being a drug rep joyous is non-
existent in institutional sales.
The late nineties's were the high
waters of a golden age, because we
did whatever it took to get scripts
written. You young dudes have all
been neutered, but my balls are
intact as hell. Whether it's you or
some other greenhorn riding shotgun
on this doesn't matter.

(MORE)

KEVIN (CONT'D)

I'm going back into Ressler's office, and I'm saying yes, because anything else would be the wrong answer. You don't want to copilot this voyage, fine by me.

GREG

Okay. I'm gonna go wash the mitts.

Greg strolls away, leaving Kevin thrown off by the rejection.

INT. OFFICE BATHROOM - DAY

Greg steps up to a urinal. Ressler pops in to chat.

RESSLER

Weinstock, you busy?

GREG

No but, just, you know, numero uno.

Greg is unable to pee while being talked to.

RESSLER

Uh-huh. Script tracking doesn't lie. You and Kevin are the crème de la crème of Prexiol reps. I'd like you to reconsider Milwaukee.

GREG

Ted, I don't mean to sound ungrateful. But I'm just a detail rep. Negotiating bulk pricing contracts just isn't my wheelhouse.

RESSLER

This thing's a walk in the park. You're selling against Zyklar for chrissakes. Connor and Todd, the Zyklar Reps? Just a couple of lazy schmucks. Thirty five k for flexing your corporate card. That's pretty easy money in my book.

GREG

Ted, why's it so important I go to this convention? There's certainly a bunch of other reps just as qualified as I am.

RESSLER

None that I trust as much. As for Kevin, I'm not gonna say the guy's not a lunatic, but that bastard can work a room. Why don't you spend the afternoon with him, see how that plays out?

GREG

I've got a couple visits today.

RESSLER

I'm not asking.

GREG

(flustered)

I'll rearrange my schedule.

RESSLER

Perfect. You having some prostate trouble there, buddy?

GREG

Nope. All is hunky-dory. Thanks.

A toilet flushes. ZIGGY, the IT guy, steps out of a stall.

ZIGGY

You should try clenching then unclenching. See if that helps.

GREG

Okay. Will do. Thanks everyone. Always love a good urinal pow-wow.

INT. RECEPTION AREA - DAY

Greg finds Kevin on a couch, pecking away on his Blackberry.

KEVIN

(without looking up)

You change your mind yet?

GREG

On a scale from one to ten, no. Definitely not. Ressler insisted I spend my afternoon with you.

KEVIN

Glad it all worked out. I'm getting two hundy under the table for speaking at a college career fair. Undergrads. I'll drive.

EXT. COUNTRY BACK ROADS - DAY

Kevin's maroon 1969 Maserati Ghibli carves along the winding roads at a dangerous clip, screams up a hill and at the apex, briefly achieves liftoff and disappears from view.

INT. KEVIN'S CAR - DAY - MOVING

Kevin sips coffee as he steers.

KEVIN

People in the hallway look at me like I'm a goddamn dinosaur. Look around. There aren't other thirty-three year old drug reps. Jesus died at thirty-three, know what I mean? I'm squarely on the verge of being put out to pasture.

GREG

Um, when Ressler mentioned Sheera and Mandy to us, it looked like he slugged you in the face. Wanna fill me in?

KEVIN

I barely remember her--
(quickly catches himself)
Them. Shift up.

Greg shifts the transmission into 3rd.

KEVIN

You know what? We should go into New York this weekend. We can talk brew city strategy, take in some mayhem. Shift down, down.

GREG

Oh, thank you for the offer, I uh, I can't. Not this weekend. Sorry.

KEVIN

Your wheel, captain. Shift up.

Greg, moderately panicked, takes the wheel, and steers from the passenger seat.

KEVIN

(gesticulating)
There's this burlesque club just outside of Montreal. They've got a woman there.

(MORE)

KEVIN (CONT'D)

She comes out on stage, chonch full bald eagle, so you know she has no tricks up her sleeve, so to speak. She squats down and without using her hands, picks up a match, strikes it, then pushes her pelvis forward, and lights your cigarette.

GREG

But I don't smoke.

KEVIN

That's beside the point. Shift up.

GREG

Why can't she just use her hands to light the cigarette?

KEVIN

Because, well, why would someone walk on the moon? Why Everest? Why anything? Because it hasn't been done before. Shift up. For the splendor, for the glory, for that moment of wonder where you see something you'd never thought possible. It's revelatory. Makes you question why God even gave us hands. Henrietta Hamentashen.

Kevin sets his coffee down and takes back the wheel.

KEVIN

On Saturday, she's in the city, making her tri-state area debut. But if you can't go, you can't go. What's keeping you so busy?

GREG

My girlfriend and I are going through a patch, of sorts. I'm presently living out of a suitcase at Motel Hi-Ho. And I think I'd rather just sit, sulk, and lay fallow in my heartache this weekend. I'm sorry.

KEVIN

No worries. But, if you can finagle shore leave from your despair, Manhattan is calling. Even if you don't wanna team up for this Milwaukee thing. I know Motel Hi-Ho.

(MORE)

KEVIN (CONT'D)

Their singles night, fish in a barrel. Albeit fish with low self esteem and muffin tops, but nonetheless, high yield of ass. We're talking jury duty or funeral ratios. You should check it out.

GREG

I'm not checking anything out. I have a girl in this world who I'm still very much in love with.

KEVIN

Well, maybe you gotta man up, move on, and let her go. Worked for me with my ex-girlfriend situation.

INT. WESTERN CONNECTICUT STATE UNIVERSITY AUDITORIUM - DAY

Kevin stands at a lectern onstage. A banner hanging over the stage reads: "WCSU Career Fair!". The audience of students is chattering away. Kevin pulls a whistle from his pocket, and blows it loud. All conversations immediately cease.

KEVIN

My grandfather sold bibles door to door. My dad sold Winnebagos. And me, I sell drugs. Point blank, I get paid to party. If you want to bat seven fifty or higher in anything, school, work, under the covers, you have to wow people. You've gotta blow minds.

Kevin takes the microphone off the podium.

KEVIN

People occasionally look at me with disgust when I tell them I frequently expense condoms as a business expense. Whorish? Ethically inappropriate? Sure, I may be a scumbag, but in the end, I take no prisoners, show no weakness and I move product, by any means necessary. I'm also living the dream. Living the f'ing dream.

Kevin holds his index finger high. Significant applause. Greg looks around, impressed by the response. Despite what he knows in his gut to probably be true, Greg sees a strength and confidence in Kevin he knows he's lacking in himself.

INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE AUDITORIUM - DAY

Basking in the collateral afterglow of Kevin's speech, Greg fields questions from eager undergrads. An ambitious finance major in a short skirt enthusiastically listens to Kevin.

KEVIN

Our R&D budget is bigger than the GDP of most developed countries. It takes a lot of science to save the world. Can't just do it on hopes and wishes. Personally, I think it's worth it.

FINANCE MAJOR

Totally. Wow, your speech was awesome. I so wish I could crawl inside your brain and see how it works.

KEVIN

What a coincidence, I'd love to crawl inside your--

Greg comes over to Kevin, interrupting him.

GREG

Kevin, I've been thinking--

KEVIN

Uh-huh.

GREG

You know, Milwaukee, we could do this thing.

Kevin immediately loses interest in the Finance Major.

KEVIN

Really? You're onboard?

GREG

I could win Tiff back, prove to her I'm more than just a drug rep. And with the bonus, launch my marketing firm. So, yeah. But we're doing it correctly. Taking the high road. Nothing sleazy, alright?

KEVIN

Oh, this is fucking great! We're gonna decimate this shit, partner. Milwaukee, man! Milwaukee!

Kevin embraces Greg.

GREG

Ahhh. Easy on the ribcage.

INT. OFFICE RECEPTION - DAY

Kevin and Greg are passing Darby's desk.

GREG

Morning.

DARBY

Morning, Greg. Hi. Ressler's looking for you two.

GREG

Thanks Darby. Appreciate it.

Kevin and Greg make their way down the hall.

KEVIN

When are you gonna bring a flamethrower to that lumberyard?

GREG

What lumberyard?

(realizes and cringes)

Oh. I'm only trying to be friendly, cordial. I remind myself Darby's a work buddy first, and a gorgeous woman second. She just happens to be the nicest person here. That's all. Work buds. We're work buds.

KEVIN

Uh-huh. You should ask her out.

GREG

I'm not asking anyone out.

KEVIN

The thing is, she doesn't even know she's a looker. Growing up, guys were probably intimidated by her looks and didn't even ask her to prom. I bet there's still a wild untamed bush under those undies. But once she trims the hedges, it's all over, 'cause by then she's learned she's a lush piece of mattress candy. And it'll be some other guy who's won her topiary.

(MORE)

KEVIN (CONT'D)

You'll be sitting in your office,
scratching your balls, having
missed your chance to lay
greatness.

INT. RESSLER'S OFFICE - DAY

Ressler sits at his desk across from Kevin and Greg.

RESSLER

TWR is the largest managed care
consortium of hospitals and medical
groups in the Midwest. Our contract
with them represents twelve percent
of Prexiol's annual North American
sales. We move two billion a year
in Prexiol. I wasn't a math major
but TWR means a fuckin' substantial
line item for our E.O.F.Y.

Ressler pushes a large sealed envelope across the desk.

RESSLER

This, this is your sword. These are
the prices you're gonna offer TWR.
We know what everyone else is
offering this year, and we're
undercutting all of them.

Kevin goes to open the envelope.

RESSLER

Don't fucking open that. Not in
here. Come hell or high water, you
protect those fucking numbers with
your life. They're our insurance
against TWR jumping into bed with
the enemy. Got me?

KEVIN

Yeah. We gotcha.

RESSLER

Tomorrow you're on the ground in
Milwaukee. Everything you do this
week is leading up to that moment
on Friday where you seal the deal
and make the sale. Nothing else
matters. Any logistical headaches,
call me, ASAP. Deborah Crohl heads
up TWR's P&T committee. Manzur
Azman is her right hand. You keep
Manzur happy, Debbie's a peach.

(MORE)

RESSLER (CONT'D)

The rest of the dominos will fall in line. Oh, one other thing. You watch out for Derek Poon.

KEVIN

Derek Poon?

RESSLER

Yeah. Poon. As in poon. Derek's a wildcard renegade, used to be our go-to guy in the midwest. He shows up, stay the fuck away. He's the headache who single-handedly sunk our ship in ninety-eight.

GREG

So he ruined a big sale?

RESSLER

No, he literally ignited so many fireworks at once that he blew a hole in the hull of an SVP's catamaran. I've never met the shithead and never want to. No matter what he says, Derek Poon doesn't work for us or represent our interests. He's the weasel who shows up at the conference every year and nibbles at our crumbs.

KEVIN

How will he contact us? Phone?

RESSLER

How the fuck would I know? You cross paths with Poon, wipe your hands clean of him, and get on with what you're there for.

EXT. WISCONSIN HIGHWAY - DAY

A motorcyclist scuds along at 115 miles per hour. A POLICE CAR pulls the bike over. DEREK POON, a wild-eyed smiling madman takes off his helmet. He's notably sniffing, which may have something to do with his cocaine residue mustache.

HIGHWAY PATROLMAN

You have any idea how fast you were going there?

DEREK

I'd say between a buck ten and a buck twenty. What'd you clock?

HIGHWAY PATROLMAN
Step off the bike, please.

DEREK
For what it's worth, I'm an organ
donor. I just, ha. I'm so...
Ninja's got a mind of its own.

HIGHWAY PATROLMAN
Step off the bike.

DEREK
Yessir.

Derek steps off the bike. He gets spun around and handcuffed by the patrolman, who in turn hurls Derek against the patrol car's hood and removes Derek's wallet from his back pocket.

HIGHWAY PATROLMAN
This your license, Mr. Poon?

DEREK
Shit's legit. Kosher as
Maneschewitz. Hey, can you loosen
these cuffs a little? Or not.

While the patrolman copies down info, Derek stands up and bolts, leaping over a guardrail, his hands cuffed behind his back. The patrolman can't believe what he's seeing.

HIGHWAY PATROLMAN
Hey there! Where you think you're
going, guy? I'm talking to ya'!
(sighs)
Dang it. This freakin' lunatic.

The patrolman takes off after Derek.

HIGHWAY PATROLMAN
Hey buddy! Stop or I'll... Stop.
Just stop!

Derek doesn't heed the instructions. He's a one man stampede. When Derek reaches the banks of a small river, he dives in, and disappears. The patrolman gets to the banks, winded. There's nothing he can do. Poon is gone.

HIGHWAY PATROLMAN
(into walkie talkie)
Cindy, APB. We've got a runner,
ugh, correction, a swimmer.

INT. GREG'S OFFICE - DAY

Greg lifts a posterboard wallpapered with photos and names, and sets it on an easel. MANZUR AZMAN and DEBORAH CROHL represent the two largest photos on the chart of TWR's PHARMACY and THERAPEUTICS (P&T) Committee.

KEVIN

Wow, that's quite the family tree.

GREG

Here's where we're at with TWR's P&T Committee. You'll notice in your packet, I've got bios. Likes, dislikes, favorite drinks.

Greg sets a blow-up of their itinerary on a second easel.

GREG

Wednesday is our banquet dinner at Steer House with the P&T'ers. Thursday morning, we bring them to a jazz brunch at The Reindeer Room, and then by our presentation on Friday, they're fish in a barrel.

KEVIN

Are we doing a sales pitch or putting them to sleep? This kite won't fly for shit, man.

GREG

This is a tried and true strategy. Sidney Nussbaum's The Craft of The Close is our blueprint for victory. Trust the process. I'll see you in the morning. I'm gonna go home and review the notecards.

KEVIN

The notecards will still be there *mañana*. Save 'em for the plane. McIlroy's. One drink. On me.

GREG

No. No drinks. Six A.M. comes plenty early without whiskey getting in the way. Rest up, okay?

TITLE OVER BLACK: TUESDAY

EXT. KEVIN'S APARTMENT BUILDING - DAWN

Greg sits in his car, engine idling. The clock reads: 6:46. He's been waiting for awhile. He throws on the hazard lights, steps out of the car, and jogs over to the entrance.

INT. APARTMENT BUILDING HALLWAY - DAWN

Greg knocks on Kevin's door. There is no answer. He tries the knob... It turns. He cautiously enters the apartment.

INT. KEVIN'S APARTMENT - DAWN

Daggers of sunlight peek through the blinds, revealing the disarray: A potted plant knocked over, two empty bottles of champagne, the bookshelf laying on its side, books scattered across the floor. Greg tiptoes through the destruction into:

KEVIN'S BEDROOM

Kevin, in boxers, is passed out on the bare mattress. The pillows, sheets and comforter lay on the floor. There's a topless woman wearing a Mexican wrestling mask and shiny gold underpants asleep next to him. Greg gathers his courage, kneels down to Kevin's side, and shakes his shoulder gently to rouse him. Kevin groans. Greg jumps. He leans in.

GREG

Hey, big guy. We've gotta get this show on the road.

KEVIN

I can't go man. I'm annihilated. Go on. I'll grab another flight.

GREG

I don't know, Kevin. Um, come on. We can do this. Here.

Greg pulls Kevin out of bed by his arm, and wraps it over his shoulder. He walks Kevin towards the bathroom.

KEVIN'S BATHROOM

Greg helps Kevin into the shower. Kevin sways slightly.

GREG

Steady there. Steady.

KEVIN'S BEDROOM

Greg sits down on the bed, and sighs.

LULU (O.S.)
How you doing, playboy?

Greg, startled, stands up quickly, turns around, and realizes LULU, 22, the mexican-wrestling-mask lady is speaking to him.

GREG
Uh... Hi. Hello.

LULU
What's your vice, sweetness? Are you a bad boy?

GREG
Me? No. Sorry. I'm a regular boring guy. Sorry.

LULU
Mmmmmmm. Vanilla. That's a flavor. So, you wanna eat me out or something? Taste my flavor?

Lulu crawls across the bed towards him. Uneasy, Greg retreats backwards towards the wall as she advances.

GREG
That's very generous and all but... I'm sorry, I have a girlfriend, and she's really into fidelity. Kevin!

LULU
Well, what are you into? Don't be shy. Tell me you're a bad boy. Someone needs to be punished.

Lulu leans in, takes his hand, and pulls it to her butt. He quickly yanks his hand free. Without averting his gaze from Lulu, Greg bangs his hand against the bathroom door.

GREG
Rapido amigo! We're gonna miss our flight. I'll be in the car! Hurry up, okay?!
(to Lulu)
Nice to have met you.

Greg shakes Lulu's hand, dashes out the door, slamming it behind him, and heads downstairs at thunderbolt speed.

INT. GREG'S CAR - DAWN

Kevin tosses his luggage in the trunk and gets in.

GREG

Kevin, not to intrude, who's the feral psychotic in the Mexican wrestling mask?

KEVIN

She told me her name's Lulu. I'm guessing that's a stage name. Redheads. Always a hint of crazy, but every blue moon, you hit the jackpot. Batshit.

GREG

How'd you know she was a redhead? She's wearing a mask.

Kevin shoots Greg a look of disbelief.

GREG

Gotcha.

Greg shifts into gear. Kevin pulls a joint out of his coat pocket, and presses in the cigarette lighter.

KEVIN

Mind if I burn? Calms the pre-flight nerves.

Greg doesn't voice his the objection evident on his face. Kevin lights the joint and takes a drag. He offers it to Greg, before leaning his seat way back.

GREG

Thanks. I'm all set. Kevin, can you at least crack your window?

KEVIN

Wild stuff last night. You ever, you know, put a nine volt down underneath your balls?

GREG

A nine volt battery?

KEVIN

A few months ago Lindsay came over. She's a middle reliever I keep in the bullpen for weeknights. Anyway, we're changing the batteries in the smoke detectors. One thing leads to another. You lick a nine volt battery and put it against your chode during sex. Turns out, when you climax, fireworks.

(MORE)

KEVIN (CONT'D)
Buttermilk into thunderbolts, lead
into gold. You can literally singe
the minge. It's a K Russell Orig.
But yours if you need it. Point is,
Lulu dug the spark. *Lucha libre*.

Greg stops the car, leans over and lowers Kevin's window.

GREG
One day, you're gonna end up
convicted.

KEVIN
Or recipient of a MacArthur
Fellowship. Yours if you need it.

INT. AIRPLANE - DAY

Greg sips coffee while making revisions to notecards. Stoned, Kevin fumbles around in the seat pocket, pulls out the air sickness bag, sniffs it, and then puts his hand in it and begins puppeteering, playfully improvising a song.

KEVIN
Vomitsaurus on the prowl. Who am I
gonna eat now? Gregory, bite.
Gregory, bite. Gregory, Gregory.
Chew, chew, chew.

Greg pulls the puppet/puke bag off Kevin's arm. Kevin chuckles. Greg turns back to his notecards.

EXT. CAR RENTAL PARKING LOT - DAY

Kevin, clearly disappointed, stands in front of an emerald Pontiac Grand Prix with chrome-look wheels. Greg is leaving a voicemail for Tiff. Kevin loads the luggage into the trunk.

GREG
Hey babe. Just wanted to let you
know we landed safely. We're
getting the car now. I'll call you
tonight from the hotel. Much love.
(his phone beeps)
Tiff?

DARBY
Greg, it's Darby. I wanted to check
in and see how your flight was?

GREG
Oh hey! It was fine, thanks. Short.

DARBY

Before I forget, good luck this week. Knock their socks off, okay?

GREG

I'll leave 'em barefoot. I gotta run, Darby. Have a good one.
(hangs up, notices Kevin)
What? I got us the upgrade. Grand Prix's the Cadillac of Pontiacs.

KEVIN

You know Greg, with a solid tail wind and the grace of God, I think we might actually be able to get this panty dropper going fast enough to get a speeding ticket.

We notice there's a RENTAL GUY with a clipboard standing to the side of them.

RENTAL GUY

You sure you don't want collision coverage, or loss damage waiver, or anything on this?

KEVIN

Insurance on a rental car? Are you kidding me, you little rascal? Run your scam on the next guy.

Kevin grabs the keys from Rental Guy, and gets in the car.

INT. HOTEL RECEPTION AREA - DAY

People in retro-futuristic garb dot the lobby, socializing. Kevin and Greg are checking in with RONNIE, desk clerk.

RONNIE

We have you gentlemen down in the system for a business suite.

GREG

I don't understand. It should be for two rooms. I confirmed two.

KEVIN

I've been waiting years to frolic in the pastures of Wisco's cornfed goddesses. Having a roommate kinda puts a damper on that, chief.
(to Greg)
Not a judgement on you.

Greg shakes his head to show he isn't offended.

RONNIE

Oooph. I'm very sorry. Right now there's nothing I can do. What the computer says is gospel. We're booked solid with both of the conventions going on.

KEVIN

There's more than one convention?

RONNIE

It's Steampunk Midwest this week.

He points to a group of women in Steampunk attire crossing the lobby. One of them, LAUREL NESMITH, 20's, appears to Kevin like a vision. He's struck with a thunderbolt.

KEVIN

Whoa. Whoazie whoa. What is her story? I would rochambeau that in a heartbeat.

(to Steampunks)

Hello! Hi!

The Steampunk women eye Kevin and keep walking.

RONNIE

Here are your keys. If there's anything we can do to make your stay more enjoyable, please let us know.

INT. HOTEL BALLROOM - COCKTAIL PARTY - NIGHT

Everyone is dressed formally. Except for Kevin and Greg in their polo shirts and khakis, who survey the crowd. Kevin blocks the path of a waiter carrying a tray of hors d'oeuvres and grabs a couple satay skewers.

KEVIN

Sorry chief. Starving over here.

RACHEL, a rep in business attire, descends on Kevin.

KEVIN

Rachel from Wilmington. You are still a jawdropper.

Rachel punches him in the jaw, sending him to the floor.

RACHEL

How's that for a dropped jaw? Huh, joker? Can't duck that call!

Rachel storms off. Greg helps Kevin up.

GREG

What happened there?

KEVIN

I don't know. Honestly it could've been a million things. Whatever it was, I'm sure I deserved it. I realize I can be a terrible person sometimes but don't go thinking she's some saint either. 'Cause saints have a gag reflex.

Greg recognizes the P&T Committee from TWR across the room.

GREG

Hey, there they are. Our P&T'ers.

KEVIN

Good spot. Raise your sails. We're going to sea.

Kevin and Greg, in full-sale mode, swoop in, on fire, each targeting a grouping of P&T'ers.

GREG

Dr. Levinson, Dr. Martinez. Greg Weinstock, Burlington Labs.

DR. LEVINSON

So Greg Weinstock, are you the new Sheera or the new Mandy?

Greg considers for a moment whether to go for a joke.

GREG

I guess whichever one had balls.

An uncomfortable beat. DR. LEVINSON and DR. MARTINEZ chuckle. Greg beams. Kevin is hitting it off with MANZUR.

KEVIN

Fly fishing? Get outta town. My old man used to drag me outta the house at dawn to go nymphing for browns and brookies. What are you all up to tomorrow? I say we go wade a river. It'd be a blast.

MANZUR

It would, but Dr. Chrohl keeps the schedule. She just tells us where to show up and you know...

KEVIN

Gotcha. I'll check with her, see what we can do to make this happen.

Greg's already mid-conversation with DR. DEBORAH CROHL, chair of the P&T committee, when Kevin interrupts.

GREG

We all know oral delivery will always be flawed for certain patients. But a transdermal patch still isn't the holy grail of dosage forms, at least not--

KEVIN

Doctor Crohl. Nice to finally meet you. Kevin Russell, Burlington Labs. Greg and I would love to get some extra facetime with the committee just 'cause you don't know us yet.

DEBORAH

We're already having our dinner with you tomorrow night. And also, a breakfast. I don't think--

KEVIN

And we're very amped for those. But how well are you gonna get to know us over a dinner, really?

DEBORAH

Kevin, we've got a heavy schedule this week. How much time are we talking about, here?

KEVIN

Minimal. Maybe a spa day for the gals, and fly fishing for the boys. Spa day. You can't say no to a spa day. It's a stressful week. Why not take a couple of hours for you? Manzur's onboard.

Dr. Crohl checks the calendar on her blackberry.

DEBORAH

We might be able to make something work tomorrow. Tentatively.

KEVIN

Tentatively. That'll work. Thank you, Doctor Crohl.

DEBORAH

Note for the file. I prefer Debbie.

KEVIN

Debbie.

Deborah walks away. Kevin and Greg are hitting their groove. It seems like smooth sailing. Kevin smiles. Distant laughter. Kevin looks over to the P&T'ers, and his smile is suddenly extinguished, as he's struck with worry.

KEVIN

Either Connor and Todd underwent gender reassignment surgery or we're waist deep in catastrophe.

GREG

What? What just happened?

KEVIN

Sheera and Mandy just happened.

Greg turns and sees SHEERA REUBENS, 30, and MANDY JONES, 24, both sexy cut-throat reps, surrounded by the P&T'ers. Sheera is an elegant beauty, who's used her looks all her life to get her way. Mandy is her promiscuous protégé.

GREG

What are they doing talking to the P&T'ers? Kevin, if we're selling against Sheera and Mandy, how effed are we?

KEVIN

At this point, man, practically pregnant. If S and M have flipped to Floretech, we're trespassing on their turf. We're gonna have to switch things up, play dirty, or else we're lambs for the slaughter.

GREG

No, Uh uh. The plan is good. We're sticking with the plan. What we should do is go call Ressler.

KEVIN

No. That's exactly what we should not do. We're baby birds dropped from the nest and this is when we spread our wings and kick ass. I'm grabbing myself a cocktail.

Kevin heads to the bar.

The warmth the P&T'ers showed to Kevin and Greg proves to be nothing compared to the reception they give Sheera & Mandy.

SHEERA

My fellas!

Sheera kisses Manzur and Beev on the cheek.

MANZUR

Hey sweetness.

BEEV

Sheera, I think you actually got prettier this year.

SHEERA

Well, cheers to that.

Greg walks closer and discreetly observes as Mandy interacts with MARISSA and DR. DEMPSEY. They're looking at photographs.

MANDY

You're kidding me! That's Ethan?
Oh my lord. He's getting so tall.
How old is he now?

DR. DEMPSEY

Seven. He just turned.

MANDY

Oh. He is precious. What a beautiful family you've got there.
You're just a bunch of buttons.

DR. DEMPSEY

That's so sweet. How about you? No boy's got you on lockdown, yet?

MANDY

No, thank goodness. Too much fun playing the field, I guess.

Mandy places her arm on Marissa's shoulder as all three break into a giggle. Greg grimaces.

Standing at the bar, Kevin looks to his right. Sheera is holding court with some of the P&T'ers. Sheera flashes a smile and begins her approach towards Kevin. She's the one woman in the world who MAKES HIM LOSE HIS MIND.

KEVIN (V.O.)

Oh no. Be strong. Stay strong. Stay on path. Jesus. Someone tie me to the mast.

SHEERA

Hiya, stranger.

Kevin can't look her in the eye. He focuses on his drink.

KEVIN

I can't talk to you.

SHEERA

Why not? Just talking won't hurt anybody, will it?

Kevin can't help himself. He looks up at her.

KEVIN

How are you doing, Sheera?

SHEERA

Really great, thanks. Floretech has been a blast. Sefamben finally completed FDA trials so we're just gearing up for that launch.

KEVIN

Sefamben?

SHEERA

It's a topical sedative anesthetic hybrid, delivered as cherry flavored mouthwash that makes your whole mouth go numb like that. And then, lights out. Instant. Oral surgeons are bonkers for it.

KEVIN

Nice. Well, I'm just gonna throw it out there. How about we go upstairs, turn the lights out and I make you go numb?

SHEERA

You're not supposed to be talking to me, I thought. I'm dangerous.

KEVIN

Be as it may, it's worth the risk.
I miss your body. Your everything.

SHEERA

It's past my bedtime. How about a
rain check?

KEVIN

Sheera, don't do this to me.

SHEERA

Goodnight, Kev.

She kisses him on the cheek and struts off to rejoin Mandy.

KEVIN

Eighteen year single malt. Neat.

BARTENDER JOHNNY

Tough night?

KEVIN

None of your business, Calhoun. So,
if you could pour me this much,
we'll be all set.

Bartender Johnny pours until the glass is full. Greg taps
Kevin on the shoulder.

GREG

What were you doing with Sheera?

KEVIN

Just now? Nothing. Just trash
talking the competition.

GREG

You seemed awfully cozy. Don't yank
me around, Kevin. What kind of
history do you have with her?

KEVIN

The kind where she broke my heart
and moved out. For the record, I
was just being cordial. She's an
ex. What happened between me and
her is past tense, and this week,
this sale, is the present.

GREG

Good. I appreciate that.

KEVIN

But first things first, are you...

CARMEN, a leggy goddess in a slim-fitting BLUE cocktail dress and knee-high boots across the bar catches Kevin's eye.

KEVIN

Are you seeing what I'm seeing?

GREG

I think so. You like her boots?

KEVIN

I like where they lead. Mission Control, cross your fingers for me.

GREG

No. Uh-uh. We can't just go off course every time you see a pretty girl. What about Sheera and Mandy?

KEVIN

What about them? Greg, a man, a plan, a canal. Poontang.

Kevin stands and strides towards Carmen.

CARMEN

Big drink.

KEVIN

Big boy.

CARMEN

Big Boy drinking by himself?

KEVIN

Only a lonesome traveler in a strange town, drowning his sorrows. You here for the convention?

CARMEN

No. You like video games?

KEVIN

Not really my speed.

CARMEN

Is this your speed?

She holds up a baggie of cocaine from her purse. She leans in, her mouth a couple of inches from his ear.

CARMEN
Olly olly oxen free.

Sheera and Mandy approach Greg alone at the table. He's sipping a gin and tonic and eating spanakopita.

MANDY
You're Kevin's sidekick, right?

SHEERA
Must feel pretty exciting for you, Weinstock. First time in the majors, no DM watching over your shoulder. You've sure got your work cut out for you this week. Back at Burlington, they called me Medusa. Know why? 'Cause I turn boys to stone. Just can't help myself.

GREG
Hound us all you want, Sheera. We've got Prexiol, and you're stuck with Zyklar, so you're the ones playing catch up.

SHEERA
You two are gonna sink like a cinder block. But enjoy this vacation. Maybe the week off will help you get over your girlfriend breaking your heart and kicking you out of your own house. See you around, kiddo.

Ouch. Salt on the wound. She's done her research. Sheera sports a smirk as she and Mandy stride away. Greg stands and slowly trudges towards the exit, melancholy in every step.

INT. HOTEL GAME ROOM - NIGHT

Kevin and Carmen snort coke off a pinball machine.

KEVIN
Nice. That is nice, Carmen.

CARMEN
You did too much coke.

KEVIN
No no no. You did too much coke.

Carmen playfully slaps him on the arm. He pulls her close.

KEVIN
So, you still want to learn that
secret handshake?

Kevin takes Carmen's hand and puts it against his groin. They passionately grope, kiss and fondle while pressed up against the air hockey table. Their drug-fueled fling progresses into the sitdown POLE POSITION game console.

KEVIN
You might wanna buckle your
seatbelt.

The image fades to black until we hear only their breathing.

INT. SHARED HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Sheera's attack has sent Greg spiraling. The carpet is littered with empty minibar bottles. Greg is staring down the telephone. He picks up and dials. It rings. Voicemail.

TIFF (O.S.)
Hey, it's Tiff. I'm not here. And I
guess you are. Joke's on you.
(beep)

GREG
Hi. It's me again. I don't know if
you're avoiding my calls or what.
My heart's not a faucet. I can't
just stop having feelings for you,
you know? Shit. I miss you, Tiff.

He hangs up. Beat. He lifts the receiver and dials again. And once again, reaches her voicemail.

TIFF (O.S.)
Hey, it's Tiff. I'm not here. And I
guess you are. Joke's on you.
(beep)

GREG
I might be drunk right now. But
that doesn't mean what I'm saying
isn't true. I know I fucked up. I'm
sorry about the budget meetings and
anything else I ever did wrong.
Tiff, can you call me? Just call me
back. That's all I'm asking. Okay.

Greg hangs up and lies down on the bed. He turns on the television, and flips through channels. He comes to a stop.

ON GREG'S TV:

SUZIE LU, the informercial host babe dressed in spandex, is standing beside, AMBER, a model lying down beneath THE ABLIMINATOR. Amber is holding onto the handles and thrusting in the air. Suzie stands to the side.

SUZIE

See how easy it is. Just thrust the fat away! Breathe and thrust. See the range of motion. Relax. Now rise up. And one, two, three, four, five, six, seven, and eight. Awesome work, Amber. Okay, relax.

Greg's eyes widen. A hazardous endeavor comes to mind. The alarm clock beckons. Greg pulls out the 9-volt battery, and considers the possibilities. Unable to resist his urges, Greg runs to the door and hangs the "Do Not Disturb" sign.

ON GREG'S TV:

Suzie straddles Amber.

SUZIE

Come on, Amber. Show them how you work it. And thrust. And thrust. You see how strong she is? Buckin' bronco. Recognize the power.

ON GREG

We're tight on Greg's face as he's masturbating; quick shallow breaths; his heart racing. He's getting closer and closer. He lifts the 9-Volt battery to his tongue:

A SIZZLE as they meet. He drops the battery down between his legs, and there's a BUZZ. Greg moans as he climaxes.

GREG

Eureka.

The SPERM launches across the room and lands right against an electrical outlet. A spark SIZZLES in the puddle.

GREG

Uh oh.

INT. HOTEL ELEVATOR - NIGHT

Kevin stands in the elevator in his briefs, clothes tucked under his arms, his nostrils white and powdery. OLD TIMER, a formally dressed Steampunk, stares him down, disapprovingly.

KEVIN

There was a car accident. Horrific.
Everyone's okay, thank God. But my
clothes got ripped off in the
impact.

OLD TIMER

Bullshit. You a gigolo or a sex
offender?

KEVIN

Depends on the girl, old timer.

The elevator comes to a stop. Kevin pats Old Timer on the
shoulder, and steps off.

INT. KEVIN'S HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

The lights and television go out. The emergency FLOODLIGHTS
turn on. SPARKS start shooting out of the outlet as though
Greg's hit Robert Redford's home run in "The Natural".

GREG

Oh boy.

The in-room sprinklers rain down, while sparks continue to
rocket forth. Greg is frantic, unsure how to stop this.

GREG

No no no no! This isn't happening.
This is not happening. Oh god.
Someone please make this stop.

There's a KNOCK. Greg looks over to the door.

GREG

Wha- Yeah? Hello? Uh, everything's
fine in here!

KEVIN (O.S.)

Hey man. As it's raining in the
hotel, maybe we can go grab a
drink?

GREG

Um, sure. Can you give me like ten
minutes?

KEVIN (O.S.)

No. I'm not waiting out here in the
monsoon while you can switch out of
your goddamn pajamas. I'll see you
downstairs.

Sparks slowly die down and the sprinklers stop. The infomercial continues to play.

EXT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Kevin looks down and notices the Do Not Disturb sign on the door. Kevin shakes his head as he walks away, drenched from the sprinklers. He crosses paths with a group of firemen.

INT. WOLSKI'S TAVERN - NIGHT

A small contingent of USHC attendees in suits hold down a corner of the bar, sipping martinis. The rest of the room is dominated by Steampunks. Soaking wet, Kevin and Greg share a booth, enjoying their growlers of beer. Kevin's now dressed. He's also barefoot.

KEVIN

We hit it off, and you know, one line of coke led to another, and soon enough, Pole Position. I would've gone for the treasure but alas, quelled by coke dick.

GREG

Good. Sounds good, man.

KEVIN

Who was the girl in the room?

GREG

What room? Our room? There wasn't a girl in there.

(realizes)

Oh yeah... The girl, in our room.

KEVIN

Yeah. The girl. Do Not Disturb? You seem weird.

GREG

What? Weird? Me? How?

KEVIN

Distracted. Unsettled. Is everything alright?

GREG

Um...

(confesses)

I took the power out.

KEVIN

What?

GREG

I took the power out. It was me. You neglected to mention a nine volt battery would turn my penis into a weapon. I could've hurt someone, man. I'm feeling pretty horrible about myself right now.

KEVIN

Horrible? Nine volts to the gooch! And you sir, are a degenerate. Welcome aboard.

GREG

Ugh. I'm going to church in the morning. First thing.

KEVIN

Church? What, why? Are you going to confession? Oh, come on, you think God cares? You didn't hurt anyone. Except maybe a thimbleful of tadpoles. Can't you just tell this shit to your rabbi?

GREG

No, my rabbi knows me. But with church, I'm under the radar. Also, some of this stuff just can't wait 'til Yom Kippur. I'm just trying to get rid of the guilt and get some self-control in my life, y'know?

KEVIN

Self control? What are you talking about, self control? Rubbing one out isn't a crime. It's a God given right. We're men. If we want to scratch our balls, we scratch them. Freedom. If I want to warm up a twinkie in the microwave, and then put my penis in it, in the comfort of my own home, even if it's a dream destined to fail, I do, unfettered by guilt or common sense. You can't relinquish your manhood, so fuck self control. Well, no use crying over spilled paisley. This calls for revelry.

Kevin stands and heads towards the bar. He runs into Laurel, the Steampunk girl from the lobby.

KEVIN

Sorry, I don't mean to intrude on your evening, but I would take a kick to the groin for your number.

LAUREL

That's oddly sexual.

KEVIN

I'm oddly sexual, so maybe that fits. Remind me your name again.

LAUREL

I never told you.

She joins her friends as they make their way out. Kevin's fascinated by her. He remembers Greg in the booth.

KEVIN

(to entire room)

My boy just discovered electricity!
A round for everyone!

The Steampunks cheer. Kevin and Greg toast strangers to inventors and machines, i.e. Nikola Tesla, Ben Franklin, Toaster Ovens, The Van Der Graaf Generator, Lightbulbs, etc.

GREG

Thunderstorms in Alsace Lorraine
tonight, baby!

KEVIN

Thunderstorms? What?

GREG

Alsace Lorraine. You know, caught
between my France and my Germany.

Kevin howls and reaches over the bar for a bottle of bourbon.

KEVIN

(hoarse)

Gimme the bottle, gimme the bottle!
Here's to deviant sex acts!

He holds the bottle high, brings it to his mouth, and chugs.

INT. TAXI - NIGHT

Greg's head is against the window. This cab ride is torture.

KEVIN

(singing obstreperously)
*I had some dreams, they were clouds
 in my coffee, clouds in my coffee!
 And you're so vain! You probably
 think this song is about you.
 You're so vain! You're so vain! I
 bet you think this song is about
 you. Don't you? Don't you? Don't
 you? Don't you? Don't you?*

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

Greg steers a very drunk and barefoot Kevin down the hallway.

KEVIN

I cannot drive a car. I should not
 drive a car. Yes sir.

Kevin, an "I Closed Wolski's" bumper sticker on his back, a beer bottle sticking out from his shirt pocket, stops at a room service table and begins polishing off cold, leftover french fries. Greg pulls Kevin away, and they continue on down the hall. Kevin drops the round metal lid.

KEVIN

Goodnight hallway. Goodnight
 landscape painting. Goodnight
 little ketchup bottle. The floor is
 soaking. Where are my shoes?

A GROUP OF FEMALE REPS are coming from the other direction.

JANE

Kevin? Kevin Russell?

KEVIN

Hey you. Wait...
 (remembers)
 I fucked you once!

GREG

Sorry. He was thirsty.

Greg helps a chuckling Kevin along.

GREG

And this is us.

Greg opens the door to their room. Kevin grabs Greg by both shoulders and roars in his face.

KEVIN

Let's not make the laws. Let's
break the laws, brother. Huzzah!

Kevin kisses Greg on top of the head, and proceeds to put him
in a headlock.

KEVIN

Who's my partner in crime? Who is
it? I can't hear you, little guy.

GREG

I can't breathe.

INT. KEVIN'S HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Kevin and Greg are lying side-by-side under the covers.

GREG

You have to sleep naked?

KEVIN

It's a biological fact: balls need
to breathe.

Kevin burps. Greg reaches over and turns off the lamp.

TITLE CARD: WEDNESDAY

INT. KEVIN'S HOTEL ROOM - DAY

The phone rings. Kevin, facedown on the floor, groans. He
crawls over, climbs up onto the bed, and lifts the handset.

KEVIN

Hello?

CHEERY PHONE VOICE (O.S.)

Good morning! This is your wake up
call!

KEVIN

You fucking bitchass! I feel like
shit. I feel like Jesus on the
motherfucking cross! You call me
again, I swear to God, I will
skullfuck you blind, and salvo my
seed upon your smug face.

He slams the phone down, turns onto his side, and curls up.
Greg, wearing a bathrobe, rushes out from the bathroom.

GREG

You alright? I heard yelling.

Kevin groans and pulls the pillow over his head. Greg sits on the edge of the bed, picks up the receiver and dials.

GREG

Yes, just some breakfast. I'll have the lumberjack. Scrambled, please. Bacon. That's fine. Uh, grapefruit? Super. One sec.

(covers mouthpiece)

Kevin? Hey, Kevin.

KEVIN

Whaaaat? What the fuck, man?

GREG

You want oatmeal or something?

KEVIN

If they have a saline IV... Otherwise, just a loaded gun, so I can shoot myself in the fuckin' head and die in peace. Oh my Christ! What did I drink?

GREG

Aspirin and a bottle of sparkling water. That should do it. Thanks.

(to Kevin)

You're doing good, buddy.

Greg hangs up, and pats Kevin's shoulder. Without looking up, Kevin lifts his hand and flips the bird. There's a knock on the door. The maid enters. It's CARMEN from the night before.

CARMEN

Housecleaning.

GREG

Oh. Hi. I think we're good. Can you, uh, come back later?

CARMEN

Yes sir.

GREG

Perfect. Thanks.

Kevin sees Carmen, makes eye contact, and mouths a hello. She leaves. Greg flips through Milwaukee Magazine.

KEVIN

Greg, The maid, um...

GREG

Don't worry. She'll come back.
You'll get your fresh towels.

KEVIN

That's wonderful about fresh towels
but, Greg, I think I fingerblasted
the maid.

GREG

What do you mean, you think?

KEVIN

I mean... I did. Last night.

GREG

The housecleaning lady is the woman
in the blue dress? Holy whoa.

KEVIN

Well... I didn't know she was a
maid, let alone our maid.

GREG

Awesome. We're here for less than
twenty-four hours and you've
already given the hotel maid the
scout salute.

KEVIN

Yes, it's all true. I third based
the help. I'm going back to sleep.
Wake me up when I'm not hungover.

GREG

I picked up our badges. Here.

Greg throws Kevin his badge.

GREG

I'm moving down the hall.

KEVIN

Was it the gas parade?

GREG

That, and you sleep nuzzle.

KEVIN

A warm body is a warm body, man.

GREG

Not when there's morning wood
poking me in the shoulder.

KEVIN

Roosters crow at dawn. Don't put
the blame on me. I thought they
were booked solid this week.

GREG

I greased some palms and they set
me up in a spare room, of sorts.

KEVIN

How much it cost you?

GREG

Gratis, aside from a couple boxes
of muscle relaxant samples I
grabbed from the booth.

KEVIN

You know, you're not half bad at
this game. Nicely navigated, kid.

GREG

Your van leaves at eleven. Are you
still up for the fishing trip?

KEVIN

Of course. Just gotta rouse the
bones. A little hair of the dog.

Kevin reaches for an open bottle of beer on the nightstand,
and takes a sip. His stomach turns. A wave of nausea.

KEVIN

Or not. Get me a bucket. A bucket.
Now. I, I gotta yuke.

GREG

Is that beer from last night?

KEVIN

Bucket!

EXT. SCENIC GENTLE RIVERBANK - DAY

On the banks, clothed in full Orvis attire, Kevin sips a
bloody mary. He's speaking with Manzur, who's in the water,
fly-fishing with the other guys from the P&T committee.

KEVIN

Prexiol. Zyklar. Both pills that do the same exact thing, right? Wrong. That's like saying every snowflake is the same. Or every blowjob. 'Cause they're not.

MANZUR

Kev, could you grab me a cold one?

Kevin grabs a beer from the cooler. He wades into the river and hands the can to Manzur.

KEVIN

Here you are, Manzur. Breakfast of champions.

Kevin ambles back onto the shore. He picks up his glass and takes a sip. Dr. Martinez throws back to cast, and the HOOK FLIES BACK, right into Kevin's CROTCH. Predictably, Kevin SHRIEKS. The bloody mary falls to the ground.

KEVIN

Balls balls balls! Don't cast!

Dr. Martinez turns his head in Kevin's direction.

DR. MARTINEZ

Whoops. You okay there, Kev?

KEVIN

I feel like a million bucks. A million bucks drenched in gasoline, set aflame. Fuck! My balls.

MANZUR

Haha! Look at the size of this son of a beeyotch!

Everyone looks to Manzur, who's hooked an impressive trout.

INT. DAYSPA - MANI/PEDI ROOM - DAY

Greg, in a bathrobe, gets his feet worked on as he speaks with Deborah. The other gal P&T'ers are listening.

GREG

Debbie, I'm not saying that financial considerations shouldn't play a role in your formulary.

(MORE)

GREG (CONT'D)

But if I was receiving inpatient care at a TWR facility, I'd certainly hope I was undergoing the most effective treatment available.

DEBORAH

Greg, you honestly feel which PPI we use has any relation to the quality of care we offer?

SPA LADY leans her head in.

SPA LADY

Mister Weinstock, telephone call.

GREG

Excuse me, Debbie. Sorry.

Greg steps out to the hallway and lifts a wall mounted phone.

GREG

This is Greg. Hello?

INT. EMERGENCY ROOM - DAY

Kevin, wearing a hospital gown, sits in a wheelchair.

KEVIN

Why's your cellphone off?

INTERCUT

GREG

Spa rules. I can't talk now. We're getting mani-pedi's.

KEVIN

Sounds like a hoot. Dr. Martinez miscast, and now I've got a fish hook through my nutsack.

GREG

Ugh. What's the prognosis?

KEVIN

The prognosis? The prognosis is Karma just raped me in the face. I'm in the E.R. about to get my prune satchel stitched up by a wonky eyed intern, and you're off playing beauty school. Are you getting a massage over there today?

GREG

Yeah, in fact, we all are.

KEVIN

Ask for a happy ending. Do it for me, in my honor.

GREG

What's the matter with you? No way in hell! I've got a girlfriend.

KEVIN

Girlfriend? Tiff broke up with you, champ. Thusly, you've got free rein to ask for hanj-es. I'd take advantage of your newfound freedom.

GREG

No. I'm getting back together with Tiff. That's why I'm here. To win her back. And I'm not gonna jeopardize that with a handjob.

KEVIN

Relax, Greg. A handjob isn't cheating. It doesn't count if it doesn't go in any holes.

GREG

That's not true. I'm hanging up, Kevin. I'm not asking for one.

KEVIN

You should. 'Cause they all do it. Masseuses are like minor league prostitutes. It's part of the gig. An unspoken understanding.

GREG

Right, of course. That makes a lot of sense. Stop trying to talk me into filth. I'm not doing it, okay? Last night with the battery was more than enough iniquity for one week. Good luck with the scrote repair.

INT. DAYSPA - MASSAGE ROOM - DAY

Greg is getting a deep tissue massage from SANDY, 22, a sultry hipster masseuse with black bangs and copious ink.

SANDY

You sure were tight, fella. Lots of knots. Do you feel unstressed, serene, all that good stuff?

GREG

Yeah I do. But you know what would feel even better?

(beat)

A happy ending.

Sandy presses a red button on the telephone and exits.

GREG

Wai-Wai-Wait... I was kidding. Big joke. My bad. Haha, I got you.

Wrapped in a towel, Greg kicks his legs off the table, and goes for the door. He jiggles the handle. It's locked.

GREG

This is gonna be humiliating.

EXT. DAYSPA - DAY

Greg, ashamed, tries to hold onto his towel as he's ushered out the entrance by two security guards. The Dayspa workers stare from the window. The guards hand Greg his clothes.

INT. VAN - DAY

Greg glances out the window. There's a DONKEY standing there, staring back at him. A silent moment passes between them. The peace is broken when the P&T Gals start piling in.

GREG

I came out to the van, caught up on some calls.

The P&T Gals can't keep a straight face, and break into uncontrollable giggling. Greg blushes.

GREG

Thank you. Not embarrassed at all. Alright, Spa Day. Good times.

INT. STEER HOUSE RESTAURANT - BAR - NIGHT

Kevin is at the bar, nursing a beer. Greg approaches him.

GREG
How are the balls?

KEVIN
Still intact. Five stitches. I'll live. At least I've got meds to show for it.

He pulls pill vials from his coat and shows them to Greg.

GREG
Excellent. Now we can sedate an entire sorority if need be.

KEVIN
One can only hope an opportunity such as that presents itself. How'd you fare with the happy ending?

GREG
She called Security. FYI Professor: Not all masseuses do it.

KEVIN
Every masseuse I know does.

GREG
That's 'cause all your masseuses are South Asian hookers. I'm now blacklisted from every dayspa in the state of Wisconsin.

KEVIN
There's always Minnesota. Let it slide man. Not worth getting upset about. Look, you're not the one who almost got his crotch ripped out with a fishhook.

The P&T'ers walk in, with Sheera and Mandy in tow. Kevin flags down the bartender.

KEVIN
Savalas, this is our crew. Whatever they want, my tab.

SHEERA
Debbie invited us along. I hope you don't mind us crashing?

KEVIN
No! Of course not. The more the merrier. Boy, that is some dress, Sheera.

SHEERA
Thanks! I actually bought it today.

KEVIN
No kidding. Well, it fits.

GREG
Kevin.

KEVIN
What's up?

Greg makes a face using his eyebrows as to say "in private".

KEVIN
What? What does that mean?
(to Sheera)
One sec.

Kevin walks with Greg away from the group.

GREG
Sheera's against us. You have to
stop rolling out the red carpet for
her every time she shows up.

KEVIN
Red carpet? What? That's
ridiculous. I'm just playing her
for information. Covert ops.

SHEERA
Boys. Sorry to interrupt.

They turn. Mandy is holding a tray of amber cocktails.

SHEERA
A round on us.

KEVIN
Cool. What a nice gesture.

SHEERA
We just appreciate you guys being
so cool with us this week. I know
it's an awkward situation. Anyway,
it felt we got off on the wrong
foot last night, so, cheers!

Greg's surprised by their kindness and takes a drink.

GREG
Cheers. Wow. This is delicious.
Kinda sour. Cherry?

INT. STEER HOUSE RESTAURANT - PRIVATE DINING ROOM - NIGHT

P&T'ers are seated around a banquet table. Greg, stands at a lectern and tries to deliver a speech about Prexiol, but his speech is increasingly slurred.

GREG

We have a common enemy. Gastric
Acid. Prexiol is the premiere PPI,
(clears throat)
Sorry. My tongue is a little numb.

MANDY

Someone tell the bartender to cut
this guy off.

The P&T'ers, Sheera and Mandy are laughing.

GREG

Haha. Good one. Anyway, enjoy
dinner. Hope nobody's a vegan.

Greg climbs down off the stage and joins Kevin at the table. Sheera and Mandy are holding court with the P&T'ers. Kevin's mouth begins to go numb as he speaks to Greg. Greg yawns.

GREG

(mumbling)
Which cut are you getting. Waygu?

KEVIN

I can't even understand you.

GREG

That's 'cause my mouth feels like
novocaine. What time is it?

Greg nods his head, conks out, and falls face-first into his salad. Sheera and Mandy raise their glasses towards Kevin.

KEVIN

Sefamben! Oh shitballs. Greg, stay
put. I'll be right back.

Kevin jogs up to the stage, and tries to speak at the podium, but is rapidly falling asleep.

KEVIN

Just quickly, thanks all for
coming. We've got a wonderful
breakfast planned for tomorrow at
the Reindeer Room.

(MORE)

KEVIN (CONT'D)

Legendary waffle bar, eggs benedict
up the wazoo, bloody mary's, you
name it. So, I'll see you all
there?

Kevin's eyes drop and he slowly collapses to the floor.
Sheera sneaks up to the podium, steps over Kevin, and pulls
the microphone towards her.

SHEERA

Yikes. I didn't realize it was
Spring Break this week. Don't
panic. I'm not gonna chew your ear
off about Zyklar tonight. That
said, any questions you may have,
holler our way. If everyone could
make their way outside, we've got
the party bus ready to roar. Hope
you brought your dancing shoes.

INT. PARTY BUS - NIGHT

Kevin wakes up and finds himself on the nearly empty party
bus. Greg is passed out next to him. Kevin jostles him awake.

KEVIN

Greg.

GREG

Ugh.

(yawns)

How long was I out?

KEVIN

Greg, they flat out juiced us.

Kevin helps Greg up, and they walk towards the exit.

EXT. INFERNO NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT

There's a line of people waiting to get into the club.
PROMETHEUS, a steroid-laden bouncer with an earpiece, lifts
the velvet rope for Sheera and Mandy and the P&T'ers.

PROMETHEUS

My ladies. Welcome back. We've got
tables waiting for you.

MANDY

Thanks Prometheus.

Mandy kisses Prometheus on the cheek, and follows Sheera and the P&T'ers in. Prometheus pulls the rope up, blocking Kevin and Greg from entrance into the club.

PROMETHEUS

Hold up. There's the line, guys.

KEVIN

What about them? We're with them.

PROMETHEUS

Those are VIP's. You're P's. So you can wait with the other P's.

Kevin and Greg slink to the back of the line.

INT. INFERNO NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT

Kevin and Greg make their way into the packed dimly lit club. The P&T'ers might be healthcare professionals, but this is a Bachinallian shitshow. Body shots. Champagne popping. Marissa dances lasciviously with Mandy. Sheera is cutting a rug with Dr. Levinson.

Kevin moves in on the P&T'ers' tables. He has to speak loudly to be heard over the pulsing music. Drunk, Manzur grabs him.

MANZUR

What up, Dawg! We're gonna tear the roof off this mother! C'mon!

Manzur dances away. Kevin doesn't follow him. He taps Sheera on the shoulder. She's surprised to see him.

SHEERA

Look who woke up. Hey buttercup!

Kevin glares at her and walks towards Deborah.

SHEERA

Gotta keep your guard up, if you wanna make it ten rounds, rookie. Fact is, you're lucky you still have your kidneys.

KEVIN

We'll see you all at breakfast. Have a good night, Debbie.

DEBORAH

You too, Kevin! Kamikaze!

Deborah toasts Grace and Evelyn, and then they each slam back a shot. Kevin sees Greg approaching with drinks.

GREG

This place isn't too lame, right?

Manzur dances his way past them.

MANZUR

Lightning in my shoes, thunder in my wake! Too funky, y'all!

KEVIN

(to Greg)

Down your drink. We should cut our losses and leave.

GREG

Why don't we try and make the most of this? Lemonade, Kevin. Lemonade.

KEVIN

Greg, your heart's in the right place, but we're in the wrong one. Look, I've had a hard day. I just want to go back to the hotel, soak my feet, ice my balls, and lay low 'til breakfast.

INT. HOTEL HALLWAY - NIGHT

Kevin and Greg are walking to their rooms. Laughter, muffled conversations and the faint sound of a baroque melody from a harpsichord wafts from a suite. The door is slightly ajar.

KEVIN

You hear that? There's revelry in there. We're going in.

GREG

What about taking it easy, icing your balls?

KEVIN

(gesticulates a scale)

Icing balls. The unknown.

INT. BRADEN'S HOTEL SUITE - NIGHT

Kevin and Greg enter a room full of Steampunks. An intricate brass phonograph with running gears emits Gypsy music.

GREG
I'm gonna grab a drink.

KEVIN
I'll be right behind you.

Greg approaches the absinthe bar. Kevin makes a beeline for a pretty girl in goggles, tight-laced dress and brass-accented Oxford brogues, who's working on an intricate Heath Robinson brass machine, which belches steam as it runs.

KEVIN
Building a better mousetrap?

Laurel, the Steampunk girl from the night before, stands. She lifts her goggles so they rest on her forehead.

LAUREL
Something like that. Oh, you again.
Why the formal getup, guy? You a
weatherman?

KEVIN
No, I'm a drug rep. I do everything
I can to get doctors to write
prescriptions for my company's
meds. And I've gotta look good
doing it.

LAUREL
So, Mister Windsor Knot, what's the
most severe deed you've ever done
to secure a sale?

KEVIN
Ever? Well, we can't out and out
bribe them, so you gotta get
creative. One time, I shit you not,
I gave a doctor a handjob. But it
didn't mean anything, 'cause I
didn't look. And if you don't look,
it doesn't count.

LAUREL
Did it go to completion?

KEVIN
Yeah.

LAUREL
Then I'd say it counts.

KEVIN
Would you like to make it count?

LAUREL

You're gonna have to try a little harder than that, guy. I'm just not that kind of girl.

KEVIN

Well, what kind of girl are you?

LAUREL

The hard to catch kind. All you're getting from me tonight is a maybe.

KEVIN

I'm a glass half-full kinda guy. A maybe's all I need.

CY, 40's, an eyepatched Steampunk in naval attire, tends bar. Cy pours homebrew absinthe into a plastic cup, and hands it to Greg. Cy raises his own ornate goblet in a toast.

CY

Craic.

GREG

Craic.

Greg sips and forces a smile. DOUG, a shirtless mountain man in a vest, pin-stripe pants and bowler hat closes in on Greg.

DOUG

Your colleague may want to consider harboring his attentions towards that specimen. Ill-advised advances towards Steampunk dames by norms may raise ire.

GREG

Start wearing a shirt, and people your own age might start taking you seriously. Excuse me, your honor.
(taps his cup)
Refill.

INT. HOTEL HALLWAY - ICE MACHINE NOOK

Laurel and Kevin are kissing by the soda machine.

LAUREL

I think I'm gonna take off.

KEVIN

I was sort of hoping you'd be taking off your clothes.

Kevin imitates a cymbal crash for his joke.

LAUREL

Sorry to disappoint. If it's meant to be, we'll get there. Alright?

Kevin does a horrible job of hiding his disappointment.

KEVIN

Of course. It's not like I'm some restless sex fiend who constantly needs to get laid for his self-esteem. This is lovely, just us talking, our getting to know each other time.

LAUREL

I gotta run. See you around, guy.

Laurel plants a quick peck on his cheek and leaves. Frustrated, Kevin pounds the button on the ice machine, and cubes spill out across the floor. He's not used to rejection.

INT. GREG'S HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Greg's room is actually a conference room, dominated by a large oval table. Greg feverishly scribbles away on a dry-erase board. He's written "Prexiol" on the left, "Zyklar" on the right. Beneath each name is a column of "benefits". Greg either circles or crosses out each item as he works his way through the list. He pauses and takes a sip of his absinthe.

GREG

Prexiol and Zyklar. Cost? Negligible. Efficacy? That's where we come ahead. In adults, Prexiol is shown in studies time and again not only to be faster-acting...

A pounding from the hall. Greg looks through the peephole, unlocks the door, and Kevin barrels in. Kevin spots Greg's scribbles on the dry-erase board.

KEVIN

This is how you unwind, man? I can't let you waste a good evening on this bullshit drudgery. This, can all wait, 'til tomorrow.

Kevin begins wiping away Greg's work with his sleeve. Greg goes to stop him.

KEVIN

Hands off. It's gonna be okay.

Kevin spins around to face Greg.

KEVIN

Even though her friends look like a Jules Verne orgy run amok, and I kinda want out ASAP, there's something about this girl that's driving my freak flag up. And it's not just the corset and goggles. Or the ebb and flow of her hips when she walks. She doesn't want to put out at a pin drop, and, not sure why, I actually kinda go for that.

GREG

Kevin, you just met this girl. Why don't you worry about something important? Like our sales pitch? Eyes on the prize. I don't need you getting distracted from the task at hand by some whatchamacall.

KEVIN

Steampunk. She's a Steampunk. It's her culture, and I respect that. Fuck. Can I just sit down for a second? Clear my head.

Kevin lies down on Greg's cot--

KEVIN

Ouch.

and holds up a string of beads he's found under his back.

KEVIN

You dirty dog.

GREG

Those are rosary beads.

Kevin chortles as he lies back and drifts off to sleep. Greg goes back to the board, and begins recreating his work.

TITLE CARD: THURSDAY

INT. KEVIN'S HOTEL ROOM - DAWN

The phone rings but Kevin's not there for his wake up call.

INT. GREG'S HOTEL ROOM - DAWN

Greg wakes up on the conference table, his jacket serving as a blanket. Kevin is passed out on the bed.

INT. THE REINDEER ROOM - DAY

Kevin and Greg sit at a table set for eight people.

GREG

I don't know. They RSVP'd.

Greg's cell phone rings.

GREG

Oh jeez! It's Ressler.

KEVIN

Ignore it. Don't pick up.

GREG

We can't evade him. He'd find us.

(answers)

Hello. This is Greg.

RESSLER (O.S.)

Put me on the fucking speakerphone!

GREG

Okay. You're on.

RESSLER (O.S.)

You clods both there?

GREG

Yeah. We're here.

RESSLER (O.S.)

Just got off the phone with my boy
at TWR. You're losing the sale!

GREG

Ted, I assure you we're doing our
best.

RESSLER (O.S.)

If this is your best, your best is
a joke. This sale is now an elusive
sonofabitch. Doctor Martinez and I
might roll in the same men's group
but it doesn't mean diddly if
you're going around, asking for
handjobs or crying over a fishhook.

(MORE)

RESSLER (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Oh, when were you two knuckle-
draggers gonna tell me about Sheera
& Mandy dry-gulching you? Those
venomous whores get poached by
Floretch and now they're gonna
have your ballsacks for lunch. You
realize that, right?

KEVIN
Well, we didn't want you to panic.

RESSLER (O.S.)
How considerate. Where are the
P&T'ers right now?

KEVIN
Right now? Thing is, they're
supposed to be at our breakfast.

RESSLER (O.S.)
Supposed to be. That means no, you
don't know where they are. You're
treading water in the deep end of a
barracuda tank, with my sale? Fuck
no! You want me to come out there
and babysit you, wipe your asses
for you? 'Cause goddamn, I'll do
it, if that's what need's be done.

GREG
Ted, we're very sorry if you're
upset. We're gonna handle--

RESSLER (O.S.)
You're sorry? I don't want some
slipshod apology. I want a time
machine so I can go back to nine
months before you were born and
stop your father from jizzing in
your moms. You're in no fucking
position to tell me you're sorry.
Tell me you'll fix it.

GREG
We'll fix it.

RESSLER (O.S.)
Fuck yes you will. Tomorrow is the
sale, and thank Christ you have
those numbers to fall back on.
Their Hancocks. Our contract.
Fucking got me!?

Ressler hangs up. Greg looks to Kevin.

GREG

It's moments like those that make
this job worth it, you know?

KEVIN

For the record, I didn't cry.
(to waiter)
Lenny, can we settle up?

INT. GOLF CLUB POOL - DAY

Kevin and Greg, sporting linen suits, witness the P&T'ers
enjoying a raucous pool party, hosted by Sheera and Mandy.
All of the other guests in attendance seem to be models in
bikinis and espadrilles.

KEVIN

I knew it. They're T&A'ing the
sale. Hired guns. Margarita
machine. Ice sculptures. Lezzie
snogging. Your packet failed to
mention that Marissa chomps canoe.

Mandy is brazenly making out with Marissa. Kevin sees Deborah
texting on her Blackberry right by them. He approaches her.

KEVIN

Debbie Crohl, always a pleasure.
You have a sec?

DEBORAH

Hey boys. Coming for a swim?

KEVIN

No actually. We're not. Our
invitation neglected to mention
swimsuits.

DEBORAH

Sorry about missing our breakfast.
You know how guys can get when
models are part of the equation.

GREG

Yeah, I'm sure kicking it with
spray-tanned babes in bikinis is
more important to your patients
than a breakfast lecture. How's
your schedge looking today?

DEBORAH

Our dance card's pretty full up.

GREG

Uh-huh. Here's the thing. Ted Ressler, our boss is coming down hard on us. As well he should. But how about a mulligan? I mean, if your crew can forgive one lame dinner, Kevin can forgive his fishhook piercing. We just wanna get through the preliminary song and dance so come tomorrow, we can breeze through the pitch and get out of your hair.

DEBORAH

We have the Floretech luncheon. I can't cancel on Sheera and Mandy.

GREG

Oh no, of course not. We wouldn't dream of intruding on that. I'll beg, I'll grovel. Just anything but no. Any restaurant or concert you want, name it. And it's yours.

Sheera spots Greg and Kevin speaking with Dr. Crohl. She politely finishes her conversation, steers Mandy away from Marissa, and they climb out of the pool, and stride over to Kevin and Greg.

DEBORAH

We'd have to cancel our reservation for the murder mystery dinner cruise but could possibly make a dinner work. Eight is do-able.

GREG

Great. Then let's make that happen. Looking forward. See you tonight.

DEBORAH

See you tonight, Greg.

Dr. Crohl walks away. Kevin's impressed by Greg not taking no for an answer. Sheera and Mandy approach them.

SHEERA

Guys, you look like a couple Caribbean pimps.

KEVIN

Sheera. God Bless. You fill that two piece nicely. Mmmmmph.

SHEERA

You palookas try and spy on our
shit again, we'll stuff urinal
cakes down your throat 'till you
choke. You follow?

GREG

Loud and clear.

Greg starts walking away but Kevin is lost in Sheera's eyes.

GREG

Kevin. We're going. Come on.

INT. RENTAL CAR - DAY

Greg is at the wheel.

GREG

Kevin, every time you're around
Sheera, you're putty. So, can you
holster your lust and stay the hell
away from her, please?

KEVIN

Dude, I promise, PROMISE, that I
will not so much as look at Sheera
again until we've got that deal
signed sealed delivered. She's an
Ex. Nothing to worry about. I've
learned the Sheera lesson all too
well many times over.

GREG

Good. Glad we're on the same page.

KEVIN

Pull over here. We've gotta equip.

INT. HOTEL RECEPTION - DAY

Kevin and Greg rush to the desk, holding an unwieldy package
and a couple of shopping bags. Ronnie flashes a smile.

RONNIE

Good morning!

KEVIN

Hi. We're running five ten behind.
We have an eleven with Floretech in
their sales suite. Eight, uh?

RONNIE

Gimme a sec. There they are. 806.

KEVIN

806. That's right. That's what they'd said. Thanks hugely.

INT. HOTEL HALLWAY - DAY

Kevin and Greg, wearing utility worksuits and fake mustaches, bargain with Carmen at her rolling cart.

CARMEN

What do I get? What you got for me?

KEVIN

You have a price in mind?

CARMEN

Vikes. Percs. Oxies. Make that happen, I make this happen.

KEVIN

Easy enough. Just a telephone call.

CARMEN

Okay. Come.

Kevin and Greg follow Carmen down the hall to Room 806.

GREG

I don't want to be a part of this.

KEVIN

Greg, Sheera and Mandy brought this upon themselves. Newton's Third. Way of the world. They have a luncheon. We have a clear shot.

INT. HOTEL SUITE 806 - DAY

A Zyklar mounted poster rests on an easel. A large brass machine topped with a silver statue of a bird, dominates the credenza. Kevin begins making himself a cappuccino.

KEVIN

At first I thought medicated powder in the underpants, gluing their laptops to the wall, but this isn't sleepaway camp, y'know. I didn't come all the way here for bush league pranks. You see the nutmeg?

GREG

Kevin, we're breaking and entering.
You wanna hurry it up with the
coffee?

KEVIN

Just, one, sec. Done.

Kevin finishes pouring his cappuccino, and walks to the
bedroom in the back.

KEVIN

Bring the toolboxes. And the
snakefeed. It's Hammurabi time.

BEDROOM

Kevin peeks in the closet and looks at Sheera and Mandy's
hanging clothes. Greg walks in, carrying two toolboxes, and a
cardboard box with holes punches into it.

KEVIN

You work your magic out here. I'll
raise hell in the bathroom.

BATHROOM

Kevin goes through toiletries laid out on the counter. He
pours out blue pills from a pillbox, replacing them with
other blue pills he pulls from a sample box. He pours a small
bottle of green liquid into a bottle of mouthwash.

BEDROOM

Greg is screwing the cover back onto the air vent. Kevin
emerges from the bathroom. Greg nods. Kevin closes the closet
door so it looks like they were never there.

KEVIN

We're all set.

A key slides into a lock. The door to the other room opens.

SHEERA (O.S.)

Mandy, quick like a rabbit. The
lunch started ten minutes ago.

MANDY (O.S.)

I know I know I know.

Panicked, Greg looks to Kevin. Kevin points to the window.
Greg mouths "No." Kevin nods. Greg mouths "Fuck me."

EXT. HOTEL LEDGE - MOMENTS LATER

While Greg is fearfully clinging to the masonry, Kevin is momentarily of single purpose and doesn't seem to mind their distance from the ground. He peels off his mustache.

KEVIN

We have to think, if I were an exec
from TWR, stuck hearing sales
pitches all week and whatnot, what
would I want? What would sway me?
I think I know the answer. My room
in an hour. Bring your laptop.
We're going to the mattresses.

Kevin opens a window to the room adjacent to 806. He climbs in, offers his hand, and helps Greg off the ledge.

INT. KEVIN'S HOTEL ROOM - DAY

Greg opens the door. Derek Poon, sporting a bolo tie, sitting on a motorized scooter, sips amaretto straight from a bottle. Derek and Kevin are toiling away on legal pads.

KEVIN

We're going to need some
entertainment for tonight.

DEREK

Strippers? Local talent's probably
tied up with the conventions on.
We'll bring in Elsa and her crew
from Madison. Done.

Derek sees Greg and leaps up out of his scooter.

DEREK

Yo. What it do, what it do.

Derek hands Greg his business card which reads: "The Best".

DEREK

Periscope this. It says "The Best"
because I'm the horse who gets it
for you. Cuban cigars, fireworks,
backstage passes. Real pro-level
shit. Three day coke binge landed
me in handcuffs. They bagged my
license, impounded my Ninja, but
I'm a penguin, and a penguin's
gotta fly, know what I'm sayin'?
Abracadab, here I am. All good with
you, slim? What's cracking?

GREG

Not much cracking, actually.

(to Kevin)

You're hiring strippers? What about dinner?

KEVIN

No. We're done with dinners. I've got the guys coming here tonight. And you're taking the gals minus Marissa to see a show. My thought was, since you already have good rapport with the ladies, you'd be game for chaperoning said voyage to a club called The Cage. Dudes dancin' and danglin' and whatnot.

GREG

I'll take them. That's fine. But Kevin, sidebar.

Kevin and Greg step into the bathroom.

GREG

I thought we were gonna talk about the updated strategy together.

KEVIN

Greg, we've got one last chance with the P&T'ers. But we're on the defensive so now's when we switch our approach and rise to the occasion. You have a better idea than wowing them with billowing flesh, I'm all ears. No offense to whatever dinner you'd planned for tonight, but sex sells. Mandy and Sheera live by that precept. And we're gonna follow suit. I'm making the right call here.

GREG

I know you are. I just wish there was another way to go about this other than aping Sheera and Mandy.

KEVIN

I wish a lot of things, Greg. I wish there was peace on Earth. I wish they could invent kevlar condoms. I wish there were no dumpy asses. But this is the now, and we have to adapt to the battle in which we find ourselves.

GREG

Okay. That's all fine. But Derek Poon of all people? The guy's a mess. Ressler warned us.

KEVIN

Greg, Ressler hates him because Ressler's afraid of what isn't safe, but safe hasn't worked for us. Which is why, we're going dangerous. Look, Poon will handle the stripper logistics then we can focus on going balls deep with the pitch. Let's play it by ear, give the guy a chance. If he turns out to be a hindrance, we show him the door. Simple as that. Okay?

INT. KEVIN'S HOTEL ROOM - DAY

Derek is speaking German on the room phone. He holds up his finger to Kevin and Greg, as if to say, "one sec."

DEREK

Danke schön, Elsa. Stay sexy.

(hangs up)

I gotcha on the talent front. You all wanna do that presentation for me? I can give you feedback, help you murder that thing. I know the difference between garbage and gold. Take a breath. I'll get the projector warmed up.

GREG

Derek, this isn't a judgement on you, but we really can't show you our slides. I'm nervous about protecting our pricing matrix.

KEVIN

Greg, don't worry about Derek. He's on our side. Gotta trust me on this. Derek, you can keep what you see here confidential?

DEREK

Most definitely. I put the pro in professional. Ready when you are.

Greg sighs and walks to the laptop and fires up the presentation. Derek observes from aboard his scooter.

GREG

Derek, PrexioI is a proton pump inhibitor. It restricts gastric acid production in the stomach.

DEREK

No need to talk down, horse. I know PPI's. Shit crutched me through my ulcer days. Preach on.

GREG

Okay. Over the next few years, we're going to encounter even more drug resistant viruses. Looking towards end results, what's demonstrable? Achievable? PPI's are analogous in numerous respects but solely PrexioI is proven as a viral inhibitor.

DEREK

Hold-up. Falling asleep over here, horse. I hear it but I don't feel it. Too wordy. You're gonna choke on the verbiage. You gotta simplify, quit messing around with thesaurus words.

KEVIN

Derek's on the nose. Nice and easy swing and we'll catapult it out of the park. I'll be back in a few.

GREG

Wait! Where are you going?

KEVIN

Presentation's looking strong. Stay the course, captain.

Kevin races out, leaving Greg alone with Derek.

GREG

What'd Kevin offer you to help us?

DEREK

He promised me a pallet of flu shots. Those shits are gold after Columbus Day, always, y'know?

Greg's cell phone rings. He answers.

GREG

Hello, this is Greg.

DARBY (O.S.)

Greg, it's Darby, I've been trying to reach you but it keeps going to voicemail.

GREG

Oh, hey Darby. Jeez it's nice to hear your voice. Milwaukee's going pretty well. Nearly swimmingly.

There's a knock on the door.

DARBY (O.S.)

Uh, that's good. Mayday. Ressler's on a flight to Milwaukee. I just found out. He's fuming.

Derek opens the door. Ressler is standing there.

DEREK

What up, horse?

Ressler steps in. Greg sees him and waves.

GREG

No kidding. Well, thanks for the heads up, Darby. I gotta run.
(hangs up)
Hi Ted. How was your flight?

RESSLER

Where's Kevin?

GREG

He's meeting with the caterers.
Ted, this is... Salvatore Brancusi.

RESSLER

I don't fucking care who this is.
Is that the shitter?

GREG

That is the shitter, yes.

Ressler goes into the bathroom. Greg runs to the mini-fridge, and pulls out a mini-bottle of vodka, which he downs.

DEREK

That macaroni your boss?

GREG

Fuck fuck fuck. Derek, we've gotta keep him occupied, distracted. Um.

DEREK

Not a problem. You tell him I work with the people you're all selling to. I'll call Charles. You have him in the back parking lot in twenty, and I'll take it from there. Cool?

GREG

Derek, you're Salvatore Brancusi as long as you deal with him, alright?

DEREK

In the bag, handsome. In the bag.

Derek tears out of the room. A flush. Ressler comes out.

RESSLER

Where'd the thug go?

GREG

Uh, that thug is TWR's new number cruncher. I just spent five minutes apologizing for you.

RESSLER

Oh shit. Why didn't you say something?

GREG

Uh, I tried to. But you...

RESSLER

Fuck me. How pissed is he?

GREG

Ted, it's alright. He's cool. Sal's our big advocate on the committee. He's in our pocket and has Crohl's ear. As long as we keep him happy, everything else falls into place. We're meeting him downstairs and grabbing lunch.

RESSLER

So, Sal's their quant now. Any clue what happened to Manzur?

GREG

Not sure exactly, but it isn't good. Heard he fumbled a negotiation last week and is on Crohl's shit list. Which means Sal's the new number two.

RESSLER

You gotta order nice wine with these people, tonight. None of that cheap ass shiraz. Big bodied reds. Cabs. Barolos. Wines like this.

Ressler flexes his arm and kisses his bicep.

GREG

Yep. Thanks Ted.

INT. STEAMPUNK CONVENTION FLOOR - DAY

Kevin searches the aisles, which eerily mirror the drug convention. Various vendors peddle all sorts of Steampunk gear: corsets, rayguns, goggles, comic books, jetpacks, etc. Laurel, dressed in a leather apron, sells oil lamps at her booth. Kevin gives a lamp the once-over.

KEVIN

Beg your pardon, ma'am. How many of these lamps would I have to buy to get a second date?

LAUREL

None.

KEVIN

That's a fair figure. Wanna get out of here, go on a walk, I don't know, have a life threatening jaunt into the wilds of Milwaukee?

LAUREL

Life threatening, huh? I get a break in twenty.

KEVIN

I'll hover over there.

LAUREL

See you in twenty, hummingbird.

INT. BACK LOT - DAY

A door next to a dumpster opens. Greg and Ressler emerge. A stretched Excalibur limousine is idling. Derek is holding the car door open for them.

DEREK

Horses, ready to gallop?

GREG

You guys go on ahead. I'm gonna hang back for Kevin. We'll be right behind you.

Greg retreats back into the hotel, letting the door close.

RESSLER

Sal, I feel awful about before.

DEREK

No ill will. You're tired from your flight. We're cool, horse.

INT. TEMPORARY HANGAR IN HOTEL PARKING LOT - DAY

Kevin stands in front of an airship. Laurel is up on a platform, running yellow rope around the airship's rigging.

LAUREL

I used to be insane for Civil War R.E.A.'s but the stitch counter fascists killed any joy in that. But Steampunk, it's all-inclusive. No rulebook jerks telling you what you need to be. You make your own path, be what you want, D-I-Y, and I love it for that. What do you love?

She secures a rope and climbs down from the platform.

KEVIN

My job, I guess. But I don't know. It's not like I'd keep doing it if I struck it rich. Maybe I'm still searching for my Steampunk.

DIMITRI, 30's, Ukrainian Steampunk in a tweed suit, thick mustache and aviator sunglasses strolls into the hangar.

DIMITRI

Who is this mizootch?

LAUREL

Oh, hi Dimitri. I was just double-checking the rigging.

DIMITRI

You brought an outsider here? He doesn't even have goggles!

LAUREL
Dimitri, you're being rude.

DIMITRI
Well, there's a case of the bitch
calling the kettle black.

KEVIN
Whoa, man. Ease off.

DIMITRI
Don't 'man' me.
(points to the door)
Make your way. Laurel, we should
talk things over.

LAUREL
You're an ass.

Laurel takes Kevin's hand and they exit.

EXT. PARKING LOT - OUTSIDE HANGAR - DUSK

Kevin and Laurel are walking out of the hangar.

KEVIN
Didn't mean to get you in trouble
with your buddies.

LAUREL
You didn't. Dimitri and I dated for
three years. We used to copilot the
same Airship on weekends. He's
still kinda clingy, but he gets it,
that we're over. Sorry he took the
jealousy out on you.

KEVIN
I get it.

LAUREL
What?

KEVIN
Why he's clingy.

Kevin takes her by the hand and pulls her close.

LAUREL
I've gotta get back to the booth,
at least to close up. I'm around
tonight if you wanna swing by.

KEVIN
Consider this my RSVP.

He kisses her intensely. She giggles.

INT. LIMO - DUSK

Derek and Ressler are seated across from each other.

RESSLER
The balls on this Derek Poon guy.
This fuckhole has the audacity to
fax us a invoice, for entertainment
services rendered, after he crashed
our party at last year's
convention. This prick had sex with
a married woman on the dance floor.

DEREK
Sounds like a real pain in the ass.

RESSLER
He fucking is. I'm telling you,
Sal. My bane is shits like him.

Derek pulls a small silver plate from behind the limo's
stemware and lays out some cocaine-like substance on it.

DEREK
You can't live your life so angry,
horse. Why don't you bump some of
this quality?

RESSLER
Are you fucking kidding me? I'm
here on a business trip.

Derek snorts some powder. He lets out a joyous yelp.

DEREK
Whoo-whoo!

RESSLER
(reconsidering)
Maybe just one.

Ressler leans in and snorts a line off the plate. He quivers.

RESSLER
Heh-heh. Am I crosseyed? Sal, was
this cocaine or, what was this?

DEREK

Nah. This is Albino Dynamite. It's the new jam. Scientists invented it, so you know it's correct.

RESSLER

This makes coke feel like training wheels. Damn. Um yes, operator, there's a blizzard in my nostrils. Send help. Saint Bernard...

INT. KEVIN'S HOTEL ROOM - DAY

Kevin opens the door for Greg. There's a sizable spread of catered food and beverages on a large table.

KEVIN

You hungry? Turkey club?

GREG

Ressler showed up this afternoon.

KEVIN

Where? In Milwaukee? No.

(beat)

Where is he now?

GREG

Kevin, what is your deal? You don't abandon your wing man.

KEVIN

I guess I got held up. Laurel had the afternoon free, which turned into a quick jaunt to a hangar so she could show me her blimp.

GREG

Oh, really? How fun. What about rehearsing the slidedeck until it's clockwork? We didn't come all the way to Milwaukee for you to disseminate your DNA and go joyriding in zeppelins! Don't you care about tomorrow in the least?

KEVIN

Don't for a minute think I'm not taking this shit seriously, man. But ultimately what gets us an executed contract tomorrow isn't the slidedeck spiel.

(MORE)

KEVIN (CONT'D)

The sale's not even really about the product or the price. They already know Prexiol forwards and back. But what they don't know about is us. We're the sale. Not the facts and figures and bullet points. You and me. So, I'm sorry if I hurt your feelings by ditching today, but I need you smiling like a Poligrip commercial from now until you get back from the dongathon. Okay?

GREG

Yeah. It's just, huge day tomorrow.

KEVIN

For you and me both, Greg. Listen. Every sale, every sale, is a con. Whether you're hustling a doctor into writing a prescription or a girlfriend into letting her film the hijinks, every sale's a con. We're gonna bed that sale tomorrow. Not a doubt in my bones. It's all about knocking their socks off tonight. Show me your Abraham.

Kevin holds up his palm. Greg high fives him.

KEVIN

Give my regards to the bowties and banana slings. Here. You should have this, just in case.

Kevin gives Greg his whistle. Greg reluctantly pockets it.

INT. GREG'S HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Greg picks up the room phone and dials.

TIFF

Hello?

GREG

Tiff? It's Greg. I'm glad you picked up. Uh, did you get my messages? The messages I left?

TIFF

Yeah. You've gotta stop leaving those, Greg. They make you sound desperate.

GREG

Wait. I'm not desperate. I'm hopeful. There's a difference.

TIFF

Why are you calling me all the time? We broke things off, remember?

GREG

Yeah, but I came to Milwaukee to fix all that. Because I'll get a bonus and can finally launch my marketing firm. First stop when I get home is Nieman Marcus for a new purse. Any damn purse you want.

TIFF

I never asked you for any of that.

GREG

I know, but, maybe if you just open your heart or whatever, we can maybe work things out? We can be good again. I believe that.

TIFF

Greg, there's nothing to work out. 'Cause I don't love you anymore, dude.

GREG

I... I have to go.

The receiver drops gently from Greg's hand. He's crushed.

INT. THE CAGE - NIGHT

THE CAGE is packed to the gills with well-oiled male dancers, and a completely female audience. The P&T gals are led through the club by a bowtied shirtless waiter. Sheera stops Greg before he reaches the P&T Gals at their table.

SHEERA

Hey Greg. Is Kev here? Or just you and the ladies tonight?

GREG

He's babysitting the guys.

SHEERA

His loss, huh?

HOMELY LADY whistles at Greg.

HOMELY LADY
Shake it!

GREG
No, I'm sorry, ma'am. I don't work here.

She reaches over and tucks a twenty into Greg's waistband.

GREG
Hey! Stop! That's not a tip jar!

HOMELY LADY
If you can put money in it, it's a tip jar.

Sheera and Mandy chortle at Greg's agitation. Greg quickly joins the P&T Gals and throws back a shot. He's forlorn but doing his best to appear in high spirits.

DR. DEMPSEY
You doing okay over there, Greg?

GREG
Oh yeah, definitely. Whenever I'm in Milwaukee, 'Taxi! Take me to the Cage!' By the way, this is why I don't shower at the gym.

INT. KEVIN'S HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

The P&T Guys and Marissa are seated in a 3/4 circle, drinking cocktails. Kevin pours Manzur a martini. There's a knock. Kevin opens the door.

KEVIN
Welcome, ladies. Welcome.

The strippers stroll in, towing rolling luggage behind them. They're accompanied by two enormous bodyguards. ELSA, 30's, the ringleader, cracks a bullwhip to get the guys' attention.

ELSA
Is this the big dick club? 'Cause we're about to blow your minds.

MANZUR
Girl, you can blow whatever you want.

ELSA

We might need to punish this one.

MANZUR

Careful you don't hurt yourself,
Fräulein. Now back that thing up so
I can hear it beep!

Kevin passes out thick stacks of singles to the P&T'ers. The girls open their suitcases and begin pulling out props. Greta straps a dildo to Dr. Martinez's forehead.

GRETA

Are you ready to play unicorn?

DR. MARTINEZ

I was born ready.

Music thunders from a boombox. Elsa crawls over to Marissa, climbs up her legs, and gives her a lapdance. Christina, wearing a sleazy Halloween nurse's uniform, straddles a nervous Dr. Levinson's lap, facing him.

CHRISTINA

You're a real doctor?

DR. LEVINSON

Yep. Full-on M.D. So says the latin hanging in my office.

CHRISTINA

I like doctors. So smart. Have you ever made love to a stripper?

DR. LEVINSON

I'm sorry. I, I've got a wife.

Christina leans in close, her lips inches away from his.

CHRISTINA

Not in 'Sconsin you don't. Full on.

She whips her hair into his face and then pulls his head into her cleavage. Claudia leads Wilhemina on a leash into the center of the room. Kevin leans in to speak with Elsa.

KEVIN

Elsa, sorry to interrupt, I had heard part of the show was... a banana?

ELSA

No. Not a banana. Plantain. Give me five minutes.

Elsa coasts into the bathroom, closing the door behind her.

INT. THE CAGE - NIGHT

Greg is seated at the table, still aching from Tiff's call. Sheera has snuck up. She gives a wave to the P&T gals.

SHEERA

What's wrong, Greg? You don't like this evening's show?

GREG

Sheera, I don't know what you're doing here, but you had 'em all day, so you and your luetic sidekick can back off tonight. You know what? I've got a show.

(to P&T'ers)

Who'd like to see my show?

Greg sprints up to the stage. He gives a nod to the guy currently dancing, who waves back. The P&T'ers are cheering. Greg pulls Kevin's whistle from his pocket and blows it.

DJ

We've got a new thoroughbred coming to the stage. What's your handle, stallion?

GREG

Weinstock! Gregory Weinstock!

DJ

Ladies, I present, on the main stage for your erotic entertainment, the one, the only, the incomparable, Weinstock.

Music begins to play. Greg finds himself alone onstage.

GREG

This is a mistake. Shit.

DEBORAH

Shake that tambourine, Greg!

Greg, hesitantly begins dancing, does some shoulder slides back and forth, lassos himself around in a circle, and with both hands, gestures a come-hither beckoning, his lips pursed. He loosens his tie. WHISTLES! CATCALLS! He takes off his jacket, swings it around, and slings it into the crowd. Greg's having fun with this. He's finally FREE! A MOB OF WOMEN rush the stage and rip his shirt to shreds.

When he steps down from the stage to enthusiastic applause, in only boxers, socks and the whistle, Sheera confronts him.

SHEERA

Taking your clothes off? That's how you're gonna land the sale?

GREG

(sniffs in the air)
Hmmm. What is that lingering odor?
Is that desperation? Or fear?

SHEERA

Greg, I hope when we take you guys down tomorrow, you go down hard.

GREG

If anyone's going down, I hope it's you going down, going down on us. Yes, Alex, hilarious for one thousand. Ding ding ding! Who is Greg Weinstock? Thank you. I'll be here all week. Excuse me. Sweet dreams.

Sheera is stunned, as Greg blows right past her.

INT. PARTY BUS - NIGHT

The Gal P&T'ers are already seated when Greg climbs aboard, in his ripped shirt, smiling. They cheer for him. He bows.

INT. KEVIN'S HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Elsa lies on the floor in a short skirt, knees bent.

KEVIN

Miracles don't happen everyday.
Tonight, you will all bear witness
to something truly phenomenal.
Let's help out with a spirited
countdown. From three. And...

EVERYONE

Three! Two! One! Blast-off!

The plantain hits the window. AWESTRUCK SILENCE. Jaws are dropped. And then... APPLAUSE!

DR. LEVINSON

God Bless America!

MANZUR
That trumped Halley's Comet, easy.

INT. HOTEL SUITE 806 - NIGHT

Sheera and Mandy get back. Mandy heads to the bathroom. There's a quiet recurring sound, reminiscent of summer in the suburbs. Sheera starts undressing, getting ready for bed.

SHEERA
We've got this in the bag, Mandy.
Tonight's our beauty rest. Tomorrow
sister, we shine.

BATHROOM

Mandy pours out two of the blue pills into her hand and washes them down. She then rinses her mouth out with the green mouthwash.

MAIN ROOM

Sheera senses something is off.

SHEERA
Someone was in here.

Sheera looks around the room, sees Kevin's empty cappuccino cup on the desk. She picks it up to take a closer look.

BATHROOM

Mandy is brushing her teeth.

MANDY
What?

MAIN ROOM

SHEERA
Someone was in here.

Mandy comes out. She's amped up, euphoric from the opioid in the blue pills Kevin switched into her prescription.

MANDY
Who was in here? The maid? Who?

SHEERA
Why are your teeth green?

MANDY
My teeth?

Mandy looks to a mirror and smiles. Her teeth are bright green.

MANDY

Hmmm. Maybe a little. I was gonna go to sleep. But I'm not tired anymore. I think I might hit up a dancefloor, press up on some gentlemen, let 'em know my body. Haha.

SHEERA

Mandy, shut up. Stop talking for one second. Something's going on.

Sheera finally notices the chirping sound of crickets coming from the ventilation panel.

SHEERA

Crickets. Fuck these guys. Mandy, I'll go deal with them. You stay back and hold the fort.

INT. KEVIN'S HOTEL ROOM - LATER

The P&T committee members have left. Kevin high-fives the strippers at the door to the hallway as they exit.

KEVIN

Good game. Good game. Good game.

ELSA

I put the eight thousand on your credit card. It'll be listed as Geronimo's Steakhouse.

KEVIN

Elsa, they're right about you. You are a professional.

ELSA

Goodnight, Mr. Russell.

Greg, in ripped clothes, comes in just as Elsa's walking out.

KEVIN

Hey stranger, you survived! Ready for tomorrow?

GREG

Ready as I'll ever be.
(hands Kevin his whistle)
Thank you for this.
(MORE)

GREG (CONT'D)

I don't know what came over me. I held it in for so long, and then tonight, I finally burst. They tried to tear me apart but you can't break this horse. No sir. You get a chance to review your notecards?

KEVIN

Front and back. I'll see you in the morning. I've gotta run. Forgot something in the lobby. Breakfast on me, alright?

Kevin jogs off.

INT. LAUREL'S HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Laurel, wearing a suit that seems like a Steampunk rendition of Annie Hall, plays an autoharp. A knock on the door.

LAUREL

Hello?

KEVIN (O.S.)

I came to see about that drink.

She opens the door. Kevin has brought a bottle of champagne.

KEVIN

I didn't bring any glasses. Sorry.

Kevin closes the door behind him, pulls Laurel close, and kisses her passionately. They rattle around the room, laughing and smooching, knocking over furniture in the path of their lovers' waltz. She pulls away from him.

LAUREL

Wait a sec. I, I don't want to rush things.

KEVIN

Don't kid me. I've got a boner so hard for you right now.

LAUREL

Don't talk like that. I really don't think I'm ready for intimacy with you, or with anyone right now. Maybe when I visit you in White Plains, we can see how things go, and work our way from there.

KEVIN

Why would I have you visit me in White Plains? We spent two hours talking today, and you don't know me yet? You know what, this playing hard to get shit, go pull it with some other guy. Or whoever you're looking to bang, 'cause clearly it's not me.

LAUREL

Is sex all there is to you?

KEVIN

No. But why else would I be making out with you? Or even having a conversation in the first place?

LAUREL

That's the door, dickwad. Goodnight. Can you leave? Can you get the hell out of here? Now.

KEVIN

Aw, come on. Really?

LAUREL

I don't need a sex-crazed degenerate for a boyfriend. Been there, done that. It sucked.

KEVIN

Look, I'm sorry. I know I'm not always the most tactful person but can you really be pissed at me for wanting you so bad?

(beat)

I'll go. I'm gone.

INT. HOTEL SUITE 806 - NIGHT

Mandy's in the bathroom, in a dress, aggressively slathering on make-up. She's blown out her hair into a wild coif.

MANDY

Stay? Stay? I'm not a dog. You're not my boss. You don't tell me what to do. I wanna fiesta, I fiesta. Goddamn I'm a sexy bitch.

(to her boobs)

Okay, girls. It's time to make the boys go schizo.

INT. HOTEL HALLWAY - NIGHT

Kevin closes the door as he leaves Laurel's room. MONOCLE, 60's, Steampunk with a monocle and top hat glances at him.

KEVIN

What are you looking at, Mister
Peanut? Keep walking, asshole.

Monocle mumbles an apology and scurries away.

INT. HOTEL BAR - NIGHT

Bartender Johnny listens to Kevin drunkenly ruminate.

KEVIN

Boss, love is a fool's errand. Why
bother, y'know?

BARTENDER JOHNNY

Uh-huh. I'm closing up. Last call.

Kevin slides his glass down. It sails right off the bar.

KEVIN

Tan sedan. Bourbon and ginger.

Bartender Johnny pours the drink into a fresh glass and serves Kevin who quickly downs it and then chews on the ice.

SHEERA (O.S.)

Calming your nerves?

Kevin spins around on his stool to face Sheera.

KEVIN

Something like that.

SHEERA

I just happened to see your
colleague strip down to his briefs.

KEVIN

Really? No shit. Good for him.
Whaddya want, Sheera?

SHEERA

Crickets? Really?

Kevin shrugs. A slight smile.

SHEERA

Brass tacks. How are you gonna wrangle the sale, aside from strippers and spa treatments?

KEVIN

I dunno. Make our case with the slideshow and just hope our price is right. I know. Predictable. Boring.

SHEERA

Not boring at all, Kev. I love a good slideshow. It gets me hot.

KEVIN

Uh... Really?

SHEERA

Really really. You going upstairs?

KEVIN

Uh huh.

SHEERA

Can I ride with? Maybe we can catch up, have a minibar nightcap? Don't worry. I don't kiss and tell. I fuck and yell. Ball's in your court.

KEVIN

Hopefully they'll end up in yours.

INT. KEVIN'S HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Kevin and Sheera are in their underpants, making out on the bed. Sheera looks up between kisses to catch a glimpse of the projected presentation. Kevin fondles her over her bra.

KEVIN

Your breasts are awesome.

SHEERA

Next slide.

Kevin aims the remote at the laptop, and the presentation progresses to the next screen. The door opens. Laurel is standing there, holding the bottle of Champagne.

LAUREL

Kevin?

Kevin looks over to her. He's caught in the headlights like imminent roadkill, powerless to avoid the inevitable.

LAUREL

The door was open. You forgot your champagne. I raise a toast.

Laurel hurls the champagne bottle past Kevin and Sheera. It shatters against the wall. Kevin pushes Sheera off him.

KEVIN

This isn't what it looks like.

LAUREL

Then what is it?

KEVIN

It is what it looks like.

LAUREL

I thought you were a good guy.

Laurel slams the door as she exits.

KEVIN

I am a good guy! Shit!

Kevin hurries into the hall in boxers and socks.

INT. HOTEL HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Laurel is waiting for the elevator. Kevin runs up to her.

KEVIN

I feel terrible. Can we talk?

LAUREL

You made your bed. Now go have sex with it.

Laurel gets into the elevator. Kevin holds the doors.

KEVIN

Things aren't as clear cut as they might look right now.

LAUREL

Let me go.

Kevin lets the elevator doors close. He dents the wall with a punch. Sheera emerges into the hall, wrapped in a sheet.

SHEERA

I still think you're a good guy.
Come back to bed, baby.

KEVIN

You know what? Go find your own
bed. 'Cause I'm not sleeping with
you ever again. The bank's closed.

Kevin treads past her into his room, and slams the door,
leaving Sheera stuck out in the hall, wearing only a sheet.

INT. HOTEL HALLWAY - NIGHT

Laurel, teary-eyed, is opening the door to her room. Dimitri
shows up. He's quite drunk.

DIMITRI

Baby.

LAUREL

Hi Dimitri.

DIMITRI

You're crying your eyes out.

LAUREL

I'm not crying.

DIMITRI

I tried to call you. But nothing.

LAUREL

Dimitri, we're still part of the
same crew. Can you please not make
tonight awkward?

DIMITRI

Baby, this isn't awkward. We both
still have feelings for each other.
We should act on them. Maybe you
and I get naked, drink whiskey, and
bring on the salami luge, yeah?

Dimitri grabs her wrist, but she pulls away.

LAUREL

No, Dimitri, we're done. And you're
plastered.

DIMITRI

Come on, don't do me like that.
I've got a stiffy. All systems go.

Laurel walks into her room and slams the door.

DIMITRI

Baby, at least do the decent thing
and give me some hand relief.

LAUREL (O.S.)

Dimitri, I don't need your sleaze
tonight. Go away, or I'm having
Braden take you off the roster.

DIMITRI

Chill out, Laurel. You made your
point. *Ciao*, whiny mouth.

Dimitri staggers down the hall, angrily muttering to himself.

TITLE CARD: FRIDAY

INT. KEVIN'S HOTEL ROOM - DAY

The ringing phone wakes Kevin. He picks up.

KEVIN

What?!? A wake up call?!? Why don't
I call you in the middle of the
night and see how you like it? How
about I dangle my balls in your
mother's mouth while she's asleep?
I'll teabag your whole damn family
at 4 A.M. And they'll wake up
Christmas morning with mouthfuls of
curlies and chronic TMJ. How's that
for coal in your stocking? I hope
you get finagled into some buttplug
pony play internet porn and the
shit goes viral!

Kevin slams the phone down.

INT. HOTEL CAFE - DAY

Steampunks take up most of the tables. Kevin and Greg are
having breakfast. Kevin shakes out a couple pills.

GREG

What are you taking?

KEVIN

This? Pezerin. Twenty milligrams.

GREG

Really? You have a prescription for Pezerin?

KEVIN

Prescription? Greg, it's FDA approved. Which means it's safe. I kinda need it after last night's antics, you know?

GREG

What was last night?

KEVIN

Unexpected, Sheera and I had a slight make-out session.

GREG

You promised to stay away from her!

KEVIN

Greg, relax. It was just good old fashioned smooching and fondling. Harmless. What's done is done. No harm, no foul. The important thing is, I didn't give her the f-bomb.

GREG

Ugh. And so what happened with little miss Chitty Chitty Bang Bang? Over and done with?

KEVIN

Well, the whole Sheera make-out debacle throws a wrench in everything, but uh, Laurel's at the airship launch today, and I thought, we're free 'til one so, what if we headed over there and fixed what's broken?

GREG

Your plan is to run into a field of grown ups playing make believe and impress a pseudo-Victorian girl who thinks you're sleaze?

KEVIN

It's all I've got. I'm a fool in love. And you're my wingman.

GREG

Kevin, no way. We can't. We're not. We've got the pitch.

KEVIN

I know. Presentation's important to me too. We'll be back in time. Nothing can go wrong. I promise.

Derek stumbles in, wearing an open bathrobe, purple briefs, and sunglasses. He's splattered with bright paint, as though he was attacked by Jackson Pollock.

DEREK

Morning sirs.

Derek takes their coffee pot and pours himself a cup.

GREG

Derek, where's Ressler?

DEREK

Horse went AWOL. I'm telling you, slim. Nothing good ever comes out of a group of dudes playing truth or dare. Nothing.

INT. HARDWARE STORE - DAY

Kevin and Greg are wearing tweed suits. CHUY, sales clerk, assists them with lackluster zeal.

KEVIN

We have to appear part man, part machine. Welding goggles. Gears, gauges, brass doodads. Maybe some like, metal looking gloves?

GREG

We really need all this stuff?

KEVIN

I don't think your heart's in this.

GREG

It's just, we have to nail our presentation, lasso the sale, get the contract signed and executed. I don't know if it's the best day to be storming the castle.

KEVIN

We'll be in and out.

CHUY

What are you guys doing exactly?

GREG

We're intercepting a balloon launch because my colleague's fallen in love with a Steampunk. Afterwards, we're giving a sales pitch to a hospital chain, TWR.

KEVIN

It's not a balloon per se. It's an airship. Minor distinction.

CHUY

Are you dudes on drugs?

GREG

No, but we are drug reps. Incidentally, we're gonna need a receipt. Business expense.

EXT. ROADS - DAY

The Pontiac zigzags through traffic at 70mph or so.

INT. RENTAL CAR - DAY

GREG

You're gonna get us killed!

KEVIN

You handle the map! I'll handle the wheel, okay? Good.

EXT. BENDER PARK - PARKING LOT - DAY

The car off-balance haphazardly turns onto a road leading into Bender Park. The Pontiac barrels across a parking lot, and drifts sideways into a wall. Kevin and Greg SCREAM.

INT. RENTAL CAR - CONTINUOUS

Greg and Kevin sit in the totaled Pontiac, unhurt.

KEVIN

I'm guessing it's too late to change my mind about the insurance coverage.

Greg tries his door but it won't budge.

GREG

Yep. I'm going to have to get out
on your side.

EXT. FIELD - DAY

Steam-powered vehicles roam the bustling grounds. Kevin and Greg, clothed in their ramshackle approximation of Steampunk attire, scamper across the field. Greg spots Laurel atop a three story tower, to which an airship is docked. He points her out to Kevin. Kevin rushes over and races up the stairs that wrap around the tower.

ON TOWER

Laurel is helping guests onto the airship. Once atop the tower, Kevin blows his whistle to get her attention. The GUARD takes a close look at Kevin.

GUARD

Do you possess a ticket, sir?

KEVIN

I've got business with her.

GUARD

Then you have business with me,
Farb.

LAUREL

It's okay, Isaac. I can manage.

ON TREE

From afar, Dimitri, standing alone beneath a tree, watches.

ON TOWER

LAUREL

What are you doing here?

KEVIN

I'm here to win you back.

LAUREL

You never had me to lose. How am I
supposed to ever trust someone like
you? You play sincere, but you're
full of shit.

KEVIN

I'm not. Not about this. Hear me
out, Laurel.

(MORE)

KEVIN (CONT'D)

What happened last night was a colossal fuckup and you have every reason to throw me off the side of this tower.

LAUREL

That was a real dick move, bringing some other girl back to your room, just 'cause I'm not willing to put out on the second date.

KEVIN

I'm here because I want it all out there. No secrets. No deceit. When you walked in on me last night and I saw your face, it felt like someone hit me in the neck with a hammer. In that moment, I realized something. There's more to life than single malt scotch, the bone-in ribeye and casual sex with beautiful women. Because all of those are fleeting. For whatever reason, when I meet someone, I try so hard not to fall for them. Just because I got hurt once. We've only known each other for a couple days, and long term who knows? But if you'll give me the chance to try this thing, to see how it goes, just one chance, I'm all in. Whaddya think?

ON TREE

Kevin takes her hand. Dimitri pulls his crossbow's trigger.

DIMITRI

Not on my watch.

Kevin is hit with the arrow, and falls to the floor.

DIMITRI

Jenga, cocksucker!

ON TOWER

GUARD #1

Suspend the revelry! Man down!

Kevin lies there, lifeless, the arrow sticking out above his collarbone. Laurel kneels down beside him.

LAUREL

Oh my gosh! Are you okay?

KEVIN

Never been better. Oh man, right in the trapezius. Wow that stings.

FROM KEVIN'S DELIRIOUS POV - Sounds of the actual world fade into silence as Laurel sings EVERYTHING'S ALRIGHT from Jesus Christ Superstar to Kevin. Cartoon animals gather to listen.

ON TREE

Doug, the ever-shirtless Steampunk, reaches into a bush and yanks out a hiding Dimitri.

DIMITRI

Lemme go! I'm about to concuss your ass, brah.

Doug slaps Dimitri across the face. Dimitri begins to weep.

EXT. FIELD - TOWER BASE - LATER

An ambulance with spinning sirens is parked next to the tower. Laid out on a stretcher, Kevin whistles Greg over.

GREG

Don't talk. Save your strength.

KEVIN

No. This is important. I have vials of sperm in my freezer. If I die, make sure those sperms become babies. And I want my children to know how incredible I was. Tell them I could slam dunk.

Kevin pulls the whistle off from around his neck.

KEVIN

Here. I want you to have this. Just take it.

Greg solemnly accepts the whistle.

KEVIN

Who shot me?

GREG

Laurel's ex boyfriend. He said you had it coming for making her cry.

KEVIN

He's probably right. Hey. Pull out the arrow. On three.

GREG

No. That's a terrible idea. We're pushing the pitch back a day.

KEVIN

Fuck that. We're doing this thing. Today.

Kevin breaks off the arrow, winces and groans.

KEVIN

Easy street now, brother. Fuck, that smarts.

EXT. BENDER PARK - PARKING LOT - DAY

Kevin, wearing a sling, Greg and Laurel march across the lot to a parked Toyota Previa, which Derek Poon is leaning against. His t-shirt reads "Fly Me To The Poon."

DEREK

Previas. Spanish for player.

GREG

Derek, are you legally allowed to drive?

DEREK

Allowed?

Derek chuckles. He pulls open the sliding door for them. Greg gets in. Laurel throws her arms around Kevin.

LAUREL

Godspeed, Apollo.

She kisses Kevin, helps him into the Previa, and slides the door closed.

INT. TOYOTA PREVIA - DAY

Derek's driving. Kevin's in the backseat, eating powdered donuts with his good arm. Greg, riding shotgun, is in the midst of a heated cell phone conversation. Ressler is passed out, buckled in, wearing a hospital gown and ID bracelet.

GREG

This can't happen, Manzur. We haven't even presented yet. I don't care. We're already en route! You're giving us five minutes. Yeah, you are.

(hangs up)

They went ahead and signed with Sheera and Mandy.

KEVIN

Promise not to get upset.

GREG

Upset about what? I don't know what you're gonna say.

KEVIN

When Sheera and I got together, we um, talked a little.

GREG

About what? What'd you tell her?

KEVIN

Nothing really... Nothing of substance... More or less...

(beat)

Sheera saw our slideshow.

GREG

How would she happen to see the sideshow? That doesn't happen by accident.

KEVIN

I know it sounds ridiculous now, but I'm weak, man. I'm like a moth to a flame with Sheera. But the important part is I didn't have sex with her. Which should be worth something.

GREG

Pull the car over, Derek. Pull it over!

Derek pulls over. Greg leaps from the van.

EXT. QUIET ROAD - DAY

Greg yells, and throws punches in the air.

KEVIN

Don't have a freak out! This is a hiccup, not a nail in the coffin.

GREG

Hiccup? History Lesson for you, buddy. Umberto Tozzi wrote and performed Gloria, the 1979 Italian dance smash. Then 1982, Laura Branigan comes walking along, sings the fuckin' song in English, and bam, Flashdance. That's what just happened to us. We wrote Gloria and got steamrolled by a couple of Laura Branigans. Everything we planned is out the window because you couldn't keep your Judas Dick away from Sheera for one week.

KEVIN

Why are you raising your voice at me? I'm not the enemy.

GREG

Yes you are! If Mandy and Sheera saw our bulk rate, they can undercut it, and surprise, they did. The wind in our sails is dead as virginity on prom night. Game over. Because you couldn't keep your mouth or zipper shut.

KEVIN

Calm down, shake it off, get hungry. We'll go to wherever they're at, and convince them to hear us out, and ten minutes later, we'll bring in the sale. Let's go take down that white whale and finish this. Are you with me?

GREG

Am I with you? Are you out of your fucking mind? You don't get it, do you? You see yourself one way but everyone else knows better, except me. I carried the load. I busted my ass for this sale because I wanted a chance at greatness, but you rolled the dice and lo and behold, we came up assfucked. So no, I'm not with you, you perfidious son of a bitch.

Greg kicks the van. It hurts him more than it hurts the van.

GREG

Ow! Come out here! Come out here
right now! I'm gonna bash your face
in!

Kevin steps out of the van.

KEVIN

Yeah? Is that what you'd like?
Punch a guy in a sling?

GREG

If it's you, yeah.

KEVIN

Why are you such a pessimist all
the time? When things go sour, you
just wanna panic and admit defeat.
'Cause it's easier to lose than to
keep fighting. Isn't that how it's
worked out with your girlfriend?

This sets Greg off. He lunges at Kevin, tackling him to the pavement, and punches him in the side, repeatedly.

GREG

Fight back, you piece of crap. You
big pile of nothing, you shit!

GUNSHOT! Greg and Kevin look over. Derek has fired a flare gun into the air.

DEREK

Hey Seals & Crofts! Ixnay on the
fisticuffs. You're far from
shipwrecked.

Derek pulls a manila envelope from his jacket. Greg stands.

GREG

You snagged their presentation?

KEVIN

Derek, did you split the uprights
with Mandy?

DEREK

Sometimes no one's willing to jump
on a grenade; so sometimes, they
have to call in the bomb squad.

(MORE)

DEREK (CONT'D)
I detonate panties. Without
breaking a sweat. Q.E.D.

FLASHBACK TO:

INT. HOTEL SUITE BATHROOM - NIGHT

Derek shares a jacuzzi with Mandy. He is massaging her foot, which at one point, he proceeds to lick. She giggles, revealing the green-toothed smile. Ressler, nude save for ski goggles, sits in a plastic chair in the corner, and puffs away at the hookah lodged between his legs.

DEREK
You got nice feet, girl. Mmmm. Your
feet taste like kiwi. Stand up, let
me see you. Girl, you look good
enough to freak.

BACK TO PRESENT

DEREK
I violated my parole all over that
girl. Then I pilfered this nugget.

Derek hands Greg the envelope. Kevin manages to stand.

KEVIN
Kiwi?

DEREK
What? You can't tell a girl her
feet taste like feet. That just
won't work if you wanna drop dimes
in the jukebox. Girl went straight
Rosh Hashanah on my shofar.

Greg opens the envelope. His face lights up. Eureka.

GREG
Holy Fuck!

KEVIN
That good? You ready to harpoon
that white whale?

GREG
Just call me Ishmael, motherfucker.

EXT. GIANNO'S ITALIAN RISTORANTE - DAY

The Previa comes to a stop. Kevin and Greg jump out. Greg looks back, before closing the sliding door.

GREG
You did good, Derek.

DEREK
You know how I do. The condom did
it's job, and I did mine. You
horses need backup in there, throw
me the signal, alright?

Greg nods. He and Kevin walk towards the entrance.

GREG
I'm sorry about the outburst back
there. It was uncalled for.

KEVIN
Don't apologize. Not for that. I
regret the mess I made. Just know,
I did the best I could.

GREG
I know you did, brother. Hey, no
matter what happens in there,
nobody else plays the game like us.
Nobody. This is our moment. Let's
go in there and knock their socks
off, leave 'em barefoot.

KEVIN
I'm with you, man. This one's for
Umberto Tozzi. Bring it in.

They huddle, head against head.

KEVIN
Bring in the noise.

GREG
Bring in the Garfunkel.

Kevin and Greg break and sprint for the entrance.

INT. GIANNO'S ITALIAN RISTORANTE - CONTINUOUS

Kevin and Greg soar through the doors, hauling serious ass through a crowded restaurant. Out of breath, they reach the table where the P&T Committee is eating a celebratory lunch hosted by Sheera & Mandy. Greg blows the whistle.

GREG

Sorry to interrupt the merriment
and bucatini, but we have a sales
presentation to deliver.

SHEERA

What? The fuck? Mandy, put down
your fork.

Sheera and Mandy walk up to Kevin and Greg.

SHEERA

Too late, Kev. We have a signed
contract. Notarized. Burn.

KEVIN

Well, that's fine. 'Cause Greg and
I have Mendelsohn.

Kevin holds up the manila envelope. Sheera looks furious.

SHEERA

(to Mandy)

How the f does he have that?

(to Kevin)

Yeah, go ahead and stab me in the
back. See if I care.

KEVIN

I'm stabbing you in the back?
Honestly, Sheera, who spitroasted
who? Sleep on that.

BEEV

Sorry to interrupt. We signed for
Zyklar. Deal's done, guys.

KEVIN

This isn't only a real F.U. to me
and Greg, but also to your
patients. I'm standing here with a
fractured clavicle, recovering from
a crossbow attack, and you want to
lay that bullshit on us? You're
weak sauce. All of you.

DEBORAH

We were appalled by your behavior
this week. You aren't salesmen.
You're clowns. An embarrassment
across the board.

GREG

Seriously, who are you to pass judgement on us? Yeah, we did some dumb things this week, made some poor decisions. But so did everyone else in this room. It's called being human. Yeah, I asked a masseuse for a happy ending. Yeah, I almost defibrillated my genitals. But over the last week, everything we've done has been for you, for this moment. You want to make this decision by who's got the better or more professional sales team, your priorities are fucked, for lack of a better word. This is about your patients. This is about Prexiol and Zyklar. In price and efficacy, we're neck and neck, right? Why choose one drug over the other for your formulary? I'm not a chemist.

KEVIN

I'm clearly not a chemist.

GREG

But some of you are. And you know that what differentiates meds isn't that simple. You've kicked the tires, done your research. You know all this baloney from stem to stern. But really, if you know it, the choice is clear. Prexiol--

MARISSA

We already chose.

GREG

I'm not finished, Marissa. Just 'cause Mandy spelled the alphabet on you, doesn't mean you have to spell things out for us. In September 2008, at Mendelsohn University Hospital, a hospital which in fact, you run, Dr. Jeremy Lewis compared Prexiol and Zyklar side by side. Unpublished study with clear as day statistically significant results. Suppress the data all you want, but your own study says we have the better drug, even before the advantages when it comes to side effects.

(MORE)

GREG (CONT'D)

And Burlington Labs can match
Floretch's price, even if they
undercut our original quote.

DEBORAH

Sorry guys. Too little, too late.
The penalty for breaking the
contract is one point eight mill.

KEVIN

We're authorized by corporate to
cover any penalty outlays.

Kevin opens his briefcase, and holds up a document.

KEVIN

This is the contract. You might not
like me, you might not like Greg,
but we are not the product we sell.
The product we sell is the better
choice, and you all know it in your
gut. I know you know.

The P&T'ers are silent. Deborah looks to Manzur.

EXT. GIANNO'S ITALIAN RISTORANTE - CONTINUOUS

Kevin and Greg step out into the parking lot. Greg is happier
and less stressed than we've ever seen him.

Sheera and Mandy come chasing after them. Mandy grabs Greg by
the arm and stops him.

MANDY

This isn't fair. I blew each of
those guys.

GREG

You blew all four of them? Jesus
Christ! How many mouths do you
have?

SHEERA

For the record, Russell, I fuck
circles around you.

KEVIN

And look how far that's gotten you.

Kevin and Greg walk away with triumph in their step. They
break out into laughter.

INT. JAPANESE UNDERGROUND JAZZ CAVE - NIGHT

Sushi artfully covers a naked woman lying in the center of a table. Kevin, Greg, and assorted folk from their adventure are seated around her. Greg holds up his glass for a toast.

GREG
Next year in Jerusalem!

ALL
Next year in Jerusalem!

Rejoicing! Sake bombs and shouts of 'Kanpai' all around!
Doug, the Steampunk, snorts wasabi.

RESSLER
Sal, you wanna go to a range, fire
off some Uzi's or something?

DEREK
I'll one up that. Let's gobble
shrooms and break into the zoo.

RESSLER
Boomers? Fuck yeah. Let's
cannonball.

EXT. ZOO - NIGHT

Derek and Ressler are riding camels whilst tripping balls.

RESSLER
Haha. Yes! Giddy-up. Woooo!

DEREK
Flap those wings, Pegasus! Flap
those wings! Show me your magic!

We hear the approaching sirens.

EXT. PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Derek and Ressler are getting handcuffed.

ZOO COP
Derek Poon, you're racking up quite
the rap sheet this month.

RESSLER
Wait. You're Derek Poon?

Derek nods. Ressler sighs, trying to get a handle on this.

RESSLER
If you're Derek Poon, who's
Salvatore Brancusi? Fuck me. Is
there even a Salvatore Brancusi?

DEREK
Hey, don't take it too hard, T-
Bone. We'll always have underpants
paintball.

TITLE CARD: SATURDAY

INT. KEVIN'S HOTEL ROOM - DAY

The phone rings. We pan over. Kevin's bed is still made.

EXT. SUBURBAN HOUSE - DAWN

Greg is passed out next to Kevin on the front lawn. They've
been out all night, celebrating their victory. A newspaper
lays next to them. Neither Kevin nor Greg is startled when
the sprinklers start up. Kevin stretches and groans.

KEVIN
Bacon egg and cheese. Kaiser Roll.
I'd pay ransom money for one of
those fuckers right now.

GREG
I could lay waste to some pancakes.

We pull back to the house, from which steps SUBURBAN DAD.

SUBURBAN DAD
Hiya there. I don't mind you bucks
being unconscious on my lawn, but
can one of you get my paper?

GREG
Be right there, sir.

INT. CONVENTION HALL - DAY

The booths are being dismantled. Forklifts carry pallets of
equipment. Orange ladders. The carpet is littered with
crushed posterboard, discarded badges and brochures. The
registration booths (On-Site Registration / International /
Pre-Registered + No Badge) stand dormant, their signs unlit.

EXT. HOTEL PARKING LOT - DAY

Kevin and Greg stand with their luggage.

GREG

You realize that in Moby Dick, the whale wins?

KEVIN

No it doesn't. Really?

GREG

Yeah. I'm pretty sure.

KEVIN

Well this time... it didn't.

Greg nods in solemn agreement. Laurel rides into the lot in a steam-powered jalopy which burps up white plumes as it pulls up in front of them.

KEVIN

So long, Greg. Don't do anything I'd do.

Kevin hugs Greg and then gets into the open cockpit, tossing his suitcase in the backseat. Laurel kisses him. They motor away into the sunset. Greg considers the shiny whistle hanging from his neck and smiles. He's earned it.

INT. GREG'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Greg, exhausted, wheels his luggage into the foyer. He doesn't bother to take off his shoes. Tiff is on the couch, watching t.v. Greg gives a wave.

GREG

Hey there.

TIFF

What are you doing here? Wait!
Whoa! White carpet. White carpet!
No shoes, Greg! Come on. Rules.

GREG

I'm not taking them off. Tiff, it took me a long time to wake up and realize, I am no longer your whack a mole. And you are no longer a barnacle on my heart.

Greg sprints upstairs.

INT. GREG'S BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Tiff walks in on Greg pulling drawers from the dresser and dumping out the clothes into suitcases on the bed.

TIFF

What are you doing? Stop it!

GREG

I asked you to move in because I was afraid I couldn't do any better. I got worried, like, what's gonna happen if Tiff doesn't take me back? Will I go through my thirties alone? But then it hit me. None of that matters. You don't love me.

TIFF

But you love me. I know you do.
(beat)
I think I might still love you, Gregg.

GREG

Enough. Shut it down. Listen to what you're saying! You don't love me, because you don't throw tampons at the people you love!

TIFF

I'm keeping the jewelry.

GREG

Keep whatever you want. 'Cause I'm coming out of this ahead. I'll even pay for the movers when they take your stuff out of my house.

Greg leaves the bedroom, darts down the stairs, and heads outside into the yard and casts Tiff's suitcases out into the darkness. He blows his whistle and throws punches in the air.

GREG

Who drives the bus? Greg drives the bus! GREG DRIVES THE BUS!

INT. OFFICE RECEPTION - DAY

Shirt untucked, Greg strides straight up to Darby's desk.

GREG

This may be coming out of the blue,
but I've waited long enough. Darby
Oppenheim, I've been smitten with
you since that Wednesday you
started temping here two years ago.
I don't know if you're single or
even interested in a knucklehead
like me, but maybe, if you are, we
could go out sometime?

DARBY

I'd like that.

GREG

I was hoping you'd say that. Cool.
Beyond cool. *C'est supercool.*

DARBY

Greg, you didn't know that I've
always had a thing for you?

GREG

No, but I kinda wish I had. Wow.

Greg mimics his head exploding. They laugh. Greg sighs.

DARBY

Is something wrong?

GREG

Not a thing in the world.

INT. GREG'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Flickering candles. Darby and Greg stand face to face. They
each hold a 9-Volt battery to their tongues, before lowering
the batteries out of frame towards each other's respective
areas. BUZZ!

Their eyes light up because: THIS IS WHAT LOVE FEELS LIKE.

FADE OUT.

1979 Footage of Umberto Tozzi performing GLORIA on an Italian
television program plays as the end crawl rolls past.