

GET A JOB

by
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Double Feature Films

OVER BLACK, we hear the WHISTLING INTRO of Bobby McFerrin's "Don't Worry, Be Happy."

FADE IN:

A TODDLER, 2 years old, is red in the face. He's straining with all his might.

WILL (V.O.)
You know what my first memory is?

PLOP! He exhales, relieved.

INT. BATHROOM - DAY

He's sitting on a kiddie potty. His parents ROGER and ILENE stand above him, applauding his achievement.

WILL (V.O.)
Feeling special.

The toddler giggles with joy.

FADE UP TITLE: "WILL"

INT. NURSERY SCHOOL CLASSROOM - DAY

A LITTLE GIRL, 5 years old, hands a sheet of construction paper to her TEACHER. We see a stick figure, barely recognizable as a humanoid.

WILL (V.O.)
Every doodle we doodled, every
birthday card we crayoned, every
snowman we built, served as proof.

Teacher sticks a gold star to the "drawing" and hangs it proudly on the wall.

WILL (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Proof that we were destined to do
something great.

The little girl furrows her brow. She knows her teacher is overreacting.

FADE UP TITLE: "JILLIAN"

EXT. BASEBALL DIAMOND - AFTERNOON

A baseball arcs through the air. A CHUBBY BOY, 8 years old, closes his eyes and swings for the fences...

WILL (V.O.)
What great thing would we be doing?
Who knew? But it would be
something special.

WHIFF! The UMPIRE pumps his fist...

UMPIRE
Striiiiiiike three!

...and points to first base.

UMPIRE (CONT'D)
Take your base!

The boy smiles and drops his bat. In the bleachers, his PARENTS applaud and videotape.

WILL (V.O.)
Something extraordinary.

On his way to first, the boy pumps his arm like Kirk Gibson.

FADE UP TITLE: "CHARLIE"

INT. DINING ROOM - EVENING

A HANDSOME BOY, 12 years old, sits across the table from his DAD, who studies his report card.

WILL (V.O.)
Something that expressed who we
were, that displayed our unique
abilities...

Dad pulls out his wallet and slides five twenties in front of the boy. Cha-ching!

FADE UP TITLE: "LUKE"

INT. HIGH SCHOOL GYMNASIUM - AFTERNOON

A SKINNY BOY, 15 years old, struggles to do a pull-up as his GYM TEACHER looks on. The boy gives up and drops to the floor, exhausted.

WILL (V.O.)
...something no one else could do.

Gym Teacher sighs to himself before giving an encouraging round of applause. The boy rolls over to reveal he's wearing a "Donkey Kong" t-shirt.

FADE UP TITLE: "ETHAN"

EXT. UNIVERSITY OF OREGON CAMPUS - MORNING

WILL DAVIS, now 22, stands on stage in cap and gown.

WILL (V.O.)
Because, let's face it, no one else
was like us.

DEAN (O.S.)
William John Davis.

Will walks across the stage to CHEERS and CAMERA FLASHES. He takes his diploma, then throws his arm around THE DEAN and snaps a photo of the two of them with his iPhone.

DEAN (CONT'D)
Good luck. You should be very proud of yourself.

WILL
I am.

Will waves to the CROWD...

WILL (V.O.) (CONT'D)
We were one of a kind.

...and steps forward to reveal an endless line of COLLEGE GRADUATES waiting to receive their diplomas. "Don't Worry, Be Happy" kicks in.

BOBBY MCFERRIN
"Here's a little song I wrote, you might want to sing it note for note: don't worry, be happy..."

CREDITS ROLL as the graduates shuffle forward, take their diplomas, and step off the stage like lemmings jumping off a cliff.

EXT. PALEY'S RESTAURANT - AFTERNOON

Paley's is a Portland institution. The wraparound balcony is filled with PARENTS toasting their graduates. As we MOVE down the balcony, passing family after family, we hear a VOICE.

ROGER (O.S.)
I watched in awe as you entered the world. I held your hand as you took your first steps. I sat with you when you couldn't sleep. I cheered you on as you played basketball. I watched anxiously as you performed in concerts and plays. I taught you to drive, a process so terrifying I suffer from post traumatic stress syndrome to this very day.

We find Will sitting at a table with his girlfriend JILLIAN (22), his sister KARA (18), his mom Ilene (50), and his dad Roger (52), the owner of the voice.

ROGER (CONT'D)
Today is a day I've been looking forward to for a long time. A truly momentous day.
(MORE)

ROGER (CONT'D)
The day when my son, at long last,
becomes an adult. And so, Will, in
the spirit of this day, I'm pleased
to present you with this...

Roger slides an envelope across the table. Will smiles,
anticipating money.

WILL
Thanks, Dad.

Will opens the envelope and pulls out a stack of invoices.

WILL (CONT'D)
What are these?

ROGER
Those are your last twelve cellular
phone bills. I suggest you study
them, determine when your call
volume is highest, and tailor your
plan accordingly, because as of
today, I'm no longer paying for
your phone.

Will appeals to Ilene.

WILL
Mom?

ILENE
I'm sure your father would consider
a grace period.

ROGER
Grace period? Aren't you starting
at Portland Weekly on Monday?

WILL
Dad. Can I please have one night
to celebrate the completion of my
education?

ROGER
Your grades tell me you had four
years to celebrate.

WILL
I had a 3.2.

KARA
I had a 4.0. And I'm going to
Stanford.

Roger beams.

WILL
That's because you didn't discover
sex in high school.

ROGER
Nor will she, until marriage.

Kara sighs. A WAITER appears with a bottle of Perrier

WAITER
Mineral water for the table.

Roger stares at the bottle.

ROGER
I asked for a Pellegrino.

WAITER
What's the difference?

ROGER
What's the difference?

Without a word, Kara inserts iPod ear buds. Ilene leans down and studies the tablecloth. Jillian is confused. She turns to Will to find he's pointing his iPhone at Roger.

ROGER (CONT'D)
There is no difference. If you
don't care about taste. Or purity.
Or quality carbonation.

WILL
Awesome.

ROGER
As Northwest Regional Distribution
Manager for Nestle's beverage
division, I've represented
Pellegrino for more than twenty
years. I can say with no
reservations that it is the finest
mineral water on the market today.

Will mouths along with Roger.

ROGER (cont'd) (CONT'D)
And if I didn't believe that, I
wouldn't work for them.

Roger notices that Will is taping him. He points to the iPhone lens.

ROGER (CONT'D)
And for the record: Pellegrino put
my son through college.

WAITER
They've always tasted the same to
me.

Roger is getting upset.

ROGER
That's like saying there's no
difference between chicken salad
and chicken shit!

CUSTOMERS turn and stare. An OLD MAN at a nearby table covers his bottle of Perrier with a napkin.

WAITER
I'm sorry.

Roger pulls out his wallet. Flips past pictures of Will and Kara to a picture of a gorgeous lake.

ROGER
This is the San Pellegrino aquifer.
In 1509, Leonardo da Vinci made a
special trip just to drink our
water. Da Vinci. The man invented
flying!

WAITER
Hey, man: sold.

The waiter manages to escape. Ilene looks up from the tablecloth as if nothing happened.

ILENE
Jillian, are you excited about
Hewlett-Packard?

JILLIAN
What? Oh, yes. I can't wait to
get started.

ILENE
Have you two thought about...your
living situation?

Ilene is already picturing grandchildren. Will sighs.

JILLIAN
I was thinking we'd get a place
together, but Will has this...plan.

ROGER
Plan?

WILL
More of a vision, really.

JILLIAN
Get ready to roll your eyes.

WILL
The Year Of Freedom.

Jillian rolls her eyes.

ROGER
The Year Of Freedom?

WILL
Step one has been completed. Rent
a house with Luke, Ethan, and
Charlie.

ROGER
You guys have been living together
for two years.

WILL
In a crappy apartment. This is
totally different.

JILLIAN
Yeah, this is a crappy house.

ROGER
What's step two?

WILL
Step two is a year of doing what we
want, when we want. Backyard
barbecues, video game marathons,
certain substances that may or may
not be illegal.

Ilene laughs. Will is the apple of her eye. Roger is
skeptical.

ROGER
Jillian, did you sign off on this?

JILLIAN
I did. As long as he understands
that "freedom" doesn't include
other women.

Will is annoyed.

WILL
The Year Of Freedom is not about
sleeping around. It's about easing
into real life.

ROGER
Now that you're an adult, I can
finally tell you the truth: there's
nothing easy about real life...

Roger slides another envelope across the table. Will removes
a check for \$1000.

ROGER (CONT'D)
That should help until your first
paycheck comes through.

WILL
Awesome. Thanks, Dad.

Roger looks him in the eye.

ROGER
Last time.

EXT. PORTLAND, OREGON - HAWTHORNE DISTRICT - DAY

A ramshackle Victorian sits beneath a canopy of trees. It's cozy, in a seedy kind of way. This is the Crashpad.

We hear TELENODELA MUSIC.

INSERT: COMPUTER SCREEN

The music plays under images of Roger yelling at various WAITERS and pointing at various bottles of mineral water.

A TITLE appears:

"Pellegrino Passion: Episode 12"

We see video footage from the restaurant. Roger stands next to the waiter, who wears a napkin tied over his eyes. In front of him, a bottle of Pellegrino and a bottle of Perrier. Will has layered hand-drawn ANIMATION onto the footage. DAGGERS fly from Roger's eyes. The waiter sweats BULLETS. It's clever and fun.

ROGER
Are you honestly saying you can't
taste the difference?

The clip ends and the HOMEPAGE of a blog appears. We see a smiling 14 YEAR-OLD WILL holding a gigantic black rooster in his lap. At the top of the screen:

WHITEMANBLACKCOCK.COM

"Since 2002"

INT. CRASHPAD - WILL'S BEDROOM - AFTERNOON

Will closes his laptop and looks around his room. Piles of clothes everywhere, mildew stains on the walls, a bumper sticker on the door that reads "KEEP PORTLAND WEIRD." Will smiles.

INT. CRASHPAD - LUKE'S BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Will enters to find LUKE HAMILTON, 22, African-American, catalogue model handsome, hanging business suits in his closet. ETHAN CHANDLER, 22, scrawny, white-boy dreadlocks, sits at Luke's desk.

ETHAN
I got it, Will.

WILL
Chlamydia?

Ethan holds up his iPhone.

ETHAN
The perfect app.

WILL
I thought the perfect app was your
Porn Name Calculator.

LUKE
Nah, his best one was Random Pics
Of Naked Chicks.

ETHAN
Laugh it up, fucktards, if I got to
Apple with my iFart idea just two
days earlier, you'd be begging to
party on my yacht!

LUKE
Tell him what it is.

Ethan goes into Pitch Mode.

ETHAN
Okay. Say there's someone you need
to find but they don't wanna be
found. Like there's a girl, and
you've left her like a thousand
messages, but she won't return your
calls for some reason.

WILL
Sure. As an example.

ETHAN
Through the magic of GPS and cell
phone tower triangulation, my app
will let you send them a text
message and receive back their
exact location.

Silence.

WILL
That's the creepiest fucking thing
I've ever heard.

ETHAN
I call it the iFind.

WILL
I'd go with iStalk.

ETHAN
You think?

LUKE
Ethan. How many times are you
gonna be rejected by Apple before
you give up?

WILL
Seriously. You're like the
pathetic fat girl who keeps trying
out for American Idol.

Ethan shrugs.

ETHAN
Fuck the review board. I'm going
over their heads. I'm gonna pitch
this to Steve Jobs!

Will and Luke exchange a glance.

WILL
You're gonna end up in iJail,
getting iRaped.

INT. CRASHPAD - LIVING ROOM - AFTERNOON

A filthy couch has been set up in the center of the room.
Will, Luke and Ethan sit and watch CHARLIE, 21, shaggy and
rumped, pull a bubble-wrapped package from a shipping tube.

CHARLIE
I've never seen a product with
consumer ratings like this. It was
voted "Best in Class" by leading
industry publications. I had to
have it.

Charlie carefully removes...a TWO-FOOT BONG.

WILL
Ladies and Gentlemen, Mr. Teach For
America.

Charlie studies the bong like an expert.

ETHAN
You hated school, Charlie. Why do
want to be a teacher?

CHARLIE
Who said anything about wanting to
be a teacher? TFA is just a way to
stall for time and make enough
money and live with you guys.

WILL
And sleep on the couch! What more
could you ask for?

We notice the couch is covered in mysterious STAINS. The
guys don't seem bothered.

CHARLIE
Yeah, why am I on the couch?

ETHAN
Cuz no one wants to share a room
with your snoring ass.

CHARLIE
Yeah, but we said whoever made the
least amount of money sleeps on the
couch. Luke doesn't even have a
job.

LUKE
I went to B School. I can't live
on a couch. I need a room. A true
Bone Zone requires a door.

Charlie loads a bowl. Will grabs a wrinkled "Teach For
America" brochure from between two cushions.

WILL
"What we're looking for:
perseverance in the face of
challenges."

Charlie can't light the lighter.

WILL (CONT'D)
"Strong critical thinking skills."

Charlie shakes the lighter over and over.

WILL (CONT'D)
"Ability to influence and motivate
others."

Charlie offers it to Luke, who laughs and waves it away.

WILL (CONT'D)
"Desire to work relentlessly in
pursuit of our vision."

Charlie sucks up the smoke.

WILL (CONT'D)
"And respect for students and
families in low-income
communities."

Charlie blows out an impressive plume of smoke.

CHARLIE
Maybe I'll meet some hot moms.

HONK! Will looks out the window as a DELIVERY TRUCK pulls
up.

INT. CRASHPAD - LIVING ROOM - MINUTES LATER

The guys stand in a row, staring with open mouths.

CHARLIE
It's beautiful.

We MOVE to reveal a humongous LED flat-screen television leaning against the wall.

WILL
Let's do it.

MUSIC UP: "The Halls Of Montezuma"

In SLOW MOTION, the guys struggle to hang the TV on the wall. They work together, straining, their faces contorted. PULL BACK to reveal they have unintentionally recreated the iconic image of Marines raising the flag at Iwo Jima!

JILLIAN (O.S.)
Hello?

The music SCREECHES to a halt. Jillian is standing in the doorway.

WILL
Hey, baby! Come check out my graduation present.

Jillian enters and regards the flat-screen.

JILLIAN
That's how you spent your graduation money?

WILL
I have a job. I'll get my first paycheck in two weeks.

JILLIAN
Still. Do you think this was a wise investment?

CHARLIE
Boo!

WILL
This is a sixty-four hundred dollar system that I got for a thousand. This isn't some shitty plasma. This is the world's largest commercially available LED television! It has a 500,000 to one dynamic contrast ratio!

JILLIAN
What's the difference between that and your old one?

CHARLIE
Boo!

JILLIAN
Stop booing me, Charlie!

WILL
There's no difference, Jillian. If
you can't tell the difference
between chicken salad and chicken
shit.

The guys laugh. Jillian spots the couch and sighs.

JILLIAN
I can't believe you brought that
disgusting couch.

Once again, we see the mysterious STAINS.

JILLIAN (CONT'D)
At least hide the stains...

She leans down and flips over a cushion. The underside is a
THOUSAND TIMES WORSE!

JILLIAN (CONT'D)
Oh, my God! Is that blood?

Ethan smiles at the memory.

ETHAN
Yes it is.

EXT. FOREST HILL MIDDLE SCHOOL - MORNING

A two-story brick building. An American flag flies from the
top of a pole.

INT. CLASSROOM - MORNING

Charlie peeks his head into the room. Rowdy SIXTH-GRADERS
yell, play cards, dance to iPods. Charlie walks to his desk
and clears his throat.

CHARLIE
I am Charles Baxter the third. You
may call me Charlie. I'll be your
Science teacher this year. Due to
a clerical error, I will also be
coaching the football team.

DEJUAN, 11 years old and wise beyond his years, walks up to
Charlie.

DEJUAN
The football team sucks! Guess
why!

CHARLIE
Why?

DEJUAN
Cause I'm not on it, bitch!

The kids crack up. Charlie takes a breath. This is not going to be as easy as he thought.

INT. STORAGE ROOM - DAY

Ethan sits on a fold-out chair. LANCE, 25, stands over him.

LANCE
You endured boot camp in Tacoma.
You spent countless hours drilling
and studying. You submitted to a
grueling interview process. All
for this moment. Congratulations,
Ethan. You're a genius.

Lance hands him something. Ethan looks down and ANGELS SING.
The sacred Apple Store shirt.

INT. APPLE STORE - GENIUS BAR - DAY

Lance and Ethan step up to the bar.

LANCE
Today's about getting your feet
wet. Just hang back and soak it
all in.

Ethan steps behind the counter.

LANCE (CONT'D)
Any questions?

ETHAN
Just one: is it true Steve Jobs is
gonna make an in-store appearance
this Fall?

LANCE
That's the rumor.

Ethan smiles. His plan is coming together.

INT. PORTLAND WEEKLY - BULLPEN - DAY

A busy bullpen area and a large sign that reads "PORTLAND WEEKLY."

Will, doing his best impression of a reporter, wears slacks, a polo shirt, and a beat-up sport coat. He sits across from BRIAN BENDER, 35 but trying to look younger.

BRIAN
Good to see you, Will.

WILL
Good to see you, too, Brian. I'm
here to start.

BRIAN
That's unfortunate. Because we
don't have a job for you.

Will blinks.

WILL
What do you mean?

BRIAN
I mean...we don't have a job for
you. We've downsized.

Will blinks again.

WILL
Downsized? You hired me.
Personally. We had an interview,
and you hired me.

BRIAN
I'm really sorry, Will. We let 22
people go yesterday. We're a free
weekly newspaper competing with web
sites and blogs. This entire
industry is changing. The New York
Times might not exist in two years.

WILL
Why didn't you tell me?

BRIAN
Honestly? With everything going
on, I just forgot.

WILL
You forgot?

BRIAN
I'm sorry.

WILL
I spent two summers interning here
for free in order to have a job
waiting for me when I graduated,
and you forgot? This is my life!
I am a human being! I was counting
on this. I told my friends, and my
parents, and the woman I have sex
with about this! And you forgot???

Will stands.

WILL (CONT'D)
I have never been treated this way
in my entire life! This is not
China, this is not North Korea!
This is America!

Everyone in the office turns to see what the commotion is.

WILL (CONT'D)
There's a way to treat people, and
this is not it! What kind of a
person are you? I think you owe me
more than "I forgot!"

BRIAN
Will...

Will raises his eyebrows, hopeful.

BRIAN (CONT'D)
I don't owe you shit.

Will can only stare.

BRIAN (CONT'D)
I don't know who told you life was
fair, but it's not. It's not fair
that I have male-pattern baldness
at the age of thirty-five. But in
the grand scheme of things, I think
both of us have had a pretty good
shake of the dice so far. We
weren't born in Sub-Sahara Africa
and we have all our limbs. If I
were you, I'd make a serious
attitude adjustment, and get out
there and bust ass looking for
another job. Comprende, amigo?

A stunned Will walks through the bullpen. EVERYONE avoids
his gaze.

EXT. JILLIAN'S APARTMENT - EVENING

A modern apartment complex. Stores on the ground floor,
apartments above, each one with a balcony.

INT. JILLIAN'S APARTMENT - EVENING

Jillian enters, Nordstrom's bag in hand. STEPHANIE, 22, her
slim and bitchy roommate, sits at the dining room table
eating plain lettuce with a knife and fork.

JILLIAN
Hi, Stephanie.

STEPHANIE
I washed some lettuce if you want
dinner.

JILLIAN
No, thanks. I ate at my desk.

STEPHANIE
Your boyfriend's here.

EXT. JILLIAN'S BALCONY - EVENING

Will leans on the railing, watching the sun set. Jillian steps out.

JILLIAN
Did we have plans tonight?

Will turns. He looks shell-shocked.

JILLIAN (CONT'D)
What's wrong?

WILL
I don't have a job.

JILLIAN
What are you talking about?

WILL
I showed up at Portland Weekly this morning and they told me the job they hired me for doesn't exist anymore.

JILLIAN
That's terrible.

WILL
Know why they're downsizing?
Competition from websites and blogs. I'm the agent of my own demise.

Jillian hugs him...

JILLIAN
I'm so sorry, Will.

...then gets down to business.

JILLIAN (CONT'D)
So what's your plan?

WILL
My plan is to have sex with you so I feel better.

JILLIAN
Really? Do you want me to make you some meatloaf first?

WILL
Now you're just being ridiculous.
The comfort sex will be fine.

She smiles.

INT. JILLIAN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

A high-heeled shoe, black leather, steps onto the bed. We MOVE UP a shapely female leg to find that Jillian is wearing Will's shirt and nothing else.

JILLIAN
What do you think?

Will's on the bed. He smiles as Jillian cocks her ankle.

WILL
Totally bad-ass.

JILLIAN
They're Prada.

She takes a deep breath.

JILLIAN (CONT'D)
They were four hundred and seventy
nine dollars.

Will is shocked.

WILL
You haven't spent that much money
since I've known you.

Jillian looks down at the shoe.

JILLIAN
I worked so hard the last four
years, I just wanted...

WILL
You wanted to do something nice for
yourself. I approve.

JILLIAN
But I put it on my credit card and
now I'm scared I won't be able to
pay it off.

She's getting upset. Will talks her down.

WILL
Next stop, Debtor's Prison. We'll
have to make do with bi-weekly
conjugal visits...

JILLIAN
It's not funny, Will. My parents
are counting on me to help with
their retirement.

WILL
And you're going to. I've never
met anyone who works as hard as you
do.

(MORE)

WILL (CONT'D)
But you need to be kinder to
yourself, baby. Every now and
then, you need to cut yourself some
slack...

He hugs her. This is them in a nutshell: Jillian get stressed, Will calms her down. As her breathing slows, Will looks down at her shoes.

WILL (CONT'D)
Those shoes are giving me a four
hundred and seventy nine dollar
boner.

Jillian smiles.

JILLIAN
I just...I want them to take me
seriously at work.

Will looks her in the eye.

WILL
Everyone takes you seriously. From
the second they meet you.

JILLIAN
They do?

WILL
Trust me.

Jillian relaxes. She reaches down to remove the shoes. Will stops her.

WILL (CONT'D)
Leave 'em on.

She smiles as he pulls her onto the bed.

INT. JILLIAN'S KITCHEN - MORNING

Will scrambles eggs in a pan.

WILL
Jillian? Is there any salt?

Will opens a cabinet to reveal an entire shelf stacked with bottles of HYDROXYCUT.

STEPHANIE (O.S.)
Hands off, fat boy.

Will turns to see Stephanie glaring at him.

STEPHANIE (CONT'D)
They don't make that anymore.

WILL
Yeah. Cause the FDA says it melts
your liver.

STEPHANIE
You believe the Food and Drug
Administration

WILL
You don't?

Stephanie shakes her head in wonder.

STEPHANIE
You probably think Oswald acted
alone.

She grabs a hydroxycut and passes Jillian on her way out.

WILL
Where'd you find her? The "Eating
Disorders" section on Craigslist?

JILLIAN
I asked my boyfriend to move in
with me, but he declined. What are
you gonna do?

Will smiles and shrugs.

WILL
What are you gonna do?

JILLIAN
I'm serious. What are you going to
do about money?

EXT. NORTHWEST PORTLAND - IRVINGTON - DUSK

A large home with a manicured lawn and two cars in the
driveway.

INT. GARAGE - CONTINUOUS

Roger stands on a ladder, clearing off a metal shelf. Will
stands below, dribbling a basketball.

WILL
So anyway, I know you gave me a
thousand dollars after graduation
and I know it was supposed to be
the last time, but it turns out you
were right and a Free Weekly
Newspaper wasn't the stablest of
work environments...

Roger descends the ladder carrying several empty paint cans.

WILL (CONT'D)
This is the last time, Dad. I
promise.

Roger takes a breath.

ROGER
Will, I can't give you any more money.

WILL
Dad. I literally don't have any money. What am I supposed to do, sell my body on the street?

ROGER
You'll figure it out.

Will goes doe-eyed. Turns up the guilt.

WILL
Dad. Please. If you can't help me...

ROGER
I lost my job.

The basketball hits the floor and rolls to the wall. Will is stunned.

WILL
Are you serious?

ROGER
I'm afraid so.

WILL
I don't understand. What happened?

ROGER
They combined my division with another one, and they don't think they need two beverage distribution managers.

WILL
Fuck them! You worked there for like thirty years!

ROGER
This happens, Will. People lose their jobs.

WILL
But...are you okay?

Roger smiles and pats him on the shoulder.

ROGER
My severance will keep the lights on for awhile. I just need to get back out there. I have 30 years of work experience under my belt. Someone will want that. Until then, I'm getting to all the projects I've been putting off!

Will looks around. The garage is absurdly clean. The floor looks like it's been scrubbed with a toothbrush. Roger climbs the ladder, full of manic energy.

ROGER (CONT'D)
What's a better system for
organizing the paint?
Alphabetically or by color chart?

Will watches, worried. Roger's in denial.

INT. CRASHPAD - STAIRCASE - NIGHT

Will shuffles down the stairs carrying a pillow and blanket.

Charlie passes him, going up the stairs, carrying pillow and blankets of his own.

WILL
This is just 'til I get a job.

Charlie smiles and walks into Will's old room.

INT. CRASHPAD - LIVING ROOM - DEAD OF NIGHT

Will lies on the couch, laptop open on his chest.

INSERT: COMPUTER SCREEN

He's searching MONSTER.COM. We see various job listings, each one more specialized than the last: Nuclear Pipe Technician, Survey Programming & Quality Assurance, Insurance Adjustor, Unemployment Benefits Administrator.

Will sighs. It's hopeless. Then something catches his eye. He leans forward and stares.

INSERT: ECU COMPUTER SCREEN

One word fills our view: "Nike"

EXT. NIKE CAMPUS - DAY

The awesome, ultra-modern corporate headquarters of Nike.

INT. NIKE CAMPUS - HALLWAY - DAY

NEVIN PATEL, 26, a hip Indian dude in business casual and cool Nike IDs, leads Will through the complex.

An NBA STAR passes with another EXECUTIVE and bumps Nevin's fist.

WILL
This is unbelievable. It's like a
SportsCenter commercial!

NEVIN PATEL
Best job in the world.

INT. LOUNGE - DAY

Will sits across from Nevin in super-comfortable chairs. Through a glass wall, the NBA STAR tests new shoes, dunks a basketball over and over again.

NEVIN PATEL
So, Will. Your resume doesn't quite indicate why you're qualified to be a Sales Analyst for Nike.

WILL
Well...

Will hikes up his slacks, dramatically crosses his legs to reveal limited edition Charles Barkleys.

WILL (CONT'D)
Nike practically raised me. Air Jordans? I once killed someone for a pair of those.

Nevin laughs.

WILL (CONT'D)
Air Force Ones, the Air Maxes with the air pocket, the Shox. I had my parents get me new Nikes every Christmas growing up. And your commercials were genius. When Jordan dunked on that 50-foot rim, you really made me believe that if a short white kid with no ups put on those shoes, one day he could dunk.

Will leans forward.

WILL (CONT'D)
I'd like to be part of that dream machine. I'd like to make other white kids believe they can dunk.

He's off to a good start.

NEVIN PATEL
Okay. Let me ask you a question: we're just about to release the new Kobes. How many units should we ship to the Chicago store?

Will takes a breath.

WILL
I'm gonna be honest: I have no idea how to answer that question. But, I'm sure I could learn.

NEVIN PATEL
What we're looking for...

Will leans forward.

NEVIN PATEL (CONT'D)
Is someone who can answer that
question right now.

So much for that.

INT. POWELL'S BOOKS - DAY

The largest independent bookstore in the world. An entire square block of books.

Will stands at the counter as an OVERWEIGHT MANAGER scans his resume.

WILL
I love to read. I've always got
like ten things on my Kindle.

MANAGER
You mean the device that is single-
handedly destroying the independent
bookseller?

A long beat.

WILL
Correct.

Will's cellphone rings. He looks at the Manager and raises an eyebrow.

MANAGER (cont'd)
By all means.

Will takes the call.

WILL
What's up? I'm at a job interview.
Yeah, I hope I get it, too.

Will smiles. The Manager doesn't.

INT. EXECUTIVE OFFICE - DAY

FERNANDO, 35, wearing an expensive suit, flips through a resume.

FERNANDO
Your resume is solid. Your age
isn't in that sweet spot...

He's not talking to Will. He's talking to...Roger.

ROGER
I'm only fifty-two.

FERNANDO
We can spin the experience angle,
but I'd suggest doing whatever you
can to look younger.

Roger checks his reflection in an award plaque sitting on the desk. Does he look old?

FERNANDO (CONT'D)
Don't worry. An "Image Consult" is
included in our Platinum Package.

ROGER
The Platinum Package. Can I ask
what it costs?

FERNANDO
Of course. It's a one-time fee of
fifty thousand dollars.

Roger sits back and exhales. That's a lot of money.
Fernando barrels forward.

FERNANDO (CONT'D)
Wilheimer is Portland's premiere
executive placement firm. We have
a placement rate of eighty five
percent. We make that number by
putting our clients in front of...

Fernando leans forward.

FERNANDO (CONT'D)
...the Decision Maker.

ROGER
Decision Maker?

FERNANDO
While everyone else is wasting
their time meeting mid-level HR
hacks, people with no decision-
making authority, the Platinum
Package will be putting you in
front of the person who can pull
the trigger and actually hire you.
The Decision Maker.

ROGER
It's just that my daughter's been
accepted into Stanford.

FERNANDO
Portland has several fine community
colleges.

Roger stares at him.

FERNANDO (CONT'D)
 Decision Makers, Mr. Davis. You
 won't get near them without our
 help.

Roger stands.

ROGER
 Thank you for your time.

EXT. SOUTHEAST PORTLAND - 82ND AVENUE - MOTEL - DAY

Will steers his beat-up Malibu into the parking lot. There are a ton of empty spaces. This place is five notches below a Motel 6.

INT. MOTEL - CHECK-IN COUNTER - DAY

GARRETT, 40 years old, stands behind bullet-proof glass, scanning Will's resume.

GARRETT
 You have a college degree?

WILL (O.S.)
 Yep.

GARRETT
 And you want to work here?

WILL (O.S.)
 Uh...

Reveal that a SKETCHY MAN has slumped onto Will's shoulder. He appears to be sleeping. Or dead. Garrett POUNDS on the glass and Sketchy jolts awake.

GARRETT
 Up and at 'em, Sunshine! Go nod
 off somewhere else!

Sketchy shuffles away.

GARRETT (CONT'D)
 I repeat: you want to work here?

WILL
 I need something to pay the bills,
 'til I get a real job.

Garrett looks him over.

WILL (CONT'D)
 Not that this isn't a real job.
 Because it clearly is. It's your
 job.

GARRETT
No, it's fine. I know what I must
look like to you.

WILL
You look fine to me.

GARRETT
I was like you once...

He glances down at the resume.

GARRETT (CONT'D)
...William Davis.

WILL
Will is fine.

GARRETT
I graduated top of my class,
William. Full of ambition. I was
gonna take over the world. Just
one problem: I graduated in 1991.
See where this is going?

WILL
No.

GARRETT
1991 was the worst recession year
since 1936. There were no jobs.
Diddly. So I took this. You know,
just a temporary thing, a place to
wait out the recession.

Will nods grimly.

WILL
And you're still here.

GARRETT
What? Oh, hell no. I quit in '96
when the tech boom gained traction.
By the year 2000, I was worth 37
million.

WILL
What happened?

GARRETT
What happened? People decided they
didn't want to pay a premium to
order dog food on-line. That, and
a little thing called 9-11. So in
2002, I ended up right back where I
started...

WILL
Wow, that's quite a...

GARRETT
...until a customer mentioned he
was making bank flipping real
estate. I got into mortgage swaps
in a big way. Had no clue how they
worked, but the money kept rolling
in, and everyone wants to own their
own home, right?

WILL
It's the American Dream.

GARRETT
It's the American Dream. But some
people, not pointing any fingers,
some people cut some corners and
the whole thing blew up in my face
in '08.

WILL
I'm sorry to hear that.

GARRETT
Don't feel sorry for me! I found
something better. Makes real
estate look like kids selling
lemonade on the sidewalk.

WILL
What is it?

Garrett beckons Will forward. Speaks in a whisper.

GARRETT
Cloning.

Garrett smiles.

GARRETT (CONT'D)
I'm getting in on the ground floor.

He makes a motion with his hand like a rocket taking off.
Will smiles.

WILL
Garrett, you're everything that's
right with America.

Garrett leans back and regards him.

GARRETT
Can you start tonight?

Will smiles. He has a job.

EXT. FOREST HILL MIDDLE SCHOOL - NIGHT

The parking lot is surprisingly full for such a late hour.

INT. CLASSROOM - NIGHT

Charlie stares at his desk, exhausted. He speaks in a monotone.

CHARLIE
Welcome to Parent Teacher Night,
I'm Mr. Baxter.

MIRANDA (O.S.)
Miranda Lamark. My son is DeJuan.

Charlie glances at a folder. We see the words "belligerent", "obnoxious", and "little shit."

CHARLIE
Yeah, here's the thing: DeJuan is
extremely...

He looks up and comes face to face with MIRANDA LAMARK, the hot mom of his dreams!

CHARLIE (CONT'D)
...spirited. A little firecracker.

MIRANDA
Thank you. DeJuan had a really
tough time last year. Because of
his grades, they wouldn't let him
play football, which is the only
thing he likes about coming here.
I just want to make sure I'm
staying on top of him.

Charlie nods and pops a breath mint.

CHARLIE
One of the best things you can do
is stay on top of me.

MIRANDA
I work as a paralegal, and the firm
doesn't let me out until late, so
he spends a lot of time with his
friends.

Charlie stands, walks casually around the desk.

CHARLIE
Socializing is important. But so
is one-on-one time. Are you
getting enough one-on-one time?

MIRANDA
With DeJuan? Not as much as I'd
like.

Charlie leans suggestively against the front of the desk.

CHARLIE
Are there any...male influences in
DeJuan's life?

MIRANDA
His Father's been in Afghanistan
for the last two years.

She holds up a picture of a MAN IN UNIFORM in front of the
American Flag.

CHARLIE
Oh.

Charlie feels like dogshit.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)
That could explain some of the
acting out.

EXT. MOTEL - PARKING LOT - LATE NIGHT

Will carries a stack of Portland Weeklies out of the motel
lobby and tosses them into a dumpster. He turns to see an
Escalade pull into the lot, BLASTING 50 Cent's "P.I.M.P."

An intimidating BLACK MAN slides out of the driver's seat and
approaches Will.

SKEEZY D
You the new guy?

WILL
I am new.

SKEEZY D
Skeezy D.

SKEEZY D puts out his fist. Will bumps it.

WILL
Will.

SKEEZY D
Three rooms.

Skeezy D slaps a huge wad of bills into Will's palm.

WILL
Good Lord.

SKEEZY D
Keep the change.

Will looks over Skeezy's shoulder to see PROSTITUTES of every
race pouring from the Escalade and hitting the street.

SKEEZY D (CONT'D)
 And lemme know if you want a go
 with one of my girls. I'll hook it
 up for a free room.

WILL
 I'm okay.

SKEEZY D
 You gay?

WILL
 No. It's just, I have a
 girlfriend.

Skeezy D is confused.

SKEEZY D
 So...you gay.

WILL
 Yeah, I guess I am.

EXT. PIONEER SQUARE - OFFICE PLAZA - AFTERNOON

Roger, wearing his best interview suit, pushes through a set
 of revolving doors. He looks discouraged. Obviously, the
 interview did not go well.

PAUL (O.S.)
 Roger Davis?

Roger turns to see PAUL DILL, his happily employed
 doppelganger.

PAUL (CONT'D)
 Paul Dill. Safeway.

Roger puts on his game face.

ROGER
 Paul! Great to see you!

PAUL
 How's Nestle?

ROGER
 Great! I was just on my way back
 to the office.

PAUL
 Good to hear. Let's grab lunch
 soon.

Roger forces a smile, ashamed of himself for lying.

ROGER
 Absolutely.

Paul heads off. Roger is rattled from the exchange. He spots a Starbucks and is about to duck inside when he freezes. A GROUP OF BUSINESSMEN are sitting at a window table. Roger reacts as if he knows them. When one of the men starts to turn, Roger jumps away from the door to avoid being seen. Pressed against the wall, Roger looks out at the plaza, swarming with BUSINESS PEOPLE. There's nowhere to hide. Roger turns and looks across the street to see...

...a TATTOOED HIPSTER ride a skateboard into "Stumptown Roasters" coffeehouse.

INT. STUMPTOWN ROASTERS - MOMENTS LATER

Roger ducks into Stumptown. No business people here. We see SKATERS, GOTHs, PUNKS, HIPSTERS, RAVERS, and TECH GEEKS. No one is older than 25. Roger, looking extremely out of place, steps to the counter and is greeted by CAMMY, a cute barista with a lip-ring.

CAMMY
Welcome to Stumptown. What
varietal would you like to try
today? May I recommend my personal
favorite, Rockin' Moroccan?

Cammy's so deadpan, it's impossible to tell if she's being ironic.

ROGER
Rockin' Moroccan?

CAMMY
It's like legal hash.

ROGER
Uh, just a grande drip.

She deadpans him.

CAMMY
No "grande" here. Just regular old
medium.

He's off to a rocky start.

INT. MOTEL LOBBY - LATE NIGHT

Will leans against the bullet-proof glass. His face is scruffy with week-old growth. Skeezy D stands at the counter. Awkward silence.

WILL
They've been up there a long time.

Skeezy checks his blinged-out watch.

SKEEZY D
Cheryl stallin'. Stretchin' it out.

WILL
Why would she stretch it out?

SKEEZY D
John go one minute past the hour, he pay for two. Cheryl smart like that.

WILL
Where did you find her?

SKEEZY D
Knew her from my last gig.

WILL
What was that?

SKEEZY D
Managed a restaurant in the Pearl. Cheryl one a my hostesses.

Will is surprised.

WILL
You managed a restaurant in the Pearl District?

SKEEZY D
Shit went belly up. Hadda come up with somethin' quick. Came up with Skeezy D.

WILL
Why Skeezy D?

SKEEZY D
Can't put "Brian Rawlins" on no gold medallion.

WILL
Why not?

Skeezy switches to "Brian voice." Brian sounds like a college graduate, not a pimp.

SKEEZY D
Men who hire prostitutes aren't paying for sex, Will. They're paying for danger. They're paying to feel alive...

A PROSTITUTE leads a BUSINESSMAN through the lobby. Skeezy turns and switches to "Skeezy voice."

SKEEZY D (CONT'D)
Bitch! You best treat that man right!

The businessman flashes a nervous smile. Skeezy turns back to Will and switches to "Brian voice."

SKEEZY D (CONT'D)
 Brian Rawlins was suffering in the recession, Will. Skeezy D is thriving. I'm adding staff. I'm probably the only employer in Portland who can say that.

Will shakes his head in wonder.

WILL
 Skeezy, have you ever been formally interviewed?

INT. MOTEL - COUNTER - 15 MINUTES LATER

A small "Flip" HD camera has been propped on the counter.

FLIP CAMERA IMAGE:

Will and Skeezy sit next to each other in the motel office. Will speaks to the camera.

WILL
 Welcome to a very special segment for White Man Black Cock: "How To Survive An Economic Downturn." I'm Will Davis, and my guest tonight is Skeezy D.

Will turns to Skeezy.

WILL (cont'd) (CONT'D)
 Thanks for coming, Skeezy.

SKEEZY D
 No doubt.

WILL
 So. Skeezy. You're currently working as a pimp?

SKEEZY D
 Straight pimpin', yo.

WILL
 Question: what percentage of the money do your...employees keep for themselves?

SKEEZY D
 There's no percentage, dawg. Bitches are on salary with a performance-based bonus structure.

WILL
 How do you determine bonuses?

SKEEZY D

If a dude comes back and asks for a certain ho, I know she's takin' care of daddy. My field is all about repeat business.

WILL

Do any of your profits go back into the business?

SKEEZY D

I put five outta every hunnie towards my "new ho" fund. I always gotta be in the market for new hos. When you a pimp, if you ain't expandin', you dyin'. Then I throw some into my emergency fund, for when five-oh picks one of my bitches up. Spend the rest on bling and my ride. Whatever I got left, I give to my bitches.

WILL

Really?

SKEEZY D

Bitches got options, yo. They gonna go with the pimp that offers the best work environment. I'm takin' advantage of the new healthcare reforms. We got STD testing, free condoms, dental plans. I mean, that's just common sense. You can't be havin' toothless bitches.

WILL

Of course not.

SKEEZY D

Being a ho is hard work. No one understands that more than me.

Skeezy turns to the camera.

SKEEZY D (CONT'D)

I'm a boss, a father... and a friend.

INT. MOTEL - PARKING LOT - DAWN

As the sun rises over 82nd Avenue, Garret arrives with his morning paper and a steaming cup of coffee.

Without warning, three POLICE CARS screech into the parking lot. COPS jump out, guns drawn, and run into the lobby.

INT. MOTEL LOBBY - DAWN

Two cops pull a handcuffed Skeezy D through the lobby. He screams in his "Brian voice."

SKEEZY D
I am not resisting arrest! I am
not resisting arrest!

Garrett is dumbfounded. He turns to Will.

GARRETT
You were renting out rooms to pimps
and hookers?

WILL
Did the innkeeper ask what Mary and
Joseph were doing? I take the
privacy of our guests very
seriously!

SKEEZY D
Will! I'm not cut out for jail!

WILL
Skeez! Let me know if I can do
anything!

The cops drag Skeezy out of the lobby and stuff him into the back of a squad car. Will watches, genuinely upset.

WILL (CONT'D)
This sucks. Skeezy was my best
customer.

Garrett speaks without looking at him.

GARRETT
You're fired.

EXT. ACROPOLIS STEAKHOUSE - NIGHT

A sign by the entrance reads "Recession Special: \$12 Steak Dinner."

INT. ACROPOLIS STEAKHOUSE - NIGHT

The Acropolis Steakhouse is actually a strip club! Dancers bump and grind to CLASSIC ROCK.

Luke is celebrating. He shouts over the MUSIC.

LUKE
Pacific Crest Securities! They
specialize in tech stocks! I start
clerking on Monday! If I kick ass,
I'll be making trades by December!

Charlie and Ethan aren't listening. They're staring up at TARA, a gorgeous stripper, gyrating above them.

MOVE to reveal Will, ignoring the show and wolfing down a steak like he hasn't eaten in a week!

The SONG ends and the guys applaud. Charlie and Ethan stuff dollar bills in Tara's G-string. Luke makes a show of putting a ten-dollar bill in his mouth. Tara leans down, bites it, and takes it away. She turns to Will, but he's focused on eating.

TARA
You wanna see the show, you gotta pay for it!

Will looks up, mouth full of food.

WILL
I'm just here for the cheap steak!

TARA
The steak's cheap cause you're supposed to be spending money on me.

WILL
I guess I found a loophole.

She stares at Will for a second, then turns to the guys.

TARA
Your friend has an attitude.

LUKE
He's out of work.

TARA
So buy him a lap dance and cheer him up!

LUKE
Done!

Tara hops from the stage directly onto Will's lap.

WILL
Uh, I have a girlfriend.

TARA
So do I, baby.

The boys CHEER as she starts to move.

LUKE (O.S.)
Will!

Will turns and Luke SNAPS a picture.

FREEZE FRAME: Will with a set of giant fake tits in his face.

Tara makes small talk as she grinds.

TARA
So what's your field, sweetie?

WILL
I'm an English Major. My field is poverty.

TARA
You studied English?

WILL
What else was I gonna study?

TARA
Medicine? Law? Business?

WILL
Now you tell me.

She looks him in the eyes and uses her sexiest whisper.

TARA
What would you do if you won a million dollars and never had to work again?

WILL
I don't under...

She rams a breast into face, muffling his words.

TARA
Whatever your answer, figure out how to get paid to do that.

She turns around and grinds her butt into his lap.

WILL
So if you won the lottery, you'd work my junk all day?

She arches her back and whispers in his ear.

TARA
I'd work the land all day. That's why I'm here: I'm raising capital for a landscaping business.

WILL
Oh. Well, no one's gonna pay me to shoot videos for my blog.

She lunges forward and somehow lifts her thighs onto his shoulders. Looks up at him from between her hanging breasts.

TARA
If you like making videos, why aren't you looking for video work?

Will is staring at her crotch.

WILL

Uh...

Somehow, her breasts are back in his face again. Her sexy whisper makes everything sound dirty.

TARA

When I worked at Enterprise Rent-a-Car, we watched a video on how to shove that bullshit insurance on customers. Someone put that video together, right baby?

WILL

Some sucker.

TARA

Listen, baby. When you're starting out, it's important to stay flexible...

She grabs her ankle and lifts her leg behind her head. Will shakes his head stubbornly.

WILL

I'm not cut out for a suit and tie.

She kneels and grinds her breasts into his crotch. Looks up at him with a hungry expression.

TARA

From where I'm sitting? You'd look good in a suit and tie...

She slides upward, her breasts raking his stomach, his chest...

WILL

That doesn't matter. The point is I'm...

Her breasts smother him once again.

WILL (CONT'D)

...I'm creative. No ties!

TARA

If you're doing what you love, baby?

She leans in and gives the softest, sexiest whisper of them all.

TARA (CONT'D)

Who cares what you're wearing?

And just like that, the lap dance is over. Tara stands and Luke slaps a twenty in her hand. She blows a kiss to Will and disappears into the CROWD. Will looks a little dazed. Luke smiles.

LUKE
That good?

VOICE (O.S.)
Two hundred.

INT. PAWN SHOP - MORNING

The voice belong to a PAWNBROKER. Will and the guys are holding the flat-screen up to the window.

WILL
Two hundred? It's worth sixty-four hundred.

PAWNBROKER
It's a buyer's market. Take it or leave it.

Charlie stares at Will, imploring him not to go through with the sale. Luke and Ethan mouth silent prayers. Will sighs.

WILL
I still have my dignity, sir.

CHARLIE
Yes!!!

The guys carry the TV past a long line of RECENT GRADUATES holding their graduation presents. The last GUY in line holds a life-sized Darth Maul doll. No dignity here.

EXT. WATERFRONT PARK - DAY

A beautiful Fall day. Will and Jillian buy hot dogs from a VENDOR. Will pays with a handful of quarters and they walk along the Willamette River.

JILLIAN
You're lucky I'm a cheap date.

They laugh and fall silent. We get the feeling each of them has something important to say. Will beats Jillian to the punch.

WILL
I think I'm gonna have to move out of the crashpad.

JILLIAN
You are? Why?

WILL
Because I can't make ten percent of the rent and food and bills. I'm broke. We're literally eating my savings right now.

JILLIAN
Where are you going to go?

WILL
Well, I have three choices. I can
move back home, I can live out of
my car...

JILLIAN
Or me.

WILL
Or you.

Jillian sighs.

JILLIAN
I wanted us to move in together
after graduation, but there was
this whole "Year Of Freedom" thing.

WILL
The Year Of Freedom wasn't viable
in a recessionary climate. I see
that now...

Jillian cuts him off.

JILLIAN
Will. You have great energy. It's
the first thing I liked about you.
But since graduation, I've come to
realize you only spend that energy
on things like your blog.

WILL
Whitemanblackcock is my creative
outlet. Without it, I wither and
die.

JILLIAN
But no one sees it!

WILL
The video of my Dad had like a
thousand views!

Jillian stops and looks out at the water. It's clear she's
been doing some thinking.

JILLIAN
It's like your sole ambition in
life is amusing your circle of
friends. It's not enough, Will.

Will is worried. Something in her voice.

WILL
What exactly are we talking about
here?

JILLIAN

I don't have a safety net, Will. I went to school on scholarship and took out loans for living expenses. I'm fifty thousand dollars in debt and I can't afford to mess around!

Will stares. This got very heavy, very fast.

JILLIAN (CONT'D)

Your whole life, nothing bad has ever happened to you. Now that things are tough, I'm scared you won't be able to step up.

WILL

Jillian...

Jillian steels herself and looks at him. Anyone's who's ever been dumped knows the look. As she opens her mouth to drop the bomb...

WILL (CONT'D)

I saw a Job Counselor yesterday.

Jillian is surprised. So is Will. Where did that come from?

JILLIAN

You did?

WILL

She was all over me about my resume. A true professional.

Jillian is thrown. Will seizes his opportunity.

WILL (CONT'D)

We decided to make video work the focus of my resume.

JILLIAN

You did?

WILL

I did some research. In a recession, demand for modestly budgeted corporate video skyrockets. Product demos, training videos: companies looking to tighten their belt, that's the first place they go...

Will is talking out his ass. He waves at the skyscrapers looming above the river.

WILL (CONT'D)

There's a huge niche in the market, just waiting to be exploited!

We are witnessing an Oscar-worthy performance. Will looks at her and makes a hurt face.

WILL (CONT'D)
 Wait. Did you think I was asking
 to move in with you without any
 kind of a plan? How much of a
 slack-ass do you think I am?

Pack your bags, we're going on a guilt trip. Jillian looks
 at Will for an excruciating moment. Then...

JILLIAN
 I'm so sorry, baby.

She embraces him. Will has snatched victory from the jaws of
 defeat.

INT. JILLIAN'S APARTMENT - DAY

Charlie and Luke struggle to carry the flat-screen through
 the door. Ethan follows with the speakers. Will points to a
 corner.

WILL
 Put it over there.

Jillian appears.

JILLIAN
 Nope. Over there.

Luke and Charlie look at Will and shake their heads. They
 carry the flat-screen to a low table and start setting it up.
 Just then, Stephanie walks through the room. Ethan takes one
 look and springs into action.

ETHAN
 Hottie roommate! Can I take you to
 dinner sometime?

STEPHANIE
 What?

ETHAN
 We'll get soup. It's easy to
 regurgitate.

STEPHANIE
 Who are you?

ETHAN
 A friend. Lemme see your phone for
 a sec?

STEPHANIE
 Uh...

Stephanie removes her iPhone. Ethan snatches it and locates
 her number.

ETHAN
Cool. I'll shoot you a text
sometime.

STEPHANIE
Whatever.

Stephanie exits.

ETHAN
Hitting on anorexics is easy.
They're confused with hunger!

He turns to find Jillian staring at him.

JILLIAN
Get out.

The guys exit, one by one. Will tries to lighten the mood.

WILL
Thanks for your help, guys!

Angry stares. On his way past, Charlie leans in and whispers
in Jillian's ear.

CHARLIE
Boo.

EXT. PACIFIC CREST BUILDING - MORNING

A glass skyscraper reflects the clouds.

INT. HALLWAY - MORNING

Like a fighter approaching the ring, Luke heads for a set of
double doors. He pushes them open and steps into...

INT. PACIFIC CREST SECURITIES - TRADING FLOOR - MORNING

TRADERS scramble to and fro, making hand signals, SCREAMING
into their headsets. Luke smiles. He's home.

DILLER (O.S.)
You know what we do here, Hamilton?

Luke turns to find DILLER, 50, staring at him. Diller's skin
is green. This man hasn't seen sunlight in decades.

LUKE
Trade stocks?

DILLER
No.

LUKE
No?

DILLER
We make fucking money.

Diller throws his arms over Luke's shoulder and drags him to a blacked out window. Through a small gap in the curtain, we see a building across the street.

DILLER (cont'd) (CONT'D)
See that building?

LUKE
Yes.

DILLER
Two years ago, AIG had the second floor. Fifth floor was Lehman Brothers. Twelfth floor, Circuit City. Know why they're gone?

LUKE
Because they didn't make money?

DILLER
No. Because they didn't make fucking money. Do you know why we're still here? Because we make fucking money.

Diller pulls Luke over to JASON, WICK, and HUNTER, interchangeable white men in their 30's.

DILLER (cont'd) (CONT'D)
This is Hamilton. He's clerking for us. I fired that other douchebag because I couldn't stand to look at his fucking face anymore. Put your orders in through him.

Luke lights up. He's going to be calling in trades!

JASON
Go across the street and get me three triple espressos. Put three sugars in each one. None of that Splenda shit. I want the real thing!

Those kind of orders. Luke is disappointed.

WICK
Swing by Mickey D's, bring back fifteen egg and sausage McMuffins. That should get us to lunch.

HUNTER
Go to 7-11 and buy fifty lottery tickets. Scratch them off yourself. Go, go, go!

He shoves Luke towards the door.

HUNTER (CONT'D)
And I'd better fucking win!!!

EXT. SIDEWALK - MORNING

Will is reading a flyer taped to a telephone pole.

INSERT ON THE FLYER: "We Want Your Blood. Big \$\$\$"

It's for a Blood Bank. Will sighs and takes out his phone.
As he's entering the number...

SEAMAN MCMURPHY (O.S.)
Excuse me?

Will turns to see SEAMAN MCMURPHY, 30, wearing blinding Navy Whites.

SEAMAN MCMURPHY (CONT'D)
Are you presently employed?

Will nods to the flyer.

WILL
What do you think?

SEAMAN MCMURPHY
Outstanding. If you give me one
minute, I will change your life.

The Seaman leads Will to a table stacked high with Navy pamphlets.

SEAMAN MCMURPHY (cont'd) (CONT'D)
I'll bet you are totally unaware of
the unbelievable opportunities
available through the Navy.

WILL
You're absolutely correct.

The Seaman whips out a pen, clicks it, and points it at the bottom of a contract.

SEAMAN MCMURPHY
Sign here and I'll tell you all
about it.

WILL
I don't think so. You don't want
me, anyway. I do drugs. I have
massive authority problems.

SEAMAN MCMURPHY
The military is a lot more open-
minded than you think.

WILL
That's because there's two wars
going on. You'll take anyone.

SEAMAN MCMURPHY
Not true. We don't take convicted felons, and the chances of you being sent to war are...very small.

WILL
What about Iraq and Afghanistan?

SEAMAN MCMURPHY
They'll be over before you finish boot camp.

WILL
Nice talking to you...

He starts to walk away.

SEAMAN MCMURPHY
You can't get fired from the military unless you're a complete sociopath! You pretty much have to kill someone! We're about as recession proof as it gets!

Will stops. Is he actually considering it? The Seaman steps forward.

SEAMAN MCMURPHY (cont'd) (CONT'D)
Let me tell you what the brochures don't say...

He gets way too close. Speaks in a breathless whisper.

SEAMAN MCMURPHY (CONT'D)
The Navy is the biggest pussy-party in the world. It's like going to college in Arizona. You dock all over the world. Do you know how horny European girls are? And don't even get me started on the Asian sex tours.

Will's cellphone RINGS. He tears himself from the Seaman and answers.

WILL
Hello?

TANYA (V.O.)
Will Davis?

WILL
Speaking.

TANYA (V.O.)
This is Tanya Sellers at Wilheimer Job Placement. You sent a resume regarding our videographer position?

SEAMAN MCMURPHY
Lots and lots of pussy!

Will waves the Seaman away.

WILL
Right! Yes! Hi!

TANYA (V.O.)
Sorry it took so long to get back to you, we received like a thousand resumes. If you're still looking, we'd love to have you in for an interview.

WILL
I am definitely still looking.

TANYA
Can you be here in 30 minutes?

WILL
I'll be there!

Will sprints away. The Seaman yells after him.

SEAMAN MCMURPHY
Imagine a global beaver hunt!

An OLD WOMAN stops and glares at him.

INT. WILL'S CAR - NINETEEN MINUTES LATER

Will drives at top speed, steering with one hand and using his iPhone to locate the Wilheimer WEBSITE with the other.

DING DING DING! He looks down at his dashboard. The GAS LIGHT is on. He looks at his gas gauge. Way below empty. The car sputters to a stop! He looks at the clock. 2:49pm.

WILL
Fuck me.

EXT. GAS STATION - FOUR MINUTES LATER

Will pushes his car into the gas station, then hops in and brakes in front of a pump. He punches CASH on the screen and starts to pump. Will checks his watch. 2:53.

WILL
Come on. Come on.

The handle clicks. The price: \$35.27.

Will opens his wallet. Two dollars. He looks up to see a tattooed ATTENDANT staring at him. The Attendant narrows his eyes: don't even think about it.

A lone SPAGHETTI WESTERN flute plays.

Will drops the nozzle and jumps into his car! The Attendant sprints across the lot.

INT. WILL'S CAR - DAY

Will locks the door and fumbles to start the ignition. The Attendant POUNDS furiously on the window.

ATTENDANT
You're dead! You're dead! I'm
gonna make a call and have you
killed!

Will manages to start the ignition. The Attendant punches the window and CRACKS the glass! Will throws the car in drive and peels away.

EXT. DOWNTOWN - WILHEIMER HEADQUARTERS - SIX MINUTES LATER

Will fishtails into the parking lot and parks at a ridiculous angle, taking up three spaces. He jumps out, grabs his computer bag, and runs for the entrance.

INT. WILHEIMER - EXECUTIVE OFFICES - AFTERNOON

TANYA SELLERS, 30, perky and petite, leads Will down a hallway.

TANYA
You're lucky. Katherine Dunn
oversees our video services, but
she's on maternity leave, so you
get a non-stop flight to the
Decision Maker himself, Lawrence
Wilheimer.

She stops at a corner office.

TANYA (CONT'D)
Make sure to check out his package.

WILL
Retirement package?

TANYA
Package package. He's hung like a
fucking Minotaur.

She exits. Will is completely thrown.

INT. LAWRENCE'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

LAWRENCE WILHEIMER, 65, country club casual, looks out his panoramic window through a giant telescope. In front of him, a breathtaking view of Portland.

LAWRENCE
You know what we do here, Will?

Will is nervous. He needs this job.

WILL
Executive job placement.

Lawrence peels his eye away from the telescope.

LAWRENCE
As part of our Platinum Package, we
produce video resumes for our
clients. You'd be handling that.

WILL
That sounds right in my wheelhouse,
sir.

Wheelhouse? Will is pulling out all the stops. Lawrence
glances at his resume.

LAWRENCE
Your resume says "vast experience
in all facets of video production"?

WILL
For the past seven years, I've been
producing original video content
for my blog.

Lawrence stares at him.

LAWRENCE
That's it? You're saying
this...blog is your only relevant
experience?

Silence. Will tries to right the ship.

WILL
Sir. I know I'm not the most
experienced applicant you've met
with, but over the past few months,
I've come to understand that being
denied gainful employment is one of
the most frustrating and
demoralizing predicaments a person
can find themselves in. My Father
is unemployed and searching for
work. I can think of no more noble
cause than helping men and women in
his situation.

He smiles hopefully.

LAWRENCE
Nice save. We'll make sure to keep
you in mind.

Lawrence turns back to the telescope. The interview is over!
Will has a last, desperate idea.

WILL
Sir. Could I please show you some
of my work?

Lawrence checks his watch. Will quickly removes his laptop from his bag and sets it on the desk.

WILL (CONT'D)
This may not be exactly the subject matter you're looking for, but I believe it shows an ability to recognize what's unique about someone and foreground it for the marketplace...

INSERT: COMPUTER SCREEN

Will and Skeezy sit in the motel office. Skeezy uses his "Skeezy voice."

SKEEZY D
I'll tell you what I bring that my competitors don't: Leadership.

We see Skeezy giving a motivational speech to his stable of prostitutes.

SKEEZY D (CONT'D)
Anyone can get out there and do the bare minimum. But you my bitches cause you better than that!

Lawrence watches in disbelief.

SKEEZY D (CONT'D)
That's why you the most sought after hos in the greater Portland metropolitan area. So I gotta question: when you gonna start acting like it?

The video clip ends. Lawrence turns and stares at Will.

CAMMY (V.O.)
Here you go.

INT. STUMPTOWN ROASTERS - DAY

Cammy slides Roger an elaborate coffee drink.

CAMMY
One Bolivian Mint Macchiato.

ROGER
Extra shot?

CAMMY
Always.

ROGER
Thanks, Cammy. Could I ask you to fax this for me?

He hands her a resume and cover letter. Cammy feeds it into a coffee-stained fax machine wedged next to the register.

CAMMY
Where's this one going?

ROGER
Xerox.

CAMMY
What's the job?

ROGER
Regional Distribution Manager,
Scanners and Disc Duplicators'
division. My old job, at a new
company. It's perfect.

CAMMY
Who's the Decision Maker?

Roger is surprised she knows the term.

ROGER
James Gentry, National Distribution
Manager.

CAMMY
When are you gonna meet with him?

ROGER
There's a process. I have to work
my way up the line.

CAMMY
Screw that. Shoot him a text.

ROGER
I can't just text a prospective
employer out of the blue, Cammy.
There are boundaries.

Cammy takes out her iPhone.

CAMMY
This is my latest piercing.

She holds the phone up and Roger chokes on his coffee. We can only imagine what he's seeing.

ROGER
Did that...hurt?

CAMMY
Like a bitch. But I posted this on
Facebook and my rabbi hit "Like!"
See what I'm saying?

ROGER
No boundaries?

CAMMY
It's a Brave New World, Roger. Be aggressive. Be shameless. Get yourself out there.

Roger thinks about this.

TRISTAN (O.S.)
Hey, dude.

Roger turns to see TRISTAN, a hyperactive tech geek.

TRISTAN (CONT'D)
You have the bathroom key?

Roger pulls out a key attached to an Obama Bobblehead.

ROGER
Clean up when you're done.

TRISTAN
I'm not a janitor, dude.

ROGER
Everyone here does their part.
It's common courtesy.

TRISTAN
Boom!

Tristan whips an iPhone from a customized shoulder holster.

TRISTAN (CONT'D)
That's getting tweeted.

He types at light speed.

ROGER
Tweeted?

Tristan holds out his phone. Roger reads aloud.

ROGER (CONT'D)
"To the guy at Stumptown who used the phrase "common courtesy": 1955 called, it wants its lingo back."

Roger is confused.

ROGER (CONT'D)
What is this?

TECHIE
I update people throughout the day on what I'm doing, interesting people I meet, like yourself, stuff I'm eating, whatever.

ROGER
Why would you do that?

Tristan smiles proudly.

TRISTAN
So everyone knows exactly what's
happening in my life every moment.

ROGER
So it's a way to...get yourself out
there?

TECHIE
Two hundred and thirty seven people
follow this feed, dude. I'm so out
there, I'm on fucking Pluto!

Roger smiles. He's inspired.

INT. MCDONALD'S - DAY

Will stands at the counter, one of SEVERAL PEOPLE filling out
an application. He's about to hand it to a MANAGER when his
phone RINGS.

WILL
This is Will.

INT. WILHEIMER - TANYA'S OFFICE - DAY

Tanya holds a phone to her ear.

TANYA
Will, it's Tanya from Wilheimer.

INTERCUT AS NECESSARY

Will nods.

WILL
You're calling about my interview.

TANYA
Sure am.

WILL
Is Mister Wilheimer pressing
charges?

TANYA
You're in, playah!

Will blinks. Twice.

WILL
What?

TANYA
You're in. Starting salary is
thirty-seven five.

WILL
You're saying I have a job?

The other APPLICANTS look on jealously.

TANYA
Just two things. First, Mr.
Wilheimer wants the number of your
friend from the video.

Will laughs and starts to rip his application in half.

TANYA (CONT'D)
Second, you gotta pass a drug test.

Will freezes, mid-rip.

INT. APPLE STORE - GENIUS BAR - DAY

Ethan faces a middle-aged CUSTOMER.

ETHAN
Your volume indexing files have
been corrupted.

CUSTOMER
Jesus. Is that...fatal?

ETHAN
It's a common problem. It can be
easily fixed by using TechTool Pro,
which is right along that wall.

CUSTOMER
Thank you so much.

The man steps aside and Will appears, sweaty and panic
stricken.

WILL
I have to pass a drug test!!!

ETHAN
Dude!

Ethan pulls him away.

ETHAN (CONT'D)
I'm working here. We'll talk
later.

WILL
I don't have later! I know you can
help me!

ETHAN
Why?

WILL
Because you're a genius!

INT. CRASHPAD - BATHROOM - MORNING

Will stands in the bathtub, chugging a giant bottle of water. Ethan fills a second bottle in the sink.

ETHAN
We've got twenty six hours to flush
the drugs from your body. You
gotta drink and sweat, drink and
sweat, drink and...

INT. BIKRAM YOGA STUDIO - DAY

ETHAN (O.S.)
...sweat!

Will does Yoga in the heated room. Sweat pours down his face. He's too stressed to notice the GLISTENING WOMEN all around him.

EXT. FOREST PARK - WILDWOOD TRAIL - DUSK

Jillian crests a hill, wearing the form-fitting gear of a dedicated runner. Many seconds later, Will appears, wearing a drenched sweatshirt and cargo pants. He staggers to a tree and PUKES his guts out.

INT. CRASHPAD - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Will hangs upside down from an exercise bar. His face is beet red.

WILL
How much longer do I have to do
this?

Ethan enters playing a vintage Gameboy.

ETHAN
That's not doing anything. I was
just fucking with you.

Will drops to the floor and SCREAMS in frustration. Charlie appears, wearing a kimono.

CHARLIE
What's up with him?

ETHAN
Detox. He's got a drug test
tomorrow.

Charlie stares, deeply offended.

CHARLIE
Why wasn't I consulted?

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Will sits on the couch. Charlie stands in front of him, holding a plastic container with a small tube extending from one end.

CHARLIE
You put the sample in here, attach the heating unit so it has the temperature of fresh urine, and strap the whole thing to your inner thigh...

As he demonstrates, his kimono falls open and Will covers his eyes.

WILL
Kimono!

Charlie covers himself.

CHARLIE
The test will most likely take place in a bathroom with someone listening at the door. You'll need to run the faucet to cover the sound of the transfer.

WILL
Won't the transfer just sound like I'm peeing?

Charlie gives a wry smile.

CHARLIE
When you pee, urine exits your urethra at high speed. In order to produce the lusty vibrato of actual urination, you'd have to place the sample cup on the floor and climb a ladder. It's a whole deal. Trust me.

WILL
Run the faucet. Got it.

CHARLIE
There's also a time element. Take longer than ninety seconds, you're begging for a strip search.

WILL
Ninety seconds. Got it.

Charlie hands over the gear and frowns.

CHARLIE
Now comes the hardest part.

WILL
What's that?

CHARLIE
Finding someone we know with clean
urine.

INT. DAVIS HOUSEHOLD - FRONT DOOR - NIGHT

Roger, in pajamas and a bathrobe, opens the door to reveal Will.

ROGER
Will. Is everything all right?

WILL
Everything's great! Can I come in?

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

Will and Roger sit at the kitchen table.

WILL
So. Good news.

ROGER
Yes?

WILL
I got a job.

ROGER
That's fantastic, Will!

WILL
At a place called Wilheimer. They
do job placement.

Roger reacts to the name.

ROGER
I've heard...very good things about
that firm.

WILL
Yeah, it's awesome. I'll be
producing their video resumes.
There's just one problem. It's why
I'm here...

Roger holds up his hand.

ROGER
Will. If you're asking for a
bridge loan, the answer is still
no.

Will's eyes go wide.

WILL
You think I'm here for money? Dad,
you're out of work. I would never
put you in that position.

ROGER
I'm sorry, Will. What can I do for
you?

Will sets the plastic container in front of Roger.

INT. LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Will and Roger enter in mid-argument.

WILL
You're saying no?

ROGER
There must be someone else you can
ask. What about Jillian?

WILL
I'm hanging by a thread with
Jillian. I'm not about to ask her
to pee in a cup.

ROGER
What about Luke?

WILL
Unclean.

ROGER
Ethan?

WILL
Tainted.

ROGER
Charlie?

WILL
Toxic.

ROGER
I'm sorry, Will. I'm not
comfortable with this.

WILL
Dad! I have a job. A real job.
The kind of job you've been bugging
me to get for years. If I can't
produce an immaculate cup of urine,
I'm right back to being unemployed.
Is that what you want?

ROGER
Of course not. But you're asking
me to be an accessory to...

WILL
To what?

ROGER
They'd be hiring you under false
pretenses.

Will points an accusing finger.

WILL
When you interviewed at Nestle, had
you ever worked in Sales?

ROGER
That's a completely different...

WILL
Answer the question! Had you ever
worked in Sales?

ROGER
Not as such.

WILL
Not as such. But you listed a job
you had pumping gas as a "sales
position in the petroleum
industry." Because you knew in
your heart if they gave you a
chance, you'd kick ass. Right?

Silence.

WILL (CONT'D)
Right?

Roger sighs.

WILL (CONT'D)
Dad. I can do this job.

Will holds out the container.

INT. BATHROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Will leads Roger into the bathroom.

WILL
Thanks. I owe you big time.

Roger struggles to remove the lid.

WILL (CONT'D)
Here...

Will pops it open.

WILL (CONT'D)
It's child-proof.

Will smiles and exits, closing the door behind him. Roger turns and confronts his reflection in the mirror. A grown man, holding a small plastic cup. He sighs.

ROGER
Brave New World.

INT. WILHEIMER - HALLWAY - MORNING

Will stands at the door to the Men's Room. He looks a little sweaty. Tanya smiles and hands him a plastic cup.

TANYA
Show me what you got, Will.

WILL
I have kind of a shy bladder. I might have to run the faucet to help things along.

TANYA
Whatever you gotta do to gimme that sweet sweet nectar.

She gives him a sexy wink. Will hesitates, then pushes through the door...

INT. BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

...and exhales. Will's in serious pain. He tears open his pants and pulls them down to reveal the container of urine strapped to his inner thigh, encased in a heating device. Will yanks off the heater to reveal a painful looking BURN on his thigh. He looks at his watch and whispers to himself.

WILL
Ninety seconds. Ninety seconds.

Will extends the tube from the container and reaches to turn on the faucet...

...but it's one of those annoying motion detector faucets! Will waves his hand desperately underneath the faucet. After several seconds, water begins to flow. Will reaches for the sample cup and the water immediately stops! Before he can react...

KNOCK KNOCK KNOCK!

TANYA (O.S.)
Need some help in there?

WILL
I'm good!

TANYA (O.S.)
I have two free hands!

Will is panicking. He throws his leg up onto the sink, trying not to split his pants. He waves a hand underneath the faucet to once again start the water. This leaves him one hand to unscrew the sample cup and feed the container tube into it. The whole thing is very Mission: Impossible.

TANYA (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Think of waterfalls!

WILL
Good idea!

Will succeeds in stuffing the tube into the cup, but there isn't enough gravity to start the flow. Will manages to climb up onto the sink while continuing to wave his hand underneath the faucet.

TANYA (O.S.)
Think of like, things gushing!

WILL
Right!

Will rolls onto his back and lifts his leg straight up. He arches his back and through a series of gymnastic contortions, finally achieves enough height so that the urine flows from the container to the cup. The moment the urine is fully transferred, Will collapses onto the sink.

TANYA (O.S.)
I'm a gusher, but only if I'm like,
comfortable with a person!

Will smiles. Success!

EXT. BACKYARD - EVENING

Ilene is lounging in a bubbling hot tub, glass of wine in her hand. Roger crosses the yard and hops in next to her.

ILENE
Did you get lost?

ROGER
Will called.

ILENE
Any news?

ROGER
He...got a job.

Ilene smiles.

ILENE
What is it?

ROGER
Executive Recruitment. A good
salary and full benefits.

ILENE
Well. Thank goodness for that.

Ilene can tell that her husband is conflicted. She hands Roger her glass.

ILENE (CONT'D)
Are you okay?

Roger sips the wine thoughtfully.

ROGER
I always knew there would come a time when Will was working and I wasn't. I just...I didn't think it would come so soon.

Ilene snuggles against him.

ILENE
You're gonna be fine.

ROGER
I hope so.

He's worried.

ILENE
Is there anything I can do to make you feel better?

ROGER
I don't know.

He looks at her and smiles.

ROGER (CONT'D)
How long can you hold your breath?

Like father, like son.

INT. JILLIAN'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Will rolls from on top of Jillian.

WILL
Whew! I should get a job more often.

She nuzzles into his shoulder.

JILLIAN
That's not your only present.

WILL
The back door?

JILLIAN
Dream on.

She reaches under the bed and pulls out a slender box.

JILLIAN (CONT'D)
For your first day.

Will opens it to reveal a Brooks Brothers tie. He stares at it skeptically.

JILLIAN (CONT'D)
Do you like it?

WILL
It's...great, baby. But I'm the video guy. I don't have to wear a tie.

JILLIAN
Can I see it for a second?

Jillian takes the tie and throws it around his neck.

WILL
I'm worried this is your way of saying: "Go climb the corporate..."

She tightens it.

WILL (CONT'D)
Ow!

JILLIAN
Jesus, Will. It's just a present!

She walks out of the room. Will calls after her.

WILL
I mean, it's a nice present! Maybe I can wear it ironically on Casual Friday!

INT. WILHEIMER - WILL'S OFFICE - AFTERNOON

BRUCE MARTIN, 50 years old, stares at the camera and speaks in a coma-inducing monotone. Behind him is a mock-up of an upscale living room.

BRUCE
Energy. Charisma. Going the extra mile. Three reasons you should hire Bruce Martin.

He smiles awkwardly.

WILL (O.S.)
Cut!

INT. WILL'S OFFICE - AFTERNOON

Will stands by the camera, wearing a rumpled shirt, khakis, and sneakers. He looks exhausted.

BRUCE
How was that?

WILL
Great, Bruce. Powerful stuff.

Bruce smiles and exits. Will turns off the camera and looks at his mail basket, which is overflowing with DVD's. It's been a long day.

INT. CRASHPAD - LIVING ROOM - EVENING

Charlie and DeJuan sit at a table, science textbooks open in front of them.

CHARLIE
Come on, DeJuan. Plants turn
sunlight into energy by...

DeJuan just shrugs.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)
Photosynthesis! We went over that!

DEJUAN
Why do we have to do this?

CHARLIE
If your grades don't improve, you
can't play football. If you can't
play football, I may never win a
game.

DEJUAN
I told you the team sucks.

CHARLIE
I thought you were kidding! Why
didn't you tell me your teammates
were a bunch of spastics and
cripples?

WILL (O.S.)
Hey.

Will enters.

CHARLIE
What are you doing here?

WILL
Came by for a taste of the good old
days.

CHARLIE
Will, this is DeJuan.

WILL
DeJuan, don't listen to a thing
this man says.

DeJuan laughs. Ethan enters reading his iPhone.

ETHAN
Will! You see your Dad's latest
Tweet?

WILL
You're following my Dad's Twitter
feed?

ETHAN
I don't think he's got the hang of
it yet...

Ethan reads aloud.

ETHAN (CONT'D)
"My friend Jim lost his mother
yesterday. LOL, Jim."

CHARLIE
What the hell?

Will sighs.

WILL
He thinks LOL means "Lots of Love."

DEJUAN
That's messed up.

ETHAN
It's the greatest thing ever. He's
already got a hundred and forty
followers!

Ethan and Charlie laugh. Will is embarrassed for his Dad.

INT. WILL'S OFFICE - DAY

Will is taping TOM WILSON, late 40's.

WILL
Please describe your relevant work
experience.

TOM
The Tax Experienced Manager, or
"Senior Manager" is responsible for
the delivery of a full range of tax
services for multiple clients in a
wide variety of industries.

Will sighs. Tom hesitates.

TOM (CONT'D)
Am I doing something wrong?

WILL
Tom. What's gonna separate you
from the seventeen other videos
I've done this week?

Tom stares into the camera.

TOM
I'll tell you what's gonna separate
me from the pack: my willingness to
go above and beyond the call of
duty!

Will turns off the camera.

WILL
Forget the camera for a second.

Will chooses his words carefully.

WILL (CONT'D)
Do you think this is good? I mean,
do you think someone will want to
hire you based on this?

TOM
I...hope so. I'm paying you guys
fifty thousand dollars.

WILL
Exactly. So you want this to be
good. You want it to stand out.

TOM
Of course.

Will nods and pulls the camera from the tripod. Looks at Tom
and evokes William Holden in "The Wild Bunch."

WILL
Let's go.

RIIING!!

INT. PACIFIC CREST SECURITIES - EVENING

The closing bell has just rung. Diller and a group of his
BROKERS stand in a circle. Luke hangs back.

DILLER
Hamilton!

LUKE
Yep?

DILLER
Come here!

Luke enters the circle. Diller reaches into his bag and pulls out a jar filled with opaque liquid.

DILLER (CONT'D)
Know what this is?

The brokers smile.

LUKE
No. What is it?

DILLER
It's deer scent. When a female deer wants a buck to fuck her, she shoots this out of her pussy, and a buck comes running.

Luke nods, not sure where this is going.

DILLER (CONT'D)
I use it in the wild when I hunt. I use it in here when I think a clerk is ready for a desk.

Diller unscrews the jar. It's truly foul. He holds it out to Luke.

DILLER (CONT'D)
Drink it.

Luke laughs. He's the only one.

LUKE
I'm not drinking that. That's fucking disgusting.

Diller keeps holding the jar.

WICK
He's not gonna drink it.

HUNTER
Five hundred dollars he drinks it!

JASON
Anyone else?

BROKERS from around the office flutter over, like moths to a flame.

BROKER 1
I'll take that action!

BROKER 2
I'm selling 2 to 1 he drinks the deer cum!

It's turning into pure chaos.

DILLER
Hold it!!!

The place goes quiet.

DILLER (CONT'D)
Let him make up his mind.

Luke stares at the jar.

DILLER (CONT'D)
Does he want a desk? Or does he
wanna be a clerk for the rest of
his life?

Luke reaches out and takes the jar! The office ERUPTS!
Brokers jostle for a view as Luke looks at Diller and lifts
the jar to his mouth...

BROKERS
Chug! Chug! Chug!

...starts chugging! Luke gulps it down like he's shotgunning
a beer. When he finishes, he raises the jar into the air
and the place goes crazy! Luke throws the jar to the ground,
smashing it into a million pieces. For a moment, he's king
of the world, and then...

...he bends over and HURLS all over the floor! The brokers
laugh hysterically.

Luke wipes the vomit from his mouth as brokers slap him on
the back.

INT. WILHEIMER - CONFERENCE ROOM - AFTERNOON

Will walks into the room, laptop under his arm. A dozen
PEOPLE, Lawrence included, sit around a large table.

LAWRENCE
Will, this is Katherine Dunn, our
VP of Client Relations.

KATHERINE DUNN is built like a linebacker. She's wearing a
lavender pants suit.

WILL
Welcome back! Congrats on being a
Mom.

Katherine narrows her eyes.

KATHERINE
Video Services are under my
purview. Now that I'm back, you
report to me, understood?

WILL
Got it. Now get ready to have your
mind blown.

KATHERINE
Excuse me?

Will is excited.

WILL
I'm taking video resumes to the
next level, Katherine.

With a dramatic flourish, Will dims the lights. Everyone turns to a projection screen on the wall.

ON THE SCREEN:

Tom Wilson rides the Aerial Tram up Marquam Hill. Behind him, a stunning view of the Portland skyline and Mount Hood.

TOM
People think accountants are a
bunch of number-crunching nerds,
and maybe we are, but I'm
passionate about finding solutions
for my clients. I live to find
that one loophole everyone else
overlooked.

The video is not as "out there" as we expected. Katherine watches, poker-faced.

TOM (CONT'D)
I've spent my life studying the tax
code, it's like the code is my...

Tom hesitates.

WILL (O.S.)
Tell me.

TOM
I'm a Jazz buff. Sometimes, I like
to think of the tax code as my
instrument...

With no warning, the video goes completely off the rails.
Thelonius Monk's "Mysterioso" plays under a series of
bizarrely framed shots of Tom Wilson working. Animated
numbers in pastel colors swirl around him as he works. It's
as if Spike Jonze decided to direct a video resume.

The video ends on a close-up of Tom's face, staring directly
into the camera. His contact info FADES INTO VIEW as he
stares. The effect is pretentious, but strangely effective.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Will brings up the lights and smiles. Silence around the
table.

LAWRENCE
What do we all think? Tanya?

TANYA
I think it makes him seem youthful.

FERNANDO
We've all met him. Until now, I
thought Tom was a total dud.

Laughter. Will is encouraged, then turns to find Katherine
glaring at him.

KATHERINE
This is an Executive Recruitment
firm, Mr. Davis. Not MTV.

The air is sucked out of the room.

TANYA
Everyone's always loved the old
resumes.

FERNANDO
People aren't hiring this guy for
his personality. He needs to look
professional.

Will is confused. Tanya winks at him.

KATHERINE
From now on, you will follow the
guidebook to the letter.

WILL
The guidebook's kind of...limiting.

KATHERINE
I wrote the guidebook, Mr. Davis.

Katherine stands.

KATHERINE (CONT'D)
And while I have you here, there
are some issues of comportment that
apparently need clarification.

Katherine rounds the table and looks down at Will.

KATHERINE (CONT'D)
Please stand.

Will hesitates before standing. As everyone watches,
Katherine slowly circles him. She frowns at his scruffy,
"Hipster" facial hair.

KATHERINE (CONT'D)
This scruff would be fine if you
were to carry through and grow a
beard. But you're living in no
man's land. Beard or no beard,
understood?

WILL
Got it.

She stops and stares at him.

KATHERINE
"Got it?"

WILL
Understood.

She keeps circling. Takes in his wardrobe: wrinkled shirt, skinny jeans, New Balance sneakers.

KATHERINE
Your wardrobe is inappropriate.

WILL
It's Casual Friday.

KATHERINE
Your Casual Friday is everyone else's pajamas. From now on, you will maintain a professional appearance. That means a suit and tie. It does not mean sneakers.

WILL
Understood...

He starts to sit.

KATHERINE
And another thing.

He stands.

KATHERINE (CONT'D)
I took a look at your Facebook page and was confronted by an image of you and a stripper engaged in sordid behavior.

Behind Katherine's back, Tanya mouths to Will: "Friend me!"

KATHERINE (CONT'D)
You are an employee of this company, Mr. Davis. You represent us inside and outside of the office. Your behavior must conform to the exacting standards of the Wilheimer Executive Search Firm.

WILL
Understood...

He starts to sit.

KATHERINE
Finally...

He stands.

KATHERINE (CONT'D)
While I was away, I was a recipient of several of your "reply all" e-mails. They were inappropriate, offensive, and worst of all: not funny. No one wants a birthday spanking from you, Mr. Davis.

As Will struggles to maintain his cool, Tanya smiles and mouths "I do!"

KATHERINE (CONT'D)
This is the problem with your entire generation. You think we're interested in everything you have to say. And we're just not. Is that clear?

WILL
Crystal clear.

KATHERINE
Then you may sit.

Katherine returns to her seat. As the meeting continues, Will seethes with humiliation and fury.

INT. STUMPTOWN ROASTERS - ROGER'S "OFFICE" - DAY

A framed picture of the Davis family sits surrounded by empty espresso cups.

ROGER (O.S.)
Hello, Pearl. It's Roger Davis again. Is Mr. Gentry in? Do you know if he's had a chance to look at my resume yet?

We TILT to reveal that Roger's hair is now jet black.

ROGER (CONT'D)
Did he get the bag of Moroccan coffee I sent? Well, please let him know I tried again and look forward to meeting with him soon.

Roger hangs up, looking thoroughly defeated. When Will pushes through the door, Roger puts on his game face.

ROGER (CONT'D)
Will! Step in to my office.

Will sits and stares.

WILL (cont'd)
What did you do to your hair?

ROGER
I kept losing jobs to people in their thirties. Cammy volunteered to help.

Cammy walks past.

ROGER (CONT'D)
What's this color called again?

CAMMY
Gothic Raven.

ROGER
What do you think?

WILL
It's...dramatic.

Tristan appears and fist bumps Roger.

TRISTAN
Dude, your tweets continue to amaze
and delight. What's up, Will?
How's the new job?

WILL
Uh...fine.

TRISTAN
Awesome.

Tristan walks away. Will is unsettled by the exchange.

ROGER
Want a coffee?

WILL
Sure.

Will stares as Roger walks behind the counter and plays the espresso machine like a violin.

INT. ROGER'S "OFFICE" - LATER

Roger and Will sip elaborate coffee drinks. Will gripes about his job.

WILL
So my supervisor is back from
maternity leave and she's a total
ball-buster. She got on my ass
about how I dress, in front of
everyone. It was humiliating.

Roger takes in Will's casual outfit.

ROGER
Is this what you've been wearing to
work?

WILL
What else am I gonna wear?

ROGER
Are you seriously asking that question?

WILL
I'm the video guy. Who cares how I dress?

Roger stares. Will just doesn't get it.

WILL (CONT'D)
It's not just the clothes. I made the video resumes a thousand times better but she shot it down cause they didn't follow the stupid template or whatever.

ROGER
Will...

WILL
There's nothing interesting or creative or fun about these resumes, Dad. I'm bored out of my mind, and now this uptight bitch is on my ass about every little thing!

Roger can't take it anymore.

ROGER
Who cares how you dress? How about a client paying fifty thousand dollars for your services? And the video format or whatever: Will, you work for THEM. You conform to THEIR standards, not the other way around. The fact that you can't grasp that is mind-boggling!

Will is taken aback.

WILL
What's up with you?

ROGER
"What's up" with me? What's up is I've sent out 897 resumes. And gotten three calls! What's up is your mother is substitute teaching to keep Kara at Stanford. What's up is I'm using a coffee house as an office. What's up is I'm not in the mood to listen to you griping because your employer requires you to act in a professional manner!

They're both jacked on caffeine. It's not helping the situation.

WILL
Excuse me for telling you how I feel!

(MORE)

WILL (CONT'D)
Just because I have a job and you
don't, you won't listen to me?

ROGER
I'm listening! You sound like a
god damned brat!

Will is shocked. Roger's never spoken to him that way
before.

WILL
Okay.

Will stands and heads for the exit. He turns at the door...

WILL (CONT'D)
You look like Roy Orbison!

...and exits. After a moment of silence...

TATTOOED HIPSTER
Who the fuck is Roy Orbison?

INT. JILLIAN'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - LATE NIGHT

Jillian's asleep. Will lays next to her, laptop open on his
chest.

INSERT: COMPUTER SCREEN

Grainy footage from a pre-digital video camera. Roger, years
younger, points at a bottle of Pellegrino.

ROGER
Why do I care so much about
Pellegrino? Because it's the
greatest mineral water in the
world. If I didn't believe that, I
wouldn't work there!

Will freezes the image of his passionate Dad. It's not as
funny any more. He turns and looks at Jillian.

MUSIC UP: Tennessee Ernie Ford sings "16 Tons."

INT. JILLIAN'S BATHROOM - MORNING

Will shaves off his facial scruff. He nicks himself and
looks down at the blood on his finger.

EXT. CAR LOT - DAY

Luke rips the window tag off a brand new white Range Rover.
A SALESMAN throws him the keys. Luke peels out of the lot.

INT. JILLIAN'S BEDROOM - MORNING

Will stands in front of a mirror, knotting the tie Jillian gave him. The skinny part is 6 inches longer than the thick part. Will sighs and starts over.

INT. APPLE STORE - BREAKROOM - DAY

A flyer reads: "STEVE JOBS IN-STORE APPEARANCE." Ethan whips out his iPhone, plugs in the date.

INT. WILL'S OFFICE - DAY

Will, dressed for success, holds the resume guidebook and watches a CLIENT answer a question.

Will flips a page of the guidebook, looks back up to reveal a SECOND CLIENT sitting in the armchair.

EXT. ATHLETIC FIELD - DAY

DeJuan leads the football team, in full pads, on a jog. We move down the line to...

Charlie, who drives behind them in a golf cart, yells into a megaphone.

INT. WILL'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Will edits a video of a THIRD CLIENT. He hits eject and a DVD pops from the deck.

INT. HEWLETT-PACKARD - DAY

Jillian's Pradas parade through the office. She steps into a conference room. Surprise! A group of her colleagues hold up a birthday cake! Jillian beams, accepted.

INT. WILHEIMER - CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Will presents the finished video for a FOURTH CLIENT. It clearly follows the guidebook. Katherine nods her approval.

INT. ROGER'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Ilene kisses Roger on the cheek and rolls over to sleep. Roger grabs his blackberry and types.

INSERT: BLACKBERRY SCREEN

"Going 2 bed! LOL, world."

The song ENDS.

INT. BAR - HAPPY HOUR

Will walks in and spots Roger at a table, two pints of beer in front of him. Roger's hair has been dyed a more natural shade. Will slides in across from him. Roger clocks his suit and tie.

ROGER
Look at you.

WILL
Look at you.

He points to Roger's hair. A tense silence.

WILL (CONT'D)
So...

ROGER
Will, I'm sorry. I shouldn't have blown up at you like that. I'm under a lot of pressure these days, and I took it out on you.

Will takes a breath. Let's go of his anger.

WILL
I'm sorry I said you looked like Roy Orbison.

ROGER
Well, you weren't far off.

WILL
You were totally right, by the way. I've been following the dress code and the video protocols and everyone's off my case.

Roger smiles.

ROGER
Funny how that works.

WILL
I can't believe...

ROGER
What?

WILL
I can't believe I thought I could just act however I wanted. Thinking about it makes me wanna cringe.

Roger sips his drink and thinks.

ROGER
This is my fault.

WILL
How is my jackassery your fault?

ROGER
You never met him, but my Dad
wasn't much of a hugger. I can
count on one hand the number of
compliments I got from him before
he died. So when you were born,
your mother and I wanted to do
things differently. We wanted you
to feel special.

WILL
You succeeded.

ROGER
Beyond our wildest expectations.

Will smiles.

ROGER (CONT'D)
We overcompensated. We were too
supportive.

WILL
How can you be too supportive?

Will balls up his napkin and tosses it towards a trash can.
Not even close.

ROGER
Basketball.

WILL
What about it?

ROGER
You were a terrible basketball
player.

WILL
Come on.

ROGER
You were awful. It was like a
Jerry Lewis movie out there.

Will laughs.

ROGER (CONT'D)
But the summer before high school,
we shelled out three grand to send
you to basketball camp at Duke. As
if you had a chance in hell of
playing college ball.

WILL
You're saying you should've said no
to basketball camp? Crushed my
dreams?

ROGER
I'm saying your expectations are
unrealistic, Will.

Will thinks about this.

ROGER (CONT'D)
We've done a better job with Kara,
I think. We've kept her
expectations reasonable. She knows
she has to work her butt off to get
what she wants.

Will stares.

WILL
Wait. You're saying I'm full of
glitches?

ROGER
I'm not saying...

WILL
You're saying I'm the one that
people overpay for and then bitch
about when it turns out I'm all
glitchy? And Kara's the one where
all the kinks have been worked out,
the one the smart people wait to
buy? You're saying I'm a beta
version, Dad?

Roger laughs. It's been a hard week and he needs to let off
some steam. A WAITRESS approaches their table with a tray
full of shots.

WAITRESS
You two look like you're having
fun. Want some shots?

ROGER
I don't think so.

WILL
Yeah, he's too old for shots.

Roger smiles at the challenge.

INT. WILL'S OFFICE - MUCH MUCH MUCH LATER

Roger sits in the armchair, legs crossed. Will stands behind
the camera.

ROGER
I'm Roger Davis. Why should you
hire me as Regional Distribution
Manager, Scanner and Disc
Duplicator Division?

He pauses.

ROGER (CONT'D)
Cuz I'm shit broke!

Will spit-takes. They're drunk as skunks.

WILL
Come on, Dad. Be serious.

ROGER
You want serious?

Roger turns away...then whips back to the camera.

ROGER (cont'd) (CONT'D)
I'm Roger Davis, and I'm serious
about Disc Duplicators!

Will laughs. Roger chugs a can of beer.

WILL
Gimme the beer, Dad.

Roger polishes off the beer and crumples the can. Will takes
it and lobs it at the trash can. Airball. Roger laughs.

ROGER
See?

A JANITOR pushes his cleaning cart past the door. He stops
and peeks into the office.

WILL
Dad. You know why we're doing
this? We're doing this so
whatshisname...

ROGER
James Gentry.

WILL
So James Gentry can see what I see.

ROGER
What's that?

WILL
A man who works harder than anyone
I've ever known. When I was a kid,
I thought you were gonna leave Mom
and run off with Pellegrino. The
passion you bring to your work is
special, Dad.

ROGER
No one's special.

WILL
Bullshit! Now look in this camera
and show whatshisname...

ROGER
James Gentry.

WILL
Look in here and show James Gentry
who you are. A passionate and
dedicated and amazing human being!

Outside the office, the Janitor smiles and moves on. Silence
as Roger hesitates.

WILL (CONT'D)
You've supported me my whole life,
Dad. Let me repay the favor.
Please.

This hits home with Roger. He composes himself and looks
into the camera.

ROGER
I'm Roger Davis. And if you knew
me, then you'd know why you should
hire me.

Will smiles. This is better.

EXT. WILHEIMER HEADQUARTERS - NIGHT

The light from Will's office glows like a solitary star.

INT. WILL'S OFFICE - DAWN

Roger wakes up in the armchair, jacket covering his chest.
He wipes the sleep from his eyes and sees Will passed out at
his desk, like he fell asleep in class.

Roger stands and watches his son sleep for a moment before
draping his jacket over Will's shoulders and exiting.

INT. WILL'S OFFICE - EARLY MORNING

A groggy Will opens his eyes. Peels his face off the desk.
Crusty drool hangs from his mouth. He wipes his face.

A glass of water sits in front of him, with a travel pack of
Alka-Seltzer. There's a note:

"This is how my generation took care of a hangover. Dad."

Will smiles. He rips open the Alka-Seltzer and dumps it in the water. As he drinks the mixture, he crumples Roger's note into a ball and tosses it at the wastebasket. Air ball.

INT. WILHEIMER - KATHERINE OFFICE - MORNING

Will enters carrying a Starbucks cup.

WILL
I brought your favorite, Ms. Dunn.
Tall Pumpkin Spice Latte, one sugar
in the raw.

KATHERINE
Thank you. Where are we on the
Fredericks video?

WILL
On schedule for tomorrow afternoon.

Katherine sips her latte and makes a face.

KATHERINE
I was really hoping to take some
personal time tomorrow afternoon.

Will is brutally hung over from the night before. He digs deep.

WILL
Say no more. I'll stay late and
get it to you first thing in the
morning.

He turns to leave.

KATHERINE
Will.

He turns back.

KATHERINE (CONT'D)
You didn't hear this from me, but
there's a chance the company will
be restructuring.

WILL
Restructuring?

KATHERINE
If it happens, a new position is
going to be created: Vice-President
of Corporate Communications.

WILL
Okay.

KATHERINE
Keep up the good work, that could
be you.

Will takes this in.

INT. WILHEIMER - BREAK ROOM - AFTERNOON

Will puts three scoops of coffee into a filter. Thinks.
Shovels in four more scoops.

TANYA (O.S.)
You get lucky?

Will turns to find Tanya invading his personal space.

WILL
Excuse me?

TANYA
You look tired. Pound some box
last night?

WILL
Pound some...no. I was out with
friends. And now Katherine wants
the Fredericks package by tomorrow
morning.

Tanya looks at the coffee maker.

TANYA
Coffee's for big wet pussies.

INT. FERNANDO'S OFFICE - AFTERNOON

Will taps on the door.

WILL
Fernando? Can I have a word with
you?

FERNANDO
Sure, Will.

Will looks around before shutting the door behind him.

WILL
So I was talking to Tanya...

FERNANDO
Yes?

WILL
And I was telling her I have
some...extra work I need to do.

FERNANDO
Yes?

Will pauses.

WILL
I said I have some extra work I
need to do.

FERNANDO
Why do you keep saying that?

WILL
Because that's what Tanya told me
to say.

FERNANDO
That you have some extra work you
need to do?

WILL
Yes. I have some extra work I need
to do.

Fernando just stares at him. Will gives him a hint.

WILL (CONT'D)
And I need a little help getting it
done?

FERNANDO
You want me to do your work for
you?

WILL
No, no, no. I'm saying I heard you
were the man to talk to about...you
know...

FERNANDO
Drugs?

WILL
Yes. No. No. "Drugs" has such a
negative connotation.

Will swallows.

WILL (CONT'D)
I have ADD.

FERNANDO
Then why don't you go to a doctor?

WILL
Maybe I should.

Silence.

FERNANDO
You know there's more than one
Fernando in the office, right?

WILL
There is?

Fernando taps his chest.

FERNANDO
Fernando Lopez, Account Director.
And Fernando the Janitor.

WILL
Ah. Gotcha.

Will turns to open the door. Hesitates.

WILL (CONT'D)
Just to be clear: you're not the
Fernando with Adderall for sale?

EXT. WILHEIMER - STAIRWELL - DAY

FERNANDO, the janitor from the night before, sits in the stairwell. Will stands in front of him.

FERNANDO THE JANITOR
My Mother is a shrink, so I can
fulfill your every desire: Ritalin,
Adderall, Dexedrine...

WILL
What do you recommend?

FERNANDO THE JANITOR
For someone with extra work?

Fernando removes a bottle of Dexedrine from his pocket.

FERNANDO THE JANITOR (CONT'D)
Sexy Dexy.

Fernando taps two pills into Will's hand and closes his own hand over them. Doesn't let go.

FERNANDO THE JANITOR (CONT'D)
I want you to know I was here last
night. I saw you and your Dad.

WILL
You're not gonna tell anyone, are
you?

FERNANDO THE JANITOR
I am not close with my own Father,
and your words...they moved me.

Fernando yanks him close.

FERNANDO THE JANITOR (CONT'D)
I will take it to the grave.

He looks a little unhinged.

INT. WILL'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Will is editing a resume when a TEXT BUBBLE appears on screen:

"Going 2 Portland Brewery. Meet me there? Love you."

Will stands, his concentration broken.

INT. WILHEIMER BATHROOM - NIGHT

Will stands at the sink, waving his hand under the faucet to keep the water flowing. Will looks up to find his pupils are totally dilated.

WILL
Holy shit I look like a fucking
android what the fuck did that guy
give me?

He's talking at light speed.

WILL (CONT'D)
It's fine I need to get this done
I need to get that promotion I
don't know what a vice president of
corporate communications does but
that's okay I'm a communicator and
they obviously noticed that and
think I'd be good at the job and I
think Katherine likes me she was
mean to me for a while but I'm
doing better why the fuck am I
talking to myself?

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

Will steps from the bathroom and a SHADOW scurries across his feet.

WILL
FUCK!

A RAT runs disappears into the bullpen area.

INT. LAWRENCE'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Will exits the office wielding a GOLF CLUB like a weapon.

INT. WILHEIMER - BULLPEN - NIGHT

The bullpen ILLUMINATES, one fluorescent bank a time. A room the size of an airline hanger, filled with empty cubicles. It's eerie. Will takes a breath and steps forward...

INT. BULLPEN - CUBICLES - CONTINUOUS

Will moves through the cubicles, golf club cocked and ready.

WILL
I have to do everything around here
shoot videos get coffee now I have
to kill the fucking rodents this
place would fall apart without me!

SHUFFLING is heard. The rat is close! Will moves forward.

INT. BULLPEN - OVERHEAD VIEW - CONTINUOUS

Will weaves through the bullpen. A rat in a maze.

INT. BULLPEN - CUBICLES - CONTINUOUS

Will turns a corner and sees the rat has hit a dead end. It scurries back and forth along the wall, vainly seeking escape. Will runs forward, golf club raised high...

WILL
AAAAAAHHHHHHH!

...and freezes. Will and the rat look into each other's beady red eyes. Will lowers the golf club.

WILL (CONT'D)
Go in peace, my friend.

INT. PORTLAND TAVERN - NIGHT

The room is packed with YOUNG BUSINESSPEOPLE. Will enters, still wired out of his mind, and freezes. Every man in the room is wearing a tie. Will reels as a NIGHTMARE MONTAGE of ties parade before his blurry vision. Will takes a breath, trying to keep from panicking. He spots Jillian standing with JEREMY, 30, a classic Young Republican. Will heads over, zeroed in on Jeremy's tie.

WILL
Hey!

JILLIAN
Hey, you. Jeremy, this is my
boyfriend, Will.

JEREMY
Damn glad to meet you. Jill and I
work together at HP.

WILL
Jill? Who the fuck is Jill?

Awkward silence.

JEREMY
So where'd you two meet, Jill?

JILLIAN
We went to college together.

WILL
When exactly did you graduate,
Jeremy?

JEREMY
Ninety-eight.

WILL
That makes you...

JEREMY
Thirty-two.

WILL
...ten years older than us. And
you're in the Young Business
League?

Jillian stares at Will.

JEREMY
Damn right. Our mission at the YBL
is to find the best and brightest
in the Portland business community,
put them together, and see what
kind of magic they spark.

WILL
How old do you think you'll be
before it's creepy to hit on girls
just out of college?

JILLIAN
Will!

JEREMY
Is there a problem here?

WILL
Damn right. You're here, at a bar,
talking to my girlfriend, who just
graduated from college, and I think
you're kind of creepy now.

JILLIAN
Alright...

Jillian pulls Will away.

EXT. PORTLAND TAVERN - NIGHT

Jillian drags Will out of the bar.

JILLIAN
What are you doing?

WILL
So that's how you want me to be?

JILLIAN
What are you talking about?

WILL
Like that douchebag Jeremy with his
fucking tie? Well, it won't
happen, Jillian! I can promise you
that! It'll never happen! So if
that's what you want, you better
just march back in there and go
live happily ever after with Jeremy
and his precious little tie!

JILLIAN
Whoa, whoa, whoa. Are you serious?
What drug are you on?

Will hesitates.

WILL
Sexy Dexy?

INT. CRASHPAD - LIVING ROOM - LATE NIGHT

Will paces in front of the couch, puffs on a joint. Charlie
watches him eagerly.

CHARLIE
Feel better?

Will stops. Thinks. Puffs again.

WILL
I do. Much calmer.

CHARLIE
I grew that.

WILL
I'm impressed.

ETHAN (O.S.)
Dude!

Ethan enters with his iPhone.

ETHAN (CONT'D)
You just passed a hundred thousand.

WILL
What?

ETHAN
Didn't you get my text?

He holds up his iPhone to reveal a YouTube clip is playing.
We see Will and Skeezy D in the motel office.

SKEEZY D
I structured my crew using the same
eco-friendly business model as Ben
and Jerry's!

Will grabs the phone.

WILL
Holy shit! 107,412 views?

ETHAN
You're viral, brother!

Will takes the phone and clicks on the ADMINISTRATOR link.

INSERT: IPHONE SCREEN

Someone has sent Will an e-mail. The subject: BUSINESS
OPPORTUNITY!

INT. SWEAT BODY SPRAY - DAY

LON ZIMMET, late 20's, very hip and very short, leads Will
through a loft-style office. HIPSTER EMPLOYEES unpack boxes
of office equipment. Plastered on every wall are posters of
smoking hot women, SWEAT pouring off their bodies.

LON
Welcome to Sweat!

WILL
Thanks, Lon.

LON
How much do you know about us as a
company, Will?

WILL
Absolutely nothing.

LON
Hopefully, you'll help us change
that...

Lon grabs a prototype spray bottle and tosses it to Will.

LON (CONT'D)
We want kids to feel that when they
put this on, they're sending out
the message, loud and clear, that
they're down to fuck. Or be
fucked. What makes us so
revolutionary is that we're neither
gender nor orientationally
specific. Men and women, straights
and gays. You wanna fuck? Wear
this. We're all-inclusive!

Lon is a bundle of energy. He hops onto a tiny trampoline and bounces as he talks.

LON (CONT'D)
 When I saw your pimp series on
 White Man Black Cock, I knew you
 had exactly the sensibility we're
 looking for.

Will frowns.

WILL
 I'm sorry, are you looking to
 advertise on White Man Black Cock?

LON
 I'm looking for you to guide our
 internet and viral marketing.

Will leans back.

WILL
 As in...a job?

LON
 You won't have a huge budget. We
 only have six months of funding
 lined up. But you'll have total
 creative control. You have a
 voice, Will. I want that voice to
 be the voice of Sweat Body Spray.

WILL
 I have a voice?

LON
 I watched the Skeezy D video and it
 turned my brain inside out! It was
 like, what the fuck am I looking
 at? Is this for real? Is it
 fucking with me? What does it want
 from me? I couldn't sleep at
 night, I was watching this video
 over and over again and screaming
 "just tell me what you want me to
buy!"

Lon tumbles off the trampoline! Will moves to help, but Lon
 is up and pacing.

LON (CONT'D)
 We're marketing to kids who were
 doing triple irony in kindergarden.
 You're so fucking ironic you've
 gone all the way around the track
 and come back to authentic. You're
 ironic!

Lon stumbles around the room like a blind man.

LON (CONT'D)
 You're so fucking deep in irony
 that I'm blind. I can't even see
 you! I don't even know where you
 are right now!

Lon falls to his knees in front of Will.

LON (CONT'D)
 If you told me to take our entire
 advertising budget and blow it all
 on a billboard with nothing but a
 gigantic cock on it, I'd do it!
 I'll do anything you say!

Will is overwhelmed.

WILL
 Uh...and what would the salary be?

Lon stands. He's suddenly all business.

LON
 I can offer you twenty-five.

WILL
 Twenty five? That's a lot less
 than I make now.

LON
 Yeah, but I bet your job sucks. Am
 I right?

WILL
 Lon. I need some time to think
 about this.

LON
 Of course. Take some time. Not
too much time, but you know, time.

They shake hands.

LON (CONT'D)
 Giant cocks, Will. Just say the
 word!

EXT. SWEAT BODY SPRAY - DAY

Will exits the house and jogs for his car. As soon as he's
 safely out of view, he does a spastic victory dance. He's
 found his dream job!

INT. APPLE STORE - DAY

Ethan and Lance are behind the Genius Bar, staring out in
 awe.

ETHAN
There he is. The Decision Maker.

Across the store, STEVE JOBS shakes an employee's hand.

NOTE: We will never see his face. He will be shot from behind or someone will be blocking our view.

ETHAN (CONT'D)
This is it. A year of work comes down to this.

Steve Jobs steps up to Lance, puts out his hand.

STEVE JOBS
Steve Jobs.

Lance takes his hand. Opens his mouth but nothing comes out. He's star struck.

STEVE JOBS (CONT'D)
Keep up the good work.

Steve Jobs steps in front of Ethan, puts out his hand.

STEVE JOBS (CONT'D)
Steve Jobs.

Ethan vigorously shakes his hand.

ETHAN
It's amazing to meet you, sir. I work here at the Genius Bar, and I just created a very exciting iPhone application.

STEVE JOBS
What is it?

ETHAN
What if you desperately needed to find someone, say a girl you like, but they refuse to answer your phone calls? And you've tried numerous times. Using GPS technology and cell phone tower triangulation, my application lets you send them a text message, and receive back their exact location. Without them even knowing. That way...you can always find them.

STEVE JOBS
What's your name?

ETHAN
(proudly)
Ethan Chandler.

STEVE JOBS
You're the iStalk guy!

ETHAN
(annoyed)
iFind.

STEVE JOBS
I remember the e-mail.

Ethan lights up.

INT. APPLE STORE - STORAGE ROOM - DAY

Ethan and Lance stand face to face. Lance puts out his hand.

Ethan pulls the sacred Apple Store shirt over his head and hands it to Lance. Lance exits and Ethan crosses his arms over his skinny, sunken chest. Naked. Exposed.

INT. LIQUOR STORE - EVENING

Will grabs a bottle of "I'm Sorry" champagne from a shelf. On his way to the register, he notices that Pellegrino has been placed below Perrier on the shelf. He turns to a CLERK.

WILL
Why is Pellegrino below Perrier?

CLERK
Excuse me?

WILL
Everyone knows Pellegrino is the best mineral water in the world.

CLERK
I just work here, man.

Will starts to switch the bottles so that Pellegrino is on top.

WILL
I'm gonna let you off with a warning.

The clerk stares at him.

INT. JILLIAN'S APARTMENT - BALCONY - NIGHT

Jillian sits, staring at the lights of the city. Will appears behind her, Champagne and a bouquet of flowers in hand.

WILL
Hey, baby. I'm here to apologize for the other night. Work's been crazy and it's fair to say the Dexedrine experiment was a failure...

Jillian doesn't move.

WILL (CONT'D)
 Anyway, I have some really exciting news. An opportunity has come up that I...

JILLIAN
 I got fired.

This hits Will like a punch in the gut. He rushes forward and wraps his arms around her.

WILL
 Please, please, please. Tell me it wasn't because of me.

JILLIAN
 No. Jeremy got fired, too.

WILL
 Oh. Well, that's good.

JILLIAN
 They cut twenty percent of payroll, and they cut from the bottom up.

Jillian starts to cry.

JILLIAN (CONT'D)
 When they called me into human resources, I thought I was getting promoted. That's how stupid I am.

WILL
 You're not stupid.

JILLIAN
 They handed me a severance package and then security escorted me out! All the people I thought were my friends just looked the other way, then started sending text messages saying how sorry they were!

WILL
 I'm so sorry, baby.

JILLIAN
 This job was my stepping stone to better things! And now I'm back at the bottom!

She lifts her legs to her chest, hugs them.

JILLIAN (CONT'D)
 It's gonna take a hundred years to pay off my student debt! I'm royally fucked!

She rips off her Prada shoes.

JILLIAN (CONT'D)
 And I spent four hundred and
 seventy nine dollars on these
 fucking shoes that give me
 blisters!

She throws them over the railing! Will leans over and
 watches them fall.

MAN'S VOICE (O.S.)
 What the fuck???

WILL
 Sorry!

He turns back to Jillian.

WILL (CONT'D)
 Let's just calm down, okay? Think
 things over.

JILLIAN
 Don't try to lead me down some
 primrose path, Will! I lost my
 job, Stephanie's in rehab, the rent
 is due next week, and we can't
 afford it on one salary!

Will lights up. He's inspired.

WILL
 I have a solution.

Jillian is hopeful.

JILLIAN
 You do?

WILL
 The Crashpad.

JILLIAN
 What??? No! I don't want to live
 with your friends.

WILL
 My friends love you!

She stares at him.

WILL (CONT'D)
 It can be a temporary thing. Until
 you find another job.

JILLIAN
 What if I don't find another job
 right away?

WILL
 Please. Someone with your
 experience and skill set will be
 back at work in no time.

This is what Roger said when he was laid off. Will knows it's bullshit, but Jillian is comforted.

JILLIAN
What about you? You were about to tell me something. An exciting opportunity?

Will hesitates.

WILL
Katherine might put me up for Vice President of Corporate Communications.

Jillian smiles through her tears.

JILLIAN
At least one of us has a career.

Will nods. He's seriously conflicted.

INT. CRASHPAD - LIVING ROOM - AFTERNOON

Charlie and Luke carry the flat-screen through the door, huge smiles on their faces. Will and Jillian follow behind, suitcases in hand. As they walk up the stairs, they pass Ethan going the other way. He's carrying a sleeping bag and a pillow.

INT. WILHEIMER - RECEPTION AREA - MORNING

Will enters to find a SECURITY GUARD escorting a tearful EMPLOYEE towards the elevator.

EMPLOYEE
There has to be some mistake. If I could just...

SECURITY GUARD
Keep it moving.

INT. WILHEIMER - BULLPEN AREA - MORNING

Will steps in and looks around. The lonely trumpet of "TAPS" plays...

The bullpen looks like a battlefield. The dead and wounded clear their desks or roam aimlessly, avoiding all eye contact.

FERNANDO THE JANITOR (O.S.)
I warned them.

Will is startled to find Fernando standing next to him.

WILL
What's going on?

FERNANDO THE JANITOR
Eighteen percent cutbacks. I
warned them, but they just didn't
believe me.

A distraught EMPLOYEE smashes his keyboard against the wall.

WILL
They told you they were firing
eighteen percent of the staff?

FERNANDO THE JANITOR
Of course not. I'm the janitor.

A long beat.

FERNANDO THE JANITOR (CONT'D)
I read your e-mails at night.

INT. WILL'S OFFICE - MORNING

Will enters to find Tanya sitting in the armchair.

TANYA
Katherine wants to see you in her
office.

The color goes out of Will's face. Tanya applies a fresh
coat of lip balm.

TANYA (CONT'D)
Who wants goodbye head?

INT. BATHROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Will enters and leans over the sink. Waves his hand under
the faucet, trying to get the water started. Without
warning, Fernando APPEARS in the mirror.

WILL
Jesus!

FERNANDO THE JANITOR
Here, my friend...

Fernando reaches around him and taps the side of the faucet.
The water magically begins to flows.

FERNANDO THE JANITOR (CONT'D)
That should make the next drug test
less...strenuous.

Will looks at him.

WILL
Wait. Did you...

FERNANDO THE JANITOR
How did the pills work out for you,
my friend?

WILL
Not well. I tried to kill a rat
with a golf club.

FERNANDO THE JANITOR
Your animal spirit is an ally, my
friend. Let it loose, and you will
roam free. Fight it, and you will
find yourself wrapped in a cocoon
of horror.

Will stares. Was the rat just an hallucination?

WILL
Will you excuse me, Fernando?

FERNANDO THE JANITOR
How do you know I'm even really
here?

WILL
Please.

INT. HALLWAY - MORNING

Will and Fernando exit the bathroom to see Fernando the
Account Executive walk past, trailed by a SECURITY GUARD.

FERNANDO THE JANITOR
There can be only one.

Will heads for Katherine's office.

FERNANDO THE JANITOR (CONT'D)
Wait!

Fernando reaches into his uniform shirt and pulls out an
envelope. "Open In Case Of Emergency" has been scrawled in
red Sharpie. He hands it to Will with a solemn expression.
Will sighs.

WILL
Okay.

Fernando is clearly insane. Will turns and walks down the
hallway.

FERNANDO THE JANITOR
Tonight, I clean sober. To honor
him.

INT. KATHERINE DUNN'S OFFICE - MORNING

Will steps into the room. Katherine is at her desk.

KATHERINE
Shut the door behind you, Will.

Will closes the door and takes a seat. Katherine hands him an envelope.

KATHERINE (CONT'D)
You know what that is, Will?

WILL
Something pink?

KATHERINE
It's a contract.

Will is confused.

KATHERINE (CONT'D)
Vice President of Corporate
Communications. Three years at
sixty thousand.

Will is still processing the news.

KATHERINE (CONT'D)
Now that we've turned you around,
it's cheaper to kick you upstairs
than train someone new.

She waves him away and returns to her work. Will exits the room in a state of shock.

INT. CRASHPAD - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Jillian enters, dressed for battle: plastic gloves, a scrub brush, a bottle of industrial-strength fabric cleaner. She walks forward and stares down at something.

JILLIAN
Let's dance.

She stands over the couch! She dives in, starts scrubbing.

INT. BATHROOM - DAY

She wipes the sponge across a shit stain in the toilet. She rapidly scrubs the crud off the porcelain of the tub. She pulls a giant clump of hair out of the sink.

INT. STAIRWELL - AFTERNOON

She walks up the stairs, runs a cloth up the railing. Arrives at the top of the stairs. Looks around for something else to clean. Sniffs the air. Looks at the door next to her.

INT. CHARLIE'S ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Jillian opens the door. A green glow lights up her face. Her eyes go wide:

The room is a hydroponic pot farm. Probably 30 plants line the walls, each with its own artificial light, tubes of water running everywhere.

Jillian walks around like Alice in Wonderland. She stumbles upon...

THE TWO-FOOT BONG. Already packed. A lighter next to it on the nightstand.

Jillian sits on the edge of the bed.

She picks up the bong with two hands. Carefully puts it on the ground between her feet.

She awkwardly puts her mouth over the tube. Takes the lighter. Lights the bowl.

Slowly sucks in. A small cloud rises up the tube and into her mouth. She yanks out the bowl, and the smoke rockets up into her lungs!

She lies back, head on the pillows.

She coughs. Smoke pours out in a long plume. Tears in her eyes. The coughing subsides. She stares up at the cloud of smoke above her. Stoner stickers are plastered to the ceiling.

JILLIAN (cont'd)

Ha.

A beat. She laughs again. Slowly starts to crack up. Twenty-two years of tension let loose as she melts into the bed.

INT. STUMPTOWN ROASTERS - DAY

Roger sits at his "desk." He looks completely frazzled.

ROGER

The week started out bad. My severance payments stopped. I got an invoice from Stanford that made my eyes bleed. I was spiraling. Then on Tuesday, I finally get an interview with Xerox, but not with James Gentry, just some low-level HR hack. But fuck it, I went in there and I killed. It was the interview you dream about. It was so good, I actually teared up in the elevator. I knew they were gonna put me through to Gentry.

(MORE)

ROGER (CONT'D)
I was finally gonna meet the
Decision Maker!

Roger slams back a triple espresso.

ROGER (CONT'D)
But since then, nothing. Bupkis.
It's like having a great blind date
and then the girl doesn't call you
back. Why? Why won't they let me
talk to James Gentry? It's one
hour of his life. After thirty
years in the workforce, haven't I
earned an hour?

Roger seems close to a breakdown.

ROGER (CONT'D)
This is all I have! If I can't get
to James Gentry, I don't know when
my next opportunity will come. I'm
floating in a netherworld! I'm
fifty two years old and for the
first time in my life, I'm
genuinely scared!

Reveal a TATTOOED HIPSTER staring down at Roger.

TATTOO
Uh...I just need the bathroom key.

Roger tosses him the key and walks to the counter. Cammy
watches him, concerned.

ROGER
It's like the world changed
overnight. You're living your
life, everything's normal, and then
POOF, it disappears! It's like
Communism!

CAMMY
What's Communism?

ROGER
Exactly! So: how do I get to James
Gentry? I've e-mailed, I've
texted, I've tweeted, I've called
his home and spoken to his wife.
The conversation was brief, it was
dinner time and she had company,
but I think I made an impression...

Cammy and the Techie exchange looks. This is getting weird.

ROGER (CONT'D)
One way or another, I have to get
to the Decision Maker.

Roger pulls a photo from his wallet and holds it up. A
silver-haired JAMES GENTRY smiles confidently. The San
Pellegrino aquifer has been replaced by a new obsession.

ROGER (CONT'D)
James Gentry: you are in my sights!

Roger bursts through the door like a crazy person. After a long moment of silence...

YOUNG HIPSTER
Who the fuck is James Gentry?

EXT. CRASHPAD - EVENING

Will runs up the porch steps. As he searches for his key, his phone VIBRATES and he holds it up.

INSERT: CELL PHONE

A text has come in: "Checking in to see where your head's at. Giant cocks!!! Peace, Lon"

Ethan stares at the text and frowns. Pushes open the door to find...

INT. CRASHPAD - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Jillian leaning forward on the couch, controller in hand, playing a video game. Ethan massages her shoulders.

WILL
Why are you massaging my girlfriend?

ETHAN
Shhh! Don't break her concentration.

CHARLIE
She's on Level 19 of Modern Warfare. I've never seen anything like it.

ETHAN
She's a fucking prodigy.

JILLIAN
Bong me.

Charlie holds the bong to Jillian's mouth and lights the bowl. Jillian clears it while mowing down terrorists. As Will stares, Luke pushes past him and flops down on the couch. He's upset.

LUKE
I lost a hundred thousand dollars today!

No one cares.

LUKE (CONT'D)
 I bought these derivatives really short. I thought I knew how to game the system, but then I realized I was really overexposed, and tried to pull back but everyone was already onto me and just gobbled me up!

CHARLIE
 I don't know what any of that means, but I know it's not as important as what's going on in there.

He points to the TV screen.

LUKE
 It means I'm gonna get fired. When I go in tomorrow, Diller's gonna rip my head off!

Luke puts his head in his hands.

LUKE (CONT'D)
 Everything was going according to plan. I was the Golden Boy. I was gonna take over the world. Now I'm gonna have to start over.

Jillian speaks while playing the game.

JILLIAN
 I've been where you're sitting, Luke, and I didn't have anyone to tell me what I'm gonna tell you: unemployment kicks ass. I get three hundred and fifty dollars a week to do this.

The room glows ORANGE as she blows up a building.

WILL
 Hey, Jillian? I need to talk to you.

JILLIAN
 I gotta finish this game. Why don't you grab a beer and relax?

WILL
 I don't want a beer.

JILLIAN
 Boo!

Charlie and Ethan laugh. Will shakes his head.

WILL
 I have an important decision to make. It effects you, too.

JILLIAN
Just let me finish my game!

WILL
Okay.

Will is out of patience. He kicks the extension cord from the wall and the TV goes black.

WILL (CONT'D)
Game over.

JILLIAN
Will!

CHARLIE
That is so wrong! You do not do that!

ETHAN
You do not rip out that cord!

WILL
Jillian, you have a choice: you can come talk to me about our future, or you can sit here and play video games with these douchebags.

THE GUYS
Boo!

WILL
Stop fucking booing me!

THE GUYS
Boo!

Jillian proudly walks over...and plugs the video game back in.

JILLIAN
I'm surprised at you, Will. Sudden trauma can hurt the LED.

Will storms out of the room. Jillian shrugs and holds out her hand.

JILLIAN (CONT'D)
Bong me!

INT. PACIFIC CREST SECURITIES - DAWN

Luke steps through the doors. Trading hasn't started yet and the floor is quiet.

INT. DILLER'S OFFICE - DAWN

Diller reads the paper and eats an Egg McMuffin. Luke enters and sits down on front of him.

LUKE
Hey, Diller.

Diller slowly lowers the paper. Doesn't respond.

LUKE (CONT'D)
I just wanted to say I'm sorry I
fucked up. Thank you for the
opportunity, and I'm sorry I let
you down.

Nothing. Luke stands to leave.

DILLER
Where the fuck do you think you're
going? Sit the fuck down!

Luke sits, ready to get reamed.

DILLER (cont'd) (CONT'D)
What kind of a fucking pussy
generation do you come from? You
fuck up once and you're ready to
fucking quit? You learn a fucking
lesson from yesterday and you get
the fuck back out there and make
the fucking money back. You got
me, douchebag?

Luke takes a breath.

LUKE
Thank you for the opportunity, sir.
I promise I...

DILLER
Get the fuck out of my face!

Luke ducks as an Egg McMuffin whizzes past.

EXT. FOOTBALL FIELD - SCOREBOARD - AFTERNOON

The scoreboard reads 14-10. Forest Lawn is behind with
twenty seconds left on the clock.

EXT. SIDELINE - AFTERNOON

Charlie waves his TEAM into a huddle.

CHARLIE
Okay. I know we haven't won a game
all year, but we're five yards from
the winning touchdown. That five
yards has a name:

He looks around, doing his best Knute Rockne.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)
Redemption. There's enough time
for one more play. We're goin'
Blue 42.

The kids clap and return to the field.

EXT. BLEACHERS - CONTINUOUS

Miranda cheers for her son.

MIRANDA
Come on, DeJuan! You can do it!

EXT. FOOTBALL FIELD - CONTINUOUS

The kids get into the formation and...HIKE!

As the ball is pitched to DeJuan...

...we go into SUPER SLO-MO. DeJuan finds a hole and heads
for the end zone. Charlie runs along the sideline.

CHARLIE
Go! Go! Go!

Boom! DeJuan gets gang tackled at the one-yard line. The
REFEREE raises his whistle and...

TWEET!!!

...back to REGULAR MOTION.

REFEREE
Game over!

Charlie slams his clipboard to the ground.

CHARLIE
Motherfucker goddam son of a bitch!

DeJuan takes off his helmet and spits, disappointed.

EXT. BLEACHERS - LATER

The team sits, despondent. A TEAM MOM opens a box and starts
handing trophies to each of the kids.

TEAM MOM
Great season, guys. You really
played your hearts out.

Charlie watches DeJuan accept his trophy. As he breaks into
a smile, we PUSH IN on Charlie.

CHARLIE (O.S.)
No. No! No!!!!!!

Charlie lurches forward and to the horror of the gathered parents, starts grabbing trophies from the kids.

CHARLIE (cont'd) (CONT'D)
No! No trophies this year!

He reaches for DeJuan's trophy. DeJuan hugs it.

DEJUAN
We always get trophies!

CHARLIE
Trophies don't mean anything unless you earn them! They're just plastic junk! Look!

He drops a trophy on the ground and crushes it violently beneath his heel!

CHARLIE (CONT'D)
My childhood bedroom is literally overflowing with trophies! And I haven't won a thing in my life! You would literally have to be born already in a coma to do less with your life than I have!

Charlie looks around, wild-eyed. Don't they get it?

CHARLIE (CONT'D)
Listen to me! I spent the last three months living on a cum-stained couch! I smoke two hundred dollars of weed a week! I steal packets of mustard from fast food restaurants and eat them for dinner! I fucked my cousin last summer! I've worn the same socks for so long the fabric has literally become one with the skin of my little toe! And why? Why??? Because when I was growing up, they gave me trophies for losing! Do you understand what I'm saying? Give these kids trophies for losing and they'll end up sock-toed, sleeping on cum-couches and fucking their cousins!!!

The PARENTS are appalled. Charlie steps up to DeJuan. He's out of breath from screaming.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)
DeJuan. No trophies. Understand?

A tense silence. The DeJuan tosses his trophy on the ground.

DEJUAN
No trophies!

DeJuan turns to the NEXT KID.

DEJUAN (CONT'D)
No trophies!

The kid adds his trophy to DeJuan's.

NEXT KID
No trophies!

One by one, the kids drop their trophies onto the pile.

KIDS
No trophies! No trophies! No trophies!

Charlie grabs a duffle bag and turns it upside down. Brand new baseball gloves fall to the ground!

CHARLIE
Baseball starts in the spring. We work our tails off, maybe we'll win a trophy we can be proud of.

The kids rush forward and grab gloves for themselves. As DeJuan happily pounds his mitt, Miranda gives Charlie a grateful nod.

DEJUAN (O.S.)
Thanks, Mr. Baxter.

Charlie looks down at his favorite player.

CHARLIE
Mr. Baxter is my dad. Call me...Coach.

Charlie has found his calling!

INT. BATHROOM - DAY

Jillian lies in the bathtub, covered in bubbles, and smokes a huge joint. Her phone VIBRATES. She checks the caller ID and answers, annoyed.

JILLIAN
I'm really busy.

INT. WILL'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Will is staring at his computer. He looks worried.

WILL
I just got a tweet from my Dad. Listen: "Left with no choice. System against. It ends today. Roger Davis, symbol for greater than, James Gentry." What the hell does that mean?

JILLIAN (O.S.)
I don't know. Sounds ominous.

WILL
Jillian. I need your help.

INT. XEROX BUILDING - LOBBY - DAY

Roger, wearing his nicest suit, steps up to the security desk.

ROGER
Roger Davis to see James Gentry.

BRADDOCK, the Head of Security, types his name into the computer.

BRADDOCK
Roger. Davis.

As he looks at the screen, his eyes narrow. Roger's apparently been flagged.

BRADDOCK (CONT'D)
Sir, I'm going to need you to exit the building.

ROGER
I'm going to need you to let me see James Gentry.

BRADDOCK
Sir, you're on my "no entry" list.

ROGER
If he's not available now, I'll be happy to wait.

Roger walks to the waiting area, sits down, and picks up a magazine.

BRADDOCK (cont'd)
Sir, I need you to put down the magazine. Now.

ROGER
I'm not leaving until I speak to the Decision Maker.

BRADDOCK
You can't wait here, sir. Why don't you find a Starbucks?

ROGER
Why don't you find a Suck-My-COCK-Bucks?

Braddock narrows his eyes.

INT. WILHEIMER - HALLWAY - DAY

Katherine and some other EMPLOYEES are heading into the conference room when Will runs up to her.

WILL
Katherine!

KATHERINE
Yes, Will?

WILL
Family emergency. I need to leave early.

KATHERINE
Will, we're about to start the Fitzpatrick meeting.

WILL
How important is it that I'm there?

KATHERINE
How important is keeping your job?

Will steels himself.

WILL
I'm sorry, but my Dad...

Without warning, the FIRE ALARM sounds. A moment later, the sprinklers turn on! EMPLOYEES run for cover.

KATHERINE
Everyone out! Take the stairs!

EVERYONE runs for the emergency exit. Tanya stands by the exit, soaking wet, shouting like a Safety Officer.

TANYA
Parking Lot! Five minutes! Wet t-shirt contest!

Will can't believe his luck. As he heads for the exit, he spots...

Fernando. Standing in the middle of the bullpen, holding a colorful umbrella. Fernando smiles and gives Will a "thumbs up."

EXT. WILHEIMER HEADQUARTERS - DAY

Fire trucks approach, SIRENS wailing, as soaked EMPLOYEES exit the building. Will pushes through the crowd and sprints for the parking lot when...

...a WHITE SUV pulls up, blocking his path!

INT. SUV - CONTINUOUS

Luke drives. Jillian, Charlie and DeJuan are piled in the back seat.

JILLIAN
Get in!

Will leaps into the back. Luke peels out and pulls a tight u-turn, barely avoiding being crushed by a fire truck. Will is thrown onto Jillian.

WILL
You're going the wrong way!

LUKE
No I'm not!

Luke weaves through traffic at top speed.

WILL
He's at Stumptown!

JILLIAN
No! He's at the Xerox building!

WILL
How do you know?

Without warning, Ethan's face appears above the front passenger seat. He shoves his iPhone in Will's face.

ETHAN
I stalk, motherfucker!!!

The SUV zooms through an intersection, barely avoiding several collisions.

EXT. XEROX BUILDING - ENTRY PLAZA - DAY

The SUV screeches up. Everyone jumps out and races for the entrance.

The lobby doors BURST open as Braddock and his SECURITY TEAM lead Roger out by the scruff of his neck.

ROGER
What if I just leave my card?

Will and his friends step in their path.

WILL
That's my father! Whatever he did, if you let him go, I'll make sure he gets home safely.

BRADDOCK
I wish I could. But if I do, I'll lose my job.
(MORE)

BRADDOCK (CONT'D)
If I lose this job, I'll be
standing guard outside a medical
marijuana shop.

WILL
Please, sir. Don't embarrass him
any further.

Braddock sighs and releases Roger.

WILL (CONT'D)
Thank you.

And then, over Braddock's shoulder, Roger sees...

JAMES GENTRY crossing the lobby, heading for the elevators.

Roger turns to Will. Will is way ahead of him. He hands him
a DVD case.

WILL (CONT'D)
Your video resume. Go get 'em,
Dad.

Roger hesitates. Seeing this, Will LEAPS at Braddock!

WILL (CONT'D)
Go, go, go!!!

As Roger breaks for the lobby...

...we go into SUPER SLO-MO. The Guards move to block Roger's
path. He's like DeJuan, fighting for the end zone.

A poetic SLOW-MO MONTAGE as everyone blocks for Roger. We
see Jillian, Luke, Ethan, and Charlie team up to tackle the
guards.

Roger's close to the entrance. A GIGANTIC SECURITY GUARD is
about to tackle him when...

...DeJuan takes out his legs with a textbook block! The
giant crumples to the ground and Roger enters the lobby!

INT. ELEVATOR - DAY

Roger jumps into a crowded elevator just as the doors are
closing. He's face to face with James Gentry.

ROGER
Mr. Gentry?

GENTRY
Yes?

ROGER
My name is Roger Davis.

Gentry backs puts a hand up.

GENTRY
Stay away from me. I'll call
security.

ROGER
They know I'm here. Now: I know
you think I'm a psychotic, but I'm
not. I'm just a man who's been
driven to desperation by months and
months of rejection and
indifference. I'm a human being
asking for a chance to tell you,
face to face, why I would be good
for your company. Is that too much
to ask?

Gentry looks around. EVERYONE in the elevator is staring at
him.

ROGER (cont'd) (CONT'D)
You've seen how tenacious I can be.
Give me a chance, and I'll bring
that tenacity to everything I do
for your company. Mister Gentry,
you will never meet a person as
passionate as I am about disc
duplication.

GENTRY
Why me?

Roger holds out his video resume.

ROGER
Because you're the Decision Maker.

EXT. XEROX BUILDING - DAY

Roger exits the building to find everyone sitting on the
sidewalk, wearing plastic handcuffs. Braddock is talking on
his walkie-talkie.

WILL
What happened?

ROGER
We set up an interview for Monday.

WILL
Yes!

The gang raise their handcuffed hands and clap like seals.

TANYA (O.S.)
*Santa baby, just slip a sable under
the tree for me. Been an awful
good girl...*

INT. WILHEIMER - BULLPEN AREA - NIGHT

Tanya dances seductively as she sings.

TANYA
*So Santa baby, just hurry down the
 chimney tonight...*

It's a Christmas Party. The office is draped in red and green. As Wilheimer EMPLOYEES let off a year's worth of steam, Will and Jillian stand at the back of the crowd.

KATHERINE (O.S.)
 Doesn't he look handsome?

They turn to see Katherine holding a cocktail. She's profoundly drunk.

WILL
 Who?

KATHERINE
 Lawrence.

Across the room, Lawrence is singing along.

WILL
 Yes. Dashing.

KATHERINE
 Dashing. Dashing is perfect. My dashing Lawrence. Is this your girlfriend?

WILL
 Yes. This is Jillian.

KATHERINE
 She's a lot prettier than I expected.

Katherine staggers over to a work station, where a slide show of baby pictures is playing on the computer.

KATHERINE (CONT'D)
 Look at my dashing baby boy!

The baby looks exactly like Lawrence.

JILLIAN
 This place is nuts.

Will pulls out the envelope with his contract.

WILL
 And they're waiting for me to sign this.

JILLIAN
Vice President of Corporate
Communications. Not bad, Will.

WILL
Before I sign, can I tell you
something?

JILLIAN
Sure.

WILL
I have another offer. From a
company called Sweat.

JILLIAN
Sweat?

WILL
They want me to create a viral
marketing campaign. The money's
terrible, but it's a chance to do
something creative. Something
special.

She looks at him.

JILLIAN
So it's one of those sketchy start-
ups where instead of paying you a
living wage, they throw stock
options at you and go on and on
about "upside" and brag about all
the venture capital they supposedly
have in the pipeline?

WILL
Pretty much.

Jillian looks at him.

JILLIAN
One question: if I still had my
job, would you even consider
staying here?

WILL
Honestly? Probably not.

The Karaoke resumes, MUCH LOUDER than before. Tanya starts
singing "Santa Claus Is Coming To Town." Jillian has to lean
in and shout above the MUSIC.

JILLIAN
I'm 22 years old and I have no idea
what I'm going to do with the rest
of my life! And you know what?
That's alright with me! I'll be
fine! Because I'm me! And I'm
awesome! And I'll get another job,
because someone would be crazy not
to hire me!

Tanya straddles Fernando The Janitor. Gives him a lap-dance as she sings. The place goes wild!

JILLIAN (CONT'D)
 Maybe we're not the Greatest Generation! Maybe we're not all geniuses! Maybe we're not actually smarter than everyone else! Maybe we are just a bunch of over-medicated, over-stimulated, over-indulged douchebags! That's who we are and we don't care what anyone else thinks! These are our lives, and we're gonna make the most of them!

She tears his contract into tiny pieces and throws them in the air like confetti.

JILLIAN (CONT'D)
 Fuck it! If you want that other job, take it!

As the strips fall around them like snowflakes, Will takes her in. He loves this woman.

INT. BULLPEN AREA - MOMENTS LATER

Will approaches Katherine and hands her the envelope.

WILL
 Katherine. Thank you for the opportunity, but it's time for me to move on.

Katherine looks at the envelope and narrows her eyes.

KATHERINE
 You little shit.

Will braces himself.

KATHERINE (CONT'D)
 After all I did for you, you throw this contract back in my face? Get used to unemployment, because starting tomorrow, I will work tirelessly to ensure you never work in this city again!

As she pokes him in the chest with the envelope, she sees the words "Open In Case Of Emergency" scrawled in red Sharpie.

KATHERINE (CONT'D)
 What's this supposed to mean?

WILL
 Why don't you open it and find out?

Katherine opens the envelope and her jaw drops.

WILL (CONT'D)
 My super-attractive girlfriend?
 She needs a job. I'm going to tell
 her you graciously offered to help
 find her one as a going away
 present to me. When she calls, I
 suggest you offer her the Platinum
 Package.

Katherine is too stunned to respond.

WILL (CONT'D)
 This is the problem with your
 entire generation, Katherine. You
 think you're smarter than us. And
 you're just not.

Will exits. Katherine looks down at a photograph, taken at night with a long lens. Katherine is spread-eagled on her desk...Lawrence on top of her.

INT. WILHEIMER - BULLPEN AREA - NIGHT

Will walks along the edge of the party. He seems to be in a different scene, moving at a different speed.

Fernando the Janitor slow dances with Tanya, her head resting on his shoulder. Will catches his eye and mouths a simple "thank you." Fernando gives him a wink.

INT. WILHEIMER - RECEPTION AREA - NIGHT

Will and Jillian walk hand-in-hand toward the bank of elevators. Every elevator slides open, as if the Universe is sweeping them out of the building and onto the next chapter of their lives.

Will and Jillian step into an elevator and smile. As the doors slide shut, Will's eyes widen.

WILL'S P.O.V.

Sitting on the receptionist's desk and staring at him...

...the RAT!

The doors close, cutting off the view.

BUZZ!

INT. JAIL - VISITING ROOM - DAY

A metal door UNLOCKS and Skeezy D steps through, wearing an orange jumpsuit. He has a buzz-cut and wears reading glasses.

SKEEZY D
 Will! What's up?

Will is sitting on the other side of the thick glass. Skeezy slides into the stall, grabs a phone, and puts his fist to the glass. Will bumps it.

WILL
Hey, Skeezy.

Skeezy uses his "Brian voice."

SKEEZY D
Please. Out here? It's Brian.

WILL
How you doing? They told me you couldn't make bail.

SKEEZY D
I've been in here for five months and I still don't have a trial date. The legal system is broken, Will. When I get out of here, I'm running for office. You're going to see my face on park benches!

SKINHEAD (O.S.)
Is that Will?

A HUGE SKINHEAD appears over Skeezy's shoulder.

SKINHEAD (cont'd) (CONT'D)
Skeezy made us watch y'all on whitemanblackcock.

Skeezy whips off his reading glasses and stands. Switches to "Skeezy voice."

SKEEZY D
What you doing out here, bitch?
You on shift!

SKINHEAD
My mama came to...

SKEEZY D
Your mama what?

SKINHEAD
My mama came...

SLAP! Skeezy slaps him across the face!

SKEEZY D
Keep talkin', bitch.

The skinhead stares at the floor, ashamed.

SKEEZY D (CONT'D)
Who makes your life sweet?

SKINHEAD
You do, Skeezy.

SKEEZY D
That's right. Now go shake that
tight ass in general pop.

Skeez slaps him on the ass and sits. Turns to see Will
staring at him.

SKEEZY D (CONT'D)
What? "Bitches" ain't gender
specific. There's dicks in here
need to be sucked!

Will smiles. Skeezy is a force of nature. He switches back
to "Brian voice."

SKEEZY D (CONT'D)
What can I do for you, Will?

WILL
I'm here with a proposition.

Skeezy leans back.

SKEEZY D
I'm listening.

INT. CLUB - NIGHT

FEMALE BODIES move in SLOW-MOTION. Lights STROBE. Music
POUND. In the middle of this sea of flesh...

...Skeezy D is dancing!

Skeez dances harder...and harder...until a single bead of
sweat forms on his forehead.

He whips his head. The bead of sweat flies...and lands on a
GIRL'S heaving chest. She shivers in ecstasy!

Skeez whips his face back and forth, beads of sweat arcing
through the air. More and more WOMEN are struck by the sweat
and groan orgasmically!

It escalates and escalates until Skeezy's body is literally
raining on the GIRLS. As they tear off their clothes and rub
the sweat into their skin, Skeezy turns to the camera.

SKEEZY D
Don't worry. I bottled it.

CUT TO BLACK

FADE UP TITLE: "SWEAT BODY SPRAY"

INT. SWEAT BODY SPRAY - LON'S OFFICE - DAY

Lon is staring at Will's laptop. HIPSTER EMPLOYEES watch as
he leans back and puts his hands behind his head.

LON
Fucking...great.

Will smiles.

LON (CONT'D)
Will, I'd like to officially
welcome you to the Sweat team.

WILL
Thanks, Lon. But I'm going to have
to turn down your offer.

Lon looks around, confused.

LON
I don't understand.

WILL
I asked my Dad: who should I bet
on, Wilheimer or Sweat? You know
what he said? Bet on yourself.

Will hands Lon a business card. We see "WMBC" and a web
address.

WILL (CONT'D)
I've formed a Production Company.
I'd be honored to have Sweat as my
first client.

Will places a document on Lon's desk.

WILL (CONT'D)
This gives you exclusive
advertising rights to the Skeezy D
series. I, of course, will retain
all rights for television and film.

Lon is speechless. Will smiles.

WILL (V.O.) (CONT'D)
So here's what I've learned.

EXT. STRIP MALL - MORNING

Ethan stands in front of a storefront. MOVE to reveal a P.C.
HEAVEN branch with a "Help Wanted" sign in the window. Ethan
looks wistfully at his iPhone before stepping inside.

WILL (V.O.)
It's okay to feel special. Just
don't expect the rest of the world
to agree.

INT. PACIFIC CREST SECURITIES - AFTERNOON

A YOUNG CLERK stands in front of Luke, Diller, and the rest
of the BROKERS.

Diller nods at Luke, who reaches into a bag and removes a jar of opaque white liquid. As the CLERK looks at the jar, confused, Luke and Diller share a smile.

WILL (V.O.)
Hard work alone doesn't guarantee
success. But without it, you have
no chance.

EXT. BASEBALL DIAMOND - AFTERNOON

DeJuan and the rest of the team take infield practice. Charlie hits grounder after grounder, working them hard. His team looks sharp.

WILL (V.O.)
Finding something you like to do
and are good at doing is a
privilege, not a birth-right.

INT. WILHEIMER - WILL'S OLD OFFICE - MORNING

VIDEO IMAGE: Jillian sits in a familiar armchair, speaking to the camera. We can't hear what she's saying, but she looks confident and determined.

WILL (V.O.)
Success doesn't happen in a vacuum.
Relationships are essential.

The VIDEOGRAPHER smiles as he looks through the viewfinder. He's impressed. Standing in the doorway, wearing a resigned expression...is Katherine.

EXT. PIONEER SQUARE - MORNING

We see the wheel of a bicycle, gliding along. As we MOVE UP, we see sneakers working the peddles, then a pin-striped suit, then a briefcase resting in a wire basket, and then finally, Roger, wearing a high-tech bicycle helmet.

WILL (V.O.)
Feeling sorry for yourself is a
waste of time. If you want to be
noticed, do something noteworthy.

Roger parks his bike and removes his helmet to reveal his hair is back to its natural color. As he enters the plaza, he spots something. Across the street, Cammy is taking a smoke break in front of Stumptown Roasters. Roger waves and for the first time ever, Cammy breaks into a smile. A nice moment between them. As Roger turns, we MOVE to reveal the Xerox building. Roger got the job! Roger joins the THRONG OF COMMUTERS entering the building and disappears.

EXT. SOUND STAGE - DAY

Skeezy D floats high in the air, hanging from a guide wire. TECHNICIANS work to run a series of tubes beneath his clothes. Far below, Will stands in the middle of an under-lit dance floor, surrounded by SCANTILY CLAD WOMEN. One of the tech guys gives Will a "thumbs up" and Will moves to a large camera sitting on a crane. Whatever he's shooting, the budget is huge. Will hops onto the crane and put his eye to the viewfinder.

WILL (V.O.)
If you believe in your heart that
you're special, and who doesn't?
Then there's something you have to
do...

Will calls "Action" and water begins to rain down on the dance floor. The CRANE rises into the air, past the soaking wet dancers, soaring higher and higher, and disappears from view.

WILL (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Prove it.

CUT TO BLACK

END CREDITS ROLL