

COLD OPEN A

2 INT. TRANSWORLD CABLE: FRONT DESK - CONTINUOUS 2

THE DOOR OPENS. A TIMID YOUNG MAN, BJ, ATTEMPTS TO ENTER AS WOMAN 3, CARRYING A BOX OF STUFF AND CRYING UNCONTROLLABLY, KNOCKS HIM DOWN AND WALKS RIGHT OVER HIM. BJ YELPS IN PAIN AS THE DOOR CLOSES.

A NOW RELUCTANT BJ OPENS THE DOOR AGAIN, PEEKS IN, AND LOOKS BOTH WAYS BEFORE RE-ENTERING.

BJ CAUTIOUSLY WALKS UP TO THE FRONT DESK. SITTING THERE IS THE SECRETARY, WHO HOLDS A TANNING TRAY IN FRONT OF THEIR FACE.

BJ TRIES TO GET THE SECRETARY'S ATTENTION, BUT TO NO AVAIL. HE NOTICES THE BELL ON THE COUNTER AND REACHES FOR IT.

JUST THEN, THE SECRETARY, PABLO, WHO LOOKS A LOT LIKE AN EX LATIN NOVELLA STAR (THINK EL POLLO LOCO GUY), OPENS ONE EYE WHILE CONTINUING TO TAN, THEN REACHES OVER AND BLOCKS BJ FROM RINGING THE BELL.

PABLO

J'es?

BJ PULLS HIS HAND BACK FROM THE BELL.

BJ

My name's BJ.

PABLO

I'm sorry.

BJ

(LETTING IT SLIDE) I'm supposed to check in with Bruce Bobbin.

PABLO

(IN AN OBVIOUS FAKE LATIN ACCENT - ROLLING THE R) Brrruce Boppin?

BJ

(CORRECTING) Bruce Bobbin.

(CONTINUED)

2 CONTINUED:

2

PABLO

That's what I said.

BILL, AN EX-EMPLOYEE PASSES BY WITH A BOX IN HIS HANDS.

PABLO (CONT'D)

Hey Bill, j'you know a Brrruce
Boppin?

BILL

Yeah I know who he is. But I'm
not telling any of you scum-
suckers. You and this hell hole
can both just go to... (UNABLE
TO COME UP WITH ANYTHING ELSE)
...hell!

BILL RUSHES OUT THE DOOR IN A HUFF, THEN POKES HIS
HEAD BACK IN AND STICKS OUT HIS TONGUE.

PABLO

(TAKEN ABACK) J'okay.

STAN, A VETERAN ACCOUNT EXECUTIVE WALKS IN.

PABLO (CONT'D)

Stan. J'you know...?

PABLO SNAPS HIS FINGERS TRYING TO REMEMBER.

BJ

(INTERJECTING) Bruce Bobbin.

(CONTINUED)

2 CONTINUED: (2)

2

STAN

Oh, sure. If I recall correctly,
I'm pretty sure Bruce was the
Production Manager before the
current one... Now is that George,
no Phil...

STAN CONTINUES ON OUT OF THE ROOM.

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

Maybe it's Jill. Oh! It's Steve!

PABLO

Oh... (TICK TICK SOUND WITH
TONGUE) That's too bad, TJ.
Looks like this Brrruce character
is no longer j'here. Better
luck next time. J'es?

PABLO RAISES THE TANNING TRAY IN FRONT OF HIS FACE.
BJ PUSHES IT BACK DOWN WITH HIS FINGER.

BJ

It's BJ! And Bruce just hired
me a few days ago.

PABLO

Sooooooooo...

BJ

Can I talk to him?

PABLO

J'him who?

(CONTINUED)

2 CONTINUED: (3)

2

BJ

Not Jim. Steve! The new
Production Manager.

SERENITY, A WIGGED OUT, SCATTERBRAINED ACCOUNT
EXECUTIVE RUSHES IN LOOKING THROUGH HER BRIEFCASE/BAG
FOR SOMETHING.

SERENITY

I know I put that contract
somewhere. I've only been a
couple dozen places today.

BJ WATCHES AS SERENITY HEADS DOWN THE HALL CONTINUING
TO MUMBLE UNDER HER BREATH.

SERENITY (CONT'D)

And if I don't find it... I'm so
screwed. It better be somewhere
on my desk.

BJ

(TO PABLO) Why didn't you ask
her?

PABLO HAS THE TANNING TRAY BACK IN FRONT OF HIS
FACE.

RICK (O.S.)

She wouldn't know.

FROM BJ'S PERSPECTIVE THE CAMERA QUICKLY "WHIPS"
AROUND AND RAMPS UP TO RICK, A YOUNG AND UPCOMING
HOTSHOT ACCOUNT EXECUTIVE WHO IS LEANING ON THE FRONT
DESK COUNTER.

RICK (CONT'D)

Steve's not here anymore. The
Rick thinks the new PM's Darcy.

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2 CONTINUED: (4)

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RICK FLIPS OUT HIS CELL PHONE AND WE "WHIP" TO THE OTHER SIDE OF IT, AND SEE THIS PICTURE OF A REALLY HOT CHICK IN A PROVOCATIVE POSE.

RICK (CONT'D)

Oh yeah. Darcy. The Rick's
gotta hit that again, and soon.

RICK FLIPS HIS PHONE SHUT AS HE TAKES OFF DOWN THE HALL.

PABLO

(FROM BEHIND THE TANNING TRAY)

Oh strike two. J'ou're outta
here. Now chew. J'ou're blocking
de rays.

PABLO MOTIONS BJ TO LEAVE WITH HIS HAND. INFURIATED, BJ JUMPS OVER THE COUNTER, GRABS THE TANNING TRAY, AND BEATS PABLO WITH IT.

PABLO (CONT'D)

J'okay j'okay! J'you don't have
to get rough with me.

THE PICTURE FREEZES, AND A SECOND BJ, BJ 2 STEPS IN FRONT OF THE FROZEN SCREEN AND ADDRESSES THE AUDIENCE.

BJ 2

That's what I wanted to do. But
this is what actually happened.

BJ 2 RAISES A REMOTE CONTROL AND HITS A BUTTON. THE REWIND, FAST FORWARD, AND START FROM BEGINNING CAPTIONS COME UP. HE ACCIDENTALLY HITS "START FROM THE BEGINNING." THE SHOW STARTS OVER.

BJ 2 (CONT'D)

Oops! Too far.

(CONTINUED)

2 CONTINUED: (5)

2

BJ 2 HITS THE "FAST FORWARD" BUTTON AND IT FAST FORWARDS TO WHEN PABLO HAS THE TANNING TRAY IN FRONT OF HIS FACE. BJ 2 EXITS THE FRAME.

PABLO

Now chew. J'ou're blocking de rays.

PABLO MOTIONS BJ TO LEAVE WITH HIS HAND. THIS TIME, BJ'S FINGER PUSHES DOWN THE TANNING TRAY WITH A TAD MORE FORCE.

BJ

Look... this was the only internship left, and if I don't get it, I don't graduate this year. And if I don't graduate, my parents are gonna kill me. Physically... with torture.

CAMERON, A SMOKIN' HOT AD SALES MANAGER WALKS IN.

CAMERON

Hey Pablo, just tell the kid the production crew is on the roof and come give me some DIC-tation.

CAMERON HEADS DOWN THE HALL TOWARDS HER OFFICE.

PABLO

J'es mamacita. J'our secret liver is right behind you.

EXCITED, PABLO TOSSES THE TRAY AND FOLLOWS HER LIKE A PUPPY DOG IN HEAT. CAMERON TURNS AROUND AND STOPS PABLO IN HIS TRACKS.

(CONTINUED)

2 CONTINUED: (6)

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CAMERON

Pablo? It's not liver, it's
lover. And if you say it out
loud, it's no longer a secret,
is it?

PABLO

Anything j'ou say, secret liver.

CAMERON

Shhhhh!

CAMERON PUTS HER FINGER TO HIS LIPS, THEN SEDUCTIVELY
EXITS. PABLO GOES TO FOLLOW WHEN...

BJ

Hey!

ANNOYED, PABLO STOPS AND TURNS AROUND.

PABLO

Didn't j'you hear her? Were
j'you not standing there when
she told j'you where they were?
Aye yi yi! Just go back out the
door j'you came in, and take the
stairs up to the woof.

CUT TO:

ACT ONE

SCENE 1

11 INT. TRANSWORLD CABLE: PRODUCTION AREA - LATER 11

EVERYTHING IS DARK...

DOUGLAS (O.S.)

Great! We finally get us an
intern and you take him out.

BRANDI (O.S.)

How was I supposed to know?
This thing is disgusting. Where'd
you find it?

DOUGLAS (O.S.)

Chipped it out of the break room
freezer.

BRANDI (O.S.)

Truly revolting even by my
standards. (BACK TO THE SUBJECT
AT HAND) Besides... doesn't Darcy
usually send out an e-mail...

WE SEE BJ'S POV AS HE COMES TO. BRANDI HOLDS HIS
HEAD. DOUGLAS INSPECTS BJ'S DAMAGE FROM BEHIND
BRANDI.

BRANDI (CONT'D)

...about this sort of thing?

BJ (O.S.)

Oh crap! I'm in hell.

(CONTINUED)

11 CONTINUED:

11

DOUGLAS

Well, at least he knows where he
is.

BRANDI

F-U, scab!

BRANDI DROPS BJ'S HEAD TO THE GROUND AND THROWS A
PIECE OF FREEZER BURNT MEAT AT HIM.

BJ

Ouch.

DOUGLAS

Brandi, chill! You're gonna
scare the kid away from becoming
a lesbo.

BJ CHUCKLES.

BRANDI

I'm not a lesbian!

DOUGLAS

(SARCASTICALLY) Sure you aren't.

BRANDI ROLLS HER EYES, THEN THE ANGER STARTS SEEPING
IN AS BJ CONTINUES TO CHUCKLE AT HER EXPENSE. BUT
THEN HE STOPS AND THINKS...

BJ

Wait. How?

DENVER POKES HIS HEAD INTO THE SCENE, SNIFFING THE
AIR. HE LOOKS DOWN AT BJ.

DENVER

Are you gonna eat that?

DENVER RIPS THE PIECE OF MEAT OFF BJ'S FACE AND
HEADS TOWARDS THE COUCH WHEN HE'S STOPPED BY DOUGLAS.

(CONTINUED)

11 CONTINUED: (2)

11

DOUGLAS

Yo Den!

DENVER

Not now. Eating.

DOUGLAS

I got something for ya.

DOUGLAS HOLDS UP A PAPER BAG AND TAUNTINGLY SHAKES IT.

DENVER STOPS DEVOURING THE MEAT. HIS INTEREST HAS JUST BEEN PEAKED.

DENVER

Is it?

DOUGLAS

Uh-huh. A little something for
your edit tonight.

IN A FLASH THE BAG DISAPPEARS FROM DOUGLAS' HAND.

DENVER IS ON THE COUCH. LOOKS IN THE BAG AND GASPS WITH GLEE. HE LOOKS AT DOUGLAS WITH APPROVAL. DOUGLAS NODS BACK. THEN TURNS HIS ATTENTION BACK TO BJ. DOUGLAS GASPS IN HORROR AS THE REPERCUSSIONS OF BJ'S BOUT WITH BRANDI ARE REVEALED...

A BLACK EYE AND BLOODY NOSE, COMPLETE WITH PAPER STUFFED IN HIS NOSE.

DOUGLAS (CONT'D)

(LYING THROUGH HIS TEETH) It's
not too bad. I'm pretty sure
you're gonna live, kid. Welcome
to the crew.

DOUGLAS PATS BJ ON THE BACK AND HELPS HIM UP.

(CONTINUED)

11 CONTINUED: (3)

11

DOUGLAS (CONT'D)

I'm Douglas, the idea man around
here.

BJ

Nice to meet you. I'm BJ.

BRANDI SNICKERS. BJ REACTS AS IF HE'S HEARD THAT
SORT OF SNICKER ALL HIS LIFE...

BJ (CONT'D)

I was named after my granddad.
It's short for Brazeltin Jasper.

DOUGLAS

Well, I guess its better than
Blow Job.

BRANDI SNICKERS AGAIN.

DOUGLAS (CONT'D)

Nice to meet you Jasper. You've
already met Brandi's fist. She's
our cameraman.

BRANDI STOPS SNICKERING AND SCOWLS AT DOUGLAS.

BRANDI

Woman. CameraWOMAN.

BRANDI ATTEMPTS TO PUNCH DOUGLAS IN THE ARM, BUT
WITHOUT FLINCHING, DOUGLAS BLOCKS IT, AND MOTIONS
WITH HIS HEAD...

DOUGLAS

And over there...

THE CAMERA "WHIPS" OVER TO DENVER, WHO IS NOW
SLEEPING ON THE COUCH, THE PAPER BAG IN ONE HAND
AND THE LEFT OVER BONE FROM THE MEAT RESTS ON HIS
STOMACH.

(CONTINUED)

11 CONTINUED: (4)

11

DOUGLAS (CONT'D)

...currently taking a siesta, is
Denver, our video editor
extraordinaire. And while Brandi
gets the gear ready for the shoot,
I'll introduce you to the rest
of the gang.

BRANDI GIVES AN ICY COLD STARE AT DOUGLAS AS HE
STEERS BJ OUT OF THE PRODUCTION ROOM.

DOUGLAS (CONT'D)

Oh... Did I tell you we had a
shoot today?

BJ

There's no guns involved are
there?

DOUGLAS

Maybe a shotgun, and some C-47's.

BJ GULPS AS HE FOLLOWS DOUGLAS, WHO SHIVERS AS THEY
EXIT.

DOUGLAS (CONT'D)

Did you just get an icy chill up
your spine?

RACK FOCUS TO BRANDI, WHO CONTINUES HER COLD STARE.

DISSOLVE TO: