

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.

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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.

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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?

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2 CONTINUED: (3)

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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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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.

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2 CONTINUED: (5)

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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.

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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: