

YOUR FACE IS A SAXOPHONE

Episode 2  
"Miss Anthropy"

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COLD OPENING

1 INT. BUZZWORD OFFICE - CUBICLES

1

LEORA sits at her desk, hard at work. ANDREW pokes his head up over the side of his cubicle and looks down at her.

ANDREW

Hey! Pap smear! Send me that CPM report from yesterday.

She doesn't even look back at him. A moment later, realizing the ridiculousness of what he just said to her, she turns to him.

LEORA

Normally I'd just ignore you, but what did you call me?

ANDREW

Yeah, that's why I said it. Anyway, CPM report. Email it. Chop chop.

LEORA

It's on the server! Get it yourself!

She fumes, and turns back to her computer.

ANDREW

Uh huh. Yeah. So, hey, you wanna go out for dinner tonight?

LEORA

Isn't there a sexual harassment policy in this office?

ANDREW

Jeeeeeeez, I'm just askin' if you wanna get dinner!

LEORA

You have asked me that every single day since I broke up with you, and every single time, I have responded with some permutation of, "Go fuck yourself." Why don't you use your chart-making skills and analyze that trend?

She turns back to her computer again. Andrew doesn't leave.

ANDREW  
So do you want dinner?

LEORA  
I want to stab you in the  
testicles.

CUT TO:

2 EDDIE'S CUBICLE

2

BLAKE is visiting EDDIE in his cubicle while he works.

BLAKE  
Dude, Helvetica is totally better  
than Myriad.

EDDIE  
Are you kidding? It's boring.  
Everyone uses it now.

BLAKE  
Yeah, why do you think everyone  
uses it? 'Cause it's awesome!

EDDIE  
It's cliché. And besides, it's  
all bland and square-y and...I  
dunno, it's just too Grotesque for  
me.

BLAKE  
What? It's not gross! How is it  
gross? It's not gross at all!

BOSS (O.C)  
Blake! Get back to work!

The BOSS waddles over.

BLAKE  
I don't have any work. You didn't  
give us a project yet.

BOSS  
You don't look busy! Employees are  
supposed to look busy!

BLAKE  
But...but I --

BOSS

No buts! I'm a boss! I'm acting like a boss! Go act like you're busy!

BLAKE

Awww...

Blake sulks and plods back to his cubicle.

BOSS

Eddie! Are you working? Are you hard at work?

EDDIE

Well, we don't have a project yet, so actually I'm jus--

BOSS

You look like you're working! Good work, Eddie! Keep up the good work!

The Boss scurries over to Leora's cubicle. Eddie shrugs, continues his game of Solitaire, and wins.

EDDIE

Heyyyy! There we go!

BOSS (O.C)

Leora! Are you working?

CUT TO:

3 INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - LATER THAT DAY

3

Andrew takes his usual seat next to Leora. He looks at her.

ANDREW

Hellllllllo there.

Leora winces and moves her chair away from him. She bumps into the diamond-headed JANET.

JANET

Ow!

LEORA

(whispering)

Sorry!

The Boss walks in and stands at the head of the table.

BOSS

Okay, team! I'm glad we all had such a productive morning!

KEVIN

We didn't do anything, Boss. There wasn't anything to do.

BOSS

And it got done in record time! Give yourselves a hand!

The employees half-heartedly applaud themselves, save for Andrew, who claps enthusiastically.

BOSS (CONT'D)

Now, you may remember on Friday, we decided we'd have a little bit of a shooooooooowdooooooown!

He pauses, expecting cheers. There are none.

BOSS (CONT'D)

So! Conveniently enough, we have two new clients who need us to amplify their brand experience with engaging and relevant content! It's a perfect opportunity for us to see which strategy is the most breakthrough at leveraging influencers and igniting organic conversations!

KEVIN

What the fuck does that mean?

EDDIE

I think he's talking about me versus Andrew. Somehow.

BOSS

First order of business! Teams! In this corner! Edward Tungsten-Cohen!

He gestures wildly at Eddie with an extraordinarily larger amount of enthusiasm than necessary.

BOSS (CONT'D)

And his team members: Kevin! Leora! And Blake!

BLAKE

All right! I'm on Team Edward!

He tears off his shirt to reveal a "Team Edward" tee.

BOSS

And in this corner! Andrew Sholes!  
And his team members: Janet,  
Michael, Robert, Puneet, Philip,  
Jason, Ivan, Marty, Kirk.

EDDIE

Wait, why does he get more people  
than me?

LEORA

You don't want them; they're his  
marketroid posse people...things.

BOSS

Now, Andrew, your clients will be  
here in just a moment --

He presses down on the intercom button.

BOSS

(into the  
intercom)

Leila?

Leila, the RECEPTIONIST, leans over his shoulder.

RECEPTIONIST

Yes?

BOSS

(startled and  
horrified)

Oh god, you're right behind me!  
Um, uh...please, ah, let the  
Schwab folks in? Thanks.

The receptionist walks off. The Boss shudders.

BOSS

Anyway. Eddie. Your clients are  
waiting in the downstairs  
conference room!

KEVIN

We have a downstairs conference  
room?

BLAKE

We have a downstairs?

BOSS  
 So get those meetings going, team,  
 and let's get ready for some  
 marketing!

The Boss' gratuitous bravado is met with awkward silence.

CUT TO:

4 INT. DOWNSTAIRS CONFERENCE ROOM

4

Eddie and his team sit on on side of the table across from  
 three SUITS.

EDDIE  
 So, you gentlemen are from  
 MillerCoors?

SUIT 1  
 Yes. We'd like to expand the  
 market of our Miller Lite premium  
 reduced-calorie lager beverage to  
 target consumers in the female  
 demographic, but without  
 compromising the brand's tried-  
 and-true message of hyper-  
 masculinity and misogynistic  
 behavior.

Eddie isn't quite sure what to make of this.

EDDIE  
 I...see.

ZOOM OUT TO:

5 INT. TV ROOM

5

YOU (Saxophone-face) turns away from watching the episode on  
 the TV and glares at ZACQARY (Plankhead)

YOU  
 Wow, Zac! Beer ads are  
 misogynistic? That's so  
 insightful! Nobody has ever made  
 that observation before!

ZACQARY  
 Well, it's still happening, so  
 obviously we need to keep pointing  
 it out.

YOU  
Or you're just an unoriginal,  
talentless hack.

ZACQARY  
Yeah, that too.



ACT ONE

6 INT. BUZZWORD OFFICE - CUBICLES

6

Andrew is sitting at his desk, loudly yammering on his iPhone.

ANDREW

Look, asshole, you don't have any right to call me a pretentious yuppie douchebag. You're supposed to be a genius, so shut the fuck up and fix my iPad!

He hangs up the call and puts the phone back down on his desk.

ANDREW

(muttering to himself)

I'm not a douchebag.

(yelling)

Okay, bitches, everybody drop everything and come pay attention to me!

Andrew stands up and walks out into the corridor-between-cubicle-thingy. His throng of accountants joins him: JANET Teixeira, MICHAEL Jones, ROBERT Gregory, PUNEET (last name TBD), PHILIP (last name TBD), JASON Cheng, IVAN Volkov, MARTY (TBD), KIRK Haverblaff.

MICHAEL

I was kind of busy working on the--

ANDREW

Shut up, diversity quota, nobody asked you.

Michael, by the way, is black.

ANDREW (CONT'D)

Now, can someone remind me who the hell it was we were meeting with? I honestly couldn't be bothered to pay attention.

IVAN

It was Charles Schwab, the investment firm.

ANDREW

I know that, you commie bastard!  
It was a rhetorical question!

IVAN

No it wasn't.

ANDREW

Why are you still talking? Go get  
alcohol poisoning from vodka or  
whatever you people do. Okay,  
Charles Schwab. What do they do?  
They let you buy stocks and shit,  
right?

Beat.

ANDREW

Hello? Anyone?

JANET

Are we allowed to answer?

ANDREW

Are you allowed to -- what the  
fuck kind of a question is that?  
Yes, you're allowed to answer! Why  
would I ask something if I didn't  
want an answer?

IVAN

Because you ask rhetorical quest--  
?

ANDREW

That was another rhetorical  
question, dumbass! Jesus fucking  
Christ, this guy! Oh my god! Now  
is anybody gonna answer my  
question?

JANET

Yes, they let you buy stocks.  
They're a stock brok--

ANDREW

I know they let you buy stocks! I  
just said that! You people are  
killin' me today! I was asking,  
who's the demographic we wanna  
reach?

MICHAEL

Nooooo, you weren't.

ANDREW

Excuse me, how do you know what I was asking?

MICHAEL

Clearly I don't.

ANDREW

Are you inside my head?

MICHAEL

No.

ANDREW

Do you have any understanding of my own, personal thought processes that go on in my brain?

MICHAEL

Absolutely not.

ANDREW

No! You don't! So you don't get to tell me what I was asking, because I, of all people, would know exactly what that was!

Blake walks by. He stops at the group, blocking his path.

BLAKE

Hey, can I get by?

ANDREW

No! Go around!

BLAKE

I can't go around! My cubicle's behind you guys!

ANDREW

So climb!

BLAKE

Wh-what?

Andrew ignores Blake and keeps berating his team members.

ANDREW

Now, where was I before we were so rudely interrupted?

Long pause.

IVAN

You were --

ANDREW

Did I look like I was done talking? Demographics! We need to reach upper middle class professionals, 35 to 59, that's our market!

Blake clambers atop the cubicles in the background, bracing himself against the unstable ceiling tiles as he tries to reach his.

JANET

The guys from Schwab said they wanted 18 to 34. They wanna reach more young people.

ANDREW

Did I ask for your opinion?

JANET

That's the client's opinion. We're supposed to be doing what the client wants.

Blake loses his balance and falls to the floor, yelping in pain, causing a cacophany of collapsing cubicles.

ANDREW

Okay, Janet, you know what? You know what? You're not supposed to talk. Your job is to stand there and be a pair of tits, okay?

Janet stands there, dumbfounded, unable to form a response, let alone completely process what Andrew just said. Her fellow employees are much the same, shocked even by Andrew's standards.

ANDREW

I just asked you a question!

CUT TO:

7 INT. COPY ROOM

7

The printer is abuzz. Leora removes a printed picture of a woman's body clad in medieval armor, and begins cutting it out with a knife. Eddie watches over her shoulder. Kevin leans up next to the door, fiddling with his phone.

EDDIE

It came out a little bit blue,  
didn't it?

LEORA

It's fine. This is just a mock-up.

EDDIE

Oh, yeah yeah yeah, right.

He watches her work for a moment, then decides to make small talk.

EDDIE

So, did you get that thing with  
your apartment worked out?

LEORA

Oh, yeah, it's all fine now. I  
spent an hour on the phone with  
Con Ed and apparently they'd  
gotten a cancellation request or  
something? I don't know. It was so  
weird. But anyway, power's back  
on. Landlord doesn't think I'm  
broke. I...have to replace a lot  
of what was in the refrigerator.

EDDIE

Ugh. That sucks. I'm sorry. So,  
what, someone else just called  
them up and told them to cut your  
power off?

LEORA

I guess so.

EDDIE

Who would do that?

LEORA

Well...Andrew. Maybe. He likes to  
mess with my head.

EDDIE

He'd be able to convince Con Ed  
that he lived at your apartment?

Leora gets agitated at the reminder of her past relationship  
with Andrew. Her hand slips, and the knife nicks her finger.

LEORA

Ow! Uh...let's just not --

EDDIE  
Are you okay?

LEORA  
-- get into that. Yeah. I'm fine.

Kevin looks up from his phone.

KEVIN  
Hey, you guys remember Pepsi Nano?

EDDIE  
Yeah?

KEVIN  
Well, it got recalled.

EDDIE  
Really?

KEVIN  
Yeah, it says here everybody who  
drank it got real sick. There was  
even this one lady who needed a  
liver transpla--

Blake walks in with an ice pack to his head.

BLAKE  
Hey! Kevin! Um...I totally think I  
might have a little bit sort  
of...broken your computer.  
(abruptly, to  
Leora)  
Hey! That looks great!

KEVIN  
Wait, what?

LEORA  
Thank you!

BLAKE  
Yeah! Definitely digging the blood  
splatter on her skirt right there.  
That's badass!

LEORA  
What blood spatter?

BLAKE  
It looks so real, too!

KEVIN

Hey, what'd you say about my computer?

LEORA

Oh, shit! I'm really bleeding!

BLAKE

Whoa, you're using real blood in that? Damn, Leora, you're hardcore!

EDDIE

Uh, do you need, like, a...band-aid or something?

LEORA

I think I need more than...uh -- Tissues! Get me some tissues!

Eddie scrambles to locate the tissue box.

EDDIE

Where are they?

KEVIN

Yo, what was that about breaking my computer?

BLAKE

They're on the shelf with the...the thing!

EDDIE

What thing?

BLAKE

It's the thing with the stuff! You know, the, the thing!

LEORA

Okay, I'm getting a little dizzy here...

The Boss shows up at the door, gleefully oblivious as always.

BOSS

Well, howdy ho, team! Looks like there's a change of plans! Kevin, you're on Team Andrew now. We're swapping you with Janet.

A flustered-looking Janet storms into the copy room.

KEVIN

Wh-whoa, what? No! Why do I have to go there? I like it here! Why can't we just have five people? He's already got a bazillion!

Leora's beginning to hyperventilate.

LEORA

Okay, what is she doing here? She's an accountant! I'm bleeding! What's happening?

BLAKE

Okay, Eddie, you know that thing with the buttons?

EDDIE

The scanner?

BLAKE

Yeah! It's on that shelf!

EDDIE

Where?

BLAKE

Right next to it!

EDDIE

Next to it whe-- oh! It's empty.

LEORA

What the hell do you mean, it's empty? Okay I'm feeling really sleepy right now.

BOSS

I'm sure you'll all manage just fine with Janet here! Ooh, wow, that's very nice, Leora!

He looks at Leora's blood-spattered mock-up on the drafting table.

BOSS (CONT'D)

Has the client seen it yet?

Leora faints.



ACT TWO

8 INT. CONFERENCE ROOM

8

Leora sits at the table, flipping through a manilla folder of art and mock-ups. Janet, seated beside her, leans in to talk to her.

JANET

Hey, are you okay from earli--?

LEORA

(curtly)

I'm fine.

Leora keeps flipping through the folder aimlessly, pretending to be busy.

JANET

Okay, I was just worried that --

Leora glares at Janet.

LEORA

You know what, I don't need your sympathy. I'm not trying to impress you, and I don't care what you think. And I don't appreciate you coming in here and disrupting the group dynamic that I have worked so hard to maintain, which not an easy thing to do when we have to breathe the same air as people like you all day. Punch that into your little spreadsheet, why don't ya?

Seething, she turns back to her folder, rummaging through it furiously.

JANET

Jeez, I was just trying to be nice.

Leora takes a deep breath, and steels herself.

LEORA

You're right. I apologize. But I don't want you stepping on our creative decisions, is that clear?

EDDIE (O.C.)

Have a seat, gentlemen!

Eddie escorts the three suits into the conference room, and takes a seat between Leora and Blake. The suits sit down

across from them.

EDDIE

So. We've planned this great campaign for you, with some imagery that can be deployed in print, on billboards, on television, and on Facebook.

The conference room door opens. A chair creaks. Eddie looks up to see MARK ZUCKERBERG sitting at the head of the table.

EDDIE

Um...hi, Mark Zuckerberg.  
What...are you doing here?

MARK ZUCKERBERG

Just chillin'.

EDDIE

O...kay. Why are you here?

MARK ZUCKERBERG

Well, I heard you guys were gonna use Facebook, so I figured, y'know, I could just, like, swing by, hang out, it's all good, man.

EDDIE

Uh...well, actually, this is a business meeting, and it's supposed to be private --

MARK ZUCKERBERG

What, you got somethin' to hide?

EDDIE

N-no, not really, we'd just appreciate a little, uh -- this is just between us and our clients.

MARK ZUCKERBERG

Nah, don't worry, man, it's cool. It's cool. I mean, everybody has business meetings. Nothing to be ashamed of.

EDDIE

Right. Okay. I'm just gonna -- okay.

(to the suits)

Gentlemen. You wanted to both sell to and objectify women at the same time. So, we have for you a campaign that, to the Y

(MORE)

EDDIE (CONT'D)  
 chromosome, seems like a teenage  
 fantasy, but to the X chromosome,  
 empowers and emboldens.

BLAKE  
 Allow us to introduce to you:  
 Miller Lite. Kick some ass!

Leora pulls out a picture of a woman scantily-clad in armor,  
 shot from behind, framed from her lower back to just above  
 the knees. In her right hand, she holds a sword, the hilt of  
 which is a bottle of Miller Lite.

LEORA  
 We went with the warrior princess  
 theme as a way to subvert the  
 conventional barely-dressed woman  
 thing, and in turn use it not for  
 sexualization, but for female  
 empowerment.

EDDIE  
 But you need to, to, uh, to think  
 about that a bit to really realize  
 what it means. Because on the  
 surface, your typical male base  
 sees another hot girl, but from a  
 female perspective, it's, uh,  
 uh --

BLAKE  
 It's all like, "You go, girl!" and  
 stuff like that. Oh yeah!

EDDIE  
 Exactly.

Beat.

EDDIE  
 So, what do you think?

SUIT 1  
 Crap.

SUIT 2  
 Terrible.

SUIT 3  
 Unusable.

EDDIE

What? Uh...okay, what are the, um, issues we need to work on?

SUIT 2

It's not nearly misogynistic enough.

SUIT 3

In fact, I'd say it's not actually misogynistic at all!

LEORA

Well, on one level, it is, because we're, I mean, we're not even showing her face, right? And, the word "ass" is in the slogan, and we're focusing right on that, so it's definitely, absolutely, somewhat degrading.

SUIT 1

But she has clothing on!

Long silence.

EDDIE

Uh...but, we, uh, it's not really legal in this country to show a, uh, a completely naked woman.

SUIT 2

Legal? We're a gigantic multinational corporation! You think we care what's legal?

The suits stand up to leave.

SUIT 3

Fix this! Fix this right now!

They storm out and slam the door behind them.

Mark Zuckerberg leans in behind Eddie and pokes him on the shoulder.

MARK ZUCKERBERG

Poke!

9 INT. BUZZWORD OFFICE

9

Ivan follows Andrew through the rows of cubicles, filled with overworked staffers.

IVAN

You want us to just cut the whole thing? That's three days of work down the drain!

ANDREW

Focus group didn't like it. Do it over.

IVAN

That focus group was full of twelve-year-olds!

ANDREW

Don't disparage the maturity of our demographic, dickflop! Customers are always right!

IVAN

No, it was literally full of twelve-year-olds! You gave it to the wrong focus group!

ANDREW

(ignoring Ivan,  
yelling to  
everyone)

Remember, people, by the numbers!  
Everything by the numbers!

PAN TO:

Kevin hooks the last of his monitors back up, and turns it on. He sits down at his machine and hammers at the keyboard to enable it.

The Boss peeks his head in.

BOSS

Are you working?

KEVIN

I'm waitin' on Andrew. He hasn't told me what we're doin' yet.

BOSS

So, you're not working? You're not busy? You're just sitting around and doing nothing?

KEVIN

I guess you could say that, yeah.

BOSS

Well, I'm not paying you to sit around and do nothing! You know who pays people to sit around and do nothing? The federal government! I worked for the US Census Bureau from 1991 to 1999, and there wasn't a single day when they made us do anything! Well, I left there and I said, "No more!" My employees won't get paid to sit around and do nothing like a bunch of government workers! I'm gonna make them do things!

KEVIN

So, what should I do?

BOSS

Things!

The Boss leaves. Kevin sighs, exasperated, and shakes his head. He stands up and leans around the wall of his cubicle, just as Andrew returns.

KEVIN

Hey, Andy, you got any things for me to do?

ANDREW

Uh, yeah, how about you, ah, sit down, shut the fuck up, and order me a new iPad. And you're payin' for it!

KEVIN

Christ al-fucking-mighty.

ACT THREE

10 INT. BREAK ROOM

10

Eddie, Blake, and Leora sit at the table, racking their brains about what to do.

EDDIE

I'm at a loss. What do we do now?

BLAKE

Maybe if we just, like, made it about her boobs instead? 'Cause, you know, guys have asses too, but they don't have boobs. Boobs are more, like, exclusively woman-ish. You get me?

LEORA

Uh...I don't really --

BLAKE

Ohhhh, yeah yeah yeah, you're right, 'cause like, some guys, if they're like, really fat and stuff, they have man-boobs. So I guess chicks don't really have a monippley on that, either.

Beat. Eddie tilts his head at Blake.

JANET (O.C.)

Maybe we just need to give 'em what they wanna see.

Janet sits down at the table, a stack of papers in her hands.

LEORA

Janet, we did what they asked for. They didn't like it.

JANET

Right. So. Don't give them what they asked for. Give them what they want. Take a look.

She hands everyone a piece of paper from the stack. They look it over.

BLAKE

Uhhh...

LEORA

Well...

EDDIE

It's definitely more misogynistic.

LEORA

I'm kinda missing the part where it appeals to women, though.

JANET

Well, clearly, they have no idea what appeals to women. So we can just tell them that this does, and they'll believe us.

EDDIE

But it doesn't. That would be lying.

JANET

Yeah. I know. But look, the purpose of this little exercise is to not be a dick to the client. That's it. We don't have to act in their best interest, we just have to be nice.

EDDIE

That's not really what I was going for, though.

JANET

Okay, look, there will be many, many opportunities in the future to advance the craft of advertising. This is not one of them. We can't win this battle. So let's just make the client happy, and get them out the door, so we can all move on to better things.

CUT TO:

11 INT. FILM STUDIO

11

A male SPOKESMODEL, dressed in a wife-beater, reads the script as Eddie positions the lights on the green screen behind him. He looks to Leora behind the camera, as she frames the shot.

SPOKESMODEL

I'm not sure I feel comfortable saying this.



LEORA

I know. We don't like it any more than you do. Trust me, this is just a paycheck for me too.

SPOKESMODEL

As soon as we're done here, I'm going straight to my priest.

Blake stands in front of the camera with a slate.

BLAKE

Okay, this is Miller Lite, Take 1!

He claps the slate, and walks out of the shot.

BLAKE (CONT'D)

Action!

SPOKESMODEL

Listen, woman. I don't want to hear your whining, or your excuses. I don't want you to tell me about your feelings, because the only feeling you should be having is this long, hard thing pouring delicious liquid into your mouth.

He lifts up the bottle of Miller Lite and thrusts it at the camera.

SPOKESMODEL (CONT'D)

How many of you women does it take to screw in a lightbulb? None. You can cook my steak in the dark. Miller Lite. Drink it, bitch.

ZOOM OUT TO:

12 INT. CONFERENCE ROOM

12

The ad freezes on the TV.

JANET

You see? It speaks directly to women!

SUIT 1

Amazing!

SUIT 2

It's genius!

SUIT 3  
The female demographic will eat  
this up!

SUIT 1  
Wait! What did the focus group  
think?

WIPE TO:

13 INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - EARLIER

13

A group of FOCUS GROUP PARTICIPANTS sits around the table,  
Eddie standing at the head. The ad is frozen on the TV at  
the same position.

EDDIE  
So, what do you guys think?

FOCUS GROUP PARTICIPANT  
Durrrrrrrr, there's too much motion  
blur!

WIPE BACK TO:

14 INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - PRESENT

14

JANET  
They loved it!

SUIT 2  
Then so do we!

CUT TO:

15 INT. BUZZWORD MEN'S ROOM

15

Andrew washes his hands as Eddie walks in. He turns off the  
faucet, and folds his arms, giving Eddie a smug look.

ANDREW  
My ad campaign is better than your  
ad campaign.

EDDIE  
You haven't even seen mine.

ANDREW  
I don't have to.

He gets in Eddie's face.

EDDIE

Could you not invade my personal space in the men's room?

ANDREW

The Boss is gonna see for sure that you know nothing about advertising.

EDDIE

Why do have to be such a massive dick all the time? To be ironic?

ANDREW

Because it gets results. You know what they say, Edward. Nice guys finish last.

He walks off, snickering to himself. Before he's all the way out the door...

EDDIE

(calling after him)

Yeah, that's why I can please a woman better than you can!

Andrew pretends to ignore it. The door swings shut behind him.

Eddie huffs, and walks into a stall. He locks the door, and sits down.

A moment later, the door unlocks itself, and Mark Zuckerberg walks into the stall with Eddie.

EDDIE

Wha-?! Mark Zuckerberg? What the hell are you doing?

MARK ZUCKERBERG

Hey, man, what's up?

EDDIE

G-get out of here!

MARK ZUCKERBERG

What, you got somethin' to hide?

EDDIE

I'm using the toilet!

MARK ZUCKERBERG

Nah, don't worry, man, it's cool.  
It's cool. I mean, everybody takes  
a shit. Nothing to be ashamed of.

Eddie stammers incoherently. Mark Zuckerberg puts up a  
finger and grabs his phone from his pocket.

MARK ZUCKERBERG

Whoa, whoa, whoa, hold that pose  
for a sec. Your grandma's gonna  
love this.

He snaps a photo.

ACT FOUR

16 INT. MARLEY'S ANTI-ESTABLISHMENT BAR AND GRILL

16

Blake, Leora, Eddie, and Kevin are in their usual seats at the bar. Blake picks up a shotglass of something bright and colorful.

BLAKE

Honestly, I don't get that drunk.  
Alcohol just literally goes right  
through me.

He tosses the shot through the hole in his head. It splatters on a waitress passing behind him. She screams.

Leora's phone rings. She pulls it out and looks at the caller. It's Andrew. She presses ignore.

KEVIN

So how'd it all go with Miss Robo-  
Zombie Accountant Lady?

EDDIE

Not bad, actually.

BLAKE

Yeah, she pretty much came up with  
the whole idea that we gave to the  
client.

Leora's phone rings again. Andrew, again. Ignore, again.

KEVIN

Oh, great.

EDDIE

No, it was, actually, uh...

LEORA

Well, it was horribly offensive  
and I'm ashamed to have been  
associated with it, but, from a  
creative standpoint, it  
was...pretty well thought out.

Leora gets a text message. It's from Andrew, and says:  
"8====D".

KEVIN

Pssh. Yeah right. From a fuckin'  
accountant. Don't let her fool ya.  
They're all just like Andrew.

LEORA

I...thought so too. But maybe not.

She types back, "More like 8=D". Her finger hovers over the Send button, but she decides against it.

KEVIN

No. No way. Anybody who takes orders from Andy's got nothin' inside 'em. No fuckin' soul, none at all.

EDDIE

Well, you were working under him.

KEVIN

I didn't do shit for him! Anything he said to me, I was just like, fuck you, no.

EDDIE

Well, that's mature.

KEVIN

What do you mean, "that's mature"? This is Andy we're talkin' about! It's the only way to deal with 'im!

TOMMY (O.C.)

Or perhaps it's the only way you've tried.

The group looks over to the pinball machines. TOMMY, a tall, dreadlocked man with the neck of a bass guitar for a head plays at one of the machines, racking up a ludicrously high score.

KEVIN

T-Tommy?

BLAKE

Dude! What's up?

Everyone walks over, standing around as Tommy plays. He scores a multi-ball.

TOMMY

The thumbtack is still your brother. But he has forgotten that. He wishes to fight you, but you must remind him that you are all of the same blood. You are all human beings. And therefore, you are all fighting for the same thing.

LEORA

Tommy, this is Eddie. The boss brought him in to replace...well, not that anyone could replace you.

TOMMY

Well met, brother Eddie. I sense your strength, your resolve, and your compassion. These are powerful qualities. Your brothers and sister are lucky to have you.

EDDIE

Th-thank you, sir.

TOMMY

The thumbtack shall resent you and sabatoge you, but do not fight him, brother. Show him the way.

KEVIN

I've been tryin', Tommy. I've been tryin' for so long, I don't think it's possible.

TOMMY

You must take another path, brother Kevin. Perhaps brother Eddie will show you the way as well.

CUT TO:

17 INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - THE NEXT DAY

17

Leora sits down next to Janet.

LEORA

Hey.

JANET

Hey.

They sit in silence for a moment.

LEORA

I'm sorry for being, uh...not so nice to you. For the past week.

JANET

Don't worry about it.

LEORA

I'm really embarrassed.

JANET  
It's okay, don't worry.

LEORA  
No, look, I just, I wasn't myself.  
I don't do that. I don't act like  
that. Most of the time.

JANET  
Well, I walked in while you were  
bleedin' to death, honey. Don't  
sweat it. We all have our bad  
days.

LEORA  
Weeks.

JANET  
Weeks.

Another pause.

LEORA  
So, what was it that made you want  
to, uh...switch sides?

JANET  
You know that guy in our ad?

Leora nods.

JANET  
Well, let's just say he was  
inspired by a real person.

LEORA  
Oh. Yeah. Yeah, I can see that.

She looks at Andrew, and laughs under her breath.

LEORA  
Would you maybe want to, uh, play  
on our team a bit more?

JANET  
It was fun, but...I gotta stick by  
my compatriots. I'm sort of the,  
uh, one-girl support group for  
everyone. If that makes sense.

Leora looks across the table at her team of misfits. Blake  
and Kevin are having a paper-wad fight, with Eddie caught in  
the crossfire.



LEORA

I know exactly what you mean.

The Boss walks in. The paper-wad fight stops abruptly.

BOSS

Okay, team! The results are in!  
Team Edward made us...nine hundred  
thousand, one hundred and thirty  
seven dollars! And Team Andrew  
made us...nine hundred thousand,  
one hundred and thirty seven  
dollars! It's a tie!  
Congratulations! Everybody wins!

EDDIE

Wait, what about how satisfied the  
clients were?

BOSS

What about what about WHAT now?

KEVIN

The clients. Were they satisfied?  
Do they hate us? Are they gonna  
tell everyone that we suck and not  
to do business with us?

BOSS

Huh. I...didn't ask.

LEORA

Boss, that was the entire reason  
we were doing all of this.

BOSS

Oh. Welllllllllllll...fuck. Who  
wants lunch?