

YOUR FACE IS A SAXOPHONE

EPISODE 3
"PAIN AND SUFFERING"

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COLD OPENING

1 INT. BUZZWORD LOBBY

1

The elevator opens. BLAKE, wearing a black shirt, instead of his usual green, strides out, loudly singing the guitar part to "Back in Black".

With a bounce in his step, he marches into...

2 BUZZWORD OFFICE

2

Blake makes exaggerated drumming gestures whenever he gets to a part where the drum part gets heavy. As he comes to the start of the vocal section, he leans around PUNEET's cubicle, startling the man.

BLAKE

(singing both
lyrics and
guitar)

Back in black! [dun dun] I hit the
sack! [dun dun] I've been too
long, I'm glad to-- [dee doo doo
doo doooooo]

Blake keeps bouncing through the office, his vocalization of the guitar part regularly stepping on the lyrics, and occasionally slowing or stopping his march to do some sort of weird dance move.

ANDREW looks up at Blake as he passes his cubicle.

BLAKE

Well, I'm...baaaaaaaaaaaaaack!
Baaaaaaaaaaaaack! I'm back in black!
[dun dun!] Yes, I'm back in bla--

ANDREW

Hey, Blake?

BLAKE

Yeah?

Andrew stares at Blake for a moment, and then just chuckles and shakes his head.

ANDREW

You're ridiculous.

Blake realizes that Andrew had just attempted something resembling compassion. A look of disbelief comes over his face (somehow, don't ask).

CUT TO:

3 EDDIE'S CUBICLE

3

LEORA is looking over EDDIE's shoulder at his computer.

LEORA

I like it, but I think the text
might work better in Helvetica.

EDDIE

You too with the Helvetica?

BLAKE pops in, and speaks in a low voice.

BLAKE

Hey, guys? Guys? I think Andrew
just tried to be nice to me.

LEORA

What?

EDDIE

What?

BLAKE

I know, right? I mean, he did it
in like a real ass handed way, but
he was totally trying!

Eddie tilts his head.

EDDIE

Ass handed?

BLAKE

Yeah, like, y'know, an ass handed
compliment, when it's like they're
giving you a compliment, but it's
actually mean?

EDDIE

Back handed.

BLAKE

Right. That.

LEORA

Well, maybe he just got up on the
right side of the bed for once.

BLAKE

Has he ever done gotten up on the
right side of the bed?

LEORA

Okay, stop asking me about Andrew in bed! I have tried so hard to block those memories out and you're not helping!

BLAKE

Okay! Okay! Sorry! You just said that he --

LEORA

You're right. I did. I'm oversensitive and losing my mind. Sorry. Don't worry about it.

BLAKE

We're cool?

LEORA

Yeah. We're cool.

She puts out a fist. Blake bumps it with his.

Eddie's phone rings.

EDDIE

'Scuse me.

He picks up the phone.

EDDIE

Buzzword Marketing, this is Eddie speaking.

He's not happy to hear the voice on the other end. At all. But he does his best to hide it.

EDDIE

Mom! Hi! I, uh, I don't remember giving you this number! How did you get it?

Oh, Facebook? Really? Huh.

(muttering)

I guess Zuckerberg changed everyone's privacy settings again.

(to the phone)

Ah, nothing, mom! Nothing! I was just saying that --

Yes, Mark Zuckerberg is a very nice Jewish boy, mom!

CUT TO:

4 INT. CONFERENCE ROOM

4

KEVIN flips his laptop closed, and shakes his head at Blake. He's just told him about Andrew's attempt at kindness.

KEVIN
Bullshit. He's playing you.

BLAKE
What would he be playing me about?

KEVIN
I don't know. But he is. Keep your guard up.

The BOSS raps on the head of the table.

BOSS
Okay, team! Before we begin our morning meeting, I'd like to remind you that today's the day for mandatory drug tests!

KEVIN
Oh, shit, I, uh, ate a poppy seed bagel for breakfast.

Yeah. Sure he did.

BOSS
But that's later. First, meeting! Hooray! For starters, Andrew has a little announcement to make!

ANDREW
Hey, guys. Yeah, so, the CUNY Graduate School down on 5th and 34th, they're doing a blood drive today. Y'know, you go there, and you give about a pint of your blood, and they eventually use it to save somebody's life. So, yeah, it's a good thing to do, I'm gonna go over there later, and all you guys should do it too.

BOSS
All righty then, that sounds like a gre--

KEVIN
What's your angle?

Silence.

ANDREW

Excuse me?

KEVIN

I said, what's your angle?

More silence. Andrew is in disbelief.

ANDREW

I...think people should not die. I don't have an angle, Kevin, I just wanna maybe save somebody's life!

Kevin starts yelling over him. Andrew yells over Kevin. Everyone else begins yelling over them.

KEVIN

You always have a fucking angle! Everything you do, everything you say, always an angle! Always a catch! I'm not buying this goody-two-shoes "I wanna save people" horseshit! You don't give a fuck about other people! You couldn't care less if somebody bled to death! You're a heartless asshole! A heartless fucking asshole! Where the fuck is this "let's give blood" bullshit coming from?

ANDREW

I wanna save lives, is that too much to ask? I gotta have some reason that I want people to be alive? I'm trying to be a good person, here! What's wrong with being a good person? What's wrong with saving lives? Saving lives! That's what this is about, this is about saving lives! Do you have a problem with saving lives? Do you think people should just lose all their blood and die?

BLAKE

Dude, sit down! Stop yelling! Come on, bro! This is stupid! Sit down!

EDDIE

Hey, leave him alone, Kevin! He's right! We should go give blood! It's a good thing to do! Calm down! He's just tryin' to get people to the blood drive!

LEORA

Really, guys, do we need to start
a screaming match over everything?
Can't we just have one day where
we don't all end up yelling at
each other? You're embarrassing
all of us! This is just pathetic!
Sit down and shut up, both of you!
This is appalling!

In the middle of all this, SHAUN, a casually dressed 19-year-old kid, walks up to the Boss.

SHAUN

Hey, uh, there are three guys
waiting in the lobby. They said
they had a meeting or something.

BOSS

Oh! Yes. Um. One sec.
(to the
screaming
employees)
Hey! Uh, team? Team! Guys! Quiet!
QUIEEEEEEET!

The team calms down finally.

BOSS

Team! This is Shaun, our new
intern!

KEVIN

Medium espresso, straight black,
no cream, no sugar!

ANDREW

Large iced caramel macchiato with
skim and two Splenda!

EDDIE

Vanilla latte with half & half and
one sugar!

LEORA

Small chai latte with soy and a
little bit of agave syrup!

BLAKE

Raspberry mocha cappuccino with 2%
and three sugar!

ACT ONE

5 INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - LATER

5

Eddie and Andrew sit across from two SUITS. They're from Johnson & Johnson, the company that makes Tylenol.

ANDREW

So, you gentlemen need to combat the perception that generic ibuprofen is just as good as Tylenol. I mean, you can't compete on price, right? So, here's what I'm thinking: why not make an ad stating, flat out, that Tylenol is better than generic?

EDDIE

But is it?

SUIT 1

Well, no.

EDDIE

Then that's false advertising. Let's not do that.

ANDREW

Edward, may I have a word with you for a moment?

Andrew stands, and beckons Eddie to follow. They walk out to...

6 INT. HALLWAY

6

Andrew shuts the conference room door behind him.

ANDREW

What are you doing?

EDDIE

What am I doing, what are you doing? You're gonna get our client sued!

ANDREW

I'm doing my job: giving the client what they want! They're fully aware of the Truth in Advertising laws, and if they want to skirt around them, then it is our duty to oblige.

EDDIE

They didn't want that! You just pitched it to them!

ANDREW

Yeah, well, if Henry Ford had asked people what they wanted, they'd have asked for faster horses!

EDDIE

What? That...that doesn't even make sense!

ANDREW

It makes perfect sense.

EDDIE

You know what, you don't make any sense! How is it you can hold such contempt for our clients, but suddenly you care about people when you have to get a needle stuck in your arm?

ANDREW

Hey! Hey! Don't you dare insinuate anything about the blood drive! I wanna save people!

EDDIE

I'm not insinuating anything, I just don't get you! Why do you wanna give blood one minute, and screw people over the next?

ANDREW

Oh, what, so you're equating doing business and doing our job with letting people die of blood loss?

EDDIE

No! Y-yes! Kind of! They're both wrong! Why don't you get that?

ANDREW

Oh, for the love of -- you know, Edward, you and things being "wrong" and "right", it's, it's just, it's adorable, you know that?

EDDIE

If you don't care about right and wrong, why are you giving blood today? You know, maybe Kevin's right, what is your angle?

ANDREW

There you go again, insinuating! I'm gonna save a life today, Edward! A life! You can't fault that! There's no way you can make that into a bad thing!

EDDIE

Well, why are you doing it? How does that fit into your morality?

ANDREW

Are you really asking me why I wanna save somebody? How do you even need to ask that? Why wouldn't you save a life?

EDDIE

Then why wouldn't you look out for our client's well-being?

ANDREW

You think that's the same thing as saving a life? Saving a life, Edward!

EDDIE

You...you're just impenetrable, you know that? What language do I have to speak?

ANDREW

Uh, English? English works.

EDDIE

Apparently not.

7 INT. BUZZWORD OFFICE

7

Blake leans up against the outer edge of his cubicle, next to Leora, as they awkwardly try to collaborate in an office that isn't set up for doing such things at all. He's holding an empty Starbucks cup.

BLAKE

You know, I don't even drink coffee, but now that we have an intern, I totally do drink coffee.

Shaun walks by with another Starbucks cup for Blake. He

trades him for the empty one.

BLAKE (CONT'D)

Hey, thanks, bro, can you throw this out for me? Oh, and, another cappuccino for when I'm done with this one? Thanks!

Shaun walks off.

BLAKE (CONT'D)

(to Leora)

So, what was the deal with those Pfizer guys?

LEORA

They need a name for their new drug.

BLAKE

Right. What's it do again?

LEORA

I wasn't really sure, honestly. It's like, for, um, some kind of mood stabilizer, but it's not for depression...god, I don't know.

BLAKE

How are they gonna sell that if they don't know?

LEORA

I think they want our help with that, too.

Beat.

LEORA (CONT'D)

Hey, can I ask you a question?

BLAKE

Sure.

LEORA

Um...this is, uh, this is gonna sound weird, but...uh...well, if there's uh, this...this guy...um...how do you get, y'know, close to him?

BLAKE

Uh...you mean, like, get in his pants?

LEORA

No! No no no! I mean, how do you...if there's somebody you wanna get to know better...like, that, how do you do that?

BLAKE

Just, like, be you, I guess. Like, be a friend, and let it go from there.

LEORA

Well, wouldn't that send the wrong message? Like, that I just wanna be friends?

BLAKE

Nah, I mean, just relax and stuff. Don't think about it so much. And besides, you gotta be friends first, right?

LEORA

Yeah. I guess.

Long pause.

BLAKE

So who's the guy?

LEORA

I'm not telling!

BLAKE

Is it Kevin? Really, Kevin?

LEORA

Stop!

BLAKE

Oh, but you've known Kevin for years, right? You don't need to get to know him better!

LEORA

It's not Kevin! Just stop asking me!

Another pause.

BLAKE

Jason? From accounting?

LEORA

What? Seriously, me with an accountant? No. Just stop.

A third pause.

BLAKE

Oh my god, it's Eddie.

LEORA

Shut up!

BLAKE

You like Eddie!

LEORA

Shut up shut up shut up!

BLAKE

Leora and Eddie sitting in a tree!
K-I-S-S-I-N-G!

LEORA

Do I have to choke a bitch?

She grabs at Blake's neck. He recoils in shock.

BLAKE

Whoa! Where the hell did that come from?

LEORA

Sorry! Sorry.

BLAKE

Though, I mean, you've known him for, like, what, a few weeks?

LEORA

I didn't say I'm madly in love with him.

BLAKE

Yeahhhh, but...I mean, what do you even like about him?

LEORA

What's not to like?

BLAKE

Nothing! I just, you know, I don't want you rushing into things. Again.

LEORA

Okay, I'm just...I'm just interested in him. Maybe I don't know why, and that's what I'm gonna try to find out. I'll be careful.

BLAKE

Good. Lemme know if ya need a wingman.

LEORA

Will do.

CUT TO:

8 INT. CUNY ALL-PURPOSE ROOM

8

The blood drive. Rows of reclining deck chairs with IV towers set up beside them, nurses and phlebotomists tending to donors. Eddie, Blake, Kevin, and Leora stand on line. Eddie's shaking a bit, visibly anxious.

KEVIN

So, the Pfizer guys want us to take some surveys or some shit?

LEORA

Yeah, something about people's moods based on the weather or something? It's so weird. I don't get it. I think Andrew's guys are handling it. I'm doing a lot of expository dialogue about this, aren't I?

KEVIN

Yeah, it's pretty lazy screenwriting.

LEORA

I know.

KEVIN

Speaking of hack-jobs, where the hell is Andrew?

LEORA

I don't know. Maybe he was here already.

A PHLEBOTOMIST with a clipboard walks up to the group.

PHLEBOTOMIST
Kevin DiPaolo?

Kevin takes a deep breath.

KEVIN
Here goes. Wish me luck!

He follows the phlebotomist up to an open chair.

BLAKE
(to Eddie)
Hey, what's up, bro, you okay?

EDDIE
Yeah, yeah, fine.

He's not.

BLAKE
You look whacked out, dude.

EDDIE
I'm okay! I've just...never done this before, is all. I got a, uh, uh, a thing...about needles. A thing about needles. Yeah. Thing about needles. Needles. Thing about needles.

BLAKE
Aww, don't worry, bro, you'll be fine! Totally fine!

EDDIE
I'm starting to feel a little lightheaded.

Beat.

BLAKE
(laughing)
Aaaaaah! I see whatcha did there!

EDDIE
What?

BLAKE
Just tryin' to...lighten the mood?

EDDIE
What are y--
(realizing what he meant)
No! I didn't me--! God dammit, Blake.

Eddie facepalms. The phlebotomist returns.

PHLEBOTOMIST
Blake O'Malley?

BLAKE
Watch me, bro, it's easy.

Blake follows the phlebotomist to a nearby chair. He rolls up his sleeve, and remains standing.

PHLEBOTOMIST
Um, sir, you should sit down.

BLAKE
No, no, it's cool. I can stand.

PHLEBOTOMIST
Um...okay.

The phlebotomist wraps a rubber band around Blake's upper arm, and preps the needle.

Eddie watches nervously. Blake gives him a reassuring thumbs up.

PHLEBOTOMIST
You're gonna feel a little pinch.

The needle goes into Blake's arm. He doesn't flinch. Moments later, the blood starts flowing.

BLAKE
See? No big deal! Totally fine!

He looks up at the filling bag of blood.

BLAKE (CONT'D)
Ha ha...that's my blood.

Blake faints. The phlebotomist sighs.

PHLEBOTOMIST
Always the big ones who go down.

Eddie shudders. Leora pats his shoulder.

LEORA
You'll be okay. Just take the chair.

WIPE TO:

Later, Eddie rubs at the bandage on his arm, a bit dizzy from the experience. He meets up with the others, who are arguing with a clerk.

BLAKE

What do you mean, you can't use my blood?

CLERK

Well, sir, you indicated on your questionnaire that you've had sexual relations with other men. So, unfortunately, your blood is unsafe.

BLAKE

You can't use my blood because I'm gay?

CLERK

I'm sorry, sir.

BLAKE

People aren't gonna catch gay from my blood, dude! It doesn't work like that!

CLERK

Sir, it's a health risk.

BLAKE

Health risk? You think I have AIDS because I like dudes? What is this, the 80s?

LEORA

Don't you run tests on it anyway?

CLERK

Sir, it's the law. I'm sorry. My hands are tied.

BLAKE

That's...bullshit.

LEORA

You could've told him beforehand!

CLERK

Well...sorry. Thanks for coming.

The clerk walks off.

KEVIN

That sucks, dude.

BLAKE

You know what, I want my blood
back.

He storms after the clerk.

BLAKE (CONT'D)

Hey, jackass, come back here!

ACT TWO

9 INT. BREAK ROOM - THE NEXT DAY

9

Blake's drawn a smiley face on his bag of blood. He holds it up on the table, facing Eddie, Leora, and Kevin.

BLAKE

Guys, I would like you to meet
Herman. He is my blood monster.

He bounces Herman up and down to make him "talk".

BLAKE

(doing a funny
voice)

My favorite Transformer is Optimus
Prime!

(as Blake)

Good taste, Herman. Good taste.

The others stare blankly.

EDDIE

I need therapy now.

Andrew walks into the break room, followed by JANET.

ANDREW

I don't care! Do it over!

JANET

No, we got the data we needed!
These questions will totally skew
the whole thing!

ANDREW

Uh, no. No no no no no no no! You
don't get to tell me what to do!
I'm paying you! If you were paying
me, you could tell me what to do,
but no! I'm paying you! You have
to kiss my ass!

JANET

Actually, the boss is paying us
both.

ANDREW

I am an expert, okay? An expert!
I've been doing this for 30 years!

JANET

And how old are you?

He says nothing for a moment, caught in his lie.

ANDREW

I'm an expert! You're my subordinate! Do what I say! Do it over, because the work you've given me is, frankly, hhhhhheprehensible!

He says the "h" like a hissing cat, and rolls the "r." Janet stares at him.

JANET

Why did you pronounce it like that?

ANDREW

Because you're Brazilian. That's how Brazilians talk. With the R's. You're from HHHHHHHHHio de Janiero.

JANET

I'm from São Paulo. You culturally insensitive prick.

She walks out.

ANDREW

(calling after her)

I'm not culturally insensitive! I've lived in the Far East!

KEVIN

Southampton is not the Far East.

Andrew turns around.

ANDREW

Yeah? Well. Fuck you!

He flips the bird.

KEVIN

So, did you give blood yesterday?

Andrew freezes. He throws his head back and sighs.

ANDREW

(laughing)

Awww, man! I completely forgot! I was in such a rush to get home, 'cause Glee was on, you know? Shit. They're not doing it again today, are they?

LEORA

Nope.

BLAKE

I'm ashamed to like Glee now.

KEVIN

Was that your angle, Andy? You wanted all of us to go make a little sacrifice so you wouldn't have to?

ANDREW

Hey, I just forgot, okay?

KEVIN

How could you forget? You were talkin' about it the whole fuckin' day, blood drive this, blood drive that, and then all of a sudden you forget?

ANDREW

I had a long day! You know, I was coordinating the entire market research operation for the Pfizer people!

EDDIE

And roping the Johnson & Johnson people into illegal marketing.

ANDREW

Hey, shut up, testicle clamp! They wanted it!

EDDIE

No they didn't.

KEVIN

I had a long day, too, Andy! Real fuckin' long! Every day's a long day! But I didn't forget, Leora didn't forget, Eddie didn't forget, and Blake sure as hell didn't forget, even though they wouldn't even take his blood! We all remembered! All of us! We wanted to "save some lives", so we did! You didn't! You were too busy thinkin' a new ways to fuck up the world!

ANDREW

Hey, lay offa me!

KEVIN

Is this what you wanted to do with your life? You wanted to be the guy who fucks people over all day, and can't even bring yourself to give a god damn thing back?

ANDREW

Things are more complicated than they used to be, Kevin! Cut me some slack here!

KEVIN

You're a scumbag! There's no turnin' back now, Andy Sholes, you're a full-blown, full-on scumbag! And that's all you ever will be!

Kevin catches his breath. Andrew tries to come up with some retort, but can't.

KEVIN

Get outta my fuckin' sight.

CUT TO:

10 INT. BOSS'S OFFICE

10

Eddie walks in.

EDDIE

You wanted to see me, sir?

Silence. Eddie looks around.

The Boss leans out from behind a filing cabinet. He's been hiding.

BOSS

Psst!

The Boss scurries over to the door and shuts it behind Eddie.

BOSS

(whispering)

Thank god you're here, we're in terrible trouble!

The Boss freezes, and holds up a finger.

BOSS

Shh!

He walks over to the radiator, leans down, and listens to it.

EDDIE

Boss, what are you --

BOSS

Shh!

After a moment, the Boss, satisfied, stands back upright and flashes a printout at Eddie.

BOSS

Look at this! Look at this!

EDDIE

It's an email. Why'd you print out your email?

BOSS

I had to show it to you! Look, it's a journalist asking us about the Coor's Light commercial!

EDDIE

Coor's Light commercial?

BOSS

Miller Lite! I mean Miller Lite! It's been chaos since the word "go"! Every public interest group under the sun has called it degrading to women, and someone wants to blame us!

EDDIE

Let me see that.

Eddie takes the printout and reads it.

BOSS

You gotta get rid of it!

EDDIE

Well, just send it to the Miller Lite people. Or better yet, just don't answer it. You know the press, they'll move on from this in no time!

BOSS
I tried that, but look!

The Boss grabs a folder and shows it to Eddie.

EDDIE
This is an empty folder.

BOSS
I know! I didn't get an email
address from the Miller Lite
people, I didn't get a phone
number--

The Boss has clearly lost his mind. Eddie walks over to his
computer and types at it.

EDDIE
All right, hang on.

BOSS (CONT'D)
I didn't even get a mailing
address, and that's the third
email this week that reporter's
sent me! I don't even know where
he's from!

EDDIE
He's from The Huffington Post.

The Boss gulps. He sits down in the chair across from Eddie.

BOSS
The Huffington Post? The
Huffington Post?! We'll never get
rid of the damn thing now! What
can you do, Eddie?

Eddie sits down.

EDDIE
Could try writing back.

BOSS
Writing back?

EDDIE
Just giving them a boilerplate "no
comment" sorta thing.

BOSS
No comment?

EDDIE
What's the email address it was
sent from?

BOSS
Uh...it's R...A...um, here!

He hands Eddie the printout. Eddie looks at it, and begins
typing.

EDDIE
(as he types)
Dear Mr. Rosenberg...Buzzword
Marketing does not comment on the
content requested by our clients,
and would direct all further
inquiries to MillerCoors. We have
no further comment at this time.

He hits the Send button.

EDDIE
Sent!

The Boss breathes a sigh of relief.

BOSS
Thank god for that. Uh, would you
like some tea?

The computer beeps. Eddie looks back at it.

EDDIE
There's a problem. Your computer's
not set up to send email.

The Boss stands, shaking, and paces around the room.

BOSS
Well, that's it then. I might as
well go and hang myself now.
Bastards!

He bangs his fist on his desk, and recoils in pain.

EDDIE
Look, there is one solution.

BOSS
What?

EDDIE
I could go back to my desk, and
send the reply from my email
address.

BOSS
That's brilliant, Eddie.

EDDIE
I'll do it for you. Don't worry.

BOSS
What should I do next?

EDDIE
Just sit tight. Don't worry about
it.

Eddie stands up. The Boss holds his wrist in pain.

BOSS
I think I've broken a bone. Look,
my wrist is all limp. What a
pathetic creature I am!

EDDIE
I'll get you some ice.

Eddie opens the door and begins to walk out.

BOSS
Eddie?

EDDIE
Mmhmm?

BOSS
You are good to me, you know.

EDDIE
Uh...right.

11 INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - A FEW DAYS LATER

11

The whole team is present, as well as three SUITS from
Pfizer.

Blake stands up, jittering, more hyper than he's been all
day.

BLAKE
Okay! Pfizer dudes! Listen up! So,
I was looking at a photo of what
the pills look like, and I was
thinking, "Hey, those look like
(MORE)

BLAKE (CONT'D)
bananas!" So I was thinking
"banana", and then I started
thinking "maximum", and then I
started thinking "Banaximum!" New
from Pfizer! Oh yeah!

Eddie stands and holds up a printout of a bright yellow
Banaximum logo. Blake flails his arms and gestures at it
wildly.

Shaun walks by to distribute everyone's coffee. Eddie leans
down to whisper to him.

EDDIE
(gesturing to
Blake)
Hey, Shaun, cut him off after this
one.

BOSS
Stupendous, Blake!

SUIT 1
Yes, it's most excellent.

SUIT 2
Obviously the shape and color of
the pills will change before
production --

BLAKE
What? No! No no no! You should
keep 'em looking like bananas! You
know how those other guys, they
sell that thing that's like, "the
purple pill"? You could be like
that!

SUIT 3
That's a remarkably sensible and
intelligent suggestion. We're not
going to take it.

SUIT 1
But we'll keep the name.

SUIT 2
And the logo.

ANDREW
Okay, so, Banaximum, we're calling
it. Now the question is, what's it
do? What's it any good for? Why
should people be begging and
(MORE)

ANDREW (CONT'D)
 pleading their doctors to sign 'em
 up for it? I mean, you know,
besides the fact that you're gonna
 pay the docs a thousand bucks a
 prescription. We gotta keep the
 sheeple consumers from questioning
 things, right?

Shaun comes around to Andrew.

ANDREW
 Uh, excuse me? Intern? Why are you
 not a footrest?

SHAUN
 Why am I...what?

ANDREW
 Don't fuckin' talk to me! Hands
 and knees, now!

SHAUN
 But...what...but I...awww...

Shaun gets down on the floor. Andrew puts his feet up on his
 back.

ANDREW
 So where was I? Oh, yeah, keepin'
 the sheep in line. But I'm just
 preachin' to the choir here,
 aren't I? You gentlemen know what
 that's all about. So! My team and
 I did a whole bunch of surveys. We
 went out on a couple different
 days, and asked people a few
 questions.

(to Janet)
 Hey, sugartits! Read off day one!

She grumbles and mumbles something resembling "fuck you"
 under her breath as she brings up the data on her laptop.

JANET
 We asked 243 people what sort of
 mood they were in. 95 percent
 said, "good". We asked respondents
 whether their mood today was
 normal for, quote, "days like this
 one". 89 percent said, "yes".

ANDREW

Now, on that day, it was sunny.
The next day we asked people, it
was rainy.

(to Janet)

Honeybitch?

JANET

On day two, from a sample of 198
people, 18 percent said they were
in a "good" mood. When asked
whether their mood today was
normal, 90 percent said, "yes."

ANDREW

So, you see? That means 82% of the
population suffers from "Chronic
Hydropathic Depression".

JANET

What? No it doesn't!

ANDREW

Get back in the kitchen, woman.
So, gentlemen, you now have the
disease which your product treats!

EDDIE

That's not even a real condition!

KEVIN

You just made that up!

ANDREW

Ha ha, you see, gentlemen, my
distinguished colleagues, and by
that I mean "those assholes", are
helpfully playing the role of the
skeptical consumer. Such questions
can be easily countered by a
simple, simple mantra: "Shut the
fuck up and take your pills, you
mindless animal."

SUIT 1

A wise strategy!

BOSS

Well done, Andrew!

EDDIE

Okay, there are about seven
thousand things wrong with -- you
know what, I'm not even gonna try.

ACT THREE

12 INT. BUZZWORD OFFICE

12

Kevin sits at his desk, solemnly thumbing through an old photo album. Blake pops his head in.

BLAKE

Whoa! Kevin's gone analog?

Kevin scrambles to hide the photos.

KEVIN

Hey, don't look at that!

BLAKE

Hey, is that...is that you and Andrew?

After a moment, Kevin sighs, and lets Blake see the photos. They're of him and Andrew in caps and gowns, posing together, and with their families.

KEVIN

Princeton, class of '02. Andy and I were roommates since Freshman year. Best buds. Comrades. Brothers in arms. You know, it was him, he was the one who taught me that this whole fucked up world was so fucked up. Opened my eyes to the corporate-controlled state, how the mindless pursuit of profit above all else has caused so much shit, how brands and products and consumerism controls everybody's minds. He was an anarchist back then, he made a rebel outta me. Can you believe that? Always used to say, "The last capitalist we hang shall be the one who sold us the rope." And then...then he went off to get his MBA at Harvard. Told me he was gonna take down the system from the inside. We fell outta touch, and I didn't see him again till...you know. Now.

Kevin looks up. Eddie, Leora, and the entire accounting team have appeared out of nowhere.

KEVIN (CONT'D)
Hey, when the hell did you all get here?

EDDIE
Uh...

LEORA
Like, right after your closeup started.

The Boss pokes his head in.

BOSS
That fourth wall is coming out of your paycheck, missy!

The Boss disappears again.

KEVIN
Oh. Well. Now you know.

He shuts the photo album and puts it down on his desk.

BLAKE
Why didn't you tell us?

KEVIN
It's embarrassing.

BLAKE
Why's it embarrassing?

KEVIN
'Cause I don't know what happened! I don't get it! How could that...that...thing come from the guy I used to know? How do you turn into that from being --

He points at the album.

KEVIN (CONT'D)
-- that?

Kevin takes a deep breath.

KEVIN (CONT'D)
That's why, you know, I was, I was...yelling. Yelling at him. When he was talkin' about the blood drive, when he was being nice or something, I thought it was too good to be true. I thought, no way, no way is the old Andy comin' back. And I was right.

CUT TO:

13 EXT. MADISON AVENUE PARKING GARAGE

13

Andrew walks down the street towards the garage. Eddie follows, and calls after him.

EDDIE

The last capitalist we hang shall
be the one who sold us the rope.

Andrew stops. Eddie catches up.

EDDIE (CONT'D)

That's Marx, isn't it?

ANDREW

Shut up.

EDDIE

Oh, what's that? No witty remark
like, "I knew you were a
socialist"?

ANDREW

You don't know a god damn thing,
Edward.

EDDIE

I know you care about people. I
know you used to, and you can't
just stop caring. Nobody can do
that. So why do you do the things
you do?

ANDREW

You don't know me, Edward! Fuck
you! I don't care about people!
Fuck people! People can go to
hell!

EDDIE

You don't mean that.

ANDREW

I do mean that! I absolutely mean
that! Now let me go drive to lunch
in my Escalade, so I can fuck over
the environment! Fuck the
environment! I don't care about
it!

EDDIE

What happened to you, Andy?

ANDREW

Nothing happened to -- oh, fuck
you! Fuck you, Edward! You don't
get to call me that!

Shaun walks past them.

SHAUN

Hey, you guys want coffee?

EDDIE

No thanks, not right now.

(to Andrew)

Look me in the face and tell me
you don't care about people. I
dare you, do it.

Andrew stares at him.

ANDREW

I don't --

He can't say it.

ANDREW

Fuck people. Fuck people, fuck
people, fuck people, fuck the
world! Is that what you want to
hear, Edward? Is it? Fuck people!
Everybody can just go fucking die!

A car blows through the red light as Shaun crosses the
street, slamming into him and flipping him over. He crashes
down in the middle of the crosswalk.

EDDIE

Oh, shit!

Eddie and Andrew run over to Shaun. He's not moving.

Eddie kneels down beside him, checking for a pulse.

EDDIE

Shaun? Shaun? Can you hear me,
buddy?

ANDREW

Oh crap, oh crap, oh crap, what do
we do?

EDDIE

Call an ambulance!

ANDREW

I can't make a phone call! I have an iPhone!

Eddie grumbles, and tosses his phone to Andrew.

EDDIE

Here!

Andrew dials 911 and puts the phone to his...ear, I guess.

ANDREW

Hello? Hi! I need an ambulance at Madison and 38th! Somebody got hit by a car.

Eddie holds onto Shaun. He's breathing, but barely.

EDDIE

Come on, kid, stay with me, stay with me.

CUT TO:

14 INT. HOSPITAL WAITING ROOM

14

Andrew, Eddie, Kevin, Blake, and Leora sit, waiting. Kevin pulls out his lighter and hairspray, and starts to set himself on fire.

A NURSE walks by and stops him.

NURSE

Sir, you can't smoke in here.

KEVIN

I can't smoke in here?

NURSE

No, this is a hospital.

KEVIN

You know, that is just facist. You are a facist, madam!

BLAKE

Bro, keep your addiction in check, seriously. Man, I need some more coffee!

A DOCTOR walks out.

DOCTOR

You're Shaun's friends?

They stand.

EDDIE
Yes? Is he okay?

DOCTOR
He'll be fine. He lost a lot of
blood, but thankfully no bones
were broken. You can go see him if
you like.

CUT TO:

15 INT. SHAUN'S HOSPITAL ROOM

15

Everybody files in and stands around Shaun's bed. He's cut
up and bruised, but looking remarkably well for what just
happened to him.

BLAKE
Hey. How ya doin'?

SHAUN
Good.

EDDIE
Y'know, for this, I think you
deserve a little better than
getting us all coffee. What do you
say we bring you in on the next
project, huh?

SHAUN
That sounds awesome.

BLAKE
But but but coffee!

EDDIE
You've had enough.

BLAKE
Awww!

Andrew glances at the blood bag on the IV.

ANDREW
Hm. B positive. That's my blood
type.

KEVIN
Yeah, well, looks like some
generous B positive took a little
time out of his day to save a
kid's life.

ACT FOUR

16 EXT. BUZZWORD OFFICE BUILDING - EVENING

16

Eddie walks outside, to meet Leora standing there.

LEORA

Hey.

EDDIE

Hey there.

LEORA

Um...are you doing anything tonight?

EDDIE

Uh...going home, watching TV, going to sleep. Why?

LEORA

Well, I was wondering. See, I was gonna go to Blake's place, because last week I whipped his ass in Halo, and he's challenging me to a rematch. So, maybe, do you wanna come with me?

EDDIE

I guess I could --

LEORA

As a date.

EDDIE

You're asking me on a date to play Halo at Blake's house?

LEORA

Yeah, that is kinda weird, isn't it?

EDDIE

I like weird.

LEORA

Okay!

CUT TO:

17 INT. BLAKE'S APARTMENT

17

The TV flickers at Blake, Eddie, and Leora, all sitting on the couch, each holding a 360 controller. They play with a mix of zen-like concentration and reckless fury. Leora's winning.

BLAKE
Okay, dude, dude, stop shooting me.

EDDIE
Why should I?

BLAKE
Just stop for a sec. I got a plan.

LEORA
He's not on your team. No teams.

Blake ignores her.

BLAKE
Dude, just, let's take her out,
and then we can go back to --

Leora pulls her right trigger. Explosion. She's taken them both out with a well-placed rocket.

LEORA
Dead.

BLAKE
Dammit!

EDDIE
Auggh!

CHASE, Blake's boyfriend, walks into the apartment and crosses the living room. He shouts out a greeting as he passes.

CHASE
Hey, Blake!

BLAKE
Hey, snugglemuffin.
(to Eddie)
That's Chase. He's my
snugglemuffin.

LEORA
Dead.

She's taken out Blake again.

BLAKE
Errrgh! You know, I...you...you're
evil!

LEORA
You're a noob.

BLAKE
I'm not a -- she just called me
noob, Eddie. Can you believe that,
this girl just called me a noob!

EDDIE
You are kinda playing like a noob.

BLAKE
No I'm n--

EDDIE
Pow! Right in the kisser!

He's melee'd Blake.

BLAKE
Aaagh! Stop killing me!

LEORA
Dead!

She got Eddie.

EDDIE
Nnnnnnnrrrrrr! Okay, it's on now.
I'm comin' for ya!

Eddie's laser-focused. Seizing the moment, Leora leans in
towards Blake, and whispers to him.

LEORA
So, you think I'm doing okay?

BLAKE
Uh, duh? You're completely pwning
us.

LEORA
No! No! I mean, like, with,
y'know--

BLAKE
Oh! Yeah, I mean, he seemed into
you like all of tonight, so just
relax, y'know? It's all good.

LEORA
Mm. Yeah. Thanks.

She sits back up, and pulls the trigger again. It's a hit.
Leora jumps out of her seat, pumping her fist into the air.

LEORA
(screaming)
Boom! Headshot! Suck on that,
faggots!

EDDIE
Whoa!

BLAKE
Dude!

LEORA
Oh my god, I'm sorry! It just
slipped out!

CUT TO:

18 INT. BUZZWORD OFFICE - THE NEXT DAY

18

Kevin watches from afar as Andrew berates KIRK HAVERBLAFF in
his cubicle.

KIRK HAVERBLAFF
I'm sorry, I just can't do that.
It's not gonna work.

ANDREW
Well, there are a million other
people who'd be desperate for your
job, Kirk Haverblaff! You know, I
have a virtual assistant named
Oybek, he lives in Uzbekistan, I
hired him to to grow my Twitter
followers, and he works fourteen
hours a day, six days a week, and
he likes it! I pay him two hundred
bucks a month, and he's happy with
that! He wanted two thousand, but
I said, "No way! You get two
hundred!" But he likes it! He
doesn't give me crap like you do!
And another thing, he's gay, and
they don't like gay people in
Uzbekistan! But I understand him,
and I'm his only friend! Oybek
doesn't say, "I'm sorry, I can't
do that." He says, "Yes, boss!
Whatever you say, boss!" He's a
hard worker, and he'd kill to have
(MORE)

ANDREW (CONT'D)
a job like yours! He doesn't tell
me how it's gonna be, he doesn't
tell me "It's not gonna work", he
just does what I say! Because I'm
paying him!

Eddie walks by in the middle of all this. He stops, and
stands with Kevin.

EDDIE
Back to his old self, is he?

KEVIN
Back? He never went anywhere.

EDDIE
I dunno. I thought I saw a little
somethin'.

KEVIN
Don't get your hopes up.

The Boss waddles by, flailing his arms wildly as he's always
so apt to do.

BOSS
Okay, team! Don't forget, your
performance reviews are coming up
soon!

EDDIE
Why do we have performance reviews
at a company with --

He counts on his fingers.

EDDIE (CONT'D)
-- nineteen people?

BOSS
Aren't you forgetting about...the
human resources department?

PAN UP TO:

There's apparently an entire human resources department on
the other side of the cubicles.

KEVIN
We have a human resources
department?

BOSS

Without them, who would do the performance reviews?

EDDIE

I must say, Boss, you run an impressively inefficient operation here.

BOSS

Inefficient? I beg to differ! I am a paragon of efficiency! Why, I've been using my world-renowned efficiencization skills ever since I worked for the ratings board of the Motion Picture Association of America!

WIPE TO:

19 INT. SCREENING ROOM

19

The Boss and a bunch of MPAA raters are watching a movie.

MOVIE CHARACTER 1

I don't care what you think! I don't give a fuck what you think!

MOVIE CHARACTER 2

Oh yeah? Fuck you!

BOSS

Whoop! That's two "fucks"! Let's rate this baby R and go on home!

BACK TO:

20 INT. BUZZWORD OFFICE

20

BOSS

And I've still got it, I tell ya! This place is cost-effective like nobody's business! Everyone said I should spring for fancy-shmancy critical maintenance, but who needs that luxurious expense when used chewing gum can hold up the ceiling perfectly fine?

Blake trots over.

BLAKE

Hey, guys, I just got a --

An air duct crashes through the ceiling and falls on Blake, crushing him.

BLAKE (CONT'D)

OWWWW!

BOSS

Who wants lunch?