

Dirty Laundry

A Screenplay

James A. Napoli

Dirty Laundry (1990s)

INT. TAXI — EARLY AFTERNOON

Before cutting up from black, we hear the taxi driver say:

DRIVER

High point? Where in the hell is High Point?

We cut to a close up of James in the back of the taxi.

JOHN

It's in North Carolina.

DRIVER

What the fuck do you want to go there for, kid?

John looks out the window of the taxi.

JOHN

I need to get out of New York for a little while.

DRIVER

Whatever.

The taxi pulls away from the curb and we cross dissolve to:

EXT. TV STATION — DAY

As we cross-dissolve, we hear the sound of a plane landing. A taxi pulls up to the back door of the TV station. John pays the driver and gets out of the taxi, throwing his bag over his left shoulder. He walks up a ramp that leads to the back door.

The caption "1986" dissolves in and then quickly out. At the back door, he looks around, and then knocks on the door. Carol is standing on the other side of the door, and walks to it and opens it.

CAROL

Can I help you?

JOHN

Yes please. I'm here to see my sister, Lisa.

CAROL

You're her brother, aren't you? I'm Carol.

JOHN

Yes, I am. I'm John. It's very nice to meet you.

CAROL

The pleasure's all mine. Come on. Let's find your sister.

John walks through the door, and as Carol closes the door, she checks John out from behind.

INT. NEWSROOM — DAY

Carol leads John into the newsroom, and John's sister Lisa is walking toward them. She is holding a script in her hands, but she still she flings her arms open and hugs John.

LISA

Good to see you, little brother. Now just follow me, it's only twenty minutes to the six o'clock.

Lisa turns to one of the edit rooms on the left, and Carol begins to walk away, when John says:

JOHN

Thank you.

CAROL

Carol. Carol O'Connor. We'll meet again. And you're welcome.

Lisa is standing at the door to one of the edit rooms.

LISA

Where is the lead fucking story?

The editor, Keith, looks up at her:

KEITH

It will be finished in five minutes.

LISA

You told me five minutes twenty minutes ago.

KEITH

I know. But this time I'm serious.

LISA

I want to see your ass walking toward the tape room in four and a half minutes. And don't think I'm not serious.

Lisa walks away without waiting for a response. She walks across the office to where the sports anchor Rich is sitting at his typewriter. He looks up as she approaches.

LISA

Rich, I have to cut two minutes out of sports, sorry.

RICH

But it's the last week of high school football season!

LISA

I'm sorry, but a double homicide is more important than a bunch of seventeen year old kids rolling around in the mud. Save it for the eleven.

RICH

What about the parents of those seventeen year olds who watch the news?

LISA

Give them my condolences.

Lisa walks away, back toward her desk. She is looking at her script, but talks to John.

LISA

How was your flight? Are Mom and Dad getting along? I talked to her last week and I couldn't tell.

JOHN

I don't know, I guess so.

Lisa picks up her coffee and tries to juggle it with her script, and then starts walking out of the newsroom. John follows.

LISA

Good. Not that I have anything against divorce, but I really hate the idea of having to do Christmas two times. Let's keep the family together. Come on, we have to get to the studio.

INT. STUDIO — EVENING

Lisa and John enter the studio. Two of the production assistants, Jeff and Leo, are sitting behind their cameras.

LISA

Jeff, Leo, this is my brother, John. Maybe you can take John out and show him the town.

JEFF

Sure, anytime.

LISA

Thanks. And try to keep the cameras steady guys, a few hundred people may be watching this.

Lisa leads John around the set, toward the back of the studio where the weather center is. The weatherman, Frank, is sitting with his back to Lisa and John, and we can see he is reading a pornography magazine with a full page of a naked man posing. Frank whips around when he senses them behind him. Lisa hands him one page from her script.

LISA

Frank, this is my brother James. I know this is highly unusual, but here's the script for your forecast. Make it quick so you can get back to your reading. Thanks.

FRANK

I was thinking about doing my own weather forecast, but sure, whatever you say.

LISA

Double homicide, Frank, we all have to make sacrifices.

FRANK

What are you sacrificing, Lisa?

LISA

I'm going to sacrifice my fucking eyesight if I see that magazine again! Keep it in the bathroom, okay?

Lisa walks away, but John just stands there for a second, frozen. Then he follows her.

INT. CONTROL ROOM — EVENING

John follows Lisa into the control room. The director, George, the technical director, Darryl, and the audio operator, Gaither, sit at their stations from right to left. Lisa sits in an elevated position behind the crew.

LISA

Okay, guys, this is my brother, John. John, sit next to me. Big show tonight guys, double homicide, so let's just pretend that we're not going to have any fuckups, okay?

Lisa puts her headset on.

GEORGE

We'll try our best. Okay, master control, let us have it.

The opening sequence to the newscast begins. From a wide shot of the control room, we dissolve to:

INT. GENERAL MANAGER'S OFFICE — DAY

The general manager, Guy Hader, is sitting in his chair, watching a television to his right, tuned to the newscast broadcasting downstairs. His two unnamed assistants are standing in front of him. Assistant #2 is holding a clipboard.

GUY

Okay, what the hell do you two need to talk to me about? And do me a favor, be frank and bottom line everything for me okay? I have to go home in a few minutes, and I have a pounding fucking headache, so forgive me if I sound a tad unpleasant.

ASST. #1

Not at all, Mr. Hader. Well, okay, well, frankly put, our ratings are in bad shape. To be frank, Channel 3 is beating us at 5, 6, and 11 o'clock.

GUY

Well, I do get the ratings book, so thanks for telling me painful fucking facts that I'm already painfully fucking aware of! So here's a thought, what you should be giving me right now are some of those things, I think they're called "ideas." Here's one for you — how about luring away talent from another station? That's worked before, hasn't it?

ASST. #1

It did before the introduction of the noncompete clause for news talent in the TV industry, sir.

ASST. #2

And unfortunately, anyone worth luring away is signed to an ironclad noncompete. And on top of that we can't afford them.

GUY

So why are you telling me this? To inform me that we are completely fucked as a legitimate television news outlet in this market?

ASST. #1

Actually, there is a name. He's available, and in our price range.

GUY

Well, are you going to tell me who this available name is?

ASST. #2

We were a little concerned you might have a problem with this person.

ASST. #1

It's Tom Flood.

GUY

Tom fucking Flood? That's your big idea? Do I have to remind you morons why I fired that fuck in the first place?

CUT TO:

EXT. LAKE — DAY

Tom Flood is doing a live shot in front of a local lake where a boy has drowned.

TOM

And so it was a tragic outcome here today at High Rock Lake, when five year old Ricky Johnson drowned to death while swimming. Back to you, Chet.

INT. GENERAL MANAGER'S OFFICE — DAY

CUT BACK TO GUY'S OFFICE:

GUY

Flood, did you get out of the third fucking grade?! You can't drown to death, you stupid schmuck! He drowned, therefore he is dead! But of course, that wasn't your only fuckup today, now was it?

Tom doesn't know what to say, and just stares away from Guy.

EXT. LAKE — DAY

CUT BACK TO THE LIVE
SHOT:

CAMERA MAN (V.O.)

And you're clear, Tom.

Tom thinks he is now off air. He lowers his microphone and starts loosening his tie.

TOM

Okay, good, let's get the fuck out of here. I've got a nooner with that new chick in accounting. Hey, do you remember her name? Don't worry about it, I'll go through her purse and look at her driver's license when she's freshening up. Besides this dead kid bullshit is depressing me. Five more minutes and I'm going to drown myself to death in that fucking lake. Now how would that sound? "Tom flood drowns to death." That would make a good-looking headline, for a great looking corpse!

CUT TO:

INT. CONTROL ROOM — DAY

Inside the control room, the producer sits there with her mouth gaping open. The technical director is smashing buttons on the switcher, while the director screams at him:

GEORGE

Darryl, take camera two goddammit! And kill his audio!

INT. GENERAL MANAGER'S OFFICE — DAY

We cut back to the conversation with the two assistants and Guy.

ASST. #1

I never understood why it took so long to cut back to the studio.

GUY

The technical director said the button got stuck on the switcher. Either that or he was drunk again, take your pick! Tom fucking flood! It's a miracle he didn't bankrupt the station with sexual harassment lawsuits! Not to mention the cost to disinfect this fucking place!

ASST. #1

Tom's one of those guys that likes to do it everywhere. I remember replacing the carpet on the set cost over \$2,000.

GUY

He fucked every female intern that was even marginally attractive. And worse than that, it was before I had a chance to fuck them!

ASST. #1

There were catfights in the newsroom on an almost daily basis. Some women don't like to share, you know. Apparently, some men as well.

GUY

Do you think that I don't hear you talking to him?

ASST. #1

Sorry sir, sorry. So I guess Tom's not an option then.

Guy pushes his chair back from the desk and turns away from the assistants.

GUY

Get his dumb ass in here.

(pause)

But you make goddamn sure that when he arrives, he understands that his lips had better be superglued to my butt crack all the time. And once we get the ratings back up, and attract some cheap talent to come and work here, I'm going to discard that turd with a single fucking flush!

CUT TO BLACK.

Roll credits over black or a montage of shots of people doing their jobs at the station. The song “Dirty Laundry” plays over the credits. After the credits are finished we dissolve to:

INT. HALLWAY — EVENING

Lisa and John are walking down the hall after the newscast.

LISA

Thank God that’s over with. Do you want to grab some dinner?

JOHN

Sure, of course.

Robert, the manager of the production department, is walking toward Lisa and John. Lisa stops to talk to him.

LISA

Robert, this is my brother John. John, Robert is the production manager here.

ROBERT

Nice to meet you, John.

LISA

Robert, don’t you still need a production assistant?

ROBERT

Well, I still have a few people left to interview.

LISA

Well, interview them, and then hire my brother, okay? I don’t need him sitting around my apartment all day jerking off. He needs a job. And it requires a little bit of experience and education to work in the news department, so I can’t give him a job there.

Just then Carol comes up behind Lisa and John, placing her left hand on Lisa’s shoulder, and her right hand on John’s butt.

CAROL

Another great show, girlfriend!

LISA

Okay, let me revise my last statement. Do you think you could help my brother out?

ROBERT

Station policy strictly prohibits nepotism, sorry.

LISA

Does station policy allow you guys to get high in the prop room all day? Hire him.

ROBERT

John, why don't you come in tomorrow morning for an interview?

JOHN

Thanks a lot, I'll be here.

LISA

Thanks, Robert. You can go now.

Lisa and John keep walking down the hall.

JOHN

Can I ask you a question?

LISA

Don't ask if you can ask me a question. That's a waste of my time. Just ask it.

JOHN

Do you think everybody here likes you?

LISA

The general manager likes me. The news director doesn't have to like me, he's about to get fired. The rest of these people don't need to like me. My job is to make sure they do their jobs. If not, I go to the general manager, and then they lose their jobs.

(pause)

And don't think you're not included in that just because you're my brother. I got you in the door, it's your job to stay inside. And I'm sure we'll have a good time working together, but don't get used to it. Because I'm not going to be stuck in this place forever.

John doesn't say anything back.

INT. RECEPTION AREA — DAY

Outside of Guy's office, the secretary sits facing the door, while John sits in a chair near the window, waiting. Tom walks into the reception area, his sunglasses still on. He greets the secretary as he slips off his sunglasses.

TOM

Betty, my dear, how have you been? Not retired yet?

BETTY

Hello, Tom. I'm only fifty-two, by the way.

TOM

Beautiful, I don't see age, I just see experience. And I know you've got plenty of it, sugar.

BETTY

I'm just going to let Mr. Hader know you've arrived.

TOM

Thanks, Betty.

Betty gets up and walks to Guy's door, knocks twice, then enters. Tom slides his glasses into his pocket, sits down next to John, and extends his left hand.

TOM

How you doing? I'm Tom.

JOHN

I'm John. Thanks, I'm good.

TOM

So, do you work here?

JOHN

I hope so. They said I just had to meet the general manager and then I'm hired. Do you work here?

TOM

Well I hope so, too. I'm about to find out.

Tom removes a bottle of Visine from his jacket pocket and tilts his head back, squirting a few drops in each of his very red eyes. When he's done he offers the Visine to John.

TOM

You want some?

JOHN

No thanks, I'm okay.

TOM

You do get high, right? Don't tell me you're religious or something.

JOHN

Sure I do, yeah. Just not in the morning usually.

TOM

Well, normally I wouldn't either, John, but you know how it goes. The chick I woke up with wanted to sleep in, so I got bored and did the wake and bake. And then I woke her up and tapped it. Again. Also, I'm a little nervous about my interview.

JOHN

You don't remember her name?

TOM

Whose name?

JOHN

The name of the "chick" you woke up with this morning?

TOM

I think it was Dawn or Debbie or something like that. Like I said, I'm a little nervous.

The door to Guy's office opens, and Carol walks out. She stops in front of John and Tom.

CAROL

Nice to see you, Tom. It's really nice to see you again, John.

TOM

That's how you know she's a great journalist. She really knows how to get her point across.

CAROL

I'll see you gentlemen later.

Carol quickly leaves the office. Tom gently bumps John with his right elbow.

TOM

Guy must be finishing up his breakfast.

(laughs)

Hey, from the way she greeted you, I hope you're on top of that, John. Or on bottom, probably just as good, I imagine.

JOHN

No, I've only met her once...

The door to Guy's office opens, and Betty walks back to her desk. Guy walks out, and Tom jumps up to greet him.

TOM

Guy! How's it hanging, buddy?

GUY

Get the fuck in there.

Tom goes back and shakes John's hand.

TOM

John, good luck. Let's get that beer real soon, okay?

JOHN

Sure. Anytime.

Tom turns and walks into the office.

GUY

Betty, do me a favor and get what's his name and that other guy in here right away.

BETTY

I will, Mr. Hader. Mr. Hader, human resources sent this gentleman to see you regarding the production assistant position.

John rises quickly and extends a hand to Guy. Guy quickly shakes it.

GUY

What's your name?

JOHN

John Romano.

GUY

You're Lisa's brother?

JOHN

Yes, sir.

GUY

Okay, Betty, tell HR I said to hire him. Just try not to piss me off, John, that's my only advice to you. I've got enough headaches like that phony fuckup in there to deal with, okay?

JOHN

I promise I'll do my best not to piss you off.

Guy turns away, walks into his office, and slams the door shut.

INT. GENERAL MANAGER'S OFFICE — DAY

Guy is sitting in his chair as Tom stands in front of him.

TOM

Guy, I promise I've matured a lot in the last two years. So okay, here it goes. Here's my big concession. I promise I won't have sex with anyone at the station. And when I say that, I mean I won't have sex with anyone inside the building, I'm not saying I'm not going to have sex with anyone that works here. That's still on the table, right?

GUY

You goddamn moron, the only thing that's going to be on the table are your testicles getting squashed by my foot if you fuck this up, Flood! Now get the hell out of here. If the ratings aren't up in four weeks, you're going to be reading farm reports in Skokie, Illinois, for the rest of your career!

TOM

Guy, buddy, let's not talk about what happens if I fuck up. Let's talk about what happens if I fuck up a little bit, as opposed to a lot.

GUY

In your tiny mind, what does a little fuckup consist of?

TOM

I don't know.... Let's just say a big fuck up would be fucking the mayor's wife (she has been calling me by the way), instead just fucking that weekend weather chick you've got. Can you remember her name, by the way?

CUT TO:

INT. NEWS DIRECTOR'S OFFICE — DAY

Inside his office, the news director, Allan, is sitting behind his desk, while the sports director sits across from him. On the desk in between them is a small mirror with four lines of coke cut up on top of it. Allan is just finishing rolling up a dollar bill, leans down, and does a line of the cocaine. After he is finished, Rich takes the dollar bill and is about to lean down to do a line, when Allan says:

ALLAN

This isn't good.

RICH

What? The coke?

ALLAN

No. Guy hiring back Tom Flood without even asking me.
That's not cool.

Rich leans down and does a line of coke.

ALLAN

It means he has no fucking respect for me. He's probably going to fire me soon. I know our ratings are shit. What am I supposed to do? Beg people to watch this bullshit?

RICH

You think you're worried? My contract is up in two months.

ALLAN

Also, I think my wife is cheating on me.

RICH

Shit. I know my wife is cheating on me. Fuck, I'm cheating on her! She should be cheating on me. But it's better than paying alimony, I guess.

ALLAN

It's cheaper to keep her.

RICH

That's what I'm saying.

ALLAN

Good point.

Allan leans down and takes another line of coke. Right after he does, there is a knock at the door. Allan throws a file folder over the mirror, and a moment later Lisa opens the door.

ALLAN

Come in!

LISA

Sorry to interrupt your "meeting." Are you going to come look at the new news promos with our future creative services director, or should I tell Guy you're too busy?

ALLAN

Of course. I'll be right there.

Lisa closes the door, and Allan sighs.

ALLAN

Fuck me.

INT. STUDIO — DAY

In the studio before the show, Jeff and Leo are training John on how to run a camera.

JEFF

So what you want to do on this camera here is either keep carol centered up, or if the script there says she has a graphic over her shoulder, you just press this button here, and it shows you how the shot should look with a graphic on it. So all you do is just zoom out and pan right a little bit, like this. How does that sound?

JOHN

I think I can handle it.

LEO

This is the easiest camera to operate. That's why we start trainees on it. We'll be covering your ass, so don't worry if you fuck up a shot.

JOHN

I've run a lot of video cameras before, I'll try not to fuck it up.

Just then Amy Scott, a reporter, enters the studio with some scripts. She steps onto the set and looks at Jeff, Leo, and John.

AMY

Do you guys mind if put my scripts up here?

JEFF

Sure. We're not in charge of those policies here, amy, do whatever you want to do.

Amy hides her script underneath the news set, and then walks down to where Jeff, Leo, and John are standing. She looks at John.

AMY

So, are you the new PA?

JOHN

Yes, hello, my name is John.

AMY

I'm Amy. Welcome aboard. Don't listen to pretty much anything these two guys tell you. See you later!

As Amy walks out of the studio, John's jaw has dropped open.

JEFF

So, we're just going to guess here that you kind of are attracted to that young lady?

JOHN

She's fucking beautiful.

LEO

Well, we have some good news. She's available.

JEFF

And more than just available, my friend. She's easy.

LEO

She has a formula. There's a formula to sleeping with her. And Jeff and I figured it out.

JOHN

You figured out how to get her into bed?

JEFF

After more than fourteen months of collecting data, Leo and i have calculated that if you can get Amy to talk to you, and you can get her to drink four point five beers, then you have an eighty three percent chance of sleeping with her.

LEO

It's completely scientific, really.

JOHN

What kind of beer do you have to buy her? Some fancy imported shit?

LEO

No, she'll drink anything you put in front of her.

JEFF

But you have to get her to talk to you.

JOHN

Is it difficult to get her to talk to you?

JEFF

No, not really. Not from what we've seen.

JOHN

Why haven't you guys proved this brilliant theory, and bought her four point five beers?

JEFF

I'm dating Stacy, my needs are sated, man.

LEO

I've been kind of broke. I mean I have to buy her four point five beers, and you know, I'm going to drink at least three beers myself.... That starts getting a little expensive. And have you ever tried to get a bartender to sell you half a beer? It's not easy. Trust me.

JOHN

Sure, I can see where paying for that wasted half beer could be a problem. But listen, forget about Amy for one minute, can anybody tell me what's going on with this Carol O'Connor? She put her hand on my ass, guys. What the fuck is up with that?

LEO

Well, we can tell you what's up with that, but you might not be too happy to hear what we have to say. Or you might. It's hard to predict.

JOHN

What the fuck does that mean?

JEFF

That means that Carol is on the hunt right now. And she chose you. Because the rest of us that wanted to sleep with her already have slept with her. If we wanted to, that is.

JOHN

So, Jeff, did you ever sleep with her?

JEFF

If I was to have consummated relations with Carol, that would be between me and her, my friend.

JOHN

Well how about you, Leo?

LEO

She never really liked me. And I kind of returned the feeling, if you know what I mean.

JOHN

Well, what are telling me about this formula with the woman I do want, Amy, when you're telling me I have to sleep with Carol?

JEFF

Well, we didn't know that carol was targeting you until you just told us, john.

LEO

Really, you should just sleep with Carol. She's not pleasant when she's horny, man. It can get ugly real quick.

JOHN

What is she going to do? Cut my dick off?

JEFF

Well, I haven't heard of that ever happening, but it doesn't mean she hasn't tried to at one time or another. I've only been here for five years.

LEO

She did get a PA fired, though. Remember Sam? She convinced Robert that he was shooting her at the wrong angle on purpose.

JOHN

And this happened after Carol tried to sleep with him?

LEO

Yeah, he said she put her hand on his butt too.

JOHN

Why didn't he sleep with her?

LEO

He said it was because he was married, but I never really understood that reason myself.

John doesn't know what to say, and just stands there stunned.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM — DAY

Guy, Lisa, Ben, and Allan are sitting in front of a TV monitor, watching a promotional spot created by Ben for the TV station. The spot shows pictures of normal life in America — baseball games, grandparents playing with their grandkids, and apple pie. There is an announcer narrating these many images:

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

Here at Channel 7, we love what you love. Having good times with your friends and family. Living in the beautiful triad area. And the security of knowing that we are lucky enough to live in the best country on the face of the planet Earth.

The images in the spot grow darker, showing armies fighting, crowds clashing, until finally showing a nuclear blast.

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

But freedom is not free. And we all know that any day the worst could happen. But just in case it does, we want you to know that the staff at Channel 7 will be here to bring you the news — no matter what. Channel 7 — we'll be there for you, even when everything else is gone.

The spot ends with Chet, Carol, and Frank standing in front of the news set, smiling with their arms folded. The screen fades to black. Ben, the new creative services director, stands up and turns off the TV.

BEN

Well? What do you think?

ALLAN

It seems a little... dark, don't you think?

BEN

That's the intention. Studies show that sixty-three percent of Americans think that there is going to be a nuclear showdown with the Soviet Union in the next four years. People are already scared. They just want to know that someone is going to be there for them.

ALLAN

But if there's a nuclear war we'll all be dead. What good is promising that we'll be there to report the news if the whole country is destroyed?

BEN

Our studies also show that forty-four percent of Americans have prepared for the coming war by building bomb

shelters, stockpiling food and weapons, and buying portable televisions and radios. Now, that's the kind of loyal audience you can't buy. So what's your feeling, Guy?

GUY

We'll run that promo, but on a limited basis. Maybe late at night when normal people are sleeping and these "whackos" you're talking about are awake and cleaning their guns.

BEN

Of course I have plenty of ideas for some standard promos we can run, maybe show Chet in the field talking to some older viewers, or how about we show Frank teaching weather facts to a class of fifth graders?

LISA

I don't think Frank is allowed within fifty feet of anyone under the age of eighteen.

ALLAN

No that's not true. Just little boys; he can be around girls.

GUY

Anyway, good meeting everyone. I'm sure Channel 7 will benefit from Ben's creativity. And now that Tom Flood is back, our ratings will be on the rise soon.

ALLAN

Yeah. I just hope it's true that you can't get herpes from a toilet seat.

Guy stands up and shakes Ben's hand as Lisa turns and exits the room.

BEN

Guy, I'll be right back, okay?

Ben follows after Lisa.

INT. HALLWAY — DAY

Lisa walks out of the conference room and goes to the elevator. Ben walks up to her.

BEN

Hey, I was wondering if we could have a conversation?

LISA

I don't have much input about the promos. I just focus on producing the newscast.

BEN

They told me it would be difficult.

LISA

Who told you what about me?

BEN

Well, I won't name names, but let's just say some people told me it would be difficult to have more than a three-sentence conversation with you.

LISA

Well, they were right. See? That was exactly three sentences. Bye.

The elevator door opens, and Lisa walks into the elevator. Ben quickly follows before the door can close.

ELEVATOR — DAY

Ben continues to try to talk to Lisa in the elevator.

BEN

I understand you better than you might think, you know. You're smarter than most of the people around you, and you want to get out of this town. I feel the same way.

LISA

You're very perceptive. But that doesn't mean that I'm going to go out with you.

The elevator door opens, and Lisa walks out.

INT. STUDIO — EVENING

Chet, Carol, and Tom are sitting on the news set as Chet finishes reading a story.

CHET

We tried to reach the mayor's office for comment, but his representative just told us that the mayor does not have a drinking problem, even though he was just charged with driving while intoxicated for the third time.

Cut to a three-shot of Chet, Carol, and Tom.

CAROL

I guess the mayor is regretting his decision to freeze salary increases for the police department. What do you think, Chet?

CHET

I think that I shouldn't respond to that comment, and I also think that you should never have made it.

Carol quickly turns to Tom.

CAROL

Well, instead of having some intelligent conversation for a change, now we get to welcome back Tom Flood to our news team. How's it going Tom?

TOM

Carol, Chet, I just want to say thank you for welcoming me back to the Channel 7 news team. It feels like I never left.

CHET

So, Tom, what have been doing since you left Channel 7?

TOM

Well, Chet, I've been traveling a lot, and whether it be to Brazil or Bangkok, I've tried to get to know people. To really get inside of people, if you know what I mean. And if I can share some of the wisdom and experience that I've picked up in my travels, then hopefully it can help someone out there who is watching.

CAROL

Well, thanks Chet. You sound as sincere as always. It's great to have you back.

Chet and Carol turn toward the center camera and a two-shot.

CHET

And that's our time. We hope you join us again at 11.

CAROL

For all of us at Channel 7, we hope you have a great evening. Good night.

The music fades up, and the camera fades to black. Chet and Tom hurry off the set. Carol gets up and walks off the set and over to John, who is behind a camera. Jeff and Leo watch from across the studio.

CAROL

Hey, buddy. Great show. I can tell you really know what you're doing back there.

JOHN

Thanks, Carol. I'm trying to get the hang of it.

CAROL

Well, in return for all of your hard work, I have a surprise for you.

JOHN

What's that?

CAROL

I ordered us a pizza for dinner. And I had it delivered to the conference room upstairs.

JOHN

Thanks. That sounds great.

CAROL

Okay. Let's go.

John follows Carol out of the studio, but turns and looks back at Jeff and Leo, who both give him a thumbs up. Jeff turns to Leo.

JEFF

So, do you think we should have told him?

LEO

No, he'll figure it out for himself.

Jeff and Leo smile at each other.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM — EVENING

Carol opens the door to the conference room. There is a pizza box sitting in the center of the table. Carol and John enter the room. Carol closes and locks the door. John looks up, but then steps over to the table. Carol steps up behind John, standing very close to him.

CAROL

Well, here we go. Take a look.

John opens the box. Inside, there is of course a pizza, but in the center of the pizza, an unwrapped condom sits on top of the plastic holder.

CAROL

Well, what do you think?

JOHN

I don't know if I like the toppings.

Carol takes her right hand, turns Jeff around, and rubs her body against his.

CAROL

Come on, John, don't you like me?

JOHN

Well, it's not that. It's my first day. I don't want to get into any trouble.

CAROL

Well, what if I told you that if you don't slap that rubber on your dick in the next thirty seconds, then you're really going to be in trouble?

Cut to a close up of John's hand removing the condom from the plastic holder.

INT. NEWSROOM — EVENING

Lisa is standing at the editorial desk, holding a phone to her ear.

LISA

He did what? The mayor announced that he's holding a press conference five minutes after the six o'clock news? That slippery fucker! Who do we have downtown? Okay, tell them to get their ass over to City Hall to do the live shot, and I'll have Carol anchor the cut in. Call me back in three minutes.

Lisa slams the phone down, and screams out to everyone in the newsroom.

LISA

Carol! Where the fuck is Carol? Somebody find her and tell her we're cutting in live in ten minutes!

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM — EVENING

Upstairs, John and Carol are having sex on the conference table, the pizza box sitting next to them. John finishes in a final heave, and is about to climb off Carol, when she puts her hand on his shoulder.

CAROL

Excuse me. Where are you going?

JOHN

I'm finished. How about that pizza?

CAROL

You're not done until I come, darling. So, if that thing you call a dick can't remain erect, you get your head between my legs and start licking until my pussy resembles a moist sponge. And I was hoping for a deuce there, buddy, which means you better give me two orgasms, not one.

JOHN

Okay...

INT. HALLWAY — EVENING

Jeff is walking down the hall when Stacy rushes out of the newsroom and stops him.

STACY

I have to find Carol. Have you seen her?

JEFF

Well, i haven't seen her exactly, but i might be able to tell you where she is.

STACY

This is kind of important, do you think you could tell me?

JEFF

I will, but let's just say she might be in a difficult position at the moment.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM — EVENING

Carol is sitting upright on the conference table, eating a slice of pizza, as John is doing as he was instructed, kneeling on the floor, his head underneath Carol's skirt.

CAROL

You're almost there, buddy, keep going.

JOHN

Can I have one slice of pizza first?

CAROL

I would say yes, buddy, but I don't have time to wash pizza out of my pussy before the 11 o'clock show. But you may have to find some time to wash your face.

There is a knock at the door. Carol drops her pizza, and John pokes his head out from underneath Carol's skirt.

STACY (V.O.)

Uhhh — Carol. We really need you in the studio right away. It's an emergency. And we also need whoever is in there with you.

CAROL

Can't I have two slices of pizza? I'll be right there.

John gets up and Carol hops off the table, buttoning up her shirt.

CAROL

You owe me an orgasm. Go and wash your face, kid.

Carol walks toward the door. John reaches for the pizza.

INT. STUDIO — EVENING

Carol is on the set, turned to the live shot from City Hall, which is on a screen to her left. The live reporter, Jack, is wrapping up his report.

JACK

So that's the story here, Cristi. Mayor Richmond is entering rehab for alcohol abuse.

CAROL

Well, that certainly sounds like a reason to celebrate, Jack. And if you do go out and celebrate you don't have to worry about getting hit by the mayor on the way home! Thanks for your report. We'll have more on this story at eleven.

Carol waits for the red light on the camera to go off, and then quickly gets up and walks off the set. Jeff steps toward her but she doesn't stop.

JEFF

Hey carol, would you like to grab some dinner?

CAROL

Fuck off, Jeff.

Carol walks out of the studio. John and Leo walk over to Jeff.

LEO

So, did you have a good time?

JOHN

A good time? Well, the first part was okay, but do you know what she made me do?

LEO

We could probably guess. We've heard the stories.

JOHN

She told me that I still owe her an orgasm. Do you think she was serious about that?

JEFF

No, you have nothing to worry about there, my friend. Usually when she does something like this, she hooks up with another guy almost immediately. She even got

married once to some poor bastard. It didn't last very long, lucky for him.

LEO

I heard it cost him a fortune, though.

JEFF

Well, that was money well spent. So you see, John, you really got off easy. Literally.

JOHN

Thanks. I'll make sure I count my blessings.

INT. MAKEUP ROOM — NIGHT

Rich and Tom are standing next to each other, looking into the mirror and removing their makeup after the final newscast.

RICH

It's good to have you back, Tom.

TOM

Thanks, Rich, it's nice to be back.

RICH

Just do us all a favor and try not to piss Guy off, okay? When he starts firing people it's hard to get him to stop. You know what I mean? By the way, did he mention me when you saw him?

TOM

No, Rich. He only talked about how he was going to crush my testicles if the ratings didn't go up.

RICH

Well, he probably didn't really mean that.

Rich has finished removing his makeup, and throws the tissue he was holding into the trash. John appears at the door to the makeup room.

TOM

Johnny, come on in, buddy!

RICH

See you later, Tom. Bump by my office sometime, if you know what I mean.

Tom brushes his left index finger against his nose in response.

TOM

Cut them up and I'll be there. See you then.

John sits on a stool behind Tom.

TOM

You should thank Christ you don't have to wear this crap, John.

JOHN

I heard that Frank wears mascara. Is that true?

TOM

Yeah, he does. But it's not because he's the weatherman.

Tom throws his tissues in the trash and turns toward John.

TOM

Hey, do you want to go get high?

JOHN

Sounds like a good idea.

INT. TOM'S CAR — NIGHT

Tom and John are in the front seat of Tom's car. Tom takes a long toke from the joint, then passes it to Tom. Tom inhales deeply and tries to hold onto the smoke before coughing it out.

TOM

You know, I heard stories about Carol but I never thought they were true. So how was it?

JOHN

Have you ever had a woman order you to go down on her?

TOM

No, I don't usually take requests. But sometimes I give cab fare.

JOHN

I'm surprised you do that much. You can't even remember the name of the woman that you just banged!

Tom takes the joint back and takes a hit. He hands it back to John.

TOM

John, once you get a little older you'll begin to understand that having sex isn't about knowing what the woman's name is, it's just about whether or not you're having a good time. Women are responsible for their own orgasms now. If they want to give me a little direction, a little to the left or right, or maybe suggest a proper thrusting speed, I'm open to it. But think about it. What if I run into one of these chicks a couple of years from now, and they're with their new boyfriend or husband? If I remember the skirt's name, he's going to know that I fucked her. If I don't remember her name, for all he knows me and her could have been just casual acquaintances. It's all about pre-planning really. You have to think ahead, John.

JOHN

Yeah, I have an idea I know what you're thinking with.

Looking out the front window of Tom's car, Tom and John see an attractive woman come out the front door of the TV station. She stops in front of Tom's car and smiles and waves at him. Tom waves back. The woman continues on to her car.

TOM

Alright. The accounting department once again bears fruit! Why is it that women with big tits are always great with a calculator?

JOHN

It be must some kind of balancing thing.

TOM

So, do you mind hopping out here?

JOHN

I only have one question. Do you have any idea what her name is?

TOM

I'm reasonably sure it's either Joan, or Joanne. Have a good night, Johnny!

John opens the door to Tom's car and closes it. Tom starts the engine, and follows the accountant's car out of the parking lot. As the two cars leave, Assistant #1 comes out of the front door and stops next to John.

ASST. #1

Was that Tom Flood?

JOHN

It sure was. Can you believe he can't even remember their names?

ASST. #1

That doesn't surprise me. Some people don't even remember my name. Good night.

Assistant #1 walks off and gets into his car. John looks back at the station, then starts walking away from the front door. Across the street is a bar. John walks toward it.

INT. BAR — NIGHT

John walks into the bar, and sees Amy sitting at one of the tables. She notices John and gives him a wave.

John walks over to the table. John notices there are two empty beer bottles sitting to the side of her, and she is drinking a third.

JOHN

Hi Amy. Can I join you?

AMY

Of course. Have a seat.

A waitress comes over right after John has sat down.

WAITRESS

Can I get you something?

JOHN

I'll have a beer.

John turns toward Amy.

JOHN

Can I get you another one?

AMY

No, thanks. Three is my limit.

JOHN

(sighs)

That's a good policy.

The waitress walks off. Amy takes a drink from her beer, and then puts it down.

AMY

So how was your first day at Channel 7?

JOHN

Well it was pretty uneventful, really.

AMY

That's not what I heard.

JOHN

Really? What did you hear?

AMY

Let's just say we all know about Carol's extracurricular activities.

JOHN

Oh God. What did I do? Can I tell you something?

AMY

Shoot.

JOHN

I feel like I've been violated.

AMY

I know it's not any consolation, but you're not the first man to come away from an encounter with Carol feeling that way.

JOHN

So is everyone at the station going to know about this? Even my sister?

AMY

Well, she won't hear it from me, don't worry. But can I give you one piece of advice? Working at a small TV station is like living in a small town. Everybody knows everybody's else's business.

JOHN

I guess I didn't realize that.

AMY

Don't feel too bad. It's better for all of us if Carol just gets what she wants.

JOHN

That's what I've heard.

AMY

You're not like you're sister. You're —

JOHN

Nice?

AMY

Well, I'm not saying your sister isn't nice, she's just a little — driven, I guess you say.

JOHN

That's a good word for it, I suppose.

AMY

I know she wants what most people at that station want, myself included.

JOHN

And what is that?

AMY

To get the hell out of this place. I send out resume tapes every week.

JOHN

I hope you get what you want. But just not too soon, okay?

AMY

And why is that?

JOHN

Because I really just want the chance to get to kiss you sometime.

Amy smiles at John, and takes a swig from her beer.

AMY

We'll have to see about that. I think you're going to need a shower first.

JOHN

Probably more than one.

John picks up his beer.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM — MORNING

The next morning, Guy opens the door to the conference room, and walks in. From the night before, the pizza and a condom wrapper are still on the table in disarray. Guy walks closer, leans down, and sees bodily fluids in big semi-dry drops, all over the table.

GUY

Motherfucking Flood!

Assistant #1 walks into the conference room.

ASST. #1

Can I help you, sir? Maybe get someone to clean up this mess?

GUY

That would be a good start. And then you can tell me why on the day after Tom fucking Flood returns to this TV station, I have cum stains on my conference table?

ASST. #1

I'll find out what happened, sir, but honestly I don't think it was Tom. I saw Tom right after the six o'clock in the parking lot. He drove out in front of me. I think he was following that new girl from accounting, I forget her name.

GUY

Are you sure about that?

ASST. #1

Yes, sir. The new PA, Lisa's brother, got out of Tom's car just before he drove off.

GUY

What the fuck were they doing in his car, getting high?

ASST. #1

I can neither confirm or deny that, sir.

GUY

Get the janitor up here right now to clean this shit up.

Guy turns and walks toward the door. Before he can leave the room, a maintenance worker enters.

MAINTENANCE WORKER

Mr. Hader? I just wanted to let you know that I've finished installing the employee shower in the men's room. Is there anything else you need me to do?

Guy looks at the door to the conference room, and then toward the maintenance worker.

GUY

Go get your tools.

The maintenance worker turns around and leaves the room.

INT. RECEPTION AREA — DAY

In the reception area, a tall young man enters through the front door and walks up to the receptionist. The man speaks as if he were on the air.

CHUCK

Good morning. I'm Chuck Strong with sports.

RECEPTIONIST

That's nice. But you're not on the air just yet, pretty boy.

CHUCK

I have an appointment with Mr. Hader.

RECEPTIONIST

I'll give him a ring. Why don't you grab some couch for right now, buddy?

Chuck doesn't know how to respond to that, so he just turns around and sits down.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM — DAY

As Guy and Chuck sit across from each other in the conference room, we can see that a sizable window has been installed in the door to the conference room. Guy is holding Chuck's resume in his right hand.

GUY

I see you worked in Wilmington for four years.

CHUCK

Yes, sir, I did, for WJXT. But I'm ready for the big time now.

GUY

Where do you think you are? New York? Listen, Strong, and I'll give it to you straight. News and sports at this station is dead last in the ratings. If things don't improve soon, I'm going to fire everyone in the news department, and hire an announcer to read the news over a blank screen. I'll save three hundred thousand dollars a year, and take four months' fucking vacation.

CHUCK

Sir, I know I can help bring the ratings up.

GUY

If you want to make promises, tell me you won't be doing coke five minutes before you go on the air like our sports director.

CHUCK

I don't do drugs, sir.

Guy drops Chuck's resume onto the desk and remains silent. After about ten seconds, Chuck clears his throat.

CHUCK

I don't do drugs while I'm working, sir.

Guy continues to stare at Chuck for a few more seconds, and then pushes his resume to the side.

GUY

That's better.

INT. LIVING ROOM — DAY

Tom is sitting in a living room with a crime victim's spouse as a cameraman stands at behind a tripod shooting the interview. Before the interview begins, we hear Tom's narration.

TOM (V.O.)

Today I was able to sit down with one of the homicide victim's wives, Mrs. Libby Davis.

Libby dabs her eyes with tissues as Tom interviews her.

TOM

Mrs. Davis, the first thing I want to say is that everyone at Channel 7 wishes to extend their deepest condolences over your loss.

LIBBY

Thank you very much.

TOM

Mrs. Davis, I can't imagine what you must be feeling. But can you tell us a little about your husband?

LIBBY

Well, Fred was a great man. A loving father. A good provider. I just can't figure out why this happened.

Tom reaches over to the tissue box on the living room table, removes a couple of tissues, and hands them to Libby. She accepts them, but begins tearing up even more.

TOM

Mrs. Davis, I think that's what we're all trying to figure out right now.

CUT TO:

INT. GUY'S OFFICE — EVENING

Guy is sitting at his desk. Assistant #1 is standing next to the desk, as they both watch Tom's report on the TV in front of the desk.

ASST. #1

He's doing a pretty good job, don't you think, sir?

GUY

That shithead pisses me off even when he does a good job.

CUT TO:

INT. STUDIO — EVENING

After the story has ended, the newscast cuts back to the studio. Chet, Carol, and Tom are sitting on the set.

TOM

Mrs. Davis is a strong woman and she just wants justice for her husband. I spoke to the sheriff today, and he said the search for Mr. Davis's killer is still the sheriff department's top priority.

CAROL

Thanks for that report, Tom. That was very touching.

CHET

Yes it was. We'll be right back with a story about a dog that can ride a bicycle.

Jeff is standing next to a monitor, and sees the camera fade to black and a commercial begin.

JEFF

And you're clear, guys.

Tom is taking off his microphone and putting it under the desk. Carol is looking at him.

CAROL

That really was a good piece, Tom.

TOM

Thanks. It's nice to be back in the field again. Maybe some more kids will drown to death real soon!

Tom gets up, and walks off the set. John is standing behind a camera and Tom walks up to him.

TOM

Hey, Johnny. So are we drinking tonight?

JOHN

What's wrong? Is that accountant mad that you couldn't remember her name?

TOM

No of course not. Actually Joanne is busy tonight. So what do you say? First round is on me.

JOHN

Sounds good to me.

Tom smiles and walks out of the studio.

INT. BAR — NIGHT

At a bar later that night, Jeff, Leo, John, and Tom are about to do a shot of tequila while standing at the bar. Tom counts them off.

TOM

Okay, now three... two... one... takeoff!

All four of the guys down their shots, and put their glasses back on the bar.

JEFF

Well, thanks a lot there, tom, that sure hit the spot.

LEO

Thanks, Tom.

TOM

My pleasure, guys. So where are all the ladies at tonight?

JEFF

I'm sure they'll be along shortly. As soon as they find out you're here.

LEO

Amy said she might come out tonight. Maybe she'll show up later if you're lucky, Johnny!

TOM

You like Amy, John?

JOHN

I think she's cute.

TOM

Cute? She's on fucking fire. What the fuck are you talking about? She's on my list, babe. Do you know what that means?

JOHN

I could probably figure that one out.

TOM

I work the upstairs first, John, as you know, starting with accounting, then finance, then sales. Usually you don't find anything but married cows in human resources, but occasionally some slim single fucklet might be in the HR department.

JOHN

I'm glad you're nice enough to spread the loving around.

TOM

Yeah, I could start down in the newsroom. There's always some hot snatch hanging around there, looking to be the next fucking Barbara Walters. But that's too easy, it's like shooting fish in a barrel.

JOHN

You need to keep your game up. Who knows, you might have acid splashed on your face tomorrow, and you would have to rely on your personality to get women.

TOM

You're absolutely right! And with as many as women as I sleep with, you better believe there are some crazy bitches with acid out there looking for me!

John and Tom look toward the door as it opens, and Amy enters the bar. Amy looks at John for a moment, then heads to a table on the other side of the bar.

TOM

Dude, that was stone fucking cold man! What a bitch. I wish I could have her right now.

JOHN

Maybe she's meeting someone.

TOM

If she isn't, she really is a bitch. God she's hot.

JOHN

You haven't worked your way down to news yet, remember Tom? Can you let someone else get laid this time, or do you have to have every available woman?

TOM

Sure bro, go for it. It's all yours.

JOHN

I really appreciate that.

John picks up his beer from the bar, and walks over to where Amy is sitting. He stands in front of the table.

JOHN

Good evening.

AMY

Hey John. How's it going?

JOHN

It's going great. Can I buy you a drink?

AMY

Actually, I'm sort of meeting someone here. Sorry.

JOHN

I figured as much. Have a nice night.

AMY

I'll see you later.

JOHN

See you later.

John walks back over to Tom and the bar.

TOM

Rough ride there, John. Sorry. But who the fuck knows, maybe she is meeting a girlfriend. Then we can go over there, chat that shit up, and then we can slam them both in the bathroom. At different times, of course.

JOHN

That's very encouraging, thanks.

John and Tom watch as a waitress walks up to Amy. Amy orders a drink, and the waitress walks off to get it.

TOM

That's it right there, man. Chicks waiting for dicks don't order their own drinks. They wait for the dick to get there to pay for it! Boom! She's waiting for a gal pal.

JOHN

What if they turn out to be lesbians?

TOM

Are you kidding me? Total fucking bonus, Johnny! After the first round of fucking they start inviting all of their lesbian friends over for a little hole filling and we'll be fucking all night, every night! That's the dream, boy!

JOHN

I think I might need a night off every now and then.

Just then a woman in a black latex catsuit with a mask on walks into the bar, dragging a man dressed in leather, with a collar around his neck, being led on a leash held by the woman. The woman notices John and Tom, and walks up to the men. When she removes her mask, we see it is Carol.

CAROL

Howdy boys. How are you boys doing tonight?

JOHN

Ummm... I don't know about Tom, but I think I'm really fucking drunk.

TOM

Hi Carol. Could I talk to you alone for a minute?

CAROL

Not right now, Tommy!

Carol puts her mask back on and leads the man in leather toward the back of the bar. John and Tom turn and look at each other for a moment.

JOHN

That's about the most fucked up thing I've ever seen. In person, I mean.

TOM

I have to have her. I've got to have her right now.

JOHN

I don't think you understand Carol. She's got to want to have you. And even if she does, you have to do what she says.

TOM

That's cool for me. I mean, that's never been cool for me before with any other woman, but with her, I could see that being okay.

JOHN

Well you work with her, just go buy yourself a slave outfit and a leash and you'll be all hers.

TOM

No, dude, you don't understand. I have got to get into that thing right now. All the way.

Tom takes some money out of his pocket and throws it on the bar. He picks up his drink and finishes it in one gulp.

JOHN

Well, I know you well enough to know that you're not going to just jump into anything so I guess you're okay.

Looking toward Carol, Tom shakes John's hand before he walks away.

TOM

You have a good night, Johnny. When her girlfriend shows up, talk them both into a three-way. Your time has come, man, I can tell. But as for me, I'm in love.

JOHN

Have fun.

Tom walks off to talk to Carol. The waitress returns to Amy's table, and delivers four and a half beers. Amy picks up one of the beers, and then looks up at John. She points her right index finger at John, and motions for him to join her. John gets up and walks over to her table.

JOHN

Can I —

AMY

Please sit down. I just waited until your friend left to ask you to come over.

John sits down. Amy takes a swig from her first beer.

JOHN

Can I ask you a question?

AMY

Sure. Go ahead.

JOHN

How did you know about the four and half beers thing?

AMY

Do you think that only Jeff and Leo know how many beers it takes for me to get loose?

JOHN

That's a good point.

Amy pushes one of the beers toward John.

AMY

Why don't you help me drink these? That way we can get the hell out of here.

JOHN

Okay.

John picks up the beer and begins drinking. From across the bar, Jeff and Leo are watching John and Amy.

LEO

Fuck, that guy is lucky.

JEFF

I know. Amy is a pretty fine-looking lady.

LEO

No, not that. She bought the four and a half beers! He didn't have to spend a dime!

JEFF

You're right. And she is talking to him.

LEO

Son of a bitch!

Jeff and Leo watch as Amy and John walk out of the bar together.

INT. AMY'S BEDROOM — MORNING

The next morning Amy is already awake and sitting up in her bed as she watches John slowly wake up. Once he does, John reaches up and runs his left hand through Amy's hair.

AMY

Good morning.

JOHN

Same to you. Thanks for letting me stay over. I was pretty drunk.

AMY

You're welcome. Thanks for staying over. I don't feel as cheap that way.

JOHN

You shouldn't feel cheap. But don't make any plans. It's not like I want a relationship or anything.

AMY

Okay. I won't start picking out china patterns.

JOHN

I'm a young, good-looking guy. I have to keep my options open.

John gets up, and takes Amy into his arms.

AMY

Don't worry. The last thing I would try to do is make you commit to anything.

JOHN

Good. Just as long as we have that understood.

John draws closer to Amy and kisses her.

JOHN

God, you are so damn beautiful.

AMY

Go to hell.

JOHN

I mean it.

AMY

Don't get your hopes up, John. I'm not going to be in North Carolina forever. Remember?

JOHN

You're not allowed to leave just yet. I'm not done with you.

AMY

You might have a little time.

John pulls Amy closer to him, and the two embrace in a kiss.

INT. STUDIO — MORNING

A wide shot pans around the studio as the daytime floor director cues Chet. The title “1991” fades in and out at the bottom of the screen:

CHET

Ladies and gentlemen we regret breaking into our regular coverage of the Oprah Winfrey show, but we have confirmed reports that United States Forces have begun bombing government buildings in Tehran, Iraq. The war against Iraq that we have been predicting for weeks seems to have begun. After a quick commercial break, we'll attempt to make contact with our reporter who is in Iraq, Brock Sanderson. We'll be right back.

Fade to black as the commercial rolls. While there is a break we see John is standing behind the camera, and Tom is standing right next to him.

JOHN

So you're having fun with Carol?

TOM

Fun, dude? I am in fucking love! This is the one I've been waiting my entire life for!

JOHN

You're kidding, right?

TOM

No way, dude. You can't see why I'm so in love with her? Are you serious? She's fucking incredible, man, incredible! It was the first time I ever banged a broad that I didn't want to roll over and go to sleep after! Can you believe that man? That's —

Leo is floor directing, and counts Chet back in from the commercial.

LEO

In three, two, one —

TOM

Fucking incredible!

Leo cues Chet, who has been distracted by Tom.

JOHN

I guess I never got to know that side of Carol. But that's great, man. You're in love with Carol, and I'm falling in love with Amy. It can't be better than that, can it?

CONFERENCE ROOM — DAY

John is seated at the conference room table, and Amy is pacing in front of it. Before he says anything he uses his index finger to see if the table is dry.

JOHN

Listen, you're driving me crazy. Are you pregnant or what?

AMY

No. I'm... moving. The network wants me to go to Iraq to help cover the war.

JOHN

Are you crazy? The war is going to be over in two weeks!

AMY

I know. But they said if that happens I would have a job at the Chicago station.

JOHN

Have you told them yes?

AMY

John, I had to. Or they go to the next name on the list. And it's a long list, John. I just gave them my two-weeks' notice.

JOHN

You're leaving me?

AMY

No. I'm not leaving you. I'm leaving North Carolina.

John doesn't say anything, just stares down at the conference room table.

INT. HALLWAY — DAY

Guy is walking down the hall.

GUY

The news is not nice.

(pause)

I know it's got to be kind of creepy to watch, but on this side it's really fucking hot, I promise you.

CUT TO A MONTAGE OF:

Rich on his life support system.

Frank with a male intern.

Frank with buttless pants.

GUY

I figured out what I've needed all this time. I need to be
dominated!

John and Amy having sex.

Crew chief bitching about John.

Amy leaves, John gets fired.

Tom and Carol get married.

CUT TO BLACK.

ROLL END CREDITS.