

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - MONDAY MORNING

SIX TEAM MEMBERS SIT AROUND A BEAT-UP WOODEN TABLE IN THE "CONFERENCE COVE" OF IMAGINE MARKETING, A SCRAPPY UP-AND-COMER ON THE LAS VEGAS ADVERTISING SCENE. ADDRESSING THE TROOPS WITH A LOW-KEY INTENSITY IS 29-YEAR-OLD BOY WONDER/MANAGING PARTNER DANIEL BANKS.

DANIEL

So I challenge each and every one of you to step up to the plate. You don't have to swing for the fences every time, just make contact.

ALL

Sports cliché!

GEOFFREY MCMILLAN, THIRTY-SOMETHING SMOOTH-AS-SILK AFRICAN-AMERICAN ACCOUNT EXECUTIVE, PASSES A COFFEE CAN TO THE FRONT OF THE TABLE.

GEOFF

And a rare triple at that. A few more of those and we're going to Disney World.

DANIEL REACHES INTO HIS WALLET AND RELUCTANTLY DROPS THREE SINGLES INTO THE "SPORTS CLICHE" CAN.

DANIEL

Damn. Old habits die hard. Guess I'm not on my game this morning.

GEOFF RATTLES THE CAN UNDER DANIEL'S NOSE AND HE CONTRIBUTES AN ADDITIONAL DOLLAR.

DANIEL (CONT'D)

Okay, next agenda item. We'll be interviewing receptionists today. As you know, Marci left for a job that will help put her through school. If you happen to run into her, her new name is "Peaches."

ANIMAL NOISES FROM THE BOYS.

DANIEL (CONT'D)

Finally, we've got a shot at some new business; could be big money. Enough to turn the corner, maybe even give you guys some long-overdue raises.

AN ASSORTMENT OF 'WOO-HOOS' FROM AROUND THE TABLE. ALL EXCEPT PAULA CLARK, NO-NONSENSE TIGHTLY-WOUND COMPANY COMPROLLER, WHO MERELY WINCES.

DANIEL (CONT'D)

I don't want to jinx it, but our hard work is finally paying off.

COPY WRITER EHSAN KASHANI, A YOUNG MAN OF UNDETERMINED MIDDLE-EASTERN ORIGIN, ASKS THE OBVIOUS QUESTION.

EHSAN

Who's the prospect, Coach?

DANIEL

Our own "Las Vegas Downtown Encounter."

ENTHUSIASM TURNS TO GROANS.

DANIEL (CONT'D)

I know the place gets a bad rap. But how many of you have actually been there?

VICTOR GONZALEZ, FLAMBOYANTLY GAY CREATIVE GURU, RAISES A WELL-MANICURED HAND.

VICTOR

I had my pocket picked. It wasn't bad, actually.

EHSAN

I took my cousin Ahmed. He said "It's free and it's still not worth it."

ALLISON GABRIEL, PERKY BLOND ACCOUNT EXECUTIVE, CHIMES IN.

ALLISON

There's your new slogan.

DANIEL

I know the Encounter's been underperforming since day 1. They need rebranding, repositioning...

GEOFF

To the South end of the Strip.

DANIEL
 (ignoring him)
 ...but if we turn this around, it's
 a huge reputation-builder for us.
 Sonny and I are meeting with them
 tonight.

HE INDICATES CO-OWNER SONNY RUSSELL, AN OLD HIPPIE IN FADED
 JEANS AND WORK SHIRT, WITH GRAY HAIR PULLED BACK IN A LONG
 PONYTAIL. SONNY TRIES TO TAKE A SIP FROM HIS WATER BOTTLE,
 BEFORE REALIZING THE CAP IS STILL ON.

GEOFF
 (to Sonny)
 You must know somebody.

SONNY JUST SMILES, SOMETHING HE DOES A LOT.

PAULA
 (excitedly)
 I'll check their credit.

DANIEL
 Anything else?

GEOFF
 The air hockey table's plugged up
 again.

EHSAN
 The gumball machine's out of Advil.

DANIEL
 Paula?

SHE SHAKES HER HEAD. DANIEL BREAKS OPEN THE COFFEE CAN AND
 HANDS HER A WAD OF CASH.

DANIEL
 Okay, team. Let's make magic
 happen!

CUT TO:

INT. AGENCY - "GRAPHICS LOUNGE" - LATER THAT MORNING

A DIMLY LIT ALCOVE WITH BURNING CANDLES, SOFT JAZZ AND
 SAMPLES OF VICTOR'S BRILLIANT ARTWORK ADORNING THE WALLS,
 ALONG WITH A SIGN THAT READS, "73 DAYS WITHOUT A FONT
 BLOWOUT." EHSAN STARES IN DISGUST AT HIS COMPUTER SCREEN,
 OBVIOUSLY STRUGGLING.

EHSAN

The magic's not happening. I'm really dragging my ass this morning.

VICTOR

It's Monday. You've got a God-given right to drag your ass. What're you working on?

EHSAN

The Olsen Dairy campaign. They want something edgy.

VICTOR

Like what?

EHSAN RIPS A SHEET FROM THE PRINTER.

EHSAN

"Olsen Dairy. It's Not Your Mother's Milk."

VICTOR SHOOTS HIM A DISAPPROVING LOOK. EHSAN WADS UP THE PAPER AND DUNKS IT IN THE TRASH.

EHSAN (CONT'D)

I'm going for coffee. You guys want the usual?

THEY ALL RESPOND IN THE AFFIRMATIVE.

EHSAN (CONT'D)

Back in five.

HE LEAVES.

ALLISON

(to Victor)
How's he get in and out of there so fast? It always takes me a half hour, minimum.

BEFORE VICTOR CAN ANSWER, GEOFF COMES BOPPING THROUGH WITH A HANDFUL OF TICKETS.

GEOFF

Rebel tickets. Get your Runnin' Rebel tickets right here!

SEEMINGLY DISEMBODIED HANDS STRIP THE TICKETS CLEAN IN SECONDS.

GEOFF (CONT'D)
The suit! Don't wrinkle the suit!

ALLISON
Victor, you're going to have to
break down and join us one of these
days.

VICTOR
Ever since they stopped wearing
those tight shorts, I seem to have
lost interest.

CUT TO:

INT. TOYOTA CAMRY - LATER

EHSAN SITS IN THE PARKING LOT OF "COFFEE JOE'S." BEFORE
LEAVING THE CAR, HE WINDS UP A TRAVEL ALARM CLOCK AND SLIPS
IT INTO HIS BACKPACK.

INT. COFFEE JOE'S - CONTINUOUS

EHSAN ENTERS. SUDDENLY, CUSTOMERS NOTICE HIS BACKPACK IS
TICKING AND THE JOINT EMPTIES OUT LIKE A SALOON IN AN OLD
WESTERN MOVIE. JUST LIKE THAT, HE FINDS HIMSELF ALONE AT THE
COUNTER.

EHSAN
The usual, please.

CUT TO:

INT. DANIEL'S OFFICE - LATER THAT MORNING

DANIEL IS AT HIS CLUTTERED DESK, TALKING ON THE PHONE, WHILE
THE OTHER LINES RING INCESSANTLY.

DANIEL
Roger, thanks for the heads up.
Listen, we appreciate your loyalty.
And your business.

HE HANGS UP, RUBS HIS EYES WEARILY BEFORE PUNCHING THE
INTERCOM BUTTON.

DANIEL (CONT'D)
Sonny, meet me on the lanai.

EXT. LANAI - 2 MINUTES LATER

THE "LANAI" IS ACTUALLY A LOADING DOCK IN THE BACK OF THE BUILDING. DANIEL STANDS NEXT TO AN OVERFLOWING DUMPSTER WHILE SONNY SITS CROSS LEGGED ON THE CONCRETE, MUNCHING ON SUNFLOWER SEEDS.

DANIEL

How come we never saw this coming?
The Lucky Charm, our cash cow,
merging with the Casa Grande. It
doesn't make sense.

SONNY

It'd be like the Archies opening
for Led Zeppelin.

DANIEL

Who?

SONNY

Led Zeppelin.

DANIEL STARTS TO RESPOND, THEN GIVES HIM AN "IT'S NOT WORTH IT" LOOK.

DANIEL

You know the worst part?

SONNY

Yeah, Timmons and Adams is gonna
get the business.

DANIEL

Good old T & A. The rich get
richer. I hate losing to those
guys.

SONNY

You hate losing, period. I know you
don't want to hear this, but it's
all part of the process. Did I ever
tell you how we lost the Ford Pinto
account?

DANIEL

Not since yesterday.

SONNY

The point is, we replaced it with an even larger client. That's how the universe works.

DANIEL

I hope you're right. Because I don't know how today can get much worse.

PAULA STICKS HER HEAD OUT THE BACK DOOR.

PAULA

Big Jim Davis just choked to death on a 1000 milligram capsule of Vitamin C.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - 10 MINUTES LATER

THE ENTIRE TEAM IS AGAIN ASSEMBLED AROUND THE TABLE, THIS TIME WITH LATTES, ESPRESSOS AND MACCHIATOS.

VICTOR

The owner of Big Jim's Health Barn choked to death on a vitamin?

ALLISON

Kind of ironic.

GEOFF

Don't you think?

VICTOR

A little too ironic.

EHSAN

Yeah.

ALLISON

I really do think.

DANIEL

Guys, let's show some respect. Big Jim was my first account, back when I was a one-man shop working out of my apartment. This isn't the time to be doing Avril Lavigne.

ALLISON

Don't you mean Alanis Morissette?

SONNY

I thought it was Mama Cass. Or was that a ham sandwich?

THEY ALL JUST STARE AT HIM.

DANIEL

What difference does it make? I talked to Barb. She's liquidating their assets and moving to Kentucky. And that's pretty much it. Between them and the Lucky Charm, our two biggest clients are gone.

EHSAN

What do we do now?

PAULA

I think with a few simple measures we'll be okay. Watch the long-distance calls, easy on the Post-its, and cut our staff by 40 - 50%.

EVERYONE IS JUSTIFIABLY ALARMED.

DANIEL

Whoa, slow down. There aren't gonna be any layoffs. As a matter of fact, we still need a receptionist. These phones are driving me nuts.

THEY ALL LOOK RELIEVED, EXCEPT FOR PAULA, WHO CAN'T HIDE HER DISAPPOINTMENT.

DANIEL (CONT'D)

All this means is the Downtown Encounter is make or break for us.

ALLISON

No pressure or anything.

SONNY

Keep the faith, children. Keep the faith.

INT. MEN'S RESTROOM - LATER.

EHSAN AND VICTOR STAND AT THEIR RESPECTIVE URINALS.

EHSAN
It's no use.

VICTOR
Try thinking about Niagara Falls.

EHSAN
I mean I'm still drawing a blank on
the Olsen Dairy Campaign.

VICTOR
How about this? "Olsen's Milk. The
Other White Drink."

EHSAN PAUSES A BEAT TO LET IT SINK IN, THEN MOVES DOWN TO THE
MOST DISTANT URINAL.

EHSAN
Dude, that's messed up.

VICTOR
You know what you need?

EHSAN
Job security?

VICTOR
Monkeys.

EHSAN
What do monkeys have to do with
milk?

VICTOR
People love monkeys. Especially if
you dress them up in those adorable
little outfits.

EHSAN ZIPS UP AND MOVES TO THE SINK.

EHSAN
I can't concentrate. I keep
thinking about what Paula said.

VICTOR
Forget her. Daniel will come
through. He always does.

SONNY ENTERS.

VICTOR
Sonny, what do you know about milk?

SONNY

When I was a kid, my folks used to ship me off every summer to my aunt and uncle's dairy farm in Wisconsin.

HE GETS A FARAWAY LOOK IN HIS EYES, EVEN FARTHER AWAY THAN USUAL.

SONNY (CONT'D)

(fondly)

Aunt Betty made me drink the stuff warm, right out of the udder. She'd always say the same thing. "Drink it. It's good."

EHSAN AND VICTOR SHARE A LOOK.

SONNY (CONT'D)

And you know what - they were right. Once you have the teat, you never go back.

EHSAN

Thanks, Sonny. I think we're good.

SONNY

Anytime, fellas.

CUT TO:

INT. RECEPTION AREA - LATER.

PAULA EXITS HER OFFICE WITH A FRAIL ELDERLY WOMAN.

PAULA

Mildred, your resume and qualifications are impeccable. You'll be hearing from me just as soon as I complete my background check. And don't forget those blood and urine samples.

AS MILDRED LEAVES, A STUNNINGLY VOLUPTUOUS (OR IS THAT VOLUPTUOUSLY STUNNING?) REDHEAD ENTERS. EVERY MALE IN THE OFFICE INSTANTLY SITS UP A LITTLE STRAIGHTER.

REDHEAD

(to Paula)

I'm Monique Parker, here for my interview.

BEFORE PAULA CAN REPLY, GEOFF INTERVENES.

GEOFF
(bowing slightly)
Geoffrey McMillan, at your service.
I'll be conducting today's
proceedings.

HE GENTLY WHISKS HER AWAY, LEAVING PAULA TO STAND THERE WITH
HER MOUTH OPEN.

EHSAN
Smooth.

CUT TO:

INT. OFFICE - 30 MINUTES LATER

GEOFF AND MONIQUE EMERGE FROM HIS OFFICE, LAUGHING LIKE LONG
LOST FRIENDS.

GEOFF
Next thing I know, the Mayor's
sending me a case of Bombay Gin for
Christmas. Didn't have the heart to
tell him, I'm a vodka man myself.

MONIQUE
Hilarious!

GEOFF
So you'll start tomorrow morning.

MONIQUE
Yes, Mr. McMillan.

GEOFF
Mr. McMillan's my Dad. Call me
Geoff.

MONIQUE
Thank you, Geoff. I'll be here with
bells on.

SHE LEAVES.

GEOFF
(sotto voce)
Ring-a-ding-ding.

HE TURNS TO FIND PAULA STARING DAGGERS AT HIM.

PAULA
You can't do that.

GEOFF

(sweetly)

Paula, Paula, Paula. Did you hear that voice? Warm maple syrup on an Alabama summer night.

PAULA

Account executives don't go around hiring people. That's *my* job.

GEOFF

She has a tremendous amount of experience as an independent contractor in the telecommunications industry. Developed quite a loyal following, too, until unseen market forces prompted a sudden career change.

PAULA

Sounds like phone sex.

GEOFF

If you're gonna get technical on my ass.

PAULA

You haven't heard the last of this. Wait until I tell Daniel.

GEOFF

Don't you think my man has enough on his mind?

PAULA HUFFS INTO HER OFFICE, SLAMMING THE DOOR BEHIND HER. EHSAN, SONNY, EVEN VICTOR, BREAK INTO SPONTANEOUS APPLAUSE.

CUT TO:

EXT. DOWNTOWN ENCOUNTER - LATE AFTERNOON

DANIEL AND SONNY STROLL THROUGH THE FIVE-BLOCK CANOPIED OUTDOOR MALL THAT MAKES UP THE DOWNTOWN ENCOUNTER. FOR THE FIRST TIME, WE SEE THAT DANIEL WALKS WITH A PRONOUNCED LIMP. A HOMELESS MAN, NOTICING SONNY'S RAGGED ATTIRE, GIVES HIM A DOLLAR.

SONNY

Thank you, brother.

THE HOMELESS MAN SPRINTS AWAY JUST AS THE LAS VEGAS METROPOLITAN POLICE DEPARTMENT'S BICYCLE PATROL TAKES CHASE.

SONNY (CONT'D)
A good sign. It means abundance is
just around the corner.

THEY TURN THE CORNER TO SEE ANOTHER VAGRANT PEEING ON A WALL.

CUT TO:

INT. LUXURIOUS OFFICE - 15 MINUTES LATER

DANIEL AND SONNY COOL THEIR HEELS IN THE RECEPTION AREA OF
THE DOWNTOWN ENCOUNTER'S SUMPTUOUS HEADQUARTERS ON THE FIFTH
FLOOR OF THE GOLDEN NUGGET.

DANIEL
How long we been waiting?

SONNY
Time is a meaningless concept.

DANIEL
You lost your watch again, didn't
you?

SONNY SHRUGS.

SONNY
Remember what I taught you back at
UNLV: Act like you don't need the
account. Clients and women smell
desperation a mile away.

TWO MASSIVE WOODEN DOORS OPEN SUDDENLY AND OUT STEPS HEAVYSET
MIDDLE-AGED EXECUTIVE JOHN BRYANT, HIS ARM DRAPED AROUND THE
SHOULDER OF JASON ADAMS, AN ARMANI-CLAD HARVARD BUSINESS
SCHOOL TYPE. A LOOK OF CONCERN PASSES BETWEEN DANIEL AND
SONNY.

BRYANT
(to Adams)
We'll be making a decision within
the week.

ADAMS
If you need anything else, anything
at all, don't hesitate to contact
me personally.

BRYANT
We should be fine. Your agency's
track record speaks for itself.

ADAMS

And if you feel like swinging the sticks at Shadow Creek, just say the word.

BRYANT

That wouldn't be a bribe, would it?

THE TWO MEN CHUCKLE AND SHAKE HANDS WARMLY.

BRYANT (CONT'D)

Say hello to Jennifer for me. Tell her I still dream about her pot roast.

BRYANT APPEARS SOMEWHAT STARTLED AS HE NOTICES DANIEL AND SONNY FOR THE FIRST TIME.

BRYANT (CONT'D)

You must be from the other agency. I'm John Bryant, CEO of the Downtown Encounter. And this is...

DANIEL

(cooly)
Hello, Jason.

ADAMS

Daniel. Dr. Russell.

BRYANT

Of course, you're old friends. The advertising community's a small one, I'll bet.

ADAMS

I saw the latest Big Jim spot. You're doing some good things for him.

DANIEL

Actually, he died today.

ADAMS

(condescendingly)
Well, this is probably an important pitch for you. Good luck.

DANIEL LOOKS LIKE HE'S ABOUT TO PUNCH ADAMS IN THE NOSE.
SONNY STEPS IN.

SONNY
Luck is simply the intersection of
chance and...something or other.

ADAMS
I'm writing that down.

ADAMS LEAVES.

INT. BOARD ROOM - CONTINUOUS

BRYANT USHERS DANIEL AND SONNY INTO THE BOARD ROOM, WHERE A
FLOOR-TO-CEILING PICTURE WINDOW OVERLOOKS THE ENCOUNTER.

BRYANT
Have you seen the light show
recently?

DANIEL
(sheepishly)
Not since it opened.

BRYANT
You and everyone else. We just
spent 35 million upgrading the
system with a 12.5 million LED
display and 550,000 watts of
digital sound. There's nothing like
it anywhere in the world. But don't
take my word for it. It's showtime!

AS IF ON CUE, THE CANOPY OUTSIDE THE WINDOW SPRINGS TO LIFE,
DISPLAYING CRYSTAL-CLEAR HIGH DEFINITION IMAGERY OF A
SPECTACULAR UNDERSEA WORLD. WHEN THE SHOW ENDS, BRYANT IS
BEAMING WITH PRIDE.

BRYANT
What do you think?

DANIEL
It's really something.

BRYANT
(missing the ambivalence)
The way I see it, all we have to do
is get the word out and the world
will beat a path to our door. Tell
me how you can help us do that.

DANIEL
(to Sonny)
Want to go first?

SONNY TURNS TO FACE BRYANT.

SONNY

Many years ago...funny, most of my stories seem to start that way...I worked as an A & R man for Columbia Records. I represented two female artists. The first was beautiful, with the purest voice I've ever heard. The second was pudgy, not attractive. Most days, she didn't even smell so good. But she sang with this raw emotional power that gives me chills just thinking about it. See what I'm getting at?

BRYANT SHAKES HIS HEAD, GLANCES AT HIS WATCH. EVEN DANIEL LOOKS PUZZLED AND CONCERNED.

SONNY (CONT'D)

The first singer, I can't even remember her name. The second was a good ol' Texas gal named Janis Joplin.

BRYANT

I loved "Pearl."

SONNY

Because she was authentic, man. We had an expression back then: "In the grooves." Janis had it in the grooves.

BRYANT

It's a marvelous story. But I still don't know what it has to do with anything.

DANIEL JOTS SOMETHING ON HIS NOTE PAD, THEN PICKS UP THE BALL AND RUNS WITH IT.

DANIEL

What Sonny's saying is, your light show is technically superior. But it's not authentic.

BRYANT

I beg to differ.

DANIEL

Hear me out. What does a deep sea adventure have to do with Las Vegas? We haven't been under water in a million years. Not counting last month's flash flood.

BRYANT

(getting defensive)
We also have an Area 51 theme.

DANIEL

Nothing says "Vegas" like alien autopsies. Question: why do you think some visitors prefer downtown?

BRYANT

Our research shows they like the retro feel.

DANIEL

Exactly. So why not kick it old school? The Mob, the Rat Pack, young Elvis.

BRYANT

(grudgingly)
You make a good point.

DANIEL

And another thing. We saw two homeless people on the way here. I'm sure that's not the type of "encounter" you had in mind.

BRYANT

Dammit! Metro's supposed to keep it cleaned up.

DANIEL

I've got a better idea. Why not take part of your marketing budget and build a homeless shelter? It'll be a public relations bonanza.

BRYANT

(considering)
I like it. And I like you boys, too. You seem like straight shooters. (Pause.) But I need the clout of a big agency.

SONNY STILL LOOKS SERENE BUT DANIEL HAS A HARD TIME MASKING HIS DISAPPOINTMENT, SOMETHING THAT DOES NOT GO UNNOTICED BY BRYANT.

BRYANT (CONT'D)
Let me sleep on it.

CUT TO:

INT. IMAGINE MARKETING - NEXT MORNING

MONIQUE IS STATIONED BEHIND THE RECEPTION DESK, TALKING TO EHSAN AND JUGGLING THE PHONES LIKE A SEASONED VETERAN.

MONIQUE
(into the phone)
I'm sure you and Mr. Banks are old high school buds. But he's still behind closed doors. I can put you through to our comptroller, if you'd like.

SHE PUNCHES A BUTTON ON THE TELEPHONE CONSOLE.

MONIQUE (CONT'D)
(to Ehsan)
Do we always get so many bill collectors?

EHSAN
Just lately.

MONIQUE
Now, where were we? Oh, right. It's pronounced "Ehsan." Like "S-on." "S-off?"

EHSAN
Exactly. But callers might ask for "Exxon." Or "Essian." Or even "Ed Song." And that's just my family.

MONIQUE
I'll be sure to set Mom straight. So, where are your people from, anyway?

EHSAN
Kansas.

MONIQUE
I mean, originally.

EHSAN
Lawrence, Kansas.

BEFORE EHSAN CAN ELABORATE, MONIQUE GRABS THE PHONE AGAIN,
JUST AS A BOTTLED WATER DELIVERY GUY ENTERS WITH A DOLLY.

MONIQUE
(into phone)
Yes, I realize our computer server
is very important. No, I'm sure we
can't function without it.

THE WATER GUY WHEELS THE COOLER OUT THE DOOR, A FIVE GALLON
BOTTLE STILL ON TOP. EHSAN AND MONIQUE JUST STARE.

MONIQUE (CONT'D)
(in her sexiest phone
voice)
Maybe we can work something out.
Are you alone?

DANIEL COMES BOUNDING OUT OF HIS OFFICE. PAULA, WHO HAS BEEN
LURKING IN THE WEEDS, INTERCEPTS HIM.

PAULA
Daniel, I need a word with you.

DANIEL
Paula! I've been meaning to tell
you; outstanding job on the new
hire!

PAULA
(flustered)
Why, thank you, sir. I pride myself
on being a good judge of talent.

SHE SLINKS BACK TO HER OFFICE. DANIEL CLIMBS UP ON A DESK.

DANIEL
Listen up, team. I just got off the
phone with John Bryant from the
Downtown Encounter. Know what he
said? "I'm sure gonna miss
Jennifer's pot roast."

THEY ALL LOOK AT HIM LIKE HE'S LOST HIS MIND.

DANIEL (CONT'D)
It means we're the official agency
of record for the Downtown
Encounter!

CHEERS FROM ALL QUARTERS.

DANIEL (CONT'D)
Even better, we kicked T & A's ass!

LOUDER CHEERS.

DANIEL (CONT'D)
Monique, call Giuseppe's and order
three extra-large pizzas. Loaded.
Tell 'em we'll be right over.

MONIQUE
(covering receiver)
But, sir. It's only 9:30 in the
morning.

DANIEL
It's never too early for
Giuseppe's. Hey, that's not bad.

HE WHIPS OUT A NOTEBOOK AND JOTS DOWN THE NEW SLOGAN.

MONIQUE
(into the phone)
That is *so* inappropriate! Let me
talk to your supervisor!

CUT TO:

INT. GIUSEPPE'S 24-HOUR PIZZERIA - LATER

THE TEAM MEMBERS WOLF DOWN THEIR BREAKFAST PIZZAS.

DANIEL
I've got an idea. When you're done,
everybody go home.

PAULA
(misunderstanding)
Finally, some real cost-cutting.

DANIEL
I mean, take the rest of the day
off. With pay.

THE CELEBRATION DROWNS OUT PAULA'S PROTESTS.

DANIEL (CONT'D)
But first, a toast. To Big Jim. The
man who made this all possible.

THEY RAISE THEIR SOFT DRINK CANS.

VICTOR

To Big Jim. If he wasn't so
healthy, he'd be alive today.

A SERIES OF QUICK CUTS:

EXT. COOKIE CUTTER TRACT HOUSE WITH SPANISH TILE ROOF

PAULA ENTERS, SEES A MIDDLE-AGED MAN IN NOTHING BUT BOXER
SHORTS AND AIR FORCE CAP, VACUUMING THE FLOOR.

MAN

(startled)

Hello, dear. You're home early.

PAULA

You missed a spot.

EXT. OLDER BUT WELL-CARED-FOR HOME

EHSAN ENTERS, SEES A MIDDLE-AGED WOMAN.

EHSAN

Hi, Mom.

MOM

(concerned)

You're home early. They didn't fire
you, did they?

HE SHAKES HIS HEAD. SHE GIVES HIM A BIG HUG.

EXT. CONDO

ALLISON ENTERS.

ALLISON

Mommy's home early!

A PERFECTLY-GROOMED PEKINGESE JUMPS INTO HER OUTSTRETCHED
ARMS, COVERING HER FACE WITH KISSES.

EXT. NICER HIGH-RISE CONDO

GEOFF ENTERS, PLOPS DOWN ON AN EXPENSIVE LEATHER COUCH, KICKS
OFF HIS ITALIAN LOAFERS, CLICKS ON A 60-INCH HI-DEF PLASMA
HOME THEATER SYSTEM.

GEOFF

Home early. That's what I'm talkin'
about.

EXT. UPSCALE APARTMENT

DANIEL ENTERS. THE LIVING ROOM IS IMMACULATE...AND EMPTY,
EXCEPT FOR A FOLDING CHAIR, A DEAD PLANT, A PICTURE FRAME
WITH NOTHING IN IT, AND A DISPLAY CASE FULL OF BASEBALL
TROPHIES.

DANIEL

(to plant)
I'm home early.

NO ANSWER. DANIEL TURNS ON HIS HEELS AND LIMPS OUT THE DOOR.

EXT. VINTAGE GREEN AND WHITE VW BUS

BEHIND THE WHEEL, SONNY PASSES A SIGN THAT READS "LAKE MEAD
RECREATION AREA CAMPGROUND: 1 MILE." HE SMILES HIS USUAL
ENIGMATIC SONNY SMILE.

EXT. RANCH-STYLE HOME

VICTOR ENTERS, SEES A SMOKING HOT LATINA WOMAN.

WOMAN

(smiling broadly)
Oye, guapo! You're home early.

HE TAKES HER IN HIS ARMS.

WOMAN (CONT'D)

How's the gay life?

HE SQUEEZES HER ASS.

VICTOR

Paying the bills, *querida*. Paying
the bills.

THEY KISS PASSIONATELY.

CUT TO:

EXT. IMAGINE MARKETING - NIGHT

THE BUILDING IS COMPLETELY DARK, EXCEPT FOR THE LIGHT
FLICKERING THROUGH ONE WINDOW.

INT. IMAGINE MARKETING - CONTINUOUS

WE SEE THAT THE LIGHT EMANATES FROM DANIEL'S OFFICE, WHERE HE SITS BEHIND HIS DESK, HARD AT WORK. STOPPING TO RUB HIS EYES, HE FOCUSES ON A FRAMED PHOTOGRAPH OF THE IMAGINE TEAM AT THE COMPANY PICNIC.

CLOSE

A GRINNING DANIEL AND ALLISON, STANDING NEXT TO EACH OTHER.

DANIEL SMILES WISTFULLY, SHAKES HIS HEAD, RETURNS TO HIS WORK.

CUT TO:

CLOSE-UP: SLATE

Agency - Imagine Marketing

:30 TV

OLSEN DAIRY

"TIL THE MONKEYS COME HOME"

[Exterior, morning. Medium shot of an ELDERLY COUPLE standing on a farmhouse porch, looking like they just stepped out of the classic painting, "American Gothic." Except for the young MONKEY in overalls standing between them.]

Man: Well, Ma. Gotta tend to the chores. I'll take Junior and show him the ropes.

Woman: When you get back, I'll have a nice dinner waiting.

[Quick cuts of Pa and Junior milking the cows, mucking the stables, plowing the fields.]

Man: Come on, let's get us some vittles.

[Interior, farmhouse, late afternoon. Pa and Junior are seated at the kitchen table. Ma lays down two glasses of milk. Junior picks his up and throws it against the wall. Ma patiently pours him another glass.)

Woman: Drink it. It's good.

[Junior takes a sip, jumps up and down, howling with delight.]

Narrator: Fresh milk from Olsen's Dairy. Drink it. It's good.

FADE TO BLACK.

