

(Name of Show)

("Title of Episode")

by

(Name of First Writer)

(Based on, If Any)

Revisions by

(Names of Subsequent Writers,
in Order of Work Performed)

Current Revisions by

(Current Writer, date)

Name (of company, if applicable)

Address

Phone Number

ACT ONE

SCENE A

FADE IN:

EXT. US BANK TOWER - ESTABLISHING - NIGHT

THE MOST IMPRESSIVE SKYSCRAPER IN DOWNTOWN LOS ANGELES.

INT. JOY'S OFFICE - 73RD FLOOR

A GLORIOUS SECRETARY'S OFFICE, PART OF A LARGE EXECUTIVE SUITE (THE SIGN ON THE DOOR SAYS "BILL COOGAN, PRESIDENT"). LOCATED ON THE TOP FLOOR, IT IS OPULENT, WITH MASSIVE WINDOWS OVERLOOKING THE CITY. AT THE DESK IS JOY (60'S) A CRUSTY, HARD-LOOKING WOMAN WITH A GRAVELLY SMOKER'S VOICE WHO'S SEEN IT ALL. SHE WEARS A HEAD-SET AND RIPS OPEN MAIL WITH A LETTER OPENER. THE PHONE RINGS. SHE HITS A BUTTON.

JOY

Bill Coogan's office. I'm sorry, he's in a meeting. (BEAT) He was in a meeting then, too. (BEAT) He has lots of meetings. (BEAT) Tomorrow at ten? Let's see, yeah, meeting. (BEAT) Here, let me crack the code for ya: He's never going to hire you, he's never going to tell you why and you're never getting past me. Got it? (HANGS UP) Idiot.

JOY (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Look at me. I was so happy back then. I was feared and respected and I had a rubber stamp with his signature. I never stole from him, but it was nice to have the option.

THEN, HER INTERCOM BUZZES.

JOY (CONT'D)

Yes, Mr. Coogan.

COOGAN (V.O.; ON SPEAKER)

Arrrrrrrgh.

JOY

Arg? (REALIZES) Oh, crap!

SHE THROWS OPEN THE DOOR TO HIS OFFICE. COOGAN IS FACE-DOWN
ON HIS DESK.

CUT TO:

SCENE B

INT. JOY'S OFFICE - LATER

JOY STANDS ALONE AT HER DESK, LOOKING AROUND WISTFULLY.

JOY (V.O.)

It turns out that when your boss dies,
you don't get to keep your office.
But I vowed that someday, somehow, I'd
make it back.

JOY SADLY CARESSES THE MAHOGANY DESK.

EMT (O.S.)

Watch it, lady.

JOY MOVES OUT OF THE WAY SO THEY CAN WHEEL A GURNEY OCCUPIED
BY COOGAN (WITH A SHEET OVER HIS HEAD) PAST HER.

CUT TO:

SCENE CINT. BULLPEN - MORNING

THE 54TH FLOOR, WHERE THE MID-LEVEL EXECUTIVES LIVE. OUT OF THE ELEVATOR, WITH A SPRING IN HER STEP, COMES ANGELA (30) WITH A BAKERY BOX. ANGELA IS, IN OUTLOOK AND TEMPERAMENT, THE OPPOSITE OF JOY. A "NICE GIRL," SHE IS BRIGHT AND COMPETENT, BUT SHE ALSO HAS A STRONG NEED TO BE LIKED. SHE'S A CARETAKER WITH A TENDENCY TO PUT OTHER PEOPLES' NEEDS AHEAD OF HER OWN. PEOPLE GREET HER CHEERFULLY.

JOY (V.O.)

We didn't know it yet, but Angela would soon be my new boss. And I'd be riding her back to the top. There was only one problem.

ANGELA

(CALLS TO OFFICE) Who wants blueberry scones?

JOY (V.O.)

She's a "nice girl."

ANGELA OPENS THE BOX FOR HER CO-WORKERS WHO DESCEND ON IT. STONE (MID 30'S/EARLY 40'S) ENTERS. HE IS HER BOSS, A HYPER-MACHO GUY WHO WOULD HAVE BEEN AT HOME AT ENRON. HE LIVES FOR THE ADRENALINE RUSH, AND WANTS HIS STAFF TO LIVE FOR IT, TOO.

STONE

(CALLS OUT) OK, you overpaid desk monkeys, you have thirty minutes to get your asses to the Santa Monica job site. (NOTICES) Ooh, scones. Thanks, Angela!

ANGELA BEAMS. STONE GOES OFF, IN A MUCH BETTER MOOD. THEN, DEEF COMES OVER. ERIC "DEEF" DIEFFENBACH (30'S) IS A CHARISMATIC GUY'S GUY, EVERYBODY'S DRINKING BUDDY, WHO LOVES THE CORPORATE WORLD THE SAME WAY HE LOVED HIS HIGH SCHOOL FOOTBALL TEAM... ONLY MORE SO, BECAUSE HE GETS PAID.

DEEF

(PLAYFUL) Whoa, Angela's really bucking hard for this promotion.

ANGELA

Yeah, right, because they decide who gets to be Vice President based on pastries. (SLY SMILE) Although they might be a tie-breaker.

DEEF

Well (TAKES A BITE, CHEWS, THINKING) let's hope they're not.

ANGELA LAUGHS AND WALKS INTO HER OFFICE.

RESET TO:

INT. ANGELA'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

THE DECOR IS CONSPICUOUSLY FEMININE, IN STARK CONTRAST TO COOGAN'S OFFICE (OR ANYWHERE ELSE IN THIS BUILDING). ANGELA FINDS RACHEL (24) LYING FACE-DOWN ON ANGELA'S COUCH. RACHEL IS A PARTY GIRL WHOSE SEXY ATTIRE BORDERS ON THE INAPPROPRIATE. SHE IS ALSO ANGELA'S SECRETARY.

ANGELA

(SYMPATHETIC) Tough weekend?

RACHEL, HEAD STILL DOWN, NODS.

ANGELA (CONT'D)

Broke up with Chris again?

RACHEL NODS.

ANGELA (CONT'D)

Did he accuse you of cheating?

RACHEL NODS.

ANGELA (CONT'D)

Were you?

RACHEL HOLDS UP TWO FINGERS AN INCH APART, INDICATING "A LITTLE."

ANGELA (CONT'D)

Oh, Rachel.

RACHEL LIFTS HER HEAD UP. EVEN EXHAUSTED, SHE IS BEAUTIFUL.

ANGELA (CONT'D)

Here, you need this more than I do.

(HANDS CUP TO RACHEL) Be right back.

RACHEL GRATEFULLY DRINKS THE COFFEE AS ANGELA EXITS.

RESET TO:

INT. BULLPEN - CONTINUOUS

ANGELA IS ACCOSTED BY PELTCHER (MID 20'S) A HAPLESS FUCK-UP WHO ONLY KEEPS HIS JOB BECAUSE ANGELA TAKES PITY ON HIM.

PELTCHER

Oh, hey, Angela.

ANGELA

Hi, Calvin. How's that appraisal coming?

PELTCHER

It's done. (THEN) I just have to write it. But (POINTS TO HIS TEMPLE) it's all up here. Except for the research.

ANGELA

So you haven't started.

PELTCHER

(OVERLAPPING) I haven't started.

ANGELA

Calvin, we've talked about the
importance of deadlines.

PELTCHER

I know, I know. And I'm not going to
make excuses. Although there was a
family emergency.

ANGELA POURS HERSELF MORE COFFEE AS PELTCHER PRATTLES ON AND,
IN ADDITION, BRODY STARTS A CONVERSATION WITH HER. BRODY
(30'S) WORKS HERE TO PAY THE BILLS, BUT HIS HEART BELONGS TO
ROCK 'N' ROLL. WITH TATTOOS ALL THE WAY UP BOTH ARMS, HE IS
A COOL, STRUGGLING MUSICIAN.

BRODY

Morning, Angela. Peltcher.

ANGELA

Hi, Brody.

BRODY

Did you hear about Coogan up
on 73? Died at his desk.
Heart attack...

PELTCHER

Yeah, my mother's really not
well and she had nobody else
to drive her to church...

ANGELA (CONT'D)

That's really sad.

THEY BOTH THINK SHE'S TALKING TO THEM (IN REALITY, SHE IS
PAYING MOST OF HER ATTENTION TO BRODY, AND THE SOUND MIX WILL
REFLECT THAT). WITH COFFEE IN HAND, SHE HEADS BACK TOWARDS
HER OFFICE, THE TWO OF THEM FOLLOWING HER.

DURING THE FOLLOWING, BRODY ROLLS UP HIS SLEEVES, REVEALING
HEAVILY TATTOOED ARMS.

BRODY

I know. That is not how I'm going out. I'm a rocker, man. I'll be choking to death on my own vomit in a sleazy hotel room if I have anything to say about it.

PELTCHER

Yeah, so when she asked for a ride to church, naturally I dropped everything and drove her. I mean, she is my Mom and who can argue with her love for Jesus?

RESET TO:

INT. ANGELA'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

RACHEL IS NOW ON THE PHONE.

ANGELA

(TO PELTCHER) Just have it in by lunch tomorrow. (TO RACHEL) I hope that's not Chris. (TO BRODY) Roll down your sleeves before Stone sees you.

PELTCHER

Thanks! You're the best!

RACHEL

It's not Chris. Oh, OK...

PELTCHER GOES OFF. RACHEL HANGS UP THE PHONE GUILTILY.

BRODY

I'm not afraid of Stone.

STONE (O.S.)

You'd better not be showing your ink in the office, Brody.

HE ROLLS DOWN HIS SLEEVES.

ANGELA

It's OK. I still know it's under there.

THEIR SHARED SMILE REVEALS A MUTUAL ATTRACTION. HE FLASHES HIS TATS AND TAKES OFF.

ANGELA (CONT'D)

Rachel, I know it's fun to go out and party and sleep with... everyone... but what about your future?

RACHEL

I just kind of roll with it, you know? Things always work themselves out.

ANGELA

And if they don't?

RACHEL

(SHRUGS) I roll with it. (THEN) Look, I'm twenty-four. Nobody has their life mapped out at twenty-four.

ANGELA

Actually, I had it mapped out at twenty. Graduate Vassar, get my MBA from Northwestern, marry Carlo Santini, work at Masterlord Commercial Realty and become Vice President by thirty. And when I get promoted on Friday, my plan will have worked perfectly.

RACHEL

Except for the Carlo part.

ANGELA

Well, he had his own map, which led straight to the Land of Non-Threatening Women Who Earn Less Than Him. Where he met Trish who works at Staples. (THEN) My point is, you can't just let life happen to you. You need to set some goals and go for them.

RACHEL

You're right. I'm gonna get a navel ring.

ANGELA

(A BEAT) So... any messages?

RACHEL

(READS OFF A PAD) Your Dad called to say, "Tell your Mom that high def TV is not a waste of money." Your Mom called to say, "Tell your Dad that he doesn't need high def TV because he's practically blind anyway." And Sharon called to say, "Mom and Dad are nuts, save me."

ANGELA SMILES A PUT-UPON SMILE.

ANGELA

I'll call them from the car.

JOY (V.O.)

Yeah, she's sweet and caring and everyone likes her which, in the corporate world, means diddly-squat. This is Masterlord which does a hundred and fifty billion dollars a year in real estate transactions.

PICTURES OF HIGH-END PROPERTIES FLASH ACROSS THE SCREEN.

JOY (V.O.) (CONT'D)

And in this kind of business, the sweet and caring get eaten for breakfast like a (WITH VENOM) blueberry scone.

CUT TO:

SCENE DEXT. SANTA MONICA CONSTRUCTION SITE - MORNING

A LARGE SIGN BEARS THE NAME: "MASTERLORD COMMERCIAL REAL ESTATE." ANGELA AND BRODY WALK PAST THE SIGN.

BRODY

So how are we feeling about the promotion? Yes? No?

ANGELA

It's a no-brainer. I mean, I work so much harder than anyone else here. No offense.

BRODY

Why would I be offended? You know I do as little as I can to get by.

ANGELA

(PLAYFUL) And when I'm V.P., we're gonna have to talk about that.

BRODY

Yes, ma'am.

ANGELA

Besides, my only competition is
(INDICATING DISMISSIVELY) Deef.

BRODY AND ANGELA ARE NOW WITH THE REST OF THE GROUP. DEEF IS RECOUNTING A RECENT PAINTBALL ADVENTURE.

DEEF

I totally had Stone in my sights!

STONE

In your dreams, Deef!

DEEF

But just as I'm about to pull the
trigger, Price comes out of nowhere
and I'm all...

HE MIMES GETTING MACHINE-GUNNED IN THE CHEST IN SLOW MOTION.

BRODY

(TO PRICE) Man, Price, you were like
Rambo out there...

WE REVEAL THAT PRICE (35) IS A VERY PREGNANT WOMAN. PRICE
HAS ASKED HERSELF WHETHER SHE SHOULD SACRIFICE HER FEMININITY
TO GET AHEAD AT WORK AND ANSWERED WITH A RESOUNDING, "YES!"

PRICE

Sure, compared to you twink.

STONE/DEEF/BRODY/PELTCHER

(GOOD ONE!) Ohhhhhhh!

ANGELA ROLLS HER EYES. SHE THINKS PAINTBALLING IS STUPID.

BRODY

Oh, come on, Angela. It's a blast.

STONE

Hey, let's go shooting in the desert!
I'll bring the semi-autos. (TO DEEF)
You bring the tequila.

BRODY

You in, Angela?

ANGELA

Sure. Wait, no, I just remembered: I
have a survival instinct.

A PLAID-SHIRTED PROJECT MANAGER APPROACHES.

STONE

Hey Frank, come here. Everybody, say
hi to our project manager Frank.

EVERYBODY

Hi, Frank.

STONE

Now, everybody say good-bye to Frank,
because he didn't know that you're not
supposed to dig below the water table!

NEW ANGLE REVEALS THAT THEY ALL STAND ANKLE-DEEP IN WATER.

EVERYBODY BUT ANGELA

Bye, Frank.

FRANK SLOSHES AWAY.

STONE

Now, unless we all want to join Frank
on the unemployment line, we need to
come up with a solution, pronto.

DEEF

We can stock it with fish, make it a
koi pond.

EVERYONE LAUGHS, STONE LOUDER THAN EVERYONE ELSE. ANGELA IS
STRUCK WITH AN IDEA. SHE LEANS OVER TO DEEF.

ANGELA

(WHISPERS) What about a reclaimed
water system?

DEEF

I like that. (LOUDLY TO STONE) We'll
use a reclaimed water system.

STONE

That's brilliant! You are a genius!

ANGELA

What?!

STONE

I was going to wait 'til Friday, but
screw it: You're my new V.P.

ANGELA

WHAT?!

EVERYONE BUT ANGELA

(CHANTING) Deef! Deef! Deef!

STONE

Come on, everyone! Java run on me!

CHEERING, EVERYONE FOLLOWS STONE OUT OF THE WATER, BUT
ANGELA'S RUBBER BOOT IS STUCK IN THE MUD.

ANGELA

Hey! I can use a little help here!

EVERYONE'S GONE. MUTTERING ANGRILY, SHE PULLS AND HER FOOT
COMES OUT. SHE LOSES HER BALANCE AND FALLS INTO THE MUD.

JOY (V.O.)

See what I mean?

FADE OUT.

END ACT ONE

ACT TWOSCENE E

FADE IN:

INT. STONE'S OFFICE - DAY

THIS IS A KICK-ASS CORNER OFFICE. EVERYTHING ABOUT IT SAYS THAT A MANLY MAN WORKS HERE (EXCEPT FOR THE FAMILY PHOTOS OF HIM, HIS WIFE AND THEIR FOUR DAUGHTERS). STONE IS FROWNING AT HIS COMPUTER, CLEARLY ON THE HORNS OF A DILEMMA. A MUD-CAKED ANGELA BURSTS IN.

ANGELA

I need to talk to you.

STONE

(WITHOUT LOOKING UP) Angela, take a look at this, tell me what you think.

ANGELA LOOKS AT THE SCREEN.

ANGELA

I think those are twelve year old girls in their underwear, Gary.

WE SEE THAT IT IS A PERFECTLY INNOCENT PAGE FROM A DEPARTMENT STORE WEB SITE.

STONE

Yeah, I need to pick out a training bra for Kimmy.

ANGELA

Kimmy needs a training bra already?

STONE

No, but Sarah does. And Kimmy has to have whatever Sarah has. (LOOKS UP)
What the hell happened to you?

ANGELA

I took some soil samples. (THEN)
Listen, about the promotion, I think
you acted a little impulsively.

STONE

Hey, Deef's idea saved my bacon. (OFF
WEB PAGE) A sports bra? Well, she
does like hockey...

ANGELA

OK, Gary, what would you say if I told
you that was actually my idea?

FOR THE FIRST TIME, SHE HAS STONE'S UNDIVIDED ATTENTION.

STONE

I'd say, "Then why did I hear Deef say
it?"

ANGELA

So Deef gets the promotion because
he's louder?

STONE

It wasn't just that. He's a
powerhouse. You can tell he really
wants it. Like the other night at the
Lakers game he said, "I really want
it." That made an impression.

ANGELA

Yeah, Deef's sure got a way with
words.

(MORE)

ANGELA (CONT'D)

But it's funny, while you guys were at a basketball game, I was here, working to make a deadline. I've never missed a deadline. (REACHING) And I've never abused my expense account. Never!

STONE

Don't think I don't appreciate it.

ANGELA

Well, you've never said you did.

STONE

I think a lot of things I don't say. It's why I've never been sued for sexual harassment. But we're talking management. Deef! Deef is a born leader of men! I love that guy! He's just got that (GUTTERAL SOUND).

ANGELA

(STRUGGLING) So... if I want to get ahead I need to work on my--

ANGELA/STONE

(IN UNISON, GUTTERAL SOUND)

STONE

Exactly. (RE: SCREEN) Bow or no bow?

ANGELA STARES AT STONE, INCREDULOUS. FINALLY...

ANGELA

(HATING HERSELF) Bow.

CUT TO:

SCENE HINT. HOLE-IN-THE-WALL BAR - NIGHT

A NEIGHBORHOOD BAR, BUT NOT IN A GOOD WAY. THE LOCALS WHO FREQUENT THE PLACE ARE SEEDY DRUNKS AND THE BANDS THAT PLAY HERE ARE, WELL, AWFUL. CERTAINLY, BRODY'S BAND IS. THEY ARE FINISHING UP A SET TO SHOUTS OF "BOO!" AND "YOU SUCK!"

BRODY

We're The Drones! Good night!

MORE DERISIVE SHOUTS -- AND ONE PERSON CLAPPING (ANGELA) -- AS BRODY UNSLINGS HIS BASS GUITAR AND APPROACHES THE BAR.

PATRON

You suck. I can't believe I paid a two dollar cover for you.

BRODY

(REACHES INTO HIS WALLET) Here's a ten. You can use the extra eight to go screw yourself.

THE PATRON TAKES THE TEN AND GOES. BRODY TURNS TO ANGELA.

BRODY (CONT'D)

So how was your day, honey?

ANGELA

Well, you ever have one of those blinding headaches where it feels like someone is boring through your forehead with a dentist's drill?

BRODY

Yeah...

ANGELA

That'd be nice. (TO BARTENDER)
Cosmopolitan, please. (TO BRODY) All
right, honest opinion: do I have
(GUTTERAL SOUND)?

BRODY

Not... really. (UPBEAT SOUND), yes.
You've got boatloads of (UPBEAT
SOUND).

ANGELA

Well, that's just great. 'Cause
(UPBEAT SOUND) doesn't get me
anywhere. I need (GUTTERAL SOUND).

THE BARTENDER SLAMS DOWN A BEER IN FRONT OF ANGELA.

ANGELA (CONT'D)

I asked for a Cosmopolitan.

BARTENDER

I heard you.

HE WALKS AWAY. ANGELA DECIDES IT'S NOT WORTH THE FIGHT.

BRODY

I don't understand why you take it all
so seriously.

ANGELA

That's easy for you to say. You have
your music to fall back on.

BARFLY

You bite. I can't believe I paid--

WITHOUT LOOKING AT HIM, BRODY HANDS HIM A \$10 BILL.

ANGELA

You know what it is? When I was growing up, my Dad adored me. I was his "little princess." And I loved that. Until eventually I realized, "He doesn't take me seriously. He still thinks of me as a child."

BRODY

How old were you?

ANGELA

Six.

BRODY

(QUIETLY) Wow.

ANGELA

But then he took me to take-your-daughter-to-work day. And he had a female boss. You know what? He took her seriously. And that's when it hit me: You're born a princess, but if you want respect? You've got to work for it.

BRODY

So what did your dad do?

ANGELA

(DEADPAN) Rodeo clown.

BRODY LOOKS AT HER, UNCERTAIN.

ANGELA (CONT'D)

(LAUGHS) No, he was in real estate.

BRODY

(LAUGHS) OK, but it's just one missed promotion. You'll get another shot.

ANGELA

Yeah, like two years from now.

(REALIZES) Oh, no, wait! I totally forgot about Price.

BRODY

You're gonna kill Price?

ANGELA

No! But she's eight months pregnant.

BRODY

Right, I never think of her as a woman, but sure, in the anatomical sense, she's the same as the rest of you. Only made of liquid metal.

ANGELA

(ENCOURAGED) So when she gives birth, someone has to step in as V.P. and it sure as hell isn't gonna be you.

BRODY

Hey! (REALIZES) No, that's fair.

ANGELA

So I have a month to show him my (GUTTERAL SOUND). I can do this.

AN ATTRACTIVE, BUT TRASHY, INEBRIATED WOMAN IN HER 20'S
SIDLES UP TO BRODY.

INEBRIATED WOMAN

(FLIRTY) Hey, buy me a drink.

EXTREMELY AWARE OF ANGELA'S PRESENCE, BRODY SHIFTS
UNCOMFORTABLY. ANGELA IS AMUSED.

BRODY

(TO WOMAN) Look, I'm flattered. And
there was a time when you were exactly
my type. But I'm getting older and
I'm looking for something a little
more--

INEBRIATED WOMAN

(DRUNKEN LAUGH) No, you don't
understand. (DEADLY SERIOUS) Your band
sucks. Buy me a drink.

BRODY

(HANDS HER \$10) Have two.

INEBRIATED WOMAN

(TO ANGELA) Your boyfriend's cute, but
his music sucks!

SHE GOES OFF.

ANGELA

He's not my boyfriend. (OFF BRODY'S
STARE) Oh, and it doesn't suck!

CUT TO:

SCENE JINT. BULLPEN - MORNING

AN ENERGIZED ANGELA STRIDES IN.

STONE

Hey, Angela, did you remember the--

WITHOUT BREAKING STRIDE, ANGELA SKY HOOKS A SCONE TO STONE.

STONE (CONT'D)

Thanks!

SHE COMES UPON PRICE, WHO IS WADDLING DOWN THE HALLWAY.

ANGELA

And how's the expectant mother today?

PRICE

This kid's kicking the crap out of my
liver.

ANGELA

(REACHES TOWARDS PRICE'S BELLY) May I?

PRICE

(PUT-UPON SIGH) Sure. Go nuts.

ANGELA PUTS HER HAND ON PRICE'S BELLY.

ANGELA

I felt it! Hello, baby!

DEEF COMES OVER.

DEEF

Baby-touching! I'll take a piece of
that action!

BEFORE HE CAN TOUCH PRICE'S BELLY, SHE GRABS HIS WRIST AND APPLIES A JOINT LOCK. DEEF LETS OUT A CRY OF PAIN AND FALLS TO HIS KNEES AS ANGELA KEEPS WALKING TOWARDS HER OFFICE.

DEEF (CONT'D)

Damn, Price! This is why you had to
have in vitro. No man would put up
with-- (PRICE INCREASES THE PRESSURE)
Aaaaah!

ANGELA GETS TO RACHEL'S DESK AND IS DELIGHTED TO SEE HER.

ANGELA

And Rachel! You're here, on time, and
not hung-over!

RACHEL

Wow. You're in a good mood.

ANGELA

It's a new day. And I'm not going to
give one more second of thought to
what Deef did to me. (NOTICES RACHEL
PACKING) What are you doing?

RACHEL

Um... I'm going to work for Deef.

ANGELA

After what he did to me?! Why would
you do that, Rachel? Why?

RACHEL

...He's a Vice President.

DEEF (O.S.)

Rachel, my phone's ringing!

RACHEL

I didn't want you to find out like
this.

ANGELA

How did you want me to find out?

RACHEL

With me not here.

DEEF (O.S.)

Seriously, there's a million buttons
on this thing and my wrist hurts like
hell!

RACHEL

I've got to go.

RACHEL TAKES HER BOX OF PERSONAL EFFECTS AND SCURRIES OFF.

ANGELA

(CALLING OUT) Fine. Go. Doesn't
matter to me. I can get another
secretary like (SNAPS) that!

ANGELA TURNS AND SEES JOY, STANDING JUST INCHES AWAY.

ANGELA (CONT'D)

Gah! (THEN) That wasn't in response to
you. I just... remembered
something... horrifying. Anyway,
hello, not-scary person.

JOY

I'm your new secretary, Joy. (OFF
ANGELA) Insert ironic comment here.

ANGELA

Well, welcome aboard...

JOY PUSHES PAST ANGELA AND GOES INTO HER OFFICE.

ANGELA (CONT'D)

Joy.

JOY

(TAKES IN DECOR) Charming. So when's the tea party?

ANGELA

(SELLING) Well, I'm sure you're used to offices that are cold and sterile, but I've made mine warm and inviting so people can come in here and relax.

JOY

Makes sense. If you're an aromatherapist.

ANGELA

(A BEAT) And this is where your desk will be.

ANGELA LEADS JOY BACK INTO THE BULLPEN.

JOY

(HEAVY SIGH) The cubicles. The Circle of Hell that Dante forgot.

CUT TO:

SCENE KINT. RESTAURANT - AFTERNOON

THE "WELCOME ABOARD!" LUNCH IS NOT GOING WELL, ALTHOUGH NOT FOR LACK OF ANGELA TRYING.

ANGELA

You were Coogan's secretary? So sad what happened to him.

JOY

Yeah. His final words were, "If I had it to do over again, I'd've spent less time with my family." That was an executive.

ANGELA

What about you? Do you have a family?

JOY

What would I do with a family?

ANGELA

(A BEAT) They have great focaccia here, don't they? I love that word. Focaccia. You can't say focaccia without smiling.

JOY

(WITHOUT SMILING) Focaccia.

AND ANGELA IS OUT OF IDEAS. SHE LOOKS OVER AT ANOTHER TABLE WHERE DEEF AND RACHEL ARE LAUGHING LIKE THE BEST OF FRIENDS.

ANGELA

(BITTER) Well, they seem happy. (THEN)
You know, she invited me on her
birthday weekend to Vegas. No one
else from work, just me!

JOY

Yeah, I won't be doing that.

THEN, PELTCHER COMES BARGING IN.

PELTCHER

Hey, Angela.

ANGELA

Calvin! Hi! You want to join us?

PELTCHER

No, I won't interrupt. I just wanted
you to look at this.

JOY

How is that not interrupting?

ANGELA

Oh, um, Joy, Calvin; Calvin, Joy.
Let's see. (SKIMS REPORT) Calvin,
these numbers don't add up. Well,
they do, just not to that number.

PELTCHER

Damn it! I suck at this! Dad was
right. I'm never gonna amount to
anything.

JOY

Sounds like you have a pretty smart
Dad.

ANGELA

Don't say that. (TO PELTCHER) You're
being too hard on yourself. You're
going through a lot. With your mother
being sick and...

JOY SNORTS DERISIVELY.

PELTCHER

You don't believe my Mom's sick? Well
call her! Call her right now! I
mean, not right now, she's napping,
but--

ANGELA

OK, why don't I take a pass at this?
Clean it up a little.

PELTCHER

Thanks, Angela! You're the best!

OFF HE GOES. JOY GIVES ANGELA A LONG, HARD LOOK.

ANGELA

What's that look?

JOY

It's the look of someone who's gonna
be stuck in those damn cubicles
forever.

CUT TO:

SCENE LINT. BULLPEN - THE NEXT DAY

STONE, DEEF, BRODY AND PRICE ARE THROWING A FOOTBALL AROUND THE CUBICLES.

DEEF

(TO PRICE) Hum it!

SHE DOES. HARD. IT HITS DEEF SQUARE IN THE CHEST.

DEEF (CONT'D)

Ow! Damn, Price!

THEY CONTINUE THROWING THE BALL OVER THE CUBICLES AS ANGELA COMES CHARGING OUT OF HER OFFICE. AS SHE APPROACHES PELTCHER'S CUBICLE, WE SEE THAT HE IS PLAYING WARCRAFT ON HIS COMPUTER, WHICH HE QUICKLY CHANGES TO A SPREADSHEET. WHEN SHE PASSES, HE TURNS IT BACK AND SLAYS AN OGRE.

THEN ANGELA ARRIVES AT JOY'S CUBICLE.

ANGELA

Um, Joy? There seems to be a typo on this memo I dictated.

JOY

Really?

THE BALL LANDS AT ANGELA'S FEET. SHE PICKS IT UP.

ANGELA

Yeah. You seem to have inadvertently replaced all my words with totally different words.

IN THE B.G., STONE, DEEF, PRICE AND BRODY YELL FOR ANGELA TO THROW THE BALL. SHE IGNORES THEM.

JOY

Oh, that. Yeah, your language was wishy-washy, so I cleaned it up.

ANGELA

I didn't ask you to do that.

JOY

A good secretary anticipates.

ANGELA

I liked it the way it was. Your way is harsh and critical. My way is conversational and supportive.

JOY

I guess I misunderstood. I thought you wanted it to read like it was written by a real executive.

ANGELA

It was.

DEEF

Angela! Throw the damn ball!

ANGELA

Here's your damn ball, Deef!

ANGELA THROWS IT. THE FOOTBALL GOES WILDLY OFF COURSE AND CRASHES INTO A COMPUTER SCREEN. IT SHATTERS AND SPARKS. INSTINCTIVELY, THE EXECUTIVES ALL SCATTER.

CUT TO:

SCENE MINT. ANGELA'S OFFICE - A MINUTE LATER

ANGELA LEADS JOY INTO THE OFFICE AND SHUTS THE DOOR.

ANGELA

Listen, I got here all by myself,
without any help from you.

JOY

And this is where you'll stay.
Without any help from me.

ANGELA

All right. I didn't want to say it,
but you kind of forced my hand:
You're a secretary.

JOY

That's right. I've been a secretary
longer than you've been alive. And I
know all the tricks.

ANGELA

I don't need tricks.

JOY

Yeah? So what's your strategy for
becoming V.P.?

ANGELA

Same one I've always used. Being more
prepared, more thorough and doing the
work that nobody else wants to do.

(MORE)

ANGELA (CONT'D)

Basically, by being better at this
than everyone else.

JOY

(SIGHS) We're dead.

CUT TO:

SCENE PINT. CONFERENCE ROOM - LATER

A CRISIS! STONE IS PACING THE ROOM.

STONE

Well, I just got a call from our
illustrious CEO.

HE INDICATES A LARGE, PRETENTIOUS OIL PAINTING OF THE CEO: A
MERYL-STREEPY LOOKING WOMAN HOLDING AN ABSURDLY SMALL DOG.

STONE (CONT'D)

Apparently, the buyer's backed out.
And if we don't find someone else who
feels like blowing a hundred and ten
mill on Santa Monica retail space, she
said she's gonna chop my ass up, mix
it with kibble and feed it to her dog.
Deef, what do you got for me?

DEEF

(PULLS OUT WALLET) Thirty-eight bucks.
And when I buy two more sandwiches at
Subway, I'll get another one for free.

THE ROOM CRACKS UP.

ANGELA

(UNDER HER BREATH) And he's Vice
President. (THEN, INSPIRATION!) Oh!
(LEANS OVER TO DEEF, CATCHES HERSELF)
Oh, no you don't. Not this time.

(MORE)

ANGELA (CONT'D)

(LEANS OVER TO PRICE, WHISPERS) Isn't
Strawbridge & Braun looking to crack
the west side retail market?

PRICE

That's good. (TO STONE) Hey,
Strawbridge & Braun is looking to
crack the west side retail market.

ANGELA STARES INCREDULOUSLY AT PRICE.

STONE

Price, you are brilliant!

EVERYONE BUT ANGELA

Price! Price! Price! Price! Price!

ANGELA SLAMS HER HEAD DOWN ON THE CONFERENCE TABLE AS WE:

FADE OUT.

END ACT TWO

ACT THREESCENE 5FADE IN:INT. BULLPEN - A LITTLE LATER

EVERYONE IS EMERGING FROM THE CONFERENCE ROOM, CONGRATULATING PRICE ON HER TERRIFIC SAVE. WHEN EVERYONE ELSE IS OUT OF EARSHOT, SHE CONFRONTS PRICE.

ANGELA

OK, what was that?

PRICE

What was what?

ANGELA

(RE: CONFERENCE ROOM) In there!

PRICE

All right, any specifics you could provide would really speed this along.

ANGELA

Are you really going to stand there and pretend you don't know what I'm talking about?

PRICE

Pretend? No.

ANGELA

Oh, very nice. Are you going to raise your child to act this way?

PRICE

(A BEAT) How is it that you're more hormonal than me?

ANGELA

All right, let's just forget it.

PRICE

Done. I gotta pee.

SHE WADDLES AWAY, NOT KNOWING OR CARING ABOUT WHAT JUST HAPPENED. FUMING, ANGELA GOES INTO HER OFFICE...

RESET TO:

INT. ANGELA'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

...WHERE SHE IMMEDIATELY COMES FACE-TO-FACE WITH JOY.

ANGELA

(STARTLED) Gah!

JOY

I see someone else (AIR QUOTES)

"stole" your idea.

ANGELA

My idea wasn't (AIR QUOTES) "stolen."

It was (NO AIR QUOTES) stolen. See?

None of this!

SHE MAKES AIR QUOTES ANGRILY.

JOY

I know I'm just a secretary, but how do they steal your ideas?

ANGELA

Well, I'd have an idea. And I'd run it by them, to get some feedback on my idea. But they just shouted my idea to the room.

JOY

Oh, so nobody stole your ideas. You gave them away.

ANGELA

No, I didn't.

JOY

Really? And who had the gun to your head to stop you from saying them to the room?

THIS STOPS ANGELA IN HER TRACKS.

ANGELA

...No one.

JOY

That's right. And you didn't want to seem pushy. But vice presidents... push.

ANGELA

(CONSIDERS) You're right. I did it to myself. (REALIZES) I yelled at a pregnant woman for nothing. I've got to send her a card or--

JOY

(CLAPS HANDS) Angela, stay with me!

ANGELA

Sorry.

JOY

Look, there's an old saying: Why promote the cow when you can get the milk for free? If you want to get ahead, honey, you've got to start asserting yourself.

ANGELA

How am I supposed to do that?

JOY

We can work on that right now.

BUT BEFORE THAT HAPPENS, PELTCHER COMES IN, WITHOUT KNOCKING.

PELTCHER

Hey, Angela, it's almost five. You got my report?

ANGELA

(APOLOGETIC) Oh, no. I didn't finish it. I'll do that right now.

JOY

(TO HERSELF) Ho. Ly. Crap.

CUT TO:

SCENE TINT. ANGELA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

THE DECOR IN ANGELA'S APARTMENT IS THE SAME AS HER OFFICE, ONLY HERE IT SEEMS APPROPRIATE. IT'S 2:00 A.M. ANGELA HAS FALLEN ASLEEP IN HER BED, WITH AN OPEN LAPTOP STILL RESTING ON HER LAP. THERE IS A POUNDING ON HER DOOR. ANGELA STUMBLES TO THE DOOR AND OPENS IT. IT'S JOY. SHE BARGES IN.

JOY

Here we go! Assertiveness training!

ANGELA

Can't it wait until morning?

JOY

You've got a meeting in the morning
and we can't risk another disaster
like yesterday. So where's your most
expensive crystal?

ANGELA

(CONFUSED) I have some vases in my
bedroom, but--

JOY

Great.

CUT TO:

SCENE UINT. ANGELA'S APARTMENT - A FEW MINUTES LATER

ANGELA IS STANDING WITH HER ARMS OUT TO THE SIDE, PALMS DOWN. DURING THE FOLLOWING, JOY PLACES A SMALL, CRYSTAL VASE ON EACH OF HER HANDS, THEN A LARGER ONE ON ANGELA'S HEAD.

JOY

Baccarat. This is expensive stuff.

ANGELA MUST NOW REMAIN STILL, LEST ONE OF THE VASES FALL.

ANGELA

What's the point of this?

JOY

To figure out a way to put the vases down without breaking them.

ANGELA

But if I move, they'll fall.

JOY

Exactly. So you have to convince me to do it, using only the power of your voice.

ANGELA

I'm not sure this is a good idea.

JOY

Of course it is. Mind if I smoke?

ANGELA

Well...

JOY LIGHTS UP. ANGELA COUGHS.

JOY

Don't cough. Whatever you do.

SHE TAKES A FEW PUFFS, SENDING A CLOUD OF SMOKE ANGELA'S WAY.

ANGELA

Joy? I would really appreciate it if you took this stuff off of me.

JOY

Wow. That was pitiful. Is that how you talk to your boss?

ANGELA

It's polite.

JOY

It's weak. In the business world, it's not about what you appreciate, it's about what you deserve.

ANGELA

(BEAT) Joy? I think I deserve to have this stuff taken off me.

JOY

You think you deserve it? Deef knows he deserves it.

ANGELA

(EQUIVOCAL) I know I deserve it.

JOY

You sure don't sound like it.

ANGELA

My arms are starting to cramp up.

JOY

And now you're whining like a girl.

ANGELA

What do you expect? You barged into my home at two a.m. just to abuse me!

JOY

(SIGHS) Maybe I misjudged you.

ANGELA

What do you mean?

JOY

Nothing. Besides, you're pretty. I'm sure you can find a husband to take care of you.

ANGELA

(LOSING IT) That's it!

SHE FLINGS THE VASE OFF OF BOTH HANDS, THEN GRABS THE VASE ON HER HEAD AND SMASHES IT ON THE GROUND.

ANGELA (CONT'D)

I am done taking your crap! Get the hell out of my apartment you craggy old hobgoblin!

JOY

(A BEAT; SMILES) Now you sound like an executive. Good night, Angela.

SHE HEADS OUT.

ANGELA

Aren't you going to help me clean--

JOY

See you tomorrow.

CUT TO:

SCENE VINT. WOMEN'S BATHROOM - THE NEXT DAY

ANGELA AND JOY ARE IN FRONT OF THE MIRROR. ANGELA IS TOUCHING UP HER MAKE-UP IN ANTICIPATION OF THE MEETING. SHE OFFERS HER LIPSTICK TO JOY.

JOY

What would be the point?

ANGELA PUTS HER LIPSTICK AWAY AS RACHEL COMES OUT OF A STALL.

RACHEL

Hi, Angela.

ANGELA

(TO JOY) I thought I heard a voice.

Did you hear a voice?

JOY

Just some tart saying "hi."

ANGELA

Huh.

SHE CONTINUES TO APPLY HER MAKE-UP IN SILENCE. FINALLY, RACHEL CAN'T TAKE IT ANY MORE.

RACHEL

Look. I don't understand why you're taking this so personally.

ANGELA

Really? After all we've been through, after all the times I was there for you, you don't understand why I'm taking this so personally?

RACHEL

Look, I didn't want to hurt you. But when I saw an opportunity to move up--

ANGELA

You stabbed me in the back.

RACHEL

No, I went for it! Like you said. I didn't just let life happen to me. But...

PRICE COMES OUT OF A STALL TO WITNESS THE FOLLOWING WITH UTTER CONTEMPT.

RACHEL (CONT'D)

(TEARING UP) But if I had known that it meant I couldn't talk to you any more, I never would have done it.

ANGELA

(MELTING) Really?

RACHEL

No. But I still want to talk to you.

ANGELA

(HUGS HER) Oh, honey. You can always talk to me. You know that.

PRICE

(ROLLS HER EYES) This is why I don't have woman friends.

JOY

Amen, sister.

ANGELA AND RACHEL BREAK THEIR HUG.

RACHEL

Well, I'd better get back to work.

ANGELA

I'll talk to you later.

RACHEL EXITS. ANGELA SMILES.

JOY

She reminds me of me when I was her age.

PRICE

You know she's banging Deef, right?

ANGELA

She's sleeping with her boss?!

JOY

Now she really reminds me of me.

(THEN) You ready to knock 'em dead in your meeting?

ANGELA

Well, if I don't, are any of the breakables in my apartment going to be safe?

JOY

Not a one.

ANGELA

(BEAT) I'm ready.

CUT TO:

SCENE XINT. CONFERENCE ROOM - LATER

ANOTHER MEETING. THEY HAVE A LOT OF THEM.

STONE

All right. First off, I want to give an attaboy to Peltcher here, whose appraisal kicked some serious appraising ass.

PELTCHER

(COCKY) It's what I do.

PELTCHER SMILES AT ANGELA.

STONE

Now, for today's disaster....

STONE UNROLLS A SET OF PROJECT DRAWINGS.

STONE (CONT'D)

Our idiot electricians tell us they can't get power to (INDICATES) this building. So I need ideas and I need them now.

THIS IS A STUMPER FOR EVERYBODY BUT ANGELA. SHE LOOKS AT PRICE AND DEEF, TAKING SATISFACTION IN THEIR CLUELESSNESS.

ANGELA

(WITH AUTHORITY) Photovoltaics.

DEEF

(SCOFFS) Solar energy? We're not building a granola factory, Angela.

THE ROOM LAUGHS.

ANGELA

I'm aware. However (TO STONE, WITH
AUTHORITY) we can't wait for dedicated
power from the utility...

TIME DISSOLVE:

ANGELA'S SPEECH CONTINUES.

ANGELA (CONT'D)

...a solar system with battery back up
will effectively bypass...

TIME DISSOLVE:

ANGELA IS ON HER FEET, SKETCHING ON A DRY ERASE BOARD.

ANGELA (CONT'D)

...tie into the grid at a later
date...

TIME DISSOLVE:

ANGELA IS POINTING TO A CHART ON A REPORT.

ANGELA (CONT'D)

...will cost a fraction of any
contractual fines we might incur...

TIME DISSOLVE:

ANGELA (CONT'D)

...and we'll still be able to deliver
on time.

SHE CONCLUDES. THE ROOM IS SILENT. EVERYBODY LOOKS AT HER,
THEN AT STONE WHO IS CONSIDERING WHAT HE'S HEARD.

STONE

That... is... brilliant! Great job,
everybody!

THE ROOM ERUPTS IN SELF-CONGRATULATORY CHATTER AS THE MEETING STARTS TO BREAK UP.

ANGELA

(SNAPS) No! Not great job, everybody!
It was my idea! Mine! So it's great
job, Angela!

STONE

What are you--

ANGELA

Say it!

STONE

Fine. Great job, Angela.

ANGELA

(SELF-SATISFIED) Well, that's much
better. Thank you.

STONE

(SOTTO TO DEEF) Looks like someone got
in touch with her inner bitch.

THIS LANDS ON ANGELA. SHE FIGHTS OFF TEARS OF FRUSTRATION.

STONE (CONT'D)

Are you crying?

ANGELA

No, I am not crying. Excuse me.

SHE EXITS.

PRICE

What's with these chicks?!

THE GUYS ALL LAUGH.

CUT TO:

SCENE YINT. ANGELA'S OFFICE - MINUTES LATER

BRODY COMFORTS ANGELA.

BRODY

You want me to deck him? (A BEAT) I'm gonna deck him.

ANGELA

You'll get fired.

BRODY

(INSTANTLY) I'm gonna give him a stern talking-to.

ANGELA

(SMILES) I thought you didn't care about this job.

BRODY

Well, you know, there's a slight possibility the music thing won't work out.

ANGELA

(FLIRTY) Would it help if you had a groupie?

BRODY

A groupie would be huge! Although getting people to stop screaming, "You suck!" would also be huge.

ANGELA LAUGHS A LITTLE. BUT BEFORE BRODY CAN WORK MORE CONSOLATORY MAGIC, JOY BARGES IN.

JOY

(TO BRODY) You, get lost.

BRODY

You can't kick me out. (OFF JOY'S
GLARE) See you later, Angela.

JOY

(TO ANGELA) Are you crazy? Never cry
in front of the competition.

ANGELA

He's not the competition.

JOY

Everybody is the competition.

ANGELA

(ANGRY) What are you mad at me for?
This whole debacle is your fault!
My boss just called me a bitch in
front of everybody!

JOY

He did? That's great! That's an
amazing amount of progress for just
one day!

ANGELA

Super. Maybe after a week, he'll call
me a whore.

JOY DECIDES IT'S TIME FOR A HEART-TO-HEART.

JOY

Listen, when I first met you, I was hard on you. But there was a reason: You're annoying.

ANGELA

Well, thanks for cheering me up.

JOY

But you've also got potential. And you're gonna be a great executive some day. With my help.

ANGELA

(SARCASTIC) Your help?

JOY

Angela, don't you see what's happened? Before, you weren't even a blip on Stone's radar. Now, you're a storm front. A big, bitchy storm front.

ANGELA

Believe it or not, Joy, I don't want to be thought of as a big, bitchy anything.

JOY

Hey, I'm not saying we don't have some fine-tuning to do. But come on, didn't it feel good to just reach out and grab Stone by the balls?

ANGELA

Well... (CAN'T HELP BUT SMILE) Yeah,
it was kinda great.

JOY

See? I knew deep down you had the
killer instinct. Let's go.

THEY WALK TOGETHER.

JOY (V.O.) (CONT'D)

And for the first time, I really
believed that I was going to make it
back.

ANGELA

Joy, thank you so much for helping me.
I see now, you're really a caring
(STARTS CRYING)...

JOY

Stop crying!

SHE LOOKS AROUND TO MAKE SURE NOBODY HAS SEEN ANGELA.

JOY (V.O.) (CONT'D)

But it's gonna be a bumpy ride.

FADE OUT.

END OF SHOW