

IMPROPER REPRESENTATION

"Pilot"

Written by

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An original teleplay

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ACT ONE

1 EXT. LAX AIRPORT - DAY 1

It's hot, it's sunny, it's Los Angeles. Right on cue, an airplane lands.

CUT TO:

2 INT. LAX TERMINAL - DAY 2

A stream of passengers disembark the plane, the ones who aren't rich or beautiful are tourists. Lagging behind all of them is SCOTT WEISMANN, 26. He's dressed in his best suit, ill-fitting like he stole it from a dead guy. He's good-looking, reasonably well-groomed, wears sunglasses and he's carrying a small messenger bag.

CUT TO:

3 INT. LAX TERMINAL - DAY 3

At the baggage carousel he joins a throng of people and waits for his luggage to come out of the chute. And waits. Some of the crowd disappears, he waits some more. The whole crowd vanishes. He still waits. And waits. And...

SCOTT

Fuck.

Nothing. They've lost his luggage.

CUT TO:

4 INT. LAX CUSTOMER SERVICE DESK - DAY 4

He searches out a customer service desk to complain. When he finally gets there, it looks like he should've joined the line back in New York.

SCOTT

Fuck.

This is definitely not Scott's day.

CUT TO:

5 EXT. THE WEISMANN HOUSE - NIGHT 5

Scott's taxi pulls up to his parents house, a traditional sixties-style single-floor three bedroom. There are no lights on; if it weren't for a beat up late eighties pick-up truck and a brand-new hybrid in the driveway the place would look empty.

Scott walks the path to the door, a light comes on inside, the door opening before he can get there to reveal LINDA WEISMANN, early-mid fifties. She's attractive, looks closer to forty-five than sixty, and wearing a robe. She's just been woken up.

LINDA

Scott? What are you doing here?

SCOTT

What? A guy can't pay his folks a surprise visit?

JOE (O.S.)

What's going on? Who's out there?

Staggering into view from the darkness is JOE WEISMANN, mid-late fifties. He's graying, overweight and wears a wifebeater and boxer shorts.

JOE (CONT'D)

Oh, it's you. You couldn't call first? Or turn up at a civilized hour?

SCOTT

Good to see you, too, Dad.

JOE

You need help with any bags?

SCOTT

Yeah, but it's a long drive to Kuala Lumpur to pick them up at this hour.

JOE

You trying to be smart?

LINDA

Go back to bed, Joe. I'll deal with this.

Joe does as he's told. She waves him inside.

6

INT. THE WEISMANN HOUSE (KITCHEN) - NIGHT

6

The kitchen is outdated, fittings and appliances surround a small dining table.

LINDA
You know what your father's like
when he's tired. He doesn't
appreciate your humor.

SCOTT
He's been tired for a long time.

LINDA
So, the airline lost your luggage?

SCOTT
Yeah, that's pretty much how my
luck is at the moment.

LINDA
Oh dear.
(beat)
How's work?

He pauses. A long, drawn out beat while he sits down, pulls
out a cigarette and lights it.

SCOTT
(unconvincing)
Good.

LINDA
And New York?

SCOTT
Good.

LINDA
And that lovely girlfriend of
yours, Vanessa?

SCOTT
Yeah... She's great, Mom.

Linda takes the cigarette from her son and takes a long drag
on it.

LINDA
She didn't want to come with you?

SCOTT
It was kind of a last-minute thing.

Linda takes another drag on the cigarette and stubs it out on
the sink.

LINDA
 (off his questioning look)
 You know we don't smoke in this
 house anymore, dear.
 (beat)
 I'm going back to bed. Your bedroom
 is how you left it, there's
 leftovers in the fridge.

She kisses him on the cheek.

LINDA (CONT'D)
 Oh, I almost forgot. Your sister
 called for you earlier. I guess she
 knew you were coming?

Scott shrugs, Linda goes to bed.

CUT TO:

7 INT. SCOTT'S BEDROOM - NIGHT 7

Linda wasn't lying; apart from the occasional spring clean, his bedroom is like a 2003 time capsule. The walls are adorned with posters of Molly Sims and Nikki Cox, for *The Matrix: Reloaded* and 'Elephant' by The White Stripes.

In one corner of the room, there's a single bed that has a Dodgers duvet cover. Across the room, a small chest of drawers supports a portable television and a Sony Playstation. An old wardrobe contains just an old bathrobe and a light, striped polo shirt.

Scott tosses his bag on the bed, takes off his shoes and meticulously removes and hangs his clothes in the wardrobe. From his bag, he retrieves a small bottle of bourbon, tosses the bag into the wardrobe and puts the bottle on top of a dog-eared Torah on the night stand before laying on the bed.

CLOSE ON the bedside cabinet as Scott removes the sunglasses, FOLLOWING them as he lays them by the Torah before picking up the bourbon. FOLLOW ON the bottle as Scott puts it to his lips, revealing a freshly-blackened left eye.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

8 INT. THE WEISMANN HOUSE (KITCHEN) - DAY

8

Breakfast time. Linda is cooking a fried breakfast, Joe is reading the newspaper. Scott staggers into the room, freshly showered but wearing the same suit as before, sunglasses back in place.

LINDA
Morning honey.

SCOTT
Hey mom.

He kisses her on the cheek.

SCOTT (CONT'D)
Something smells good.
(to Joe)
Dad, can I borrow your truck?

JOE
No, I gotta work today. And before you ask your mother, she's gotta work, too. If you need some wheels, your old crapwagon is still in the garage.

SCOTT
The 'crapwagon' is a classic piece of American engineering.

JOE
The crapwagon is a piece of crap, son. I only told you it was a classic so that you'd stop moaning about it.

SCOTT
Does it even run?

JOE
The hell should I know? It hasn't been touched since you left home.

CUT TO:

9 INT. THE WEISMANN HOUSE (GARAGE) - DAY

9

An old, cluttered garage, clearly rarely used aside from the immaculately-kept workbench. In the middle sits the shape of a car, covered in a tarpaulin and boxes that wouldn't fit elsewhere.

Scott clears off the boxes and removes the tarp to reveal his piece of 'classic American engineering' - a mid-70s muscle car, though not one of the good ones, half-rusted to hell. After a struggle, Scott pries the driver's door open, finds the keys in the visor and tries to start it. It turns over noisily again and again but the engine refuses to fire into life.

JJ

Well, look what the cat dragged in.

The noise has attracted the attention of JAY "JJ" MARQUEZ, 27, Scott's lifelong best friend and next-door neighbor. He's tall, Latino, good-looking and fashionably dressed. He walks over, leaning on the drivers door to take a look inside.

JJ (CONT'D)

Tryin' to get the crapwagon going, huh?

SCOTT

Trying.

Scott turns the engine over again.

JJ

Not gonna happen.

SCOTT

It'll happen.

JJ

Nope.

(beat)

I siphoned out the gas years ago.

Scott looks at him. He's not even remotely surprised by this.

JJ (CONT'D)

You wanna ride somewhere? I gotta hit the city anyway.

SCOTT

Sure.

Scott climbs out of the car and follows JJ out of the garage.

10

EXT. THE MARQUEZ HOUSE - DAY

10

They find JJ's car in the driveway. It's a mid-range convertible sports car, bright red and shinier than the jewelry in Tiffany's window.

SCOTT
 This is your car?
 (beat)
 You finally get a real job?

JJ
 Did a commercial. National.

SCOTT
 Commercials pay this much?

JJ
 I bought it used.

SCOTT
 What possessed you to buy a sports
 car?

JJ
 It was a commercial for erectile
 dysfunction treatments.

Scott laughs and climbs in.

CUT TO:

11 EXT. THE FREEWAY - DAY

11

JJ's unnaturally shiny sports car speeds down the freeway,
 heading for downtown Los Angeles.

JJ
 So you never told me what brought
 you back into town.

SCOTT
 It was time to come home.

JJ
 Job hunting?

SCOTT
 Yeah. No time like the present.
 (beat)
 How's the acting business going?

JJ
 Good. Got a meeting with my agent
 today, to see what he's got for me.

SCOTT
 So you're a real-life working
 actor, finally?

JJ
Yep. Just did three weeks in
Hamlet.

SCOTT
You played Hamlet?

JJ
Francisco.

Scott looks at him questioningly.

SCOTT
Francisco? Really?

JJ
He's totally important.

SCOTT
He gives some dude a watch then
gets forgotten about.

JJ
But you remembered him.

SCOTT
We read Hamlet in high school.

JJ
We read Anna Karenina, too, but
I'll be damned if I can tell you
the names of the minor characters.

SCOTT
So you admit it?

JJ
What?

SCOTT
You admit Francisco is a minor
character.

JJ
That's not what I said.

Scott laughs.

JJ (CONT'D)
I didn't say that!

SCOTT
 (theatrically)
 He doth protest too much, methinks.

JJ
 Did you just quote Romeo and Juliet
 at me?

Scott laughs again.

CUT TO:

12 EXT. DOWNTOWN LA - DAY

12

The guys pull up in a parking spot on a busy street.

JJ
 You cool if I drop you here? My
 meeting's right across the street.

He points at the building across the street, a large office
 block with the name International Artist Management
 emblazoned on a granite plinth outside.

They both climb out of the car to go their separate ways.

JJ (CONT'D)
 I'm meeting Rosie for lunch if
 you're interested?

SCOTT
 Sure, sounds good.

JJ
 I'll text you the details.
 (beat)
 Oh, Scotty?

SCOTT
 Yeah?

JJ
 It's really good to have you back,
 man.

They hug like reunited brothers.

CUT TO:

13

INT. INTERNATIONAL ARTIST MANAGEMENT (LOBBY) - DAY

13

A busy lobby. Smartly-suited EMPLOYEES of various ages and statuses hurrying around as the waiting area is filled with wannabe ACTORS, MODELS, SINGERS and every other type of wannabe imaginable. The room is dominated by a large circular reception desk manned by half a dozen employees wearing telephone headsets. The phones ring constantly.

JJ approaches MARIA. She's 22, Latina and smoking hot.

MARIA

(answering the phone)

International Artist Management,
how may I direct your call?

(beat)

One moment please.

She hits the hold button and dials an extension.

MARIA (CONT'D)

(to JJ)

Can I help you?

JJ

I'm here to see--

MARIA

(into the phone)

I have Will Masters from Variety
for Mr. Bernstein.

A couple more button presses and the call is gone.

MARIA (CONT'D)

Sorry, how can I help?

JJ

I'm here to see Mark Michaels...

MARIA

Is he expecting you?

JJ

Yeah. JJ Marquez.

MARIA

I'll let him know you're here.
Third floor.

JJ

Thanks.

JJ crosses the lobby towards the elevator, jogging to catch one with the doors just closing.

14 INT. IAM ELEVATOR - DAY

14

He squeezes in just in time, hits the button and composes himself, before discovering he's sharing a lift with an A LIST ACTRESS, but JJ's too cool to be starstruck.

JJ
Hey, how's it going?

A LIST ACTRESS
Good. Running late?

JJ
Fashionably late.

A LIST ACTRESS
Right. Actor?

JJ
Yep.

A LIST ACTRESS
I thought I recognized you.

JJ
Yeah?

A LIST ACTRESS
Yeah. You're the erectile dysfunction guy, right?

The doors ping open on JJ's floor, just in time. He just bails on her.

A LIST ACTRESS (CONT'D)
Good to meet you too. You limp-dicked asshole.

15 INT. IAM (3RD FLOOR) - DAY

15

JJ walks between rows of cubicles filled with junior agents before finding MARK MICHAELS in one of them. He's on the phone with somebody, but holds up a couple of fingers and points to the waiting area.

MARK
(into the phone)
I'm telling you, he'd be perfect for this role, Jenna.

JJ walks away towards the waiting area and grabs a magazine. He takes a look around the office before his eyes land on ROSITA "ROSIE" MARQUEZ, 26. His younger sister. She's tall, slender and as attractive as any of the actresses or models the agency represents. She's in the middle of making copies when a senior agent, ALAN MARKHAM, 50s, enters the room, hands her something else to copy and slaps her on the butt.

As he leaves, JJ goes to check on her.

16 INT. IAM (COPY ROOM) - DAY

16

Rosie is trying to keep a straight face and get on with her work, though she's clearly upset.

JJ

Rosie?

ROSIE

(snapping)

What?

She turns around.

ROSIE (CONT'D)

Sorry, I thought that asshole was back to hand me more crap to copy for him. Aren't you supposed to be in a meeting right now?

JJ

He's on the phone, I got a minute or two. I should be going to hunt that guy down though. How long's he been treating you like he owns you?

ROSIE

He does it with everyone JJ.

JJ

Scumbag. I should beat his ass.

ROSIE

That's sweet, but it's fine. Really.

JJ

It's not fine.

ROSIE

Seriously, JJ, drop it. You got more important things to worry about.

He takes a beat to calm himself.

ROSIE (CONT'D)
We still on for lunch?

JJ
Yeah. And I got a surprise for you.

ROSIE
You know I hate surprises.

JJ
You'll like this one.

A knock on the door frame and Mark appears in the doorway.

MARK
JJ, good to see you.
(beat)
Listen, I gotta run to a meeting
real quick. Do you mind holding on
a little longer? It'll only be ten
minutes.

JJ
Sure, Mark.

Mark leaves.

ROSIE
I gotta go back to work, too. Meet
me at one?

JJ
You got it.

CUT TO:

17 INT. LAW FIRM RECEPTION - DAY

17

A well-appointed reception area, obviously belonging to a fairly respectable firm. Scott approaches a BORED RECEPTIONIST sitting at a desk.

BORED RECEPTIONIST
Can I help you?

SCOTT
Hi there... I'm a lawyer, I just
got into town from New York and I
was wondering if you might be
looking for any new associates
right now?

BORED RECEPTIONIST
Do you have your resume?

SCOTT
Sure.

He reaches into his jacket pocket and produces a small pile of resumes before handing one to the receptionist.

BORED RECEPTIONIST
I'll see this gets to the partners.
A word of advice though? It's tough
going out there. Nobody's hiring
lawyers right now.

SCOTT
Are you sure?

BORED RECEPTIONIST
I graduated Harvard a couple years
ago. Top 2%. Passed the bar in
three states.
(indicating reception
desk)
This is not what I went to law
school for.

He considers this.

SCOTT
Thanks.

MONTAGE

Scott goes to several more legal firms, each time met with either a firm rejection or half-hearted request for a CV. INTERCUT with that, JJ waits endlessly for Mark to get back for their meeting whilst Rosie tries to avoid being either touched or stared at by Markham around the office.

END MONTAGE

18

INT. YET ANOTHER LAW FIRM RECEPTION AREA - DAY

18

Scott enters another lobby - this one not nearly as nice as the first - and approaches an ELDERLY RECEPTIONIST.

ELDERLY RECEPTIONIST
Can I help?

SCOTT

Hi, I'm a lawyer from New York. I recently got into town and I was hoping you might be hiring?

ELDERLY RECEPTIONIST

Got a resume?

He hands over yet another resume. His last one.

ELDERLY RECEPTIONIST (CONT'D)

Take a seat, I'll see if one of the partners is free.

Scott does just that, a small smile crossing his face at the glimmer of hope.

CUT TO:

19 INT. IAM (3RD FLOOR) - DAY

19

JJ is asleep in the waiting area, a copy of Variety laying across his lap. Mark returns from his meeting.

MARK

JJ?

JJ begins to stir.

JJ

Mark? Sorry man, I must've dozed off.

MARK

Don't apologize, I'm sorry I got tied up for hours. You want some coffee?

JJ

Sure.

CUT TO:

20 INT. LAW FIRM (PARTNERS OFFICE) - DAY

20

The office is a little untidy everywhere, from the bookcase to a desk littered with files. A plant wilts slightly in the corner. Sitting behind the desk is a PARTNER in the firm. He's early-60s, overweight, graying. His suit is probably the only valuable thing in the room. Scott sits opposite him.

PARTNER

So, Mr. Weismann, tell me about yourself.

Scott shifts uncomfortably in his chair.

SCOTT

Well sir, I grew up here in LA, then attended Columbia, where I graduated top of my class. I've passed the bar in both New York and California and for the last four years I've been an associate at Levi & Klein in Manhattan.

PARTNER

And what brings you back to Los Angeles, son?

SCOTT

I got a little homesick. Missed the sea and the sunshine, missed my folks, missed my friends, you know?

PARTNER

Listen, Scott... Do you mind if I call you Scott?

SCOTT

No, sir.

PARTNER

Scott... I know about the incident in New York. I read the newspapers just like everybody else. Ordinarily, I'd be more than happy to give you a shot with me but not until the shit storm you left behind blows over. I have to protect the firm's image. You must understand that?

(beat)

You clear your name, get everything in order and we can talk about this again. Sound Good?

SCOTT

It's the best offer I've had all day.

PARTNER

Then I'll see you soon.

They shake hands. Scott turns to leave.

PARTNER (CONT'D)

Scott?

Scott turns.

PARTNER (CONT'D)

Don't worry, okay? I've seen this before. It always works itself out.

CUT TO:

21 INT. IAM (MARK'S CUBICLE) - DAY

21

Mark and JJ cram into the tiny cubicle 'office' It's tidy, well-organized. Both have plastic cups of coffee in front of them.

JJ

So what's happening? Anything in the pipeline? I heard you talking on the phone earlier, was that about me?

MARK

No. JJ, listen. We've been working together for a long time and I consider you a good friend but--

JJ

But?

MARK

Look, I'm under a lot of pressure from the partners to trim my client list. Every year they have us trim the fat, lose the guys we can't find work for and--

JJ

You're firing me?

MARK

Look, I fought for you, okay?

JJ

You consider me a good friend... but you're firing me?

MARK

I really did try, JJ, but the work isn't coming in for you.

JJ
You're my agent. It's your job to
find work for me.

MARK
I've been trying, man. Really.
There's nothing out there for you.

JJ
(shouting)
You know what? Fuck you. You don't
believe in me, in my talent? Fine.
But one day, Mark... one day very
soon, you're going to see my name
in lights. And you're going to cry
yourself to sleep at night thinking
about all the commission you're
missing out on.

JJ storms out, the whole office, including Rosie, have heard
the argument.

MARK
(after him)
That doesn't matter to me JJ. Ten
percent of nothing is still
nothing.
(beat; under his breath)
Loser.

Some mail lands on the desk in front of him. He looks up.
It's Rosie.

ROSIE
Asshole.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

22 INT. RESTAURANT - DAY

22

It's a small restaurant, but fairly busy. Scott sits at a table for three sipping on a beer and scouring the job section of the newspaper. Rosie and JJ arrive to join him.

SCOTT
(to JJ)
Good meeting?

JJ
I got fired. I need a drink.

JJ heads for the bar. Rosie sits down.

ROSIE
JJ told me you were home.

SCOTT
I take it you're not happy to see me?

ROSIE
Should I be?

SCOTT
I guess not.

ROSIE
You guess right. So you screwed up and crawled home, huh?

SCOTT
You heard about that?

ROSIE
A thousand times; just about everyone we went to high school with linked me to the article in the *Times*. What the hell were you thinking?

SCOTT
It was complicated.

ROSIE
Didn't look complicated; you got into a courtroom brawl with opposing counsel in the highest-profile case of the year.

SCOTT
It got a little... personal.

ROSIE
Apparently so. You want to tell me
what happened or shall I wait for
the next installment in the press?

Scott looks around for JJ. Finds him. He's indisposed
flirting with a hot waitress.

SCOTT
Okay.
(half beat)
I may have slept with his
assistant.

ROSIE
So?

SCOTT
I was engaged to his sister at the
time.

ROSIE
My God! You're an idiot.

He takes off his sunglasses, exposing the black eye.

SCOTT
You think I don't know that now?

JJ returns, folding a napkin containing the waitress' phone
number into a pocket. Takes the empty seat.

JJ
What are we talking about?

Scott and Rosie share a look.

ROSIE
Just old times.

JJ
Living in the past, huh?
(half beat)
Back to the present. I'm starved.

He picks up a menu. Scott shoots Rosie a smile.

SCOTT
(mouthing)
Thank you.

She smiles back.

CUT TO:

23 EXT. INTERNATIONAL ARTIST MANAGEMENT - DAY 23

JJ's sports car pulls up outside the offices. Scott climbs out, folds his seat forward to let Rosie out. She waves, begins to head inside.

JJ
So, we're both unemployed, which means we got an afternoon off. Ordinarily, this'd be a good time to drink but--

He indicates the car. He's driving.

SCOTT
Why don't we head home, ditch the car and grab a beer in the old neighbourhood?

JJ
Good thinking.

They pull away.

CUT TO:

24 INT. INTERNATIONAL ARTIST MANAGEMENT (LOBBY) - DAY 24

The lobby is just as busy before, though a mostly-different group of wannabes is hanging around. Rosie strolls through.

MARIA (O.C.)
Rosie?

She stops and heads to the reception desk.

MARIA (CONT'D)
Alan Markham was looking for you.

Rosie rolls her eyes.

ROSIE
What did he want?

MARIA
What does he always want?

CUT TO:

25 INT. IAM (5TH FLOOR) - DAY

25

Rosie steps from the elevator, walking straight across the floor to a spacious, glass-fronted corner office. Outside, Markham's assistant JOSH (mid-20s, handsome, camp) sits guard.

ROSIE

Josh? I hear he's been looking for me?

JOSH

(smiling)
Go right in.

She smiles back and walks by him into:

26 INT. ALAN MARKHAM'S OFFICE - DAY

26

Everything about the office is lavish, luxurious. Classic art on the walls, leather chairs, massive plasma TV. Markham is behind his desk when she enters. He stares lecherously at her any time she thinks he's not looking.

ROSIE

Mr. Markham? You wanted to see me?

MARKHAM

Ah, Rosie. I've told you before, call me Alan.

ROSIE

Sorry... Alan.

MARKHAM

I know you've been with us for some time, and it's been noticed that you're working very hard. The problem is that the partners aren't completely convinced you've got what it takes to become an agent.

ROSIE

I disagree, sir.

MARKHAM

So do I. Unfortunately, they're looking for proof, which is why I want to help you to prove yourself.

ROSIE

I'll do whatever it takes.
(half beat)
What do you need me to do?

MARKHAM

I'm trying to sign a client, truly A-list, but he's been evading me for years. I've heard he's unhappy over at William Morris, so I've set up a meeting with him.

(beat)

Rosie, I think you can help me land him.

ROSIE

Are you sure you don't want someone more experienced?

MARKHAM

I'm sure you're plenty experienced for what I need; he's got something of an eye for the ladies. I was hoping that if I show him what a fine, talented and intelligent caliber of young lady we employ here at IAM, it might persuade him to sign.

ROSIE

I'm not sure I'm comfortable doing that, Mr. Markham.

MARKHAM

I guess I must have misjudged you, Rosie. I thought you were willing to do whatever it takes?

ROSIE

I am, I'm just not sure--

MARKHAM

Look, I'm not asking you to sleep with him, okay?

ROSIE

Then... I guess.

MARKHAM

Excellent.

He stands and steps round her desk, extending his hand for her to shake. She does.

MARKHAM (CONT'D)

You're going to make one hell of an agent some day.

ROSIE

Thank you, Alan.

She turns to leave. He slaps her on the butt. She stops. Breaking point.

ROSIE (CONT'D)

Actually, Alan?

MARKHAM

Yes?

ROSIE

You know, I've been thinking... it's no secret that you've been trying to get with me. Everyone in the office knows it.

MARKHAM

Really?

ROSIE

They've seen how you act around me. I've noticed, too.

MARKHAM

And?

ROSIE

All the girls are talking about it, Alan. Turns out they're all very jealous.

He stares at her, he has no idea what to say. She leans in, whispers in his ear.

ROSIE (CONT'D)

(breathily, sexy)

I think about you all the time.

He hits a button on the desk, closing the blinds to obscure the window. She's all over him.

ROSIE (CONT'D)

I find you very attractive, Alan. If you weren't married--

MARKHAM

If I wasn't married--

ROSIE

If you weren't married, I think we could be together.

She grabs him by the tie, pulls him in for a kiss... Then knees him hard in the groin.

27 EXT. ALAN MARKHAM'S OFFICE - DAY

27

Josh is staring at the office, he's seen everything up until the blinds closed. One or two other assistants have joined him.

ROSIE (O.S.)

(muffled shouting)

You stupid asshole! You really think I'd be interested in you?

(beat)

I always knew I was a better actress than any of those bimbos you call clients!

The door to the office flies open. She shouts back through it. Alan is barely visible, crumpled in a heap on the floor.

ROSIE (CONT'D)

You're pathetic, Alan! You treat all the girls in the office like they're a piece of shit, always touching and groping. You'll be lucky if I don't sue your ass!

She pulls the door shut behind her.

ROSIE (CONT'D)

(to Josh)

Alan's going to need a minute. And maybe an ambulance. Can you take a message?

JOSH

Sure?

ROSIE

Tell him Rosie said "I quit."

She strolls out, head high, as several of the girls in the office applaud. She whips out her phone, speed dials, enter the elevator.

ROSIE (CONT'D)

JJ? I need you to come get me.

The elevator doors close.

FADE TO:

28

EXT. GRIFFITH PARK - DAY

28

Scott, Rosie and JJ sit on a bench in Griffith Park, looking out at the Hollywood sign, each with a beer in hand.

JJ

So now we're all unemployed.

SCOTT

Yep.

JJ

Well, this sucks.

ROSIE

JJ, you've been unemployed for a year. And Scotty, at this point you might be unemployable.

JJ

What?

Scott shoots Rosie a look. She shrugs. 'Sorry.'

SCOTT

I might have punched a guy. A lawyer. Back in New York.

(beat)

In court.

JJ

Mierda. I guess you're not allowed to do that, huh?

SCOTT

Nope. I'm probably going to be disbarred.

JJ

So I got no agent and you guys have got no jobs.

ROSIE

I'll get another job, start over in the mail room somewhere.

She takes a swig.

ROSIE (CONT'D)
You guys, however, are screwed.

They all take a long swig and consider this.

JJ
We don't have to be.

They look at him, curious.

JJ (CONT'D)
You don't need to pass the bar to
be an agent, right?

ROSIE
No, not--

JJ
I mean, Rosie didn't pass.

She glares at him. Scott smiles.

SCOTT
Is that so?

She slaps him playfully.

JJ
So what do you think?

SCOTT
About?

JJ
I was thinking that *you* could be *my*
agent.

SCOTT
What do I know about the movie
business?

JJ
Rosie could help.

ROSIE
How did I get dragged into this?

JJ
All I'm saying is that we all need
a job. Scotty's got his lawyer
skills, you know about the movie
business--

ROSIE

I do. And I'm going to use that knowledge to get a real job.

JJ

Back in the mail room. Which you hate.

She looks at him.

JJ (CONT'D)

C'mon, you know you do. Makin' copies and shit? You're better than that.

They all stop and stare at the sign as though it were exactly that. A 'sign.'

SCOTT

Well, I've got nothing to lose. I'm in.

JJ

Gracias, amigo.

He raises his bottle to Scott. They both look at Rosie. She looks back and forth between them.

ROSIE

Assuming we do this--

JJ

She's in!

Rosie raises her hand. "Stop."

ROSIE

Wait. *If* we do this, we're going to need an office, phones, business cards. You know, money.

Another swig, another thought.

SCOTT

I've got a little saved up.

ROSIE

You do?

SCOTT

Two words: Jewish. Parents.

They laugh. She considers this.

Rosie and Scott look at him, roll their eyes, then simultaneously get up and walk away.

FADE TO BLACK.

JJ (CONT'D)
(over black)
What'd I say?