

Pitch Perfect

by
Martin Edwards

PRODUCTION REVISION 3
©2013 Martin Edwards
1165 Arch Street, Berkeley, CA 9470
510-684-5615
martin.c.edwards@gmail.com

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SETTING:

Yesterday.

The office of the creative director of a once-thriving Los Angeles ad agency, now on the brink of failure. The office is furnished with two desks, a sofa and a half-dead plant by the window. Every surface is piled high with empty take-out food containers, coffee cups, sports drink and beer bottles, papers, folders and magazines.

CHARACTERS:

ROGER, the creative director.

MAGGIE, former creative partner to Roger.

CAITLIN, the English office manager.

BOB, the New York ad executive.

OVER THE SPEAKERPHONE:

BRAD, Bob's personal assistant.

PETE, the smarmy marketing director of Pear Computer.

HANS, Roger's German auto mechanic.

ACT 1

*ROGER'S office. Wednesday morning.
10:40 AM.*

CAITLIN

(off-stage)

I don't know where he is—

BOB

(off-stage)

But it's 10 fucking 40.

The door opens.

CAITLIN

(off-stage)

I'm sure he'll be here soon.

CAITLIN steps in and looks around the vividly messy office. As BOB steps in behind her, she turns, pushes him out and closes the door.

BOB

(off-stage)

Hey!

CAITLIN

(calling back)

I just need one minute.

CAITLIN starts picking up the trash.

CAITLIN (cont'd)

Shit. Shit, shit, shit.

Her arms fulls, CAITLIN looks for a trash can. The door opens and BOB steps in. He takes a look around and drops his briefcase.

BOB

Christ, it looks like a bodega blew up in here.

CAITLIN

I told you to wait—

BOB

My degenerate ten year old son has a cleaner room than this.

CAITLIN

How was your flight?

BOB

My flight?

CAITLIN

You seem tense. Too much turbulence?

BOB

Those cost-cutting assholes have drained all the class out of first class. I just paid five thousand dollars for a few extra inches and a fucking fruit plate.

CAITLIN

Ah, too much *cantaloupe*.

BOB

What?

CAITLIN

I've never flown first class, but I've had my fair share of fruit plates.

BOB

Oh, is this the part where we make a human connection?

CAITLIN

I'm just making conversation.

BOB

I don't want conversation. I want culpability. Now what happened to the cleaning service?

CAITLIN

We cancelled it after the last round of layoffs.

BOB

This is advertising, Caitlin. Image is everything. What if I was a client?

CAITLIN

Roger would have cleaned up if he knew you were coming.

BOB

But otherwise, hygiene is optional.

CAITLIN

He has bigger things on his mind right now.

BOB

Oh, well, we don't want to burden Roger's big creative thoughts with the minutiae of common courtesy.

CAITLIN

(cautiously)

Something like that. He'll explain as soon as—

BOB

Stop drinking Roger's Kool-Aid!

BOB grabs an old coffee cup from the desk.

BOB (cont'd)

Unless he's on the verge of... *curing cancer*, he can spare a few precious seconds to throw away a rancid coffee cup.

BOB smells the coffee cup in his hand.

BOB (cont'd)

Christ, is that Kaluha?

CAITLIN

It's actually Kaluha, Bailey's and Jameson in a triple shot Americano.

CAITLIN grabs the cup and drops it in the trash.

CAITLIN (cont'd)

I assure you it was after 5 o'clock.

BOB

(gesturing)

You know what this mess is? Disrespect. For me, for you—

CAITLIN

It's not disrespect. It's disorganization. *Creative* disorganization—

BOB

It's creative *bullshit*. That's why I implemented a new efficiency policy in New York.

(counts off on fingers)

Compulsory arrival by 9:30 AM. Time management therapy. Daily calisthenics and hot yoga—

CAITLIN

Sounds like a Japanese car factory.

BOB

Who says advertising can't be a model of efficiency?

CAITLIN

Pretty much everyone in advertising.

BOB

Then call me Goldmansan (*in Japanese accent*), because I've got New York purring like a Honda Civic. Did you see Adweek?

BOB picks up his briefcase from by the door, opens it on Roger's desk and pulls out a magazine. CAITLIN takes it.

CAITLIN

(reading)

Former wunderkind Bob Goldman cleans house. Literally.

BOB

It's a shit headline, but any magazine that still calls me wunderkind gets my ass-kissing seal of approval.

CAITLIN

You look good with a mop. *Virile*. I bet the New York team is proud—

BOB

They *hate* me.

(takes back the magazine)

But at least they don't show up every morning looking like they climbed out of a fucking petri dish.

BOB begins putting the magazine back into his bag, then takes one more admiring look.

BOB (cont'd)

Virile. I like that.

CAITLIN

So you've come to LA to clean house—

BOB

It doesn't matter—

CAITLIN

To fire Roger.

BOB

It's not your business, Caitlin.

CAITLIN starts picking up trash with increasingly velocity.

CAITLIN

Obviously the fact that I'm the office manager, the HR manager, the receptionist, the cleaning lady and still the only sane person in this whole... fuckety place, means nothing to you.

BOB pats his jacket.

BOB

Shit.

CAITLIN

What?

BOB

I'm all out of big shiny medals.

CAITLIN grabs the last food containers off Maggie's desk.

CAITLIN

Here. You can use Maggie's old desk.

BOB

Why is Maggie's desk still here?

CAITLIN

Roger needed it.

BOB

No one *needs* two desks. U.S. Presidents, generals, titans of industry use one desk. Even *I* get by with one desk.

CAITLIN

No one uses a desk quite the way Roger does.

CAITLIN picks up the desk pad and gestures.

CAITLIN (cont'd)

When we lost the BellSouth account, Roger set the desk on fire with a lighter and a bottle of whiskey.

CAITLIN picks up the letter tray.

CAITLIN (cont'd)

This is where Roger took a few mighty swings of the fire axe after we lost First Union.

CAITLIN moves around the desk and points to the floor.

CAITLIN (cont'd)

And those are the scratches from when he tried to push the whole thing out of the window after we lost Computer City.

BOB

The man's insane.

CAITLIN

(admiring)

The man is *passionate*.

BOB

If he's so passionate, why isn't he here yet?

CAITLIN considers for a moment.

CAITLIN

I don't know.

BOB

Does anything happen on time in this town? My flight was late. My driver was late. And when we pulled onto the 405, Christ almighty, I lost my will to live!

BOB looks at the phone on Maggie's desk.

BOB (cont'd)

Does the phone work? Or did you cancel that too?

CAITLIN

It works.

BOB

I need to make a call.

CAITLIN doesn't move.

BOB (cont'd)

This is the part where you leave.

CAITLIN

Would you like me to charge your cell phone?

BOB

What?

CAITLIN

(points to phone)

You're using a land line. I just figured-

BOB

I *lost* my phone.

(beat)

Any other clever deductions you'd like to make?

CAITLIN

No. I'll be playing the part of receptionist if you need anything.

As CAITLIN heads for the door, BOB looks around.

BOB

There's no chair.

CAITLIN

(stops and turns)

Roger doesn't like chairs. They constrict his creativity-

BOB

So where the hell am I supposed to sit?

CAITLIN picks up a bean bag and throws it at BOB, who just manages to catch it.

CAITLIN

Dial nine to get out.

With that, CAITLIN walks out and closes the door. BOB drops the beanbag, then cautiously sits down, sinking below the desk. He reaches up to the phone, turns on the speaker and dials. BRAD, his loyal personal assistant, answers.

BRAD

(speakerphone)

Hello?

BOB

Brad, it's Bob-

BRAD

(speakerphone)

Bob! You made it to Cali.

BOB

Yeah. Who knew I'd survive the typhoid-fever and marauding indians.

BRAD

(speakerphone)

How's LA—

BOB

Fuck LA. Where are you?

BRAD

(speakerphone)

I'm at your apartment, feeding the dog.

BOB

Any messages?

BRAD

(speakerphone)

The Mandarin Oriental confirmed your spa date. La Rukico says your new suit is ready. And your doctor called. Twice.

BOB

Fuck him, too.

BRAD

(speakerphone)

Is everything okay, Bob? You know you can tell me—

BOB

Just shut up and listen. I need you to move my 3 o'clock flight to the red eye. I need more time out here—

Suddenly, a voice calls out.

ROGER

(unseen)

Oh, god! Where am I?!

BOB tries to turn and falls backwards out of the beanbag.

BOB

What the fuck?

BRAD

(speakerphone)

Bob! What was that?!

BOB gets up on his knees.

BOB

I don't know.

(calling)

Hello?

ROGER

(unseen)

Hello?

BRAD

(speakerphone)

Bob, you should get out of there!

BOB stands up.

BOB

Keep your panties on Brad. I'll circle round in a bit.

BRAD

(speakerphone)

Don't call the cops! It's LA. Rodney King-

BOB hangs up the speakerphone.

BOB

(looking around)

Roger?

ROGER

(unseen)

Maybe. Who wants to know?

BOB

It's Bob.

ROGER

(unseen)

Bob? New York Bob?!

BOB

Yes. Now where the fuck-

ROGER rises from behind the sofa.

ROGER

Bob, what the hell are you doing here?

BOB

What the hell are you doing over there?!

ROGER

It was too much work to clean off the sofa, so I tried sleeping behind it. Like a sofa fort.

BOB

A what?

ROGER

A sofa fort. I've got a pillow, blanket, flashlight. All I need is a bag of cookies and I'm set.

BOB stares blankly at ROGER.

ROGER (cont'd)

You didn't have a childhood, did you?

BOB

Forget my childhood. We need to talk—

ROGER

While all the other kids were riding the cul de sac on their banana seat Schwinn's, your parents packed up for a soybean commune—

The speakerphone beeps and CAITLIN's voice fills the office.

CAITLIN

(speakerphone)

Bob?

BOB

Not a good time, Caitlin—

CAITLIN

(speakerphone)

I've got your personal assistant on the line. He says you might be in danger.

BOB

Tell Brad I was anally violated, but I appreciate his concern. And then tell him to put me back on the 3 o'clock flight. I found Roger—

CAITLIN

(speakerphone)

Roger!

ROGER

Hi, Caitlin.

CAITLIN

(speakerphone)

What happened? You said you'd be in early today.

ROGER

I made a sofa fort! It totally works. You should try it—

BOB

Not now!

BOB hangs up the phone turns to ROGER.

BOB (cont'd)

Let's get down to business.

ROGER

Sure.

BOB

It's serious.

ROGER

Then let's get serious.

ROGER steps out from behind the sofa wearing only boxer shorts.

ROGER (cont'd)

I just need to find my pants.

ROGER begins walking around the office, searching for his pants.

BOB

Roger, your office is a shithole.

ROGER

It's been a struggle since we lost the cleaning guy, but I'm working on it—

BOB

Maggie would never let it get like this.

(pointing to the plant)

You can't even keep a plant alive.

ROGER

We also lost our plant guy. And that guy was dedicated. Can you imagine waking up every morning and thinking, *It's a brand new day. I wonder what's on my schedule? Oh, look, I'm going to be watering plants again. I can't wait—*

BOB

This isn't about the plant guy! Or the cleaning guy.
(gesturing)
You've buried something in here.

ROGER

The only thing I've buried...

ROGER reaches into a pile.

ROGER (cont'd)

Are my pants.

ROGER picks up his pants and starts to pull them on.

ROGER (cont'd)

I'm always a little slow early in the morning-

BOB

It's not early, Roger. It's 10:50.

ROGER looks at his watch and then over at the sofa.

ROGER

I slept til 10:50? My sofa fort is genius.

BOB picks up his briefcase and puts it on the desk.

BOB

If we do this thing quickly, I might be able to get back on schedule.

ROGER

What thing?

BOB unlocks his briefcase. The latches pop up with a thud.

BOB

It's your day of reckoning.

ROGER

Sorry, Bob, I don't have *day of reckoning* on my calendar.

BOB

Cut the crap. You know why I'm here. In the last six months, you've lost 3 clients, 19 employees and 5 million dollars in billing!

ROGER

You make it sound so bad—

BOB

You fucked me, Roger! I handed you LA on a silver platter and you fucked me.

ROGER

Silver platter? More like a paper plate.

BOB

You're not going to dance your way out of this one.

ROGER

A choice had to be made and *you* made it. Don't put that on me—

BOB

You swore that you were the bright shining star leading this office forward.

ROGER

Did I say that?

BOB

We both know what's buried under all this shit. *The truth.* That *Maggie* was the bright shining star, and *you...* you were just a two-bit *actor* hanging on for dear fucking life—

ROGER

I'm going to turn this agency around!

BOB

This isn't a Frank Capra Christmas special! The house is foreclosed. The angel didn't get his wings. And you're *fired!*

BOB pulls out a blue 9 x 12 envelope and tosses the envelope at Roger, who catches it.

BOB (cont'd)

That's your severance package, including one of my patented, iron-clad, non-compete clauses. If you have any questions, talk to your HR manager.

ROGER

We don't have an HR manager—

BOB

Right, you've got Caitlin... doing the work of four people
who used to have jobs here!

BOB looks at his watch.

BOB (cont'd)

You've got 5 minutes to clear out your stuff.

ROGER

Sorry, Bob. I can't do that.

ROGER tosses the envelope back to BOB.

BOB

I didn't fly 6 hours on *we-don't-give-a-fuck* airlines to
negotiate.

BOB throws the envelope at ROGER.

ROGER

I'm not leaving.

ROGER throws the envelope at BOB.

BOB

You don't have a choice.

BOB throws the envelope at ROGER.

ROGER

There's something you don't know.

ROGER throws the envelope at BOB.

BOB

I know everything!

BOB throws the envelope at ROGER.

ROGER

Not everything!

*ROGER grips the envelope dramatically
and tries to rip it in half.*

ROGER (cont'd)

(straining)

What... the hell... is this made of?

Finally, ROGER rips the envelope in half.

ROGER (cont'd)

Ha!

BOB

What are you doing?!

ROGER

I got us into the Pear Computer pitch!

ROGER pushes the torn envelope into BOB's chest.

ROGER (cont'd)

You see? You don't know everything.

BOB

The Pear Computer pitch?

ROGER

Yes.

BOB

For the new top secret tablet thingamajigy?

ROGER

Tablets are for Moses. This is a paradigm shift! Or should I say, *Pearadigm*.

BOB

Are you fucking with me?!

ROGER

I promise you, Bob, we are in a fuck-free zone.

BOB

It's a closed pitch. Invite only. How on god's forsaken earth did you—

ROGER

I know their new head of marketing. "Stinky" Hirschfeld.

BOB

Pete Hirschfeld? You know Pete Hirschfeld?

ROGER

We were frat brothers at Davis.

(thumps fist to chest)

Delta Sigma Pi! Never die! Whoo!

(MORE)

ROGER (cont'd)

(beat)

I just called Pete and reminded him I still have photos of the thing that happened with the fat girl and the salami.

BOB

Fuckin' A, Roger!

ROGER

Let's just get one thing straight. This is *my* crusade.

BOB

Your *what*?

ROGER

(pointing towards the door)

Those empty desks out there. Those desks are the gravestones of my fallen comrades. Each one has a ghost waiting to be avenged. And I will do the avenging!

BOB

I don't want you avenging anything!

ROGER

It's my pitch, Bob. We do it my way, or I call it off!

BOB

Okay. Of course. Whatever you say.

(beat)

So when's the meeting?

ROGER pauses for a moment.

ROGER

Tomorrow.

BOB

Tomorrow?!

ROGER

Morning.

BOB

What the fuck? When were you planning to tell me?

ROGER

When I win.

BOB

You're delusional.

ROGER

No, this pitch is a winner. I've been working on it day and night.

ROGER puts his arm around BOB.

ROGER (cont'd)

Come. Please.

ROGER leads BOB to a large screen TV on the wall.

ROGER (cont'd)

Are you ready?

ROGER pulls out a remote and clicks it. The TV baths them in a warm golden glow as dramatic music begins to play from the speakers. ROGER seems to pull a mic out of thin air and starts speaking. His amplified voice fills the room.

ROGER (cont'd)

Freedom. What is it worth to an inner-city youth who can imagine a future, but can't break the shackles of the past? To a small business that plans for expansion, but can't access the resources? To a worker who strives for advancement, but remains chained to a desk? Into our fast-paced world, where each step forward can feel like two steps back, Pear Computer unleashes the *Bartlett*. This is the freedom to live your dream, realize your plan, fulfill your destiny. This is *Freedom. Mobilized. The Bartlett*. Designed in America. Assembled in China. And ready to free the whole planet.

The music stops. The screen fades.

BOB

Freedom mobilized. I like that. It's bold. Compelling. Bleeding edge.

ROGER

It's hemorrhaging all over the place.

BOB

It makes me want to buy a *Bartlett* right now. Fuck, I want to buy one for my ex-wife.

ROGER holds out his arms.

ROGER

Come here.

BOB

What are you doing?

ROGER

I think we need a trust hug.

BOB

I don't trust you. And I don't do hugs.

ROGER

I'm just a teddy bear. Everyone can use a teddy bear hug.

BOB moves cautiously into ROGER's outstretched arms, which close around him.

ROGER (cont'd)

(whispering loudly)

I know that sometimes I'm an unreasonable bear, an impulsive bear, a messy bear, but I'll always be your bear.

BOB pushes away from ROGER.

BOB

So where's the rest of the pitch?

ROGER

What?

BOB

The *meat*, Roger. Where's the meat?

ROGER

(pointing at TV)

This is the zesty appetizer. *This* is what's going to get Pear Computer excited—

BOB

But it's the main course that sells it!

(starts pacing)

Headlines. Taglines. Subheads. Body copy. Storyboards. Mood boards—

ROGER

I'm working on the meat, Bob. I'm roasting, and broiling, and grilling. I'm even deep fat frying. I'm going to make this pitch an ambrosial smorgasbord of mouth-watering delight.

BOB

You're not going to be ready, are you?

ROGER

I will be ready—

BOB

I don't believe you Roger.

ROGER

Why?

BOB

Because you're a fucking liar!

BOB stumbles back a bit.

ROGER

Are you okay? You're *sweating*.

BOB

I don't feel well. I need... I need to take a piss.

ROGER

You don't need a hall pass.

(gesturing)

My executive bathroom is your executive bathroom.

BOB walks briskly towards the bathroom door and turns.

BOB

Don't move!

As soon as BOB closes the bathroom door, the office door opens and CAITLIN steps in.

CAITLIN

(loud whisper)

Roger.

ROGER

Caitlin. Save me.

CAITLIN

You don't need saving. I've been listening at the door. Bob's really impressed—

ROGER

But I showed all my cards. I've got no leverage. He's going to snatch this away—

CAITLIN

He's not.

ROGER

How do you know?

CAITLIN opens her arms.

CAITLIN

Come here you silly man.

ROGER

I can't. I'm not supposed to move.

CAITLIN moves forward and kisses ROGER on the mouth. After a couple of seconds, she tries to pull away, but ROGER holds on. She pushes him back.

CAITLIN

Roger, no.

(straightening herself)

I've told you before, rule number nine, secret office kisses cannot exceed two seconds.

ROGER

I can't believe the bullshit they teach in ad school.

(beat)

When we have our own agency, promise me there won't be any rules.

CAITLIN

(teasing)

Maybe... if you make me general manager.

ROGER

Maybe.

CAITLIN

I promise I won't be anything like Bob.

ROGER

You certainly won't look like him.

(steps forward)

Can I have another two seconds—

ROGER steps towards CAITLIN and kisses her again, just as the bathroom door opens and BOB steps out.

BOB

You moved!

ROGER spins around towards BOB.

ROGER

I did not!

BOB

(to CAITLIN)

And what are you doing in here?

CAITLIN

I was sensing a discordant energy and wondered if it might be a low blood sugar situation. The cafe downstairs has a lovely selection of granola. Yoga Sunrise. Peaceful Temple. Infinite Beginnings—

BOB

Do I look like a man who eats granola?

CAITLIN

I admit, you're not wearing Birkenstocks, but you can't always—

BOB

I need coffee.

CAITLIN

That's good. That's a start. What would you like?

BOB

Coffee.

ROGER

This isn't New York, Bob. You don't just walk into a deli and order a *light and sweet*. There are rich cultural traditions to consider.

CAITLIN

Espresso. French Press. Pour over.

BOB

Surprise me.

CAITLIN

Do you have a preferred roast or terroir? They have a delicious Indonesian downstairs.

BOB

I don't care.

CAITLIN

Do you take milk? Cow, soy, almond, rice, hemp-

BOB

Caitlin. As long as it gets my heart rate up, I don't care if it's grown on the mountains of Shangri-fucking-la by three-eyed monks who grind it between their ass cheeks.

CAITLIN

Got it. Roger, your usual?

ROGER

Sure. But make it a decaf. I'm already palpitating.

CAITLIN

Gentlemen, I'll be right back.

CAITLIN opens the door, then closes it suddenly, screams and steps back. The door opens and MAGGIE enters the office.

MAGGIE

So this is where you're all hiding.

BOB

Maggie! What a surprise.

MAGGIE

What?

CAITLIN

You can't just barge in here-

MAGGIE

The reception desk was empty, Caitlin. Not very professional.

ROGER

How did you get past security?

MAGGIE

Sweet old Mr. Chen still recognizes me.

ROGER

But you're on the list.

MAGGIE

What list?

CAITLIN

Roger—

ROGER

The persons of interest list. The *don't-let-this-crazy-bitch-into-the-building* list.

MAGGIE

How notorious.

CAITLIN

Roger—

ROGER moves in towards CAITLIN.

ROGER

Caitlin, we need to file a complaint. Mr. Chen is clearly more senile than we realized.

CAITLIN

There is no list. I made it up. I was trying to make you feel better after Maggie left. You were so sad and mopey.

ROGER

Well, she should be on a list. Somewhere, anywhere.

MAGGIE

Why are you still here?

ROGER

Why am I here? Why the hell are you... oh, god.

ROGER turns to BOB.

BOB

What did you think I was going to do?! She knows the business better than anyone.

CAITLIN

Stand firm, Roger.

MAGGIE

You're so loyal, Caitlin. It's really adorable.

BOB

Caitlin, go.

CAITLIN

I want to stay.

BOB

And I want my fucking coffee.

CAITLIN

Of course.

CAITLIN starts walking to the door.

MAGGIE

Can I add to the order?

CAITLIN stops and turns reluctantly.

MAGGIE (cont'd)

I'd like a black iced tea. Unsweetened.

ROGER

What? No more whipped cream caramel vanilla lattes?

MAGGIE

I seem to have finally outgrown them.

ROGER

Would that be around the same time your ass outgrew your jeans?

CAITLIN

So that's two coffees and one iced tea weight-control special. Got it.

CAITLIN turns and exits.

MAGGIE

(to ROGER)

Wow, you're like a cult leader and she's your number one fan. It's very LA.

ROGER

We understand each other—

MAGGIE

I can imagine. *Oh, Caitlin. Worship me. Adore me. And I'll teach you everything—*

ROGER

At least no one calls me dragon cunt behind my back!

BOB

Okay, let's all take a deep fucking breath!

ROGER

(to BOB)

Out by 10. In by 11. Was that your plan?

BOB

It was a good plan—

ROGER

I hope you included a smug pool side lunch at the Beverly Hills Hotel—

BOB

I did. But you and the 405 fucked everything up—

MAGGIE

You took the 405 from the airport?

ROGER

Here we go—

MAGGIE

Why does everyone follow each other onto the 405 like a bunch of lemmings?! Your driver should have taken Sepulveda Boulevard to the 105 to the 110.

ROGER

That's one opinion.

MAGGIE

Shut up! You shouldn't even be here.

ROGER starts to walk towards the bathroom.

ROGER

If you want to avoid the 405, Bob, stay in New York. How's that for a fucking plan?

ROGER walks into the bathroom and slams the door shut.

BOB

Did he just lock himself in the bathroom?

MAGGIE

He does this. He's sensitive.

BOB

(yelling towards bathroom door)

He's a spoiled child!

MAGGIE

Just give him a moment with his scented candles and monogrammed hand towels and he'll come around.

BOB

Why are you here, anyway? I told you I was running late.

MAGGIE

No you didn't.

BOB

I left you a voicemail from the airport.

MAGGIE

I didn't see a voicemail from you.

BOB

I called from a pay phone.

MAGGIE

A pay phone? What happened to the cell phone you had surgically attached to your face?

BOB

It doesn't matter. I left you a message.

MAGGIE

Oh, is that where the chain of responsibility ends for you? With *voicemail*?

BOB

It works.

MAGGIE

Then why'd you even fly out here?

(imitating Bob on phone)

Beeeeep. Hey, Roger, it's Bob. You're fired. Hope you get this.

(beat)

You're both so pathetic.

MAGGIE walks over to the bathroom door and bangs on it.

MAGGIE (cont'd)

Time's up, Roger!

(turns to Bob)

We should call Mr. Chen. He can shoot the lock off.

BOB

That old guy carries a gun?

MAGGIE

I'm not taking this job if the executive bathroom comes with *him* in it.

(bangs on the door)

Roger, you can't stay in there forever!

BOB

Maggie.

MAGGIE

(turning to BOB)

Yes?

BOB

There's been a complication.

MAGGIE

A complication.

BOB

An opportunity.

MAGGIE

Did I miss another voicemail?

BOB

I didn't fire Roger.

MAGGIE

That's okay. You were running late. We'll do it now.

(sing-songy)

Oh, Roger?

BOB

You don't understand. I *can't* fire Roger.

MAGGIE

(turning)

Excuse me?

BOB

He... outfoxed me.

MAGGIE

What are you talking about, Bob? You're the foxiest outfoxer of them all.

BOB

Roger has something I, we, can't ignore—

MAGGIE

I don't want anything from him.

BOB

How about a Pear Computer?

MAGGIE

I've already got three. A desktop, a laptop, and a phone with a chip on its shoulder—

BOB

You don't have a fresh juicy Bartlett.

MAGGIE turns to the bathroom door and then back at BOB.

MAGGIE

What does that lying sack of shit know about the Bartlett?

ROGER

(behind bathroom door)

I know everything!

BOB

(pointing towards bathroom)

He got us into the pitch.

MAGGIE

That's impossible. It's premiere agencies only. Ogilvy and Mather. Young and Rubicam. Casey, Price and Price—

BOB

It's legit. Roger was roommates with Pear's head of marketing.

ROGER

(behind bathroom door)

Frat brothers! *Sigma Pi!* Never die!

MAGGIE

(realizing)

Shit. Stinky Hirschfeld.

BOB

And he's got a pitch that's going to win. It's vintage Roger.

ROGER

(behind bathroom door)

You better believe it!

BOB

(calling back)

But it needs meat!

MAGGIE

Of course it needs meat. Roger's a concept guy through and through.

BOB

I knew you'd get it.

MAGGIE

And that's all you're getting. We had an agreement, and this situation isn't it.

BOB

Wait. Just take a look at what Roger's done.

BOB goes to ROGER's desk and picks up the remote. He points it at the large TV and clicks. Nothing happens.

BOB (cont'd)

How the hell do you work this—

The bathroom door opens and ROGER bursts forth, wearing a towel around his shoulders like a cape. He holds a "sword" fashioned from several interlocking toilet paper tubes.

ROGER

Unhand that remote, you scoundrel!

MAGGIE

Like I said, not what we agreed to.

ROGER

I brought forth this pitch and I will taketh it away!

ROGER grabs the remote from BOB and returns it to his desk.

At that moment, the door opens and CAITLIN walks in with a tray of three cups. She surveys the impasse.

CAITLIN

Coffee break.

CAITLIN hands a cup to BOB.

CAITLIN (cont'd)

For you, Bob, a dark African drip.

BOB

I don't like the sound of that.

CAITLIN

Drink it.

BOB takes the coffee and CAITLIN moves on to MAGGIE as he takes a sip.

BOB

Sweet mother of Christ!

CAITLIN

I knew you'd like it.

CAITLIN hands a cup to MAGGIE.

CAITLIN (cont'd)

Here's your iced tea, Maggie.

MAGGIE

Thanks.

CAITLIN moves on to ROGER as MAGGIE drinks.

MAGGIE (cont'd)

That's nice and brisk.

CAITLIN

(looking back)

Yes? I peed in it.

CAITLIN hands the final cup to ROGER.

CAITLIN (cont'd)

The barista refused to make anything decaf-

ROGER

It's okay. I can drink regular-

CAITLIN

So I got you a hot chocolate.

MAGGIE

Aww, Rogee-Wojee got a hot chocolate.

ROGER

In the good old days, we used to have a coffee guy who made coffee all day long. Anything you wanted. He wouldn't have said no to a decaf.

CAITLIN

His name was Paul.

ROGER

That's right, Paul-

MAGGIE

Shut up, Roger, you don't remember his name. You never remembered any of their names. It was always the coffee guy. The plant guy. The copier guy-

BOB

Okay, we get it. Clearly these are not the good old days-

ROGER

But we'll get back there when I win this pitch. I just need to bring in a couple of freelancers to help me with the meat.

CAITLIN

Are you sure?

ROGER

One writer. One designer. Seasoned pros -

CAITLIN

You can do this yourself. I just know it.

ROGER

Caitlin, I appreciate your conviction, but seriously-

MAGGIE

There's isn't any money left, is there?

CAITLIN

(moving closer)

Roger. We couldn't afford a second rate greeting card writer.

ROGER

What happened to the money?

CAITLIN

We spent it.

ROGER

On what?

CAITLIN

On the freelancers that got us this far. We've burned through our budget, maxed out our credit and called in every favor.

ROGER

Okay, well... Bob's here. He can approve more budget. Right?

BOB stares silently at ROGER.

ROGER (cont'd)

Bob?

CAITLIN

You don't need him. Pick up your sword. Rise to the challenge. Silence the naysayers—

MAGGIE

Someone throw Caitlin a rope. She's drowning in her own bullshit.

CAITLIN

Clearly, I know Roger better than you.

MAGGIE

Really? Can you honestly think of a time when Roger didn't count on someone else to finish what he started?

CAITLIN stares at ROGER.

CAITLIN

Fuck.

BOB

Okay. It's time for executive decisions.

(turns to Caitlin)

Caitlin, get on the phone with Pear Computer and confirm our pitch time tomorrow.

CAITLIN continues to stare at ROGER.

BOB (cont'd)

Caitlin?

CAITLIN

(snaps to)

Yes. Of course.

CAITLIN goes out. BOB turns to MAGGIE and ROGER.

BOB

Maggie. Roger.

(beat)

I have a proposal.

MAGGIE

Forget about it.

ROGER

Don't even say it.

BOB

I'll say what I want.

ROGER

And I'll just take my pitch somewhere else.

BOB

Sit your bitch ass down. I still own you.

(turns to Maggie)

As for you.

BOB reaches into his briefcase, pulls out a pink 9 x 12 envelope and holds it up.

BOB (cont'd)

Are you going to sign this contract? Or are you going back to painting acrylic sunsets from the tiny balcony of your tiny fucking condo?

MAGGIE

This isn't what I want.

BOB

Of course it is. Business success. Personal fulfillment. They're waiting for you at the end of this pitch. And you're the only one who can knock it out of the park.

MAGGIE

I appreciate the compliment, Bob-

ROGER

(mimicking)

I appreciate the compliment—

MAGGIE

Suck my dragon cunt!

BOB

What the fuck happened to you two?! You used to make *me* believe in love. Now you're just a couple of assholes.

As MAGGIE and ROGER stare at each other, the speakerphone beeps.

CAITLIN

(speakerphone)

Bob?

BOB

Caitlin, what did Pear Computer say?

CAITLIN

(speakerphone)

We're on for 11 am tomorrow.

BOB

(looks at watch)

Good. That gives us 24 hours to make this happen.

CAITLIN

(speakerphone)

Bob, that's not why I buzzed. I have your doctor on the line.

BOB

I'll call him back.

MAGGIE

Why is your doctor calling you here?

BOB

It's nothing.

MAGGIE

You should take that.

BOB

We're in a meeting.

ROGER

More of a scolding.

MAGGIE

Bob, take it.

BOB

(to Caitlin)

Caitlin, tell the good doctor that I'm balls deep in a meeting and I'll call him back, scout's fucking honor.

CAITLIN

(on speakerphone)

Whatever you say.

CAITLIN signs off with a beep.

MAGGIE

Doctors don't just call their patients to shoot the shit.

BOB

I don't want to talk about it.

MAGGIE

You want me to sign a contract, but you can't answer a simple question.

BOB

It's not simple.

ROGER

Sounds simple to me.

BOB

Shut up.

MAGGIE

Shut up.

MAGGIE

(turning back to BOB)

If you're not going to meet me half way on this, I'm done talking.

BOB

He's calling with some test results, okay?

MAGGIE

What test results?

BOB considers the situation.

BOB

(sighs)

It's my prostate.

ROGER

What's wrong with it?

BOB

That's the point of the test, isn't it?!

ROGER

Is it the C word?

BOB

Who knows. But that's why I stopped using my fucking cell phone.

ROGER

Have you been sticking it up your ass?

MAGGIE

You're too young for cancer.

BOB

But I've lived fast. I'm at least sixty in overachiever years.

ROGER

You should probably get those results.

BOB

You don't think I know that?!

BOB turns away for a moment and then back to Maggie and Roger.

BOB (cont'd)

Listen to me. Whatever happens, this might be my last chance to contribute something great to this shitty, unforgiving, unappreciative business. It could be fate, it could be coincidence, but we've been handed an historic opportunity here.

(beat)

Don't forget. I plucked you from that rinky-dink direct mail agency in Anaheim like a couple of dog pound runts. And I can throw you right back into the street.

(turns to Roger)

I'll make sure that the only creative job you ever get is putting sprinkles on the donuts at a Krispy Kreme factory.

(turns to Maggie)

And that your only source of income for the rest of your natural life is selling your Bob Ross knock-offs to ironic hipster fucks from a card table on Hollywood Boulevard.

(MORE)

BOB (cont'd)

(beat)
So let's do this!

ROGER and MAGGIE stares intently at BOB.

No. ROGER

No. MAGGIE

BLACKOUT

ACT 2

*MAGGIE'S minimalist Santa Monica condo.
Wednesday evening around 7 PM.*

*MAGGIE is in mid-conversation on her
Pear mobile phone, pacing the apartment
as she talks.*

MAGGIE

(to phone)

Trust me, that job is gone. When you say no to Bob Goldman,
he doesn't make a counter offer, he condemns you to the ninth
circle of hell.

(beat)

I'm not exaggerating. Bob carries a grudge like other people
carry herpes. Everything looks fine on the surface, then
suddenly he flares up and burns you—

The intercom for the lobby door buzzes.

MAGGIE (cont'd)

(to phone)

Hang on.

*MAGGIE walks over to the intercom and
pushes the button.*

MAGGIE (cont'd)

(to intercom)

Who is it?

ROGER

(on intercom)

Maggie, it's me.

MAGGIE

(to phone)

He's here.

(beat, smiles)

Roger. At the door. Right now.

The intercom buzzes again.

MAGGIE (cont'd)

(to intercom)

I'm sorry, who is this?

ROGER

(on intercom)

I'm selling Avon anti-aging cream. I heard you could use some.

MAGGIE

(to intercom)

Go. Away.

ROGER

(on intercom)

If you don't let me in, I'm going to sit on your lawn and sing Kumbaya.

MAGGIE

(to intercom)

It's Santa Monica. If you want to make a scene, you're going to have to try a lot harder than that.

ROGER

(on intercom)

I just want to talk, okay?

MAGGIE thinks for a moment.

MAGGIE

(to intercom)

Come on up.

MAGGIE pushes the button to unlock the lobby door.

MAGGIE (cont'd)

(to phone)

He's on his way.

(beat)

Uh-huh.

(beat)

Okay—

The front door opens and ROGER walks into the living room, carrying a gift bag with a wine bottle.

ROGER

Honey, I'm home!

MAGGIE

(to phone)

Okay. I should go.

ROGER

Who is that?

MAGGIE shoos ROGER away.

MAGGIE

(to phone)

Yes, I love you too.

ROGER

Oh, *fuck*, is that the mystery boyfriend I've heard about?

(raising voice)

That's right. Roger's in the house! With a most delicious bottle of wine—

MAGGIE

(to Roger)

Shut up—

ROGER

This shit goes straight to your head, my friend! Who knows what could happen!

MAGGIE

(to phone)

Okay, bye, Mom.

MAGGIE puts down the phone.

MAGGIE (cont'd)

You're an *idiot*.

ROGER

Was that really—

MAGGIE

Of course it was!

ROGER

The *I love you* part threw me off.

MAGGIE

The *I love you* part always throws you off.

ROGER

How is Marge, anyway?

MAGGIE

She's fine.

ROGER

Still collecting Dickensian miniatures?

MAGGIE

Yes.

ROGER

When civilization crumbles and all the books are burned, her porcelain Tiny Tim with *authentic wooden crutch* will be a priceless literary touchstone—

MAGGIE

You embarrassed yourself, Roger. Don't take it out on my mom.

ROGER

You're right. Please apologize for me the next time you talk.

MAGGIE

Maybe.

ROGER

But play it cool. Marge is a strong woman. I don't want to appear weak.

MAGGIE

Every relationship has to be an epic struggle with you, doesn't it?

ROGER

Yes. I'm a lover *and* a fighter.

MAGGIE

And not very good at either.

ROGER

Says the focus group of one, which as we both know is statistically irrelevant—

MAGGIE

What are you doing here?

ROGER

I needed a break.

MAGGIE

A break?

(beat)

We don't see each other for six months and suddenly I qualify as solace?

ROGER

I don't know, I got in my car, I started driving and I ended up here.

MAGGIE

I don't believe you.

ROGER

I'm here, aren't I?

MAGGIE

But why?

ROGER

Because.

(beat)

Because I needed to talk to someone other than Jesus and Mary.

MAGGIE

When did you become religious?

ROGER

They're my new creative team. After you left, Bob whipped out the corporate checkbook, I made some calls, and we hired Jesus and Mary, formerly Jesus (*hey-seus*) and Maria, but if you're a couple of arrogant, \$5000 a day hotshots, why not maximize your blaspho-metrics.

MAGGIE

I love it. They're your saviours.

ROGER

They made a superbowl ad with a projectile vomiting baby and think they're god's gift to advertising.

MAGGIE

You wanted seasoned pros.

ROGER

Yeah, well, I'm getting seasoned, smoked and dragged across the coals. Here's a little ditty they sent me while I was driving.

(reciting like a pitch)

A man wearing a chicken suit uses the Bartlett to meet up with a chicken wearing a business suit. They end up in bed together in a hotel suite.

MAGGIE

There's a certain poetry to it.

ROGER

Those little shits are making fun of me. I ask for meat. *And they give me chicken!*

MAGGIE

They kind of remind me of you.

ROGER

Maybe ten years ago.

MAGGIE

Maybe ten minutes ago.

ROGER

They make me feel so old.

MAGGIE

How's Bob taking it all?

ROGER

He's in a state of constant tension, somewhere between bemused and hopeless.

MAGGIE

That can't be good for him. Something might... rupture.

ROGER

Don't worry. I sent him to a hotel to recharge his ego.

MAGGIE

Do you really think it's cancer?

ROGER

I don't know. It's just as possible he's making it up.

(points at MAGGIE)

And don't tell me you weren't thinking the same thing.

ROGER pulls out his cell phone and waves it.

ROGER (cont'd)

Whatever the truth, it's got me thinking twice about using this radioactive fucker.

ROGER puts his phone on the coffee table.

MAGGIE

And what if he's really dying?

ROGER

Then I'll start believing in divine intervention—

MAGGIE

You are a prick.

ROGER

He came here to fire me!

MAGGIE

He has every right to fire you. You lost 3 clients.

ROGER

They were lousy clients—

MAGGIE

Here we go—

ROGER

They were always too *blind*, too *scared* or too cheap to pull the trigger on anything I gave them. And I gave them good stuff. *Brilliant* stuff—

MAGGIE

Don't blame the client—

ROGER

It's every creative director's god-given right to blame the client.

MAGGIE

But it doesn't get people their jobs back, does it.

ROGER

I'll get them all back. Every single one.

MAGGIE

You shouldn't put that kind of pressure on yourself. It just aggravates your psychosis.

ROGER

Maggie, I'm going to win this pitch. Pear Computer will be my Agincourt.

(quoting Henry V)

*And gentlemen in England now-a-bed
Shall think themselves accurs'd they were not here,
And hold their manhoods cheap whiles any speaks
That fought with us upon Saint Crispin's day.*

Us?
MAGGIE

What?
ROGER

It's just you.
MAGGIE

No. There's Caitlin. And Bob. And two thirds of the holy family. And...
ROGER

And?
MAGGIE

ROGER holds out the wine bag.

And... I've been wanting to give you this.
ROGER

MAGGIE takes the bag and pulls out the bottle.

Wow. A Sean Thackrey Pinot Noir.
MAGGIE

I found it a few weeks ago at this liquor store in Silver Lake—
ROGER

Silver Lake. Not your usual stomping ground.
MAGGIE

Oh, you know, I'm occasionally up for something new.
ROGER

You mean, Caitlin.
MAGGIE

Caitlin?
ROGER

She's so much more the Silver Lake type.
MAGGIE

Why are we talking about Caitlin?
ROGER

I believe the phrase was "We understand each other."
MAGGIE

ROGER

Professionally.

MAGGIE

Stop ducking. It's obvious she idolizes you. Which, I happen to know, is a big turn on.

ROGER

Okay, so we hang out occasionally. She's a nice girl-

MAGGIE

Ouch. I hope you don't say that to her face.

ROGER

I mean, it's easy. I'm not used to that.

(beat)

I usually go for the damaged ones.

MAGGIE

Oh, I think you go for *all* the ones. An innocent invitation to dinner at Sugarfish. Good sushi, but not too much of an investment. A couple of bottles of saki, and before she knows it, you're at her place three times a week for drunk, awkward, falling off the sofa sex.

ROGER

Getting back to my original point, one night Caitlin was out of booze, except for the Christian Brothers brandy she keeps to make her dad's bread pudding recipe when she's feeling homesick. So I walked over to this liquor store packed with enough artisan beer to flood Portland, and there, on a shelf, was a bottle of Sean Thackrey. And it was like, *blam!*

MAGGIE

Blam?

ROGER

Blam! Like a time machine. Suddenly, it's ten years ago and I've just bought the old Porsche off my dad and we're driving up the coast to Bolinas to check out this crazy winemaker we'd heard about-

MAGGIE

Wait. Stop. One minute you have a nubile hottie in your clutches, the next minute you're yearning for your ex-wife. How do you do that?

ROGER

I compartmentalize.

MAGGIE

Such a man.

ROGER

Anyone can do it. I put the wine in the glove *compartment* and I brought a cheap bottle of tequila up to Caitlin.

MAGGIE pushes the wine bottle back into ROGER's hand.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)

Give this to Caitlin. She's earned it.

ROGER

I'm telling you, she's more of a cocktail girl.

MAGGIE

And while you're plying her with margaritas, do you ever mention that we're not actually divorced yet?

ROGER

No.

MAGGIE

Of course not—

ROGER

It doesn't come up.

MAGGIE

Ah, the old *if I don't say it, I'm not lying* routine.

ROGER

Caitlin would understand.

MAGGIE

I may not be a *nice* English lass trying to reinvent myself in the city of angels, but trust me, women are universally appalled at the amount of thinking men leave to their cocks.

(beat)

If you used your *actual* head and signed the divorce papers, you wouldn't have to worry about this kind of bullshit.

ROGER sits down on the sofa.

ROGER

You're right.

MAGGIE

So what are you waiting for? I thought we had everything negotiated.

ROGER

We did. We do.

MAGGIE

But?

ROGER

I don't know. I keep misplacing the papers.

MAGGIE

That's impossible. I Fedexed the papers. I UPS'd the papers. I even sent a copy by registered mail. Do you know what that was like? Have you been inside a post office lately?

ROGER

Okay, yes, I got them. And I wanted to sign them. I *tried* to sign them. But every time I sat down with a pen, it was suddenly... difficult.

MAGGIE sits down on the sofa.

MAGGIE

I noticed you still have my desk? When we were together, you always complained that our office was too small for two desks.

ROGER

I know, but it's a surface. I need surfaces.

MAGGIE

I think it's more than a surface.

ROGER

I guess it's a kind of shrine. An edifice to everything I *hate* about this business.

MAGGIE

You mean, me?

ROGER

No. I mean everybody. The inflated egos. The backstabbing. The compromises.

(beat)

Wearing A-lines even though you're one of the few women who looks amazing in a pencil skirt.

MAGGIE

That's *me*.

ROGER

Everyone looks good in an A-line skirt. That's the fucking point of an A-line. But if you can wear a pencil, you should flaunt it!

MAGGIE

Wow. You really are hanging on.

ROGER

My therapist says I'm holding you hostage in my head.

(imitating therapist)

Roger, you need to give Maggie a way to escape. You need to build doors for her. Hallways. Staircases—

MAGGIE

Your therapist sounds like a contractor.

ROGER

She charges like one, too.

MAGGIE grabs the bottle of wine and walks to the kitchenette.

ROGER (cont'd)

What are you doing?

MAGGIE

I think we've had a breakthrough, Roger. And breakthroughs make me thirsty.

MAGGIE starts opening the bottle of wine.

ROGER

Breakthroughs make me hungry.

MAGGIE

You can forget sushi together.

ROGER

Do you have anything here?

MAGGIE

Stale tortilla chips, frozen veggies and yogurt. Which might be expired. If yogurt expires, I don't know—

ROGER

I'll just feed off our mutual loathing.

MAGGIE

Save me a piece.

ROGER

(looking around)

You downsized.

MAGGIE

I dumped a lot of *baggage*, didn't I?

ROGER

You really dialed in that 1970's James Bond space age cocktail party vibe.

MAGGIE

(sarcastic)

Well I've had a lot of time on my hands.

ROGER

Bob locked you down with a non-compete clause?

MAGGIE

In exchange for a handsome severance. But I'm not sure it was worth it.

ROGER looks over at one of MAGGIE's paintings.

ROGER

You're tired of painting sunsets.

MAGGIE

I don't know. Every sunset is different.

ROGER

Is it?

MAGGIE walks back into the living room carrying two glasses of red wine.

MAGGIE

Each one is affected by water vapor, temperature, smog. But you're a big picture guy. You see the sun go down once and it's good enough for you.

MAGGIE offers ROGER a glass of wine.

MAGGIE (cont'd)

Sometimes I think you fear the details.

They clink glasses and MAGGIE sits down on the sofa.

ROGER

I fear white couches.

MAGGIE

Would you prefer a sippy cup?

ROGER

No. It's your couch.

ROGER sits down.

MAGGIE

(holds up glass)

To breakthroughs.

MAGGIE drinks, but ROGER looks at his glass.

ROGER

Wait, what happened to our Riedels?

MAGGIE

The Riedels... are no longer with us.

ROGER

You sold them?!

MAGGIE

No.

ROGER

You gave them away!

MAGGIE

After you moved out, I went to Dume Point with a couple of girlfriends, a couple of bottles of wine and the Riedels. It was a beautiful evening. We sat by the water. We drank the chardonnay out of the chardonnay glasses and the pinot out of the pinot glasses. And then we *smashed* those glasses into the rocks—

ROGER

No!

MAGGIE

It was like music, Roger. Lyrical, sparkling, *transcendent*.
It sounded like we were breaking really expensive glass—

ROGER

A thousand dollars worth of glass!

MAGGIE

Yes. That's the value I gave to the cop who wrote us up for
littering. I tried to explain that glass comes from sand and
we were merely speeding up the natural recycling process, but
he took issue with my science—

ROGER

Those were heirloom quality. The Sommelier Series. Handblown
by Austrian craftsmen...

MAGGIE

And they were a good example of letting go. A genuine
learning moment.

(beat)

Now drink your wine.

ROGER takes a sip and savors it.

ROGER

That is good wine.

MAGGIE

See, you don't need the Riedels.

(holds up her glass)

Three dollars at Target.

ROGER

Budget wine glasses and a million dollar view of the Pacific.

MAGGIE

Better than luxury wineglasses and that shithole we had in
Long Beach.

ROGER

You liked that house.

MAGGIE

I hated that house.

ROGER

We fell in love in that house.

MAGGIE

Against my better judgement. I came here to be a painter, not fall for an actor.

ROGER

A *Shakespearean* actor.

MAGGIE

A Shakespearean actor in Los Angeles. That should have been a warning sign.

ROGER

You can ding Long Beach, but that was real life. A struggling actor and a struggling painter against the world. And then advertising saved us.

(dramatically)

Advertising has always been a financial safety net for the painters, writers, and musicians balancing precariously on the high wire between making art and paying the rent.

(proudly)

My editorial for Adweek.

MAGGIE

I know what it is. You have a huge framed copy of it on your wall.

ROGER

Well I did, until Caitlin saw it.

(imitating Caitlin)

You know, Roger, those of us graduating from ad school need jobs, too.

MAGGIE

Caitlin went to ad school?

ROGER

Arts College London. Or something farty sounding like that.

MAGGIE

You *hate* people who go to ad school.

ROGER

I know.

MAGGIE

(sarcastic)

But Caitlin's different.

ROGER

She is. She's not like the rest of them, all post modern before their time.

(ranting)

Don't walk around jaded and ironic, as if you've been to hell and back, until you've actually been to hell and back!

MAGGIE

You've never had much patience for the young... unless you're seducing them.

(beat)

But, who doesn't like an occasional quickie on top of the desk?

ROGER

Even if my desk was clean enough, Caitlin wouldn't go for it. Nothing hard core in the office.

MAGGIE

Too bad. There are so many options. That's a nice shower you have in there.

ROGER

I still do some of my best thinking in that shower.

MAGGIE

I remember doing a lot of thinking in there with you.

ROGER

(lost in thought)

Yeah. Good thinking.

(beat)

But maybe that was the problem.

MAGGIE

Too much shower sex?

ROGER

Healthy dynamics in interoffice relationships.

MAGGIE

What?

ROGER

One of Caitlin's classes. She really knows how to draw boundaries. A kiss in the elevator, a hand squeeze under the table, a look across the conference room-

MAGGIE

It sounds *delightful*.

ROGER

It could have saved our marriage.

MAGGIE

What could?

ROGER

A little discipline. Separating our personal life from our work life. Like normal people do.

MAGGIE

There's no such thing as normal. It's a constantly shifting data point—

ROGER

Take off your psychometric hat for a minute and think about it.

MAGGIE

I don't want to play this game.

ROGER

What do normal people do?

MAGGIE

I don't care.

ROGER

Yes you do. You know people.

MAGGIE

They organize their underwear by the days of the week.

ROGER

No. They... clip coupons on Sunday morning.

MAGGIE

Sundays are for fine-tuning Monday morning presentations.

ROGER

They have friends over for dinner.

MAGGIE

That would require them to be home before 9 pm.

ROGER

They have kids.

MAGGIE

Fuck you, Roger!

ROGER

What?

MAGGIE

I can't believe you're doing this.

ROGER

I was just wondering if you changed your mind?

MAGGIE

No! I haven't changed my mind!

*MAGGIE stands up quickly and wobbles.
ROGER jumps up to steady her.*

ROGER

Are you okay?

MAGGIE

This wine really goes to your head.

ROGER

You didn't eat enough loathing.

MAGGIE

We had kids, Roger. We seduced clients with dreamy presentations and boozy dinners until we ended up with bouncing baby campaigns.

(turns to face ROGER)

I had plenty of fucking kids. I'm sorry that wasn't enough for you.

ROGER

I need to tell you something.

MAGGIE

Is it your prostate?

ROGER

Six months ago, when things were *really* bad between us... I went to see Bob.

MAGGIE just stares.

ROGER (cont'd)

You and I were fighting all the time. The work was crap. I knew he had to fire one of us, so I figured I'd go out on a limb, make a case—

MAGGIE
For us?

ROGER
For me.

MAGGIE
What did you tell him?

ROGER
That I was the star.

MAGGIE
And he believed you?!

ROGER
I'm sorry. I betrayed you. I know that. I acknowledge that. I take full responsibility.

MAGGIE stares at ROGER for a long moment.

MAGGIE
You need to go. Jesus and Mary are waiting for you at the stable.

ROGER holds firm.

ROGER
Fuck Jesus and Mary!
(beat)
Help me finish the pitch.

MAGGIE
You have some nerve.

ROGER
You'll make it amazing. You know you will—

MAGGIE
Roger, stop it!

ROGER
I need you!
(beat)
I'll give you money.

MAGGIE
Fuck you.

ROGER

Serious money.

MAGGIE

Don't insult me. You know I know you're broke.

ROGER

I'll sell the Porsche.

MAGGIE

No you won't. You love that car.

ROGER

I don't even drive it anymore. I've been paying those pretentious douchebags at *Deutsche Auto Technika* five hundred a month to keep it mothballed.

MAGGIE

Roger, that's so sad.

ROGER

It is. I don't even think *Hans* is really German. Anyone can do that accent.

(with bad accent)

Oh, ya, Mr. Newhouse, I take goot care of das auto-

MAGGIE

That's not what I meant. I don't want your money.

ROGER reaches into his jacket, pulls out a rumpled roll of papers and throws it down.

MAGGIE (cont'd)

What's this?

ROGER

What do you think?

MAGGIE picks up the papers and tries to unroll them.

MAGGIE

Presentation has never been your strong suit.

ROGER

It's signed with my blood, sealed with my tears...

ROGER awkwardly kneels in front of MAGGIE.

ROGER (cont'd)
And delivered on bended knee.

(beat)
Maggie, will you divorce me?

MAGGIE stares at ROGER.

ROGER (cont'd)
Come on, I know *this* is what you want.

MAGGIE doesn't answer. ROGER splays out on the floor.

ROGER (cont'd)
Help me! I'm trapped in a pit dug by my own hands—

MAGGIE
Oh, shut up! You don't know what trapped is.
(beat)

Get up.
(beat)
Up!

ROGER slowly rises to his feet.

MAGGIE (cont'd)
Raise your right hand.

ROGER cautiously raises his right hand.

MAGGIE (cont'd)
Do you, Roger Newhouse, promise to honor, respect and, especially, obey me, for the next...
(looks at watch)
Fifteen hours.

ROGER
I do. I really do.

MAGGIE
You're a lucky guy. Life doesn't give us many do-overs.

ROGER
Oh, thank you, Maggie. Thank you.

MAGGIE
What about Jesus and Mary?

ROGER
History.

MAGGIE

Of course.

(beat)

So... what's the pitch?

ROGER

Freedom mobilized.

MAGGIE

Freedom mobilized.

ROGER reaches inside his jacket and pulls out a DVD.

ROGER

This is everything. Notes, drafts, layouts.

MAGGIE takes the DVD from ROGER and holds it up like a precious gem.

MAGGIE

Before we start, can you pick up some dinner?

ROGER

Maybe Chou Chou's?

MAGGIE

Just what I was thinking.

ROGER

And maybe a little more wine—

MAGGIE

And then we can get to work. At my desk.

ROGER looks around the living room.

ROGER

Where *is* your desk?

MAGGIE

In my bedroom.

BLACKOUT

ACT 3

ROGER'S office. Thursday morning around 9:45 AM. CAITLIN is pacing back and forth, wondering where everyone is.

CAITLIN
(frustrated)

Bloody hell.

CAITLIN walks over to the speakerphone and dials. It rings, followed by Roger's voicemail message, recorded over cinematic music.

ROGER
(speakerphone)

You've done it. You've crossed the vast wasteland of mobile signals, fiber optics and digital switchers to reach me, award-winning creative director, Roger Newhouse. For over 15 years, I've been helping brands find their true voice. At the tone, tell me how I can help you find yours.

The voicemail beeps.

CAITLIN
Roger, where the hell are you? The pitch is in ninety minutes and no one's at the office. You don't show up in the next five minutes, I quit.

(beat)

And again, change your message. You sound like an asshole.

CAITLIN hangs up and leans against the desk, exasperated.

CAITLIN (cont'd)
(to herself)

Saint Bernardine, patron of all things advertising, give me strength.

BOB
(unseen)

Oh, god! Where am I?!

CAITLIN spins around.

CAITLIN
Roger?!

BOB

(unseen)
Christ, I hope not.

CAITLIN

Bob?

BOB rises from behind the sofa.

BOB

I can't believe how comfortable this sofa fort is. What the hell time is it?

CAITLIN

Nine-forty-five.

BOB

Fuck! Where's Roger?

CAITLIN

I'm trying to figure that out.

BOB steps out from behind the sofa.

BOB

I thought he was working his meat with you.

CAITLIN

Excuse me?!

BOB

The pitch-

CAITLIN

I thought he was *working it* with you.

BOB

Well, he's not back here.

BOB tries straightening his clothes.

CAITLIN

Did you sleep here?

BOB

I did.

CAITLIN

I made you a reservation at the Beverly Wilshire.

BOB

I know, but when I got downstairs my driver was gone. Probably because I told him to go fuck himself. So I tried hailing a cab—

CAITLIN

You can't hail a cab in LA, Bob. You look like an unmotivated car jacker.

BOB

Yeah, well, once I figured that out, I did what any proud, self-respecting New Yorker would do—

CAITLIN

Oh, Bob, you didn't—

BOB

I walked! I walked for two and a half goddamn hours.

(pointing to floor)

And I ended up right back here!

(beat)

You want to know why?

BOB walks over to the window, opens the shutter, and points.

BOB (cont'd)

No fucking landmarks!

(beat)

Look at it. Everything's *flat* and *monochromatic*. No wonder this town's obsessed with 3D.

CAITLIN

You should have called me.

BOB

I was fine. Everyone was gone, so I tried Roger's sofa fort. It was so warm, so safe... I was out in seconds.

CAITLIN

Too bad about the Beverly. It's good for celebrity sightings.

BOB

Well, I did dream that Dick Van Dyke was giving me a handjob... but I've been having that dream since eighth grade.

CAITLIN

We need to focus, Bob. Roger's going to show up any minute. When he does, we'll look over the pitch, you'll give us a rousing pep talk, and then we'll head over to Pear Computer.

(beat)

You better give me your shirt.

BOB

What?

CAITLIN

It looks terrible. There's a dry cleaner downstairs that will press it while I wait.

BOB starts unbuttoning his shirt.

CAITLIN (cont'd)

And your trousers.

BOB

My pants?

CAITLIN

Come on, we're professionals.

BOB

I like your sass.

CAITLIN

I know you do.

BOB

It goes well with the accent.

CAITLIN

Thank you.

BOB

Have you thought about what I said yesterday?

CAITLIN

I thought about it all night, but I'm not sure this is the right time.

BOB passes CAITLIN his shirt and starts pulling off his pants.

BOB

You'd run circles around my guys in New York.

CAITLIN

Trousers, please.

BOB

I can offer you more opportunity and more money than you'll ever get from this *in-bred* office.

BOB hands his pants to CAITLIN.

CAITLIN

I appreciate that, but I can't leave Roger.

BOB

Of course, you can. Maggie did it.

CAITLIN

I believe in loyalty.

BOB

Loyalty?

CAITLIN

Loyalty, Bob. It means standing by someone—

BOB

I know what the fuck it means.

CAITLIN

Roger needs me. He's not quite a whole person, so I, sort of, fill in the gaps.

BOB

And what does he do for you?

CAITLIN

I don't even know if I like you.

BOB

We don't have to like each other to make this work. Look at me. I hate everyone.

CAITLIN

You're quite the charmer.

BOB

At least I'm honest.

CAITLIN

Are you?

BOB

That thing my doctor called about.

CAITLIN

Your prostate.

BOB

I want you to know the truth—

CAITLIN

Bob. Shhh. You're standing right in front of me. Tall. Full of life. *Virile*. It's all I need.

(beat)

Now go take a shower.

CAITLIN turns and walks for the door.

BOB

I have a thing about using another man's soap.

CAITLIN

You're a big boy. You'll get over it.

With that, Caitlin exits. BOB stares at the door for a moment, then walks over to the speakerphone. He dials.

BRAD

(speakerphone)

Hello?

BOB

Brad, it's Bob.

BRAD

(speakerphone)

Hey, Bob? How's—

BOB

Shut up. Where are you?

BRAD

(speakerphone)

Walking your dog—

BOB

I told you, Enrique walks the dog—

BRAD
(*speakerphone*)
Yeah, but he took a shit in your hallway.

BOB
Enrique?

BRAD
(*speakerphone*)
No, the dog!

BOB
Then the shitting's been done, hasn't it? How's a walk going to help now?

BRAD
(*speakerphone*)
It made me feel better.

BOB
Brad. I've had a revelation. I've seen what real initiative looks like and it excites me. It inspires me to make more change.

BRAD
(*speakerphone*)
You sound inspired. I can't wait to see what you do next.

BOB
You're fired.

BRAD
(*speakerphone*)
What?!

BOB
If it makes you feel any better, you're not going to be the only one.

BRAD
(*speakerphone*)
It doesn't—

BOB
There's honor in going first, Brad.

BRAD
(*speakerphone*)
But... What am I going to do?

BOB

(sighs)

You want action items? Put my fucking dog back in my apartment. Hand my keys to the doorman on the way out. And go home.

BRAD

(speakerphone)

Bob, please, no-

BOB hangs up. He picks up his briefcase, walks into the bathroom and closes the door.

A moment later, the office door opens and ROGER walks in, wearing the same clothes as yesterday.

ROGER

Where the hell is everyone?

At that moment, the shower turns on.

ROGER (cont'd)

Maggie.

ROGER pulls out his cellphone and looks at it warily.

ROGER (cont'd)

Fucking cancer.

ROGER puts down his phone, turns on the speakerphone and dials. It rings for a moment. HANS, with heavy German accent, answers.

HANS

(speakerphone)

Deutsche Auto Technika. Hans speaking.

ROGER

Hans. It's Roger Newhouse.

HANS

(speakerphone)

Roger. I have not seen you in a long while.

ROGER

You see my checks, isn't that what matters?

HANS

(speakerphone)

I have a warehouse full of schnitzel thanks to you.

ROGER

How's my Porsche?

HANS

(speakerphone)

I take goot care of her. She purrs like a katchen, but she is lonely.

ROGER

Well, I'm going to change that. I want to take a certain lady up the coast. And I want to make it special.

HANS

(speakerphone)

Of course. You come this afternoon, leave your car with me and take the Porsche. What are you driving now, anyway?

ROGER

Oh, uh, a Hyundai Genesis R-Spec GDI 8-speed 5-liter V8.

HANS

(speakerphone)

Or as we call it in Deutschland, a *Hyundai*.

HANS starts to laugh. ROGER hangs up.

ROGER

(to himself in German accent)

Ya, ya, I shit on your inferior Korean automobile, even if it was JD Power and Associates' top-ranked mid-size premium sedan.

ROGER takes off his shirt and throws it onto his desk.

ROGER (cont'd)

(to himself)

Ready or not, here I come.

ROGER opens the bathroom door and goes in. A moment passes.

BOB

(from behind bathroom door)

Ah!

ROGER
(from behind bathroom door)

Ah!

ROGER stumbles out of the bathroom, slightly damp, and slams the door shut. The shower turns off.

BOB
(behind bathroom door)
What is wrong with you?!

ROGER
I'm sorry!

BOB
(behind bathroom door)
I feel violated!

ROGER
My eyeballs feel violated!

The bathroom door opens and BOB steps out wearing a big, fluffy robe.

BOB
Explain yourself.

ROGER
It was a mistake. If I knew it was you, I wouldn't have gone in.

BOB
You were expecting someone else?

ROGER
No. I didn't think it was anybody—

BOB
There was noise and water and steam—

ROGER
And your naked body, yes. Can we just forget it? I know I'm trying—

BOB
Did you and the divine duo finish the pitch?

ROGER
It's done.

BOB

Show me.

ROGER

The pitch books are printed and they're on their way here-

BOB

I want to see the pitch now-

ROGER

I don't have a copy, Bob. As soon as the books get here you can feast on all the meaty goodness you can stuff in your mouth.

BOB

(looking at watch)

You're cutting this way too close, Roger-

ROGER

It's the tension that makes this business so delicious-

BOB

The tension's giving me arrhythmia.

ROGER

Makes you feel alive, doesn't it?

BOB

You better not be fucking with me.

ROGER

This is a fuck-free zone, remember?

The door opens and CAITLIN walks in carrying Bob's pressed shirt and pants.

CAITLIN

Roger! Thank god. Where were you?

ROGER

Putting the finishing touches on the pitch-

CAITLIN suddenly notices the details. ROGER shirtless and slightly damp. BOB with soap in his hair.

CAITLIN

What happened in here?

BOB

We took a shower together.

CAITLIN
What?!

ROGER
I thought it was you!

CAITLIN holds out BOB'S pressed clothes.

CAITLIN
Get dressed, Bob.

BOB
I want to hear this—

CAITLIN
In the bathroom. *Now!*

BOB takes his clothes and goes back into the bathroom

CAITLIN (cont'd)
What's going on, Roger?

ROGER
It was a misunderstanding.

CAITLIN
You thought *I* was taking a shower?

ROGER
Yes. I was feeling a little...
(reaches towards Caitlin)
You know, randy—

CAITLIN
(stepping back)
Rule sixteen: No showering with your lover in the executive bathroom.

ROGER
Sorry. I thought we'd dropped that one.

CAITLIN
So what happened last night?

ROGER
What happened what?

CAITLIN
Well, you said you had to clear your head.

ROGER

I did. I went for a drive up the PCH.

CAITLIN

And then what?

ROGER

I went home.

CAITLIN

I stopped by your place last night. You weren't there.

ROGER

Well, then I came back here. You must have missed me.

CAITLIN

Bob didn't see you here.

ROGER

Why would Bob see me?

CAITLIN

He spent the night here. In your sofa fort.

ROGER

What? He didn't even ask pretty please—

CAITLIN

Because he didn't see you here.

ROGER

Obviously, I was at home when he was here and awake. And then I was here when he was here and asleep. It makes perfect sense—

CAITLIN

It doesn't make any sense—

ROGER

We're all just ships passing in the night, Caitlin.

ROGER moves in and holds CAITLIN.

ROGER (cont'd)

And it was a particularly dark and... confusing one.

For a moment, CAITLIN succumbs and almost kisses ROGER. Then she pulls away.

CAITLIN

We don't have time for this.

ROGER

I just need a moment.

ROGER sits on his desk.

CAITLIN

You *need* to get dressed.

ROGER

Right.

ROGER picks up his shirt and starts to put it on.

CAITLIN

Roger?

ROGER

Yes?

CAITLIN

Didn't you wear this shirt yesterday?

ROGER's eyes widen for a moment.

ROGER

Yes.

CAITLIN

Why are you wearing it again?

ROGER

It's my lucky shirt. I wore it on accident yesterday. *Today* I'm wearing it on purpose.

CAITLIN

Unfortunately, it's too late to get it pressed.

ROGER

That's okay. They might press all the luck out of it.

CAITLIN

I don't want you looking like a slob, Roger.

ROGER

Better a slob, than a loser.

The bathroom door opens and BOB comes in, dressed.

BOB

Did the pitch books arrive?

ROGER

Any second now.

BOB

No more fucking excuses. I want action.

CAITLIN

Which copy place did you use?

ROGER

Oh, uh... the one on Wilshire.

CAITLIN

We use three different places on Wilshire.

ROGER

It has the word *copy* in the name.

CAITLIN

They all have copy in the name! Copy Works. Copy Central. Copy Commander—

BOB

(points to Caitlin)

Caitlin, get on the phone and figure out which one it is. And tell them if the pitch books aren't delivered in 5 minutes, I will go over there, lock the doors, pump gasoline to the fucking ceiling and fire bomb them back into the age of papyrus!

CAITLIN

I like it.

CAITLIN exits.

BOB

(pointing to Roger)

Okay, now we're going to call Pear Computer and try to push back our pitch time.

ROGER

Good idea.

ROGER dials the speakerphone. It rings for a moment before PETE, Pear's marketing director, answers.

PETE
(speakerphone)
Y'ello? Pete Hirschfeld here.

ROGER
Hey, Pete, it's Roger.

PETE
(speakerphone)
Roger! That's freakin' amazing. I was about to call you.

ROGER
Psychic connection, *Stinky*. We are brothers, after all.
(thumps fist to chest)
Delta Sigma Pi! Never die! Whoo!

PETE
(speakerphone)
It's Pete.

ROGER
Uh, yeah... I've got Bob Goldman here—

PETE
(speakerphone)
The former wunderkind himself! Bob, I saw the article in Adweek. How's that efficiency thing working out? You should consider robots. They build all our shit now. And they don't kill themselves over poor working conditions.

ROGER
Listen, Pete, our pitch is scheduled for 11ish—

BOB
11ish?

ROGER clicks the mute button on the phone.

ROGER
I always add an *ish* to an appointment time. It gives us flexibility, which gives us leverage, which gives us power—

PETE
(speakerphone)
Rog, am I supposed to be on mute right now?

ROGER

Oh, yeah, sorry—

PETE

(speakerphone)

No problemo. Now about your pitch—

ROGER

llish.

PETE

(speakerphone)

Yeah, it's not going to be llish.

ROGER

Good, because I was calling to see if we could buy a little time—

PETE

(speakerphone)

It's been cancelled.

BOB

What do you mean, *cancelled*?

PETE

(speakerphone)

As in, not happening.

BOB

(blowing up)

Listen to me, you... *Pete*. You can't just cancel a fucking pitch.

PETE

(speakerphone)

I'm the client, Bob, I can do whatever the hell I want. Especially when I've found exactly what I'm looking for.

BOB

How's that?

PETE

(speakerphone)

First pitch. 9 AM this morning. Casey, Price and Price walked in and *nailed it*.

BOB

Fuck!

PETE

(speakerphone)

That's exactly what I said. *Holy fuck, you're blowing my mind-*

ROGER

Casey, Price and Price? They're a bunch of weenies-

PETE

(speakerphone)

That agency is *hot*. But I totally understand why you feel that way, with your ex-wife working for them and all.

ROGER

Maggie?

PETE

(speakerphone)

Kind of an emasculation, really-

ROGER

Pete, that wasn't Maggie.

PETE

(speakerphone)

Freedom mobilized. I love it. She's fucking brilliant.

(beat)

Don't feel bad guys, you never had a chance. Anyway, I gotta go. Ciao, muchachos-

ROGER

No, wait, Pete!

The phone clicks. BOB stares ragefully at ROGER.

BOB

What the fuck did you do?!

ROGER

What did I do? What did you do? You invited her back in.

BOB

Onto *our* team. So what the fuck happened?

ROGER

Nothing... I mean, I did what you wanted. I went to see her. We worked all night. It was amazing. *She* was amazing. She pulled it all together, just like you said. We finished around 6 AM and decided to take a nap-

BOB

Naps are for babies!

ROGER

Actually, a lot of studies show—

BOB's seething stops ROGER in his tracks.

ROGER (cont'd)

When I woke up, Maggie was gone. But she left a note saying she'd meet me at the office with the pitch books—

BOB

Are you sure it didn't say, go fuck yourself!

ROGER

Yeah, I guess that was the message.

BOB

And that's it?

ROGER

What?

BOB

You're not going to chainsaw her desk? Dissolve it in acid? Pack it with plastic explosive and vaporize it?!

ROGER

I don't have to. This is going to explode in her face. Casey, Price and Price are preening lightweights. I heard they're locked in a hot gay love triangle.

BOB

Price and Price are brothers.

ROGER

Sick, isn't it?

BOB

You moron!

Without warning, BOB punches ROGER in the face.

ROGER

(holding his mouth)

When did you become a defender of gay rights?

BOB

You keep promising me a fuck-free zone, but all I get is hyperbolic delusion!

ROGER takes his hand from his face, which is smeared with blood.

ROGER

I think I lost a tooth.

BOB

Shit.

BOB moves in to look.

ROGER

Are you going to hit me again?

BOB

The endorphins have run their course. It never feels as good the second time.

ROGER takes BOB's hand and gets pulled up. ROGER wipes his bloody nose on his sleeve.

BOB (cont'd)

I didn't think you'd be a bleeder. I'll go get you a maxi pad.

BOB goes into the bathroom. A moment later, the office door opens and CAITLIN walks in.

CAITLIN

Roger, I can't find who printed the pitch-

CAITLIN sees ROGER and screams.

CAITLIN (cont'd)

Oh my god! What happened?

ROGER

I killed Bob. I grabbed his Montblanc pen and I stabbed him in the neck.

CAITLIN

Roger-

ROGER

The blood went everywhere.

CAITLIN

Stop it.

ROGER

Can you help me get rid of the body?

A beat later, BOB steps out of the bathroom carrying a wet towel and a bottle of Scotch.

BOB

You crafty son of a bitch. Look what I found behind the mirror.

BOB tosses the wet towel to ROGER, who starts cleaning his face.

ROGER

It's for medicinal purposes.

BOB

12 year, single malt. That's my kind of prescription.

CAITLIN

Bob, did you hit Roger?

BOB

I did. It felt good. We're moving on.

CAITLIN

We're going to miss our pitch!

BOB

Cool your jets-

CAITLIN

I'm not cooling my jets! My jets are hot-

BOB

We're not getting the account, Caitlin. Casey, Price and Price walked in at 9 AM and stole the show.

(looks at Roger)

Or would that be 9-ish?

CAITLIN

So you hit Roger.

BOB

You need to get HR on the phone.

CAITLIN

Gladly, you bully.

BOB

Not about me. About Maggie.

CAITLIN

Maggie?

BOB

She stole our pitch and took it to Jack Casey.

CAITLIN looks at ROGER.

CAITLIN

Oh, Roger.

BOB picks up a couple of glasses, cracks open the Scotch and starts pouring.

BOB

Tell HR that Maggie broke her non-compete clause and I want to take legal action ASAP.

CAITLIN

Right.

CAITLIN gives ROGER a forlorn look and walks out. BOB hands a glass of Scotch to ROGER, then holds up his own glass in a toast. ROGER follows suit.

BOB

To Maggie. The *pitch* is dead. Long live the *bitch*.

They drink and savor a quiet moment.

ROGER

If you were in Maggie's shoes, you'd probably do the same thing.

BOB

Yes, but not to someone as powerful and vindictive as me.
(beat)
I'm going to destroy her.

ROGER

Come on, Bob, she's like family.

BOB

Family?

ROGER

When you hired Maggie and me, you said we were all family.

BOB

Yeah... that was bullshit. This business isn't about treasuring what you have, it's about constantly coveting what you don't. That's not family. That's anti-family.

ROGER

Blasphemous words coming from an advertising wunderkind.

BOB seems tired.

BOB

It's just business.

ROGER faces BOB.

ROGER

Go for it.

BOB

You're fired, Roger! You're fucking fired.

(beat)

But I did enjoy your sofa fort. I may have to put one of those in my office.

The door opens. CAITLIN walks in and stops.

CAITLIN

I spoke to HR.

(beat)

You're not going to believe this. Maggie's non-compete clause expired on the 31st. She was free to pitch with whomever she wanted.

ROGER

But it was my pitch!

CAITLIN

Did you share your files with her?

ROGER doesn't answer.

CAITLIN (cont'd)

I guess that settles that.

(beat)

Now, if you'll excuse me, I have to go deal with the car service that's waiting outside to take us to Pear Computer.

CAITLIN turns around.

BOB

Caitlin, wait. I'll take it to the airport. I've done what I came to do.

BOB picks up his briefcase.

CAITLIN

(looking at Roger)

Did he fire you?

ROGER

He did.

BOB

Goodbye, Roger.

BOB turns to CAITLIN and extends his hand.

BOB (cont'd)

Caitlin. I hope we see each other again.

CAITLIN

I'm coming with you, Bob.

ROGER

What?!

CAITLIN

(to BOB)

Can we swing by my place to pick up some things?

BOB

Whatever you say. I'll see you downstairs.

BOB walks towards the door.

ROGER

I hope your tests turn out all right.

BOB stops for a moment, but doesn't look back. He exits.

ROGER (cont'd)

What the hell are you doing? Don't you realize this is the moment we've been waiting for?

CAITLIN

What moment is that?

ROGER

To start our own agency. Everyone's going to be talking about this. The truth will come out and I'll be known as the genius behind the stolen pitch. It'll be mythic, but we need to strike while the iron's hot-

CAITLIN slaps ROGER.

CAITLIN

Did you sleep with her?

ROGER

Who?

CAITLIN

No spin, Roger.

ROGER

It's not as bad as you think.

CAITLIN

No spin.

ROGER

I did. But on the bright side, and this may come as a surprise, we're finally divorced.

CAITLIN

You said you were divorced.

ROGER

Technically, I didn't say anything.

CAITLIN slaps ROGER again.

CAITLIN

And technically, I've been a slut this whole time.

ROGER

You think Bob's going to be any better? You're just trading one asshole for another-

CAITLIN

Did you know Bob can see the Empire State Building *and* the Chrysler Building from his office?

ROGER

Yeah, so he can imagine jerking them off at the same time.

CAITLIN

If it's a mistake, I can afford it. You're always reminding me how young and inexperienced I am.

ROGER

You do look like I plucked you from a farmer's market stall. So fresh and tender.

CAITLIN

Goodbye Roger.

ROGER leans towards CAITLIN.

CAITLIN (cont'd)

If you try to kiss me on the forehead, I will punch you in the bollocks.

ROGER straightens and holds out his hand.

ROGER

Goodbye Caitlin.

They shake hands awkwardly.

ROGER (cont'd)

Don't ever forget, *quality is job one.*

CAITLIN

Please. Let's not end this with an advertising cliché.

ROGER

The great copywriters of the past have trail-blazed a canon of emotional shorthand for us. You should know how to use it.

CAITLIN

Bob's waiting.

CAITLIN turns and heads for the door.

ROGER

You brought good things to life—

CAITLIN

(without turning back)

I get it, Roger.

ROGER

I'd never leave home without you.

CAITLIN exits.

ROGER (cont'd)

You're the best a man can get!

The door opens and CAITLIN steps back in.

CAITLIN

Fuck you, Roger!

She turns, and exits for good. ROGER stares at the door for a long moment. He looks around the office.

ROGER

This place really is a shit hole.

ROGER walks over to the plant. He picks it up and examines it. Unseen by ROGER, MAGGIE steps into the office.

MAGGIE

Roger.

ROGER turns towards Maggie.

ROGER

Christ, Maggie. Haven't you done enough for one day? Even serial killers pace themselves.

MAGGIE

You reaped what you sowed, Farmer Newhouse.

ROGER

You'll get no fight from me. But watch your back, Bob's out for blood.

MAGGIE

Bob's gone and you know it. I've been watching from across the street.

ROGER

Spoken like a truth psychopath.

MAGGIE

Where's Caitlin?

ROGER

She went with Bob.

MAGGIE

That's an unexpected twist.

ROGER

Thanks to you, everyone's moving on.

MAGGIE

Even you?

ROGER

I don't know. Maybe I'll deny defeat and hole up in here with my energy drinks and beef jerky until the lease gets cancelled and the electricity gets turned off and they have to roll me out to the dumpster with the old furniture and the dead plants.

MAGGIE

You were always so good at laying out next steps.

ROGER

Right now, I wouldn't mind trading places with the plant guy.

MAGGIE

You mean, Mike.

ROGER

Mike. He nurtured life with just a watering can and his bare hands. So simple. So authentic—

MAGGIE

You could have kept this plant alive yourself. It wouldn't have taken much. Some water, some plant food—

ROGER

I don't have Mike's magic hands.

MAGGIE

He didn't have magic hands!

(beat)

You don't even know, do you?

ROGER

What?

MAGGIE

I hired Mike through a placement program called *Big Hearts in the Workplace*.

ROGER

Mike had a big heart, didn't he?

MAGGIE

Mike was *special*.

ROGER

He sure was—

MAGGIE

Special needs, Roger!

ROGER

Really?

(beat)

I had no idea.

MAGGIE

Of course you didn't.

MAGGIE eyes the Scotch on the desk. She goes over and begins fixing a drink for herself.

ROGER

I connected with that guy—

MAGGIE

You didn't connect. You spewed wisecracks and quotations at him, but did you ever listen to the man? No, you just rolled on and on like a big, lumbering, smothering—

ROGER

Teddy bear.

MAGGIE

Do you really want to spoil the good name of teddy bears?

Maggie takes a drink of Scotch.

MAGGIE (cont'd)

You had to go to Bob behind my back.

ROGER

You didn't want to have kids.

MAGGIE

That's not fair.

ROGER

Since when is this business about what's fair? It's about whose got the biggest balls.

MAGGIE

I don't have balls, Roger.

ROGER

You're right. You have a man-eating vagina. And you'd have screwed me with it if I didn't screw you first.

MAGGIE

Well... I'm glad I finally lived up to your expectation.

(holds up glass in mock toast)

Better late than never.

MAGGIE drinks.

ROGER

Just tell me one thing. Why Casey, Price and Price?

MAGGIE

It doesn't matter.

ROGER

I'd just like to know before I go over there and take a crap on Jack Casey's desk. Don't think I won't.

MAGGIE

Isn't that how you respond to everything—

ROGER

Please.

MAGGIE

I honestly thought you'd figure it out.

ROGER studies MAGGIE's sly smile and figures it out.

ROGER

Not Jack Casey.

MAGGIE

We met a few weeks ago at a disco party in the lobby of The Standard. It was too much of a scene for me, but Jack made it very bearable. He's funny, and rich, and foxy.

ROGER

Does he know we slept together?

MAGGIE

I told him it might be a necessary part of the story line.

MAGGIE opens up her bag, pulls out a neat stack of paper.

MAGGIE (cont'd)

You might not recognize this. I had to iron it.

MAGGIE pushes the divorce papers into ROGER's hand.

MAGGIE (cont'd)

Your copy.

ROGER takes the papers.

MAGGIE (cont'd)

And we're done.

MAGGIE goes to close her bag, but notices a message on her Pear phone.

MAGGIE (cont'd)

(to herself)

Shit.

MAGGIE dials.

MAGGIE (cont'd)

(to ROGER)

Excuse me.

(to phone)

Hi Jack.

(beat)

I'm sorry. I'll be right there. I just had to run an errand.

(looking at ROGER)

Nothing important. I'll see you soon.

MAGGIE hangs up. She and ROGER look at each for a long time, then MAGGIE exits.

ROGER stares at the door for a moment. Then he picks up a trash can and actually starts cleaning up.

After several moments, he comes across a half empty mineral water bottle. He looks up at the half-dead plant.

ROGER walks over to the plant with the mineral water. He kicks his bean bag into the middle of the room and then sits down with the plant and the water. He take a drink of the water, then pours the rest into the plant. ROGER smiles.

BLACKOUT

END OF PLAY