

1-800-R-JOB-SUX

By

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EXT. LAW OFFICE - DAY (ESTABLISHING)

A high-profile law firm in a skyscraper in downtown L.A.

The morning sun is rising and traffic on the freeways is at its peak.

INT. LAW OFFICE - DAY

CHRIS BAUER (25 yrs. old) walks into the building in an Armani suit, a leather briefcase swung over his shoulder.

He passes a SECURITY GUARD.

SECURITY GUARD  
Morning, Chris.

CHRIS  
Good morning. Is it full?

SECURITY GUARD  
You still might have a shot.

Chris runs to the elevators.

The elevator going up is close to capacity.

As Chris reaches it, the doors close in his face.

A beat.

The doors open again.

ELEVATOR PATRON #1  
Morning, Chris.

CHRIS  
Thank you. Good morning.

ELEVATOR PATRON #2  
Hi, Chris.

CHRIS  
Hi.

Chris walks inside the elevator. Everyone gives him space.

LOBBY (LAW FIRM)

Chris walks through the lobby, smiling at everyone he passes.

CHRIS'S OFFICE.

Chris is at his desk.

Displayed on the wall behind him are awards and degrees, including a diploma from Harvard Law School.

Chris is writing into a legal pad. A *Time* magazine sits on his desk with the cover, "*Living Through A Recession.*"

A SECRETARY knocks on the door and walks in.

SECRETARY

Chris. Larry wants to see you.

Chris nods.

LARRY'S OFFICE.

A large corner office, exquisitely furnished.

LARRY (40's), a partner in the firm, is seated behind a long mahogany desk. Across the table sits Chris.

LARRY

Chris. I don't know how else to say this. We've decided to let you go.

CHRIS

Did I...did I do something wrong?

Larry shakes his head.

LARRY

Not at all. For the past six months you've been a great asset to this company. We simply can't afford to keep you. We're outsourcing most of your clientele to a legal firm in India.

CHRIS

I'm sorry?

LARRY

They're like eight bucks an hour over there. And they answer the phone 24-7. You're a good lawyer, Chris. An excellent background, a law degree from Harvard, a member of the Barack Obama presidential campaign. Best of all, you've won

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

LARRY (cont'd)  
every case you've been in. But the economy sucks. We're losing clients by the handful. And we can't afford to pay you what you deserve. But trust me, Chris. A young upstart like yourself will have absolutely no trouble finding a new job.

## MONTAGE SEQUENCE

1. Chris sits in the lobby of another high profile law firm, crowded with ten other hopefuls.
  2. Chris is in the middle of a job interview. The interviewer looks at Chris's resume and shakes her head. Chris notices a photo on the wall of the interviewer with John McCain.
  3. Chris searches through job listings on Monster.com.
  4. He's at another interview. As Chris talks the interviewer is playing a game on his iPhone.
  5. Chris looks through the Classified ads of a newspaper.
  6. He collects a check at the unemployment office.
  7. Chris is at the 99-Cent Only Store buying a stack of Ramen noodles.
  8. Chris has boxes lined up in his upscale apartment. He's moving out.
  9. Chris moves the boxes into an apartment in a poorer neighborhood.
  10. He sits by candlelight in the middle of his cramped new apartment, using the candle to warm a Cup O' Noodle.
  11. Chris looks at a late bill for his Harvard student loan. The balance remaining is \$104,350.11.
  12. Chris searches through the newspaper. He sees an ad reading "Always Hiring. Call Center." Chris circles it.
- Title Card:
- "Six Months Later."

INT. BANK OF THE WORLD (CALL CENTER) - DAY

Chris sits at his cubicle with his headset on.

A Time Magazine sits on his desk with the cover:  
*"Outsourcing: Is Your Job In Jeopardy?"*

BEEP, BEEP, BEEP (V.O. from headset)....

CHRIS

Thank you for calling Bank Of The  
 World. This is Chris. How may I  
 help you?

MALE CALLER (V.O.)

Cocksucker!

CHRIS

Sorry?...

MALE CALLER (V.O.)

Cocksucker!

CHRIS

And how may I help you today, sir?

MALE CALLER (V.O.)

(pause)

Cocksucker!

CHRIS

Look, sir. If you don't stop  
 saying that word I'm going to have  
 to disconnect.

MALE CALLER (V.O.)

Pussylips!

CHRIS

You can't say that word either,  
 sir.

MALE CALLER (V.O.)

Can I have my balance?

CHRIS

Sure, I can help you with  
 that. May I have your account  
 number please?

MALE CALLER (V.O.)

I don't know it.

(CONTINUED)

CHRIS

That's alright. I can look it up in our database. May I have your name, sir?

MALE CALLER (V.O.)

Sure. It's Cock. Last name Sucker.

CHRIS

That's it. I'm done with this call.

MALE CALLER (V.O.)

Don't hang up. I apologize.

CHRIS

You apologize.

MALE CALLER (V.O.)

Yes.

CHRIS

Okay. Now please. May I have your full name?

MALE CALLER (V.O.)

Last name Goodhead.

CHRIS

And your first?

MALE CALLER (V.O.)

Igib.

Chris types onto his keyboard.

CHRIS

Igib Goodhead?

MALE CALLER (V.O.)

Cocksucker!!!

The caller guffaws.

Chris disconnects the call. He takes off his headset.

TITLE CARD:

"1-800-R-JOB-SUX"

INT. CALL CENTER (MAIN FLOOR)

The Bank of the World call center consists of a hundred or so desks arranged in a strict Orwellian fashion. The walls are a bland manila beige, all color saturated by bright fluorescent lights.

Desks are divided by cubicle walls two feet high, permitting only enough room to see the top half of a neighbor's head.

A clipboard-holding supervisor (DENNIS, 30) patrols the aisles. He walks up to Chris, sitting at his desk.

DENNIS

Are you on break?

CHRIS

No.

DENNIS

Where's your headset?

Chris picks up his headset and puts it on.

Dennis points at Chris before leaving.

CHRIS

Hey, Don.

DONOVAN BROWN, Chris's neighbor, peers over his cubicle. Don is a gay Rastafarian complete with dreads and sunglasses.

DON

What's happening in Kingston, my straight as an arrow friend named Chris?

CHRIS

Somebody just called me a cocksucker.

DON

No shit, mon. Transfer him to me. I'll suck his cock.

CHRIS

I'm getting sick of this place.

DON

Yeah. I'd be too if I had a degree from Harvard Law School. By the way, mon. Did you roll your

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

DON (cont'd)  
diploma up into a joint and smoke  
it? Why da fuck you still here?

CHRIS  
The economy's bad, Don. No one's  
hiring.

DON  
Well if it be your dream to be  
having people yell 'cocksucker' in  
your ear ten times a day, so be  
it. Which reminds me. I had a  
white boy be sticking his cock in  
my ear last night. When he came it  
was like hearing "Ebony And Ivory"  
for the first time.

CHRIS  
You're the gayest Rastafarian in  
the world.

DON  
You know what you need, mon? A  
Stevie Wonder to your Paul  
McCartney.

Don drops a bag of premium hash on Chris's desk.

DON  
That's the good stuff. Smoke it  
and in five minutes this place be  
turning into Disneyland.

INT. HONDA CIVIC

Bob Marley's "No Woman No Cry" bumps through the  
speakers. Chris is leaned back smoking a joint. His car is  
parked in a parking structure about a hundred yards from the  
main building.

Chris sees someone (TRAVIS, 23) skateboarding to the front  
entrance.

KNOCK, KNOCK, KNOCK...

Miraculously, Travis seems to have teleported the hundred or  
so yards to Chris's car.

TRAVIS  
Chris.

Chris shakes his head "no."

(CONTINUED)

TRAVIS  
Come on. Let me in.

CHRIS  
No, Travis.

Chris sees a group of Bank of The World EXECUTIVES walking towards the car. He quickly opens the power lock.

Travis gets in and shuts it.

The executives pass.

CHRIS  
You wanna get us fired?

TRAVIS  
So are you gonna be a Care Bear and share?

Chris hands the joint to Travis, who takes a drag.

TRAVIS  
Dammit, Chris. Where you get this?

CHRIS  
Don.

TRAVIS  
Jamaican cocksucker's holding out on me. I'd let him do me up the ass just so he can tell me where he gets his weed. So how's the resident lawyer in the call center doing?

CHRIS  
I hate this job.

TRAVIS  
I've hated this job the past two years. You've only been here six months. You still don't know how far hate can go.

CHRIS  
If I'm here long enough to find out, shoot me. Why did you skate to work?

TRAVIS  
I making it my lifelong quest to end global warming.

(CONTINUED)

Travis hands the joint back to Chris.

CHRIS  
They finally repossess your car?

TRAVIS  
You know the Club?

CHRIS  
The thing that locks on your  
steering wheel so no one steals  
your car?

TRAVIS  
Fuckers took that too.

EXT. BUILDING (CALL CENTER) - DAY

Chris and Travis walk to the front entrance.

A pretty female call center rep (BRANDI, 24) walks out. She holds the door open for them.

Chris grabs it.

CHRIS  
Thanks.

Chris and Travis stare at her ass as she walks away.

TRAVIS  
Not even Michaelangelo could've  
sculpted an ass as perfect as  
that. She probably could fart a  
Picasso.

CHRIS  
I haven't seen her before. Is she  
new?

TRAVIS  
Brandi?

Travis nods.

TRAVIS  
Rumor has it her vagina can open  
wider than Kim Kardashian's mouth  
at a NAACP convention.

Chris is still gazing at Brandi.

(CONTINUED)

TRAVIS

Twenty bucks says she won't let you see it.

A beat.

CHRIS

See what?...

TRAVIS

Her vagina.

Chris shakes his head at Travis.

CHRIS

Why?

TRAVIS

Someone told her our call center is the STD capitol of the world.

INT. CALL CENTER (MAIN FLOOR) - LATER

Travis, Don, and Chris are at their desks.

TRAVIS

All I got is a twenty.

DON

Sorry. No can do.

TRAVIS

You gave a bag to Chris for free.

DON

That's 'cause he's hot stuff, mon.

CHRIS

Don's right, Travis.

TRAVIS

When did they make you the gay George Washington Carver? I'm gonna harvest my own Rasta-*fagg*-arian weed and sell it for half the price.

DON

Good luck comin' up with somethin' better white boy.

Dennis walks up to them.

(CONTINUED)

DENNIS

Why aren't you guys taking calls?

Travis and Don stop talking and take their seats.

Dennis walks to Travis and hands him a half-sheet of paper.

DENNIS

Sign it.

TRAVIS

A write-up?

DENNIS

You were late to work.

TRAVIS

This is my second one this week.

DENNIS

And one more and you're outta here.

Travis shakes his head as he signs the paper. He hands it to Dennis.

DENNIS

Now go take a call.

Travis smiles facetiously.

TRAVIS

(into headset)

--Thank you for calling Bank of the World, this is Travis. How may I help you?

Travis covers the receiving end of his headset and whispers to Don.

TRAVIS

Dude, this chick sounds hot. I'm gonna see if she has any bikini photos on MySpace.

DON

Stop pretending you're straight, faggot.

Dennis turns to Chris.

DENNIS

Chris. You were two minutes late from your break.

(CONTINUED)

Dennis hands Chris a half-sheet.

CHRIS  
When did this start happening?

DENNIS  
Last week. Our V.P. is cracking  
down on any deviations in the  
schedule. He wants to run a tight  
ship.

TRAVIS  
(muttering)  
*Don't pull your dick out of his  
asshole then.*

Don holds in a chuckle.

DENNIS  
I'm sorry?

Chris looks at the paper and signs it. He hands it back to  
Dennis.

CHRIS  
It won't happen again.

DENNIS  
Good. You're one of our top call  
center reps, Chris. And maybe  
after fifty years answering phones  
you'll pay off law school. Wait,  
you went to Harvard, right? I  
meant two hundred years.

Dennis chuckles to himself. He goes to his clipboard and  
looks at the next name on his list.

DENNIS  
Who's Brandi Smith?

TRAVIS  
I think she's new.

At that moment Brandi walks quickly by them.

TRAVIS  
I think that's her.

Dennis's eyes are focused on Brandi's rear.

TRAVIS

You think she's late from break?

DENNIS

I'm gonna let her go this time.

Dennis crosses her name off the list and walks away.

DON

Now dat's a Rastaman who no be  
givin' us reach-arounds, Mon.

INT. LUNCH ROOM

The lunch room has been converted for the Bank of the World quarterly meeting. The entire call center staff (about 100 employees) are seated inside.

A large screen in the front of the room displays a PowerPoint slide that reads:

*"CUSTOMERS DON'T CARE HOW MUCH YOU KNOW, UNTIL THEY KNOW HOW MUCH YOU CARE."*

Chris is sitting at the back row with Don.

CHRIS

I can't believe he wrote me up.

DON

He's probably jealous.

CHRIS

Of what?

Don pulls down his shades and gives him a wink.

Chris has his eye on Brandi, who's sitting a few seats in front of him. Dennis, standing near the door, also has his eye on her.

DANNY, the sound guy/IT tech, sits on a table in the back controlling the audio and video system with a laptop. He starts bumping C&C Music Factory's "Gonna Make You Sweat (Everybody Dance Now)" through the speakers.

MIGS MUNOZ, president of the Bank of the World call center, enters the room dancing along with with other BANK EXECUTIVES (Vice Presidents).

Everyone stands up and claps along, a few employees with party kazoos and clappers.

(CONTINUED)

Chris and Don stay seated.

After the managers show off a few unimpressive moves the music lowers. Everyone takes their seat except Migs, who wipes the sweat off his forehead with a handkerchief.

Dennis hands Migs a microphone before taking a seat. An extra large high school class ring shines off of Migs's finger.

MIGS

Wow, I haven't had that much fun since doing the Macarena at the junior/senior prom.

Danny sets off a comedy club BA-DA-BING drum fill on his laptop.

MIGS

Nice timing, Danny. Welcome to the Bank of The World quarterly meeting. I'm Migs Munoz if you don't know me already, Senior Vice President of B.O.W.'s direct banking division, and soon to be featured performer on 'Dancing with the Stars.' That's all right, you guys can laugh.

No one laughs.

Migs looks at Danny from across the room. Danny nods and hits the sound cue for LAUGHTER.

MIGS

Danny's great everyone. Everyone let's here it for Danny and the IT crew in the back.

The laugh track continues.

MIGS

Okay, that's enough.

Danny presses a few keys but still can't stop it.

MIGS

Stop it, Danny.

It finally stops.

MIGS

Thank you. Now back to business. First let me say that I'm grateful for all the hard work you've all contributed to the call center this year. Unfortunately, sales for Bank of the World were down this quarter...

The BA-DA-BING drum fill goes off by accident.

A beat.

A few random chuckles. A few more. The laughter gets a little louder, until the room is a riot. Migs waits for the laughter to die down, but it doesn't.

Finally Migs has enough. He points to Danny.

MIGS

You. Out!

The laughter abruptly stops.

MIGS

Out!

A shocked Danny walks out of the room. Another IT guy takes his place.

MIGS

As I said earlier, overall sales for Bank of the World dropped this quarter...

Migs waits for a laugh. The crowd doesn't move.

MIGS

...But fortunately our call center received its highest customer service rating to date. We've never met that goal before so I want you all to please give yourselves a big round of applause.

No one applauds.

Migs starts clapping. Dennis joins in. The rest of the employees follow.

MIGS

And as a proud example of world class customer service let me be

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

MIGS (cont'd)  
the first to announce our Employee  
Of The Quarter. Mr. Dennis  
Martinelli!

The new sound guy starts playing the Village People's  
"Y.M.C.A."

Dennis stands up to receive his plaque. Migs gives Dennis a  
hi-five. Dennis raises his plaque into the air while Migs  
makes the arm motions for "Y.M.C.A." Migs gets Dennis to do  
the arm motions too.

The music lowers.

Dennis takes a seat.

MIGS  
And now, for some important  
news. We have a very special VIP  
visiting the call center next  
week. None other than Bank of The  
World CEO Terry Thomas is coming to  
pay us all a visit.

The PowerPoint switches to a photo of TERRY THOMAS, a WASP-y  
looking gentleman.

Migs starts bowing to the photo.

MIGS  
I'm kidding. Now I want you all to  
be on your best behavior. This is  
Terry's first trip to the call  
center and we want to make sure  
this place is nice and clean. That  
means taking down all non-related  
work material off your desk. That  
includes magazines, posters,  
pictures, nic-nacks, family photos,  
etc. Just kidding, you can leave  
your family photos. --Well,  
no. Please take them down when  
Terry visits. And no food or  
drinks will be allowed on the  
floor. It's business dress for  
everybody, no exceptions.

Chris shakes his head at Don.

MIGS  
Okay, this is like the President of  
the United States visiting the call  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

MIGS (cont'd)  
center. Except he's president of  
Bank of the World, which sounds a  
lot more impressive.

INT. MEN'S RESTROOM

Chris enters the restroom. It's empty. He takes a piss in  
a urinal.

Suddenly the sound of DIARRHEA hitting the toilet.

TRAVIS (O.S.)  
Arrrrgggghh!!!!!!

CHRIS  
Travis?

TRAVIS  
Is that you, Chris?

CHRIS  
Yeah.

TRAVIS (O.S.)  
Don's fuckin' weed gave me the  
shits. I knew it was tainted. Did  
you get sick?

CHRIS  
No.

TRAVIS (O.S.)  
Then I guess my stomach is just one  
big menstruating pussy. Damn, I'm  
going to be late from break.

CHRIS  
I was looking for you at the  
meeting. I thought you hate using  
these toilets.

TRAVIS (O.S.)  
I do. But I had to go so bad I  
didn't even have time to put on a  
sanitizer. I'm sitting on  
someone's dried crusty piss right  
now.

A long stream of number two hits the toilet.

(CONTINUED)

TRAVIS (O.S.)  
--*Fuck*...So how was the pep rally?

CHRIS  
Like a Jim Jones get together  
without the Kool-Aid.

TRAVIS (O.S.)  
Chris, do me a favor. Take a  
shotgun and blow Don's asshole open  
so wide he'll never feel the  
pleasure of gay sex again.

Another stream exits Travis.

CHRIS  
That sounds like you just blew your  
asshole open.

TRAVIS (O.S.)  
I think my anus is bleeding.

Chris sneaks out of the restroom.

TRAVIS (O.S.)  
Chris?...shit.

INT. CALL CENTER (MAIN FLOOR)

Chris is sitting at his desk with his headset on.

BEEP, BEEP, BEEP...

CHRIS  
*Thank you for calling Bank of the  
World. This is Chris. How may I  
help you?*

A beat.

BRANDI (V.O.)  
...Chris?

CHRIS  
Yeah.

BRANDI (V.O.)  
Is this the escalation line?

CHRIS  
Yeah. Who's this?

(CONTINUED)

BRANDI (V.O.)

Brandi.

CHRIS

Brandi. You're new, right? Where do you sit?

Chris raises his head and looks across the vast expanse of cubicles.

BRANDI (V.O.)

I'm somewhere in the middle.

Brandi's desk is in the other side of the room. She stands and waves.

CHRIS

There you are.

Chris waves back.

CHRIS

You alright?

BRANDI

Not really. I have a customer who's really stressing me out.

CHRIS

Delores Witherspoon?

BRANDI

How'd you know?

CHRIS

Ms. Witherspoon always calls an hour after noon. Right after the "Maury Povich Show."

BRANDI

Really?

CHRIS

Yeah. She has nothing better to do but call and try to get us to reverse her fees. Two people have already quit because of her.

BRANDI

I was going to give her a fee waiver but there's a note here saying we can't do anymore. Can you speak to her? I don't know

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

BRANDI (cont'd)  
what else to say. She's making me  
want to quit.

Chris laughs.

CHRIS  
Don't quit. I'll talk to her. But  
you owe me if I can't get out of  
this call alive.

Brandi smiles.

BRANDI  
Okay.

CHRIS  
Go ahead and transfer her.

BRANDI  
You're great, Chris. Hold  
on....*Hello Ms.*  
*Witherspoon? Thanks for*  
*holding. I have Chris...*

MS. WITHERSPOON (V.O.)  
--What the hell are you doing  
lady?!

CHRIS  
--*Thank you for calling Bank of the*  
*World. My name is Chris. How may*  
*I help you?*

Brandi gives Chris a thumbs up.

Chris does likewise. They both sit down.

MS. WITHERSPOON (V.O.)  
(African-American voice)  
What you motherfuckers doing with  
my money?

CHRIS  
I'm sorry?

MS. WITHERSPOON (V.O.)  
You heard me. Where's my money?

CHRIS  
Let me help you find out, Ms.  
Witherspoon.

MS. WITHERSPOON (V.O.)  
You guys are all a bunch of Jews  
takin' my money.

CHRIS  
We're not all Jewish, mam.

MS. WITHERSPOON (V.O.)  
A fuckin' lying Jew, too. Now  
don't you be telling me you didn't  
nail Jesus to the cross, either  
boy.

CHRIS  
Ms. Witherspoon. Would you like me  
to help you or not?

MS. WITHERSPOON (V.O.)  
Yeah. Waive all my NSF fees.

CHRIS  
I can't promise I can waive all  
your fees, Ms. Witherspoon. But I  
can promise I'll review your  
account and see what I can do.

MS. WITHERSPOON (V.O.)  
Why you banks be charging all these  
fees and taking advantage of black  
people?

CHRIS  
We're not taking advantage of black  
people.

MS. WITHERSPOON (V.O.)  
You just call me a liar?

CHRIS  
No, Ms. Witherspoon. I want you to  
feel good about keeping your money  
at Bank of the World. But I need  
you to stop using foul language.

MS. WITHERSPOON (V.O.)  
What? You fuckin' threatening me  
now?

CHRIS  
I'm not, Ms. Witherspoon.

MS. WITHERSPOON (V.O.)  
Bullshit. My ex-boyfriend is  
police chief for Inglewood  
PD. I'll have him arrest yo  
ass. You know what they do to  
asses like yours in prison? They  
rape 'em!

MS. Witherspoon chuckles.

MS. WITHERSPOON (V.O.)  
*--Hello?! Hello?! You fuckin'  
there?...*

CHRIS  
I'm sorry, Ms. Witherspoon. You've  
surpassed your daily allotment of  
obscenities. I'm going to have to  
disconnect.

MS. WITHERSPOON (V.O.)  
What?! When did they make 'Jew' a  
bad word?!

CHRIS  
Thank you for calling Bank of the  
World, Ms. Witherspoon. Have a  
great day.

MS. WITHERSPOON (V.O.)  
Where the fuck do you think you're  
goin'?

CHRIS  
And by the way it wasn't the Jews  
who nailed Jesus to the cross. It  
was the Romans.

MS. WITHERSPOON (V.O.)  
(screaming)  
*--What the fuck?! Let me talk to  
your supervisor! I'm gonna find  
where you live, bitch!...Fuckin'  
cracka mother...*

Chris disconnects the call.

EXT. APARTMENT - NIGHT

Chris walks to his apartment. He pulls out his keys.

Just before he reaches the door he trips on something and falls.

TRAVIS (O.S.)

Owww!!!

Chris is on top of Travis in an incidental spooning position.

CHRIS

Travis, what are you doing here?

TRAVIS

Oh. Chris. I wasn't sure what time you were coming home.

CHRIS

Why are you sleeping in front of my apartment?

TRAVIS

Long story. Can we talk about it inside or do you want to spoon all night?

CHRIS

Let's go in.

INT. APARTMENT

Travis is sitting on the couch playing "Call of Duty." He has on an X-Box Live headset.

Chris stands behind the couch eating a Cup 'O Noodle.

CHRIS

They actually fired you?

Travis takes off his headset and nods.

TRAVIS

I had to meet with Migs. He gave me my last check. You could look on the bright side. I won't be late from any more breaks.

(CONTINUED)

CHRIS

The only thing missing from that place is Adolph Hitler and the Gestapo.

TRAVIS

At least I don't have the shits anymore.

CHRIS

What did you do with your check?

TRAVIS

I used it to pay a bookie for an old fantasy football buy-in back in '05. Funny how fast twenty-five bucks turns into a thousand.

Chris shakes his head.

CHRIS

So what do you plan to do?

TRAVIS

I guess I'll get another job. You have a Starbucks around here?

CHRIS

You still have your G.I. Bill?

TRAVIS

Good question. They stopped it last month after they found out I dropped out of school. So I couldn't afford to pay my last month's rent...

CHRIS

--No, Travis.

TRAVIS

Can I at least ask?

CHRIS

Sure.

TRAVIS

Can I crash here a few nights?

CHRIS

No.

(CONTINUED)

TRAVIS

Come on, Chris. You were the one who gave me the weed that made me shit so bad I got fired.

CHRIS

You're the one who wanted to try it.

TRAVIS

Why aren't you a little more sympathetic?

CHRIS

'Cause I know what's going to happen. You're going to stay here a few nights and then next thing you know we're sharing toothbrushes and underwear.

TRAVIS

I have my own toothbrush. I mean, if you lend me some money I can buy one. And look...

Travis lowers his pants to show his butt.

TRAVIS

Commando.

Chris shakes his head. Travis continues to show his butt as he talks.

CHRIS

The couch. My room's off limits.

TRAVIS

Cool. You have any down pillows? And a 1000-thread Egyptian cotton sheets?

CHRIS

One week.

TRAVIS

You're the best friend ever, Chris. --By the way. You still owe me twenty bucks if Brandi doesn't show you her vagina by the end of the week.

(CONTINUED)

CHRIS  
And only friend.

INT. BEDROOM - DAY

Chris alarm clock goes off. He wakes up from bed.

BATHROOM

Chris opens the door to the bathroom.

Sitting on the toilet is a hot naked girl (Vanessa, 21) reading a newspaper, the only thing covering her.

VANESSA  
Hi.

Chris is startled.

CHRIS  
Hi.

VANESSA  
You must be Chris.

He nods.

VANESSA  
I'm Vanessa. Don't worry. It's just pee.

She accidentally farts.

VANESSA  
Whoops!

Chris closes the door.

LIVING ROOM

Chris walks to the couch. Sleeping is Travis.

A trail of used condoms line the floor.

As Chris gets closer to the couch....SQUISH!!!

Chris closes his eyes and grimaces.

INT. CALL CENTER (MAIN FLOOR)

Chris is at his desk chatting with Don.

DON

Don't worry, Mon. I step on cum  
all the time.

CHRIS

I can't believe I'm letting him  
stay with me.

DON

I be sad he be fired but I be happy  
you joined the queer side of the  
Force.

CHRIS

It's not like that.

DON

So what's I hearing of you and the  
new girl?

CHRIS

What are you talking about?

DON

Travis said he making a bet with  
you on Brandi be showing you her  
Va-J-J.

Chris shakes his head "no."

DON

What? You no be liking Va-J-J's?

As Don speaks Dennis walks behind Chris.

CHRIS

--I'm not gay, Mon.

DENNIS

Sorry to spoil the coming out party  
Chris, but Migs wants to see you.

DON

Uh-oh...

INT. BANK OF THE WORLD (HALLWAY) - DAY

As Chris walks down a hallway he notices dozens of colored fliers on the wall of Bank of the World CEO Terry Thomas. Underneath the photo are the words "Welcome T.T.!"

INT. MIG'S OFFICE

Migs sits with his feet propped up on his desk, eating a cookie. Opposite sits Chris.

MIGS

You hear what happened to your friend, Travis?

CHRIS

Yeah.

MIGS

So tell me Chris, how long have you've been with us?

CHRIS

Six months.

MIGS

That's right. Six month review. Or as some employees like to call it, "Last Stop On The Road To Termination." Just kidding.

Migs picks up some papers off his desk and looks at them.

MIGS

I see your resume here. So where do you see yourself in Bank of the World?

CHRIS

I don't know. This is the first time I worked in a call center.

MIGS

This call center *is* Bank of the World, Chris. We're the first line of defense when it comes to customer service. Imagine B.O.W. if it were the United States of America. That would make us the Marines. Think about it.

(CONTINUED)

CHRIS

As much as I love the banking industry, I'm still trying to figure out if it's really for me.

MIGS

Chris. Ever wonder what it's like to sit in a chair like this? To have an office like this? To look outside and know everyone out there is my bitch?

CHRIS

Not really.

MIGS

I bet you're probably using this place as a stepping stone while you go to school. Excellent idea. Get your feet wet before taking the plunge. I worked in a call center while I was getting my associates degree. Now look at me. How well do you think I'm doing?

CHRIS

Well?

MIGS

I am. I bought a Mercedes. S-Class.

Migs pats himself on the shoulder.

MIGS

So what school are you enrolled at?

CHRIS

I'm not.

MIGS

Hello? Planet Earth to Chris. Didn't we just have a discussion about the importance of higher education? You wanna end up like one of those bums on the street collecting McDonalds wrappers? Tell me. Why aren't you at least enrolled in a community college?

(CONTINUED)

CHRIS  
I graduated.

MIGS  
Really. Where did you get your degree?

CHRIS  
Harvard.

MIGS  
They give AAs over there?

CHRIS  
No.

Migs looks at Chris's resume more closely.

MIGS  
*Goddamn...*

A beat.

MIGS  
This for real?

Chris nods.

MIGS  
I think I might have big plans for you.

KNOCK, KNOCK.

Dennis opens the door and peeks in.

MIGS  
What do you want?

DENNIS  
Migs, they're towing your Mercedes.

MIGS  
Why?

DENNIS  
You double parked in a handicap spot.

MIGS  
Shit, stop 'em. I can park wherever I want. I'm S.V.P.

(CONTINUED)

Migs gets up and follows Dennis outside.

As he runs a paper on his desk flies to the ground in front of Chris.

A beat.

Chris picks up the paper. He glances at the first line:

*"I regret to inform you that Bank Of The World is moving its customer service division to India..."*

*"....Sincerely, **Migs Munoz**, Senior Vice President of Customer Service."*

LUNCHROOM

Chris eats lunch by himself in the cafeteria.

He is oblivious to his food and his eyes are in an almost death row gaze.

Someone taps him on the shoulder.

Chris turns around.

It's Brandi, holding a lunch tray.

BRANDI

Thanks again. For talking to Ms. Witherspoon.

CHRIS

No problem. I've spoken to her about a dozen times now. She never seems to remember me.

BRANDI

That's funny....Well, I guess I'll leave you to your lunch. See ya, Chris.

Brandi starts walking away.

CHRIS

--You wanna have lunch with me?

She stops.

BRANDI

Sure.

Brandi walks back to Chris and takes a seat opposite to him.

(CONTINUED)

BRANDI

I feel like the new kid in school.

CHRIS

Don't worry. When you're stuck in the same cubicle eight hours a day you start to get to know everyone here like cellmates.

Brandi chuckles.

BRANDI

This place *does* feel like prison sometimes. At least we don't have to wear ugly orange jumpsuits. And it's co-ed.

Chris smiles.

CHRIS

Co-ed is always a plus.

BRANDI

So how do you like working here?

CHRIS

If they put '*get called names only listed in an urban dictionary*' in the job description, I probably would have thought twice about applying.

BRANDI

Someone called me a 'horse mama' the other day. I don't even know what a 'horse mama' is. I guess if being called a 'horse mama' pays the bills...

CHRIS

Someone called me a coc-...never mind.

BRANDI

I'm not sure what I'm doing here really. I'm thinking about going back to school.

CHRIS

Really. Why'd you leave?

(CONTINUED)

BRANDI

My daughter. Long story, old ex-boyfriend. You know, the typical high school pregnancy story.

CHRIS

Like the movie '*Juno*'?

BRANDI

Yeah, but much sadder. In this version *Juno* keeps her baby and ends up having to get a shitty job in a call center.

CHRIS

And someone calls her a 'horse mama.'

BRANDI

And she stresses out because 'horse mama' isn't even listed in an urban dictionary.

Chris and Brandi share a laugh.

CHRIS

So how old's your daughter?

BRANDI

Olivia is almost seven now. She motivates me to do something with my life.

CHRIS

She sounds special.

BRANDI

She is. In this economy I should be happy just to have a job.

Chris lowers his head.

BRANDI

What about you, Chris? What's your story?

CHRIS

I'm a lawyer who can't get a job.

BRANDI

Yeah right.

(CONTINUED)

CHRIS  
Seriously.

BRANDI  
Yeah. And what school did you go  
to? Harvard?

Chris nods.

Brandi looks closely in Chris's eyes.

BRANDI  
Lawyers are good liars, but I don't  
think you're lying.

CHRIS  
You saying I'm a bad lawyer?

BRANDI  
I'm saying...Bill O'Reilly went to  
Harvard.

Chris smirks.

CHRIS  
See. Harvard takes dumb asses too.

BRANDI  
So how long are you going to stick  
it out here in the boonies, Mr.  
Lawyer?

He sees Migs walking into the cafeteria with Dennis.

CHRIS  
As long as the bozos running this  
place don't burn it to the ground.

EXT. APARTMENT - NIGHT

Chris walks to the front of his apartment. He stops to  
smell something in the air.

Chris opens the door. A cloud of smoke escapes.

INT. APARTMENT (LIVING ROOM)

Chris's apartment has turned into a flourishing  
greenhouse. Dozens of marijuana plants are dispersed  
throughout the room.

(CONTINUED)

Travis, in his boxers, smokes a joint on the couch with a bikini-clad Vanessa. A book titled "Growing Medical Marijuana" lays on the coffee table in front of them.

TRAVIS

Ladies and gentleman, Chris Bauer.

Travis and Vanessa applaud.

VANESSA

Yea, Chris!!

Chris scans his apartment.

CHRIS

Travis. What the fuck?

TRAVIS

It's not what you think.

CHRIS

Really. What am I supposed to think?

TRAVIS

Remember when you told me to get a job?

Chris picks up the marijuana book.

CHRIS

I didn't say drug dealer. Why is it so hot in here?

TRAVIS

I turned on your heater. I heard it makes weed grow faster.

Chris shakes his head.

TRAVIS

Dude. We'll be bling-bangin' when these buds reach puberty.

CHRIS

You wanna know something, Travis? I stepped on a condom this morning.

TRAVIS

Was it used?

CHRIS

What do you think?

Travis takes a hit. He coughs, then starts laughing.

TRAVIS

--What was I going to say? Oh yeah. Chris, this is Vanessa. She works at Hawaii Showgirls. Vanessa's a stripper.

VANESSA

*Travis...*

TRAVIS

Dancer. I think you guys met.

CHRIS

We did.

VANESSA

Yeah. Chris saw me pee.

TRAVIS

Chris, you silly dog, you. Why didn't you tell me you were into that kinky shit?

CHRIS

Yeah, Travis. There's nothing I like better than stepping on used condoms and getting peed on.

TRAVIS

Cool. Nessa, you won't mind peeing on Chris, right?

VANESSA

I won't even charge him.

TRAVIS

See, Chris. Mi casa es tu casa es our casa.

VANESSA

Travis, you didn't tell me you spoke Hispanic. That's so fuckin' hot...

Vanessa grabs Travis's face and plants a kiss.

## BATHROOM

Chris is in his pajamas brushing his teeth.

Suddenly the door bursts open.

Travis takes a seat on the toilet and lets #2 loose.

CHRIS  
What the fuck?

TRAVIS  
You hear this?

Travis lets another loose.

TRAVIS  
Now I know my weed is as good as  
Don's.

CHRIS  
That fuckin' stinks stink-bombs.

TRAVIS  
So how's work?

CHRIS  
Can I please have a courtesy flush?

TRAVIS  
Sure. Sorry.

Travis flushes the toilet. Chris pinches his nose as he continues to brush his teeth.

CHRIS  
It was fine.

TRAVIS  
You don't have to lie to me.

CHRIS  
Why does everyone think I'm lying  
all the time?

TRAVIS  
'Cause you're a lawyer?

CHRIS  
Okay. You wanna know how it was,  
Travis? They're shutting it down.

(CONTINUED)

TRAVIS  
Shutting down what?

CHRIS  
The call center. We're moving to  
India.

TRAVIS  
You lying?

Chris doesn't respond.

TRAVIS  
You're not. So that's why they're  
giving formal write-ups now. The  
more people that get fired, the  
less severance they have to pay  
when they move the call center to  
India.

Chris gives a facetious thumbs up.

TRAVIS  
So what are you gonna do about it?

CHRIS  
Nothing. I can't change corporate  
America.

TRAVIS  
Why not? You're Chris  
Bauer. You're the smartest person  
there.

CHRIS  
I got my own problems. Like how  
I'm going to pay rent along with my  
student loan when I get laid off  
again.

TRAVIS  
With your background you could get  
another job easily. But people  
like me? We'd be lucky to wipe the  
grease from a flame broiler at a  
Burger King. I'm always gonna be a  
slave to the man, Chris. You can't  
let Bank of the World do this to  
us.

CHRIS  
Again. Not my problem.

Travis lets another gusher loose.

(CONTINUED)

TRAVIS  
By the way is that your toothbrush?

CHRIS  
Why?

TRAVIS  
Nothing.

Chris quickly spits into the sink.

TRAVIS  
It looked new.

CHRIS  
I want you, that stripper, and that  
weed out by tomorrow.

TRAVIS  
Come on, Chris. I have nowhere  
else to go. And 'Nessa's pimp is  
gonna kill me if he finds me with  
her.

CHRIS  
It's only been a day and I'm  
already sick of you.

A beat.

Travis puts his hand over his face like he's crying.

CHRIS  
Are you crying?

Travis can't hide the tears and grabs some toilet paper to  
cover his face.

TRAVIS  
No.

CHRIS  
Okay. You both can stay. Just get  
that weed out.

TRAVIS  
You mean it?

CHRIS  
Yeah.

TRAVIS  
I don't know how I can repay you,  
Chris.

CHRIS  
Just get a job. And flush the  
toilet when you're done.

Travis blows his nose in the toilet paper. He's still sobbing.

TRAVIS  
You got it, Chris.

EXT. BUILDING (CALL CENTER) - DAY

Parked in front is a black Cadillac Escalade.

Chris walks to the building and glances at the license plate with the inscription: "BANKPREZ."

INT. CALL CENTER (MAIN FLOOR)

Terry Thomas and Migs walk through the call center.

Chris and Don are at their desks.

DON  
That's the whitest Rastaman I've  
ever seen.

CHRIS  
Rastamen like him only come down to  
do one thing.

DON  
What? They closing the place down?

Chris nods.

DON  
I was kidding, ya know.

CHRIS  
We're moving to India.

DON  
Who be saying?

(CONTINUED)

CHRIS

I read it in a letter in Migs's office.

Don looks closely in Chris's eyes.

DON

You not lying, Mon. I dunno what to be doin', Mon.

CHRIS

We'll probably get severance pay.

DON

Come on. With my gay lifestyle it'll be gone in a week.

CHRIS

You'll find another job, Don.

DON

If you forgot my name is not Chris Bauer and I didn't go to Harvard. I dropped outta third grade so I could be growing weed.

CHRIS

You're not making enough money in that?

DON

Too much competition in 'da drug business, Mon. And no vacation pay or sick time. And too risky, Mon. But if it be goin' well I need this job to be helping me launder me money if need be laundering, know what I mean?

They watch as Terry shakes the hands of a call center rep.

Terry's assistant takes a photo of the handshake.

DON

Why he be shakin' da hands and taking pictures of people he gonna be letting go 'den?

Chris doesn't respond, his eyes focused on Terry.

DON

You listenin'?

Chris takes off his headset.

(CONTINUED)

CHRIS  
I'm taking a break.

EXT. BUILDING (CALL CENTER) - DAY

Chris is taking a walk around the building.

As he gets to the front he sees TERRY THOMAS, accompanied by an assistant, talking to Migs.

TERRY  
Your family ready, Migs?

MIGS  
Yeah. I enrolled the kids at St. Lucy's.

TERRY  
Excellent school. I think you'll like Tacoma.

Migs sees Chris. He motions for him to come over.

MIGS  
Hold on, Terry. I want you to meet Chris Bauer, one of our hidden gems in the call center.

Terry shakes Chris's hand.

MIGS  
Chris went to Harvard.

TERRY  
Harvard University?

CHRIS  
Yes.

TERRY  
Which school?

CHRIS  
Law.

TERRY  
Me too. Class of '72. What are you doing here?

Chris smiles.

(CONTINUED)

CHRIS

Long story.

Terry turns to Migs.

Migs shakes his head "no." Terry nods.

TERRY

Chris. Bank of the World is outsourcing our call centers to India. Times have gotten tight in the banking industry and we had to make some cuts to our customer service division. I'm giving Migs a promotion and moving him up to our corporate headquarters in Tacoma. Would you like to join him?

CHRIS

I'm sorry?

TERRY

In Tacoma, Washington. Migs can give you a recommendation to our legal department. We could use a Harvard grad like yourself.

Chris doesn't respond.

MIGS

--Unless you wanna get use to eating curry with your Big Mac.

Migs and the assistant laugh.

INT. CALL CENTER (MAIN FLOOR)

Migs is walking Chris around the call center. Chris is wearing a tie and slacks.

MIGS

I remember the day I became a supervisor. That, along with my son being born are the happiest days of my life. I take that back. I'm pushing my son to number two, because he's turning out to be a little prick. You're among an elite class of employees now, Chris. People are going to look to you for guidance and

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

MIGS (cont'd)  
direction. And I trust you're not  
going to abuse it.

They run into Dennis, who is giving a massage to a pretty  
call center rep.

MIGS  
Dennis. Come here.

Dennis picks up his clipboard and walks over to them.

MIGS  
I'd like you to meet our newest  
supervisor, Chris Bauer.

DENNIS  
You promoted him?

Migs nods.

MIGS  
Yesterday, during his six-month  
review.

DENNIS  
I didn't know we had a supervisor  
opening.

MIGS  
We didn't until I found out Chris  
went to Harvard.

DENNIS  
You promoted him just because he  
went to Harvard.

MIGS  
Why, you go to Harvard?

DENNIS  
No. I went to junior college.

MIGS  
And that's why I promoted him, dumb  
ass. Now show Chris to his new  
desk.

DENNIS  
Where?

MIGS

Yours. You're moving next door.

DENNIS

The storage room?

MIGS

No one's using it anyway. Besides, anytime we need to refill that stupid copy machine with toner you'll be right there.

Migs walks over to the pretty call center rep.

He puts a hand on her shoulder and gives her a gentle squeeze.

Dennis looks at Chris.

DENNIS

Follow me.

HALLWAY

Chris walks down the hall.

BRANDI (O.S.)

--Chris.

Chris stops. Brandi approaches him.

BRANDI

I'm sorry about the other day. Dennis's kind of an exhibitionist.

CHRIS

It's fine. I would've gotten turned on if I didn't see his tongue move so much.

Brandi chuckles.

BRANDI

I think Terry Thomas is here. Dennis is gonna be sniffing his butt all day.

CHRIS

I just learned why he's here.

(CONTINUED)

BRANDI

To visit the happiest call center  
on Earth?

CHRIS

Even better. We're moving to  
India.

BRANDI

That's terrible.

CHRIS

I know. Wait till our customers  
find out they're yelling at an  
Indian trying to sound like the  
Moviefone guy.

BRANDI

You're kidding me, right?

CHRIS

Why, is that bad news?

BRANDI

I really need this job,  
Chris. With my education I'd be  
lucky to find a job that pays even  
half what I'm making here. Are you  
sure they're closing it?

Chris nods.

CHRIS

Migs promoted me to supervisor to  
help with the transition. Terry  
even offered me a job with Bank of  
the World's legal department in  
Washington.

BRANDI

That's great, Chris.

CHRIS

If only everyone else was as lucky.  
conference room Chris sits on a round table with a stack  
of papers and a large box of envelopes.

Behind him stands Dennis.

DENNIS

Migs wants these envelopes stuffed  
and sealed before two.

(CONTINUED)

CHRIS

All of these? What for?

DENNIS

I got more important things to do than read any of this shit. Migs asked me to join Terry and him for lunch.

Dennis walks to the door.

DENNIS

I'm glad you took the promotion, Chris. 'Cause if you didn't, it would be *my* tongue on those envelopes. And I'll be needing it tonight for Brandi, if you know what I mean.

Dennis winks at Chris before exiting the room.

Chris picks up one of the letters. He reads the first line:  
*"I regret to announce that Bank Of The World is moving its customer service division to India..."*

*"...Sincerely, **TERRY THOMAS**, CEO Bank Of The World."*

CUT TO:

INT. MIG'S OFFICE

Migs sits at his desk holding a cigar. Standing opposite him are Dennis and Chris.

MIGS

You know where *this* is from? Havana. Terry gave it to me as a parting gift. This shit is like illegal.

DENNIS

I'm sorry, Migs. But what's going to happen to us?

MIGS

What do you mean what's going to happen? We're closing the call center. You're being laid off.

DENNIS

But I've been with Bank of the World for five years.

(CONTINUED)

MIGS

Stop being such a whiner. This is corporate America, not some third world country like Canada. Now I promoted the two of you for a reason. We gotta get this place under control before we have a mutiny in our hands.

CHRIS

Where did Terry go?

Migs looks at his watch.

MIGS

Right now he's on a charter back to Washington.

DENNIS

Why did he come?

MIGS

Terry's president of Bank Of The World. That guy can come on anything he wants. Now I want you two to go out there and throw out anyone who causes a scene. We still got calls coming in and for the next two weeks, a call center to run.

DENNIS

Should I write anybody up?

MIGS

No, Dumbass. Nobody's going to give a shit now that they know we're moving this place to India. Just call security if you think anyone might go postal.

Migs props his feet on his desk.

MIGS

Everyone thinks I'm an asshole, don't they? Okay. Tell everyone it's 'Sports Week' the next two weeks. Employees can dress casual as long as they wear the jersey or apparel of their favorite sports team. That'll get their minds off losing their jobs.

INT. CALL CENTER (MAIN FLOOR)

Two SECURITY GUARDS escort Gene out of the room. Dennis follows them with a fresh black eye and a bloody lip.

Gene's true Crip colors finally emerge.

GENE

*Let me go! My goddamn social security barely covers my rent!*

DENNIS

You should have thought about that before you punched me.

GENE

Shut-up, you pussyface white boy. You ain't nothin' but a cracker-ass brown-noser.

DENNIS

I'm not a brown-noser.

GENE

Then wipe that shit off your face, *motherfucka!*

DENNIS

Hurry. Take him out.

CALL CENTER (SOMEWHERE ON THE FLOOR)

Chris walks through the floor holding a clipboard. Many of the employees hold in tears as they try to take calls.

Chris comes across Brandi, who is at her desk. He sees her crying too.

CHRIS

Brandi.

BRANDI

Chris.

CHRIS

Are you alright?

BRANDI

I didn't think I'd start crying like everyone else.

She wipes her tears.

(CONTINUED)

BRANDI

I'll be alright. How about you,  
Chris?

CHRIS

I think it's time I start growing  
up.

BRANDI

You're going to take the job in  
Washington?

CHRIS

No. I'm gonna try to save the call  
center.

EXT. APARTMENT - NIGHT

Chris walks to to his apartment. He sees a long line of men  
waiting at the door. Bass-heavy dance music bumps through  
the walls.

Chris pushes his way to the front of the line.

MAN

Hey! No cutting.

CHRIS

This is my apartment.

MAN (O.S.)

Whatever...Asshole.

Travis stands behind a podium just inside the door. The  
rays of a strobe light flicker through the darkness.

Travis is watching something inside and doesn't see Chris.

TRAVIS

Twenty bucks. Two drink minimum.

He turns around.

TRAVIS

Chris.

CHRIS

What the hell's going on?

Chris peeks inside. The living room is packed with guys  
sitting on the floor. A small stage with a stripper pole is  
set up in the middle of the room.

(CONTINUED)

A topless STRIPPER performs on the pole, right next to a blindfolded man sitting on a folding chair.

Bikini-clad STRIPPERS loiter about serving trays of beer.

The guys drink and smoke weed.

TRAVIS

Vanessa gave me a million dollar idea. What if you combine the two best things in the world, strip clubs and smoking weed, into one establishment?

CHRIS

Sounds great. Not in my apartment.

TRAVIS

Dude, I've already made like a thousand bucks. And just to let you know Chris, as club owner you're entitled to fifty-percent of the door.

MAN (O.S.)

--Hey, will you guys hurry the fuck up?!

Travis nods to a someone from inside. A large BOUNCER steps out.

MAN (O.S.)

I was kidding.

TRAVIS

Look, I got it all worked out. I slipped the cops a hundy so they'll leave us alone.

CHRIS

You bribed the cops?!

TRAVIS

Shhh! A few of the guys in here are off duty police officers.

CHRIS

I'm getting kicked out of this apartment for sure.

TRAVIS

Don't worry. I think your landlord's in here too.

(CONTINUED)

Chris looks inside and sees a stripper do an acrobatic move on the stripper pole.

Chris jaw drops.

TRAVIS  
Don't worry. It's a rental.

CHRIS  
Which one?

TRAVIS  
The pole. And the stripper.

INT. LIVING ROOM - MORNING

Chris is sleeping on the couch. Vanessa sleeps next to him with her head on his lap and clutching a half-empty bottle of Jack Daniels.

Suddenly Vanessa throws up on Chris's lap. He wakes up and sees the vomit.

CHRIS  
No...

Chris rubs his eyes, still feeling the effects of a hangover. He takes the bottle from Vanessa's hand and lays it on the floor.

Chris stands up and uses a seat cushion to wipe himself.

The sound of sizzling food echoes from the kitchen.

He walks over there, hopping over empty beer bottles, cigarette butts.

Chris sees Travis in the kitchen, apron on, cooking on a George Forman grill.

TRAVIS  
Morning, dude!

CHRIS  
What the hell happened last night?

TRAVIS  
Yeah, about that. After everything, you know, alcohol, weed, DJ, strippers, fog machine, disco lights, we only netted about ten bucks. Actually, I still owe  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

TRAVIS (cont'd)  
one of the strippers a  
fifty. Strip club in your  
apartment? Bad idea.

CHRIS  
What's that smell?

TRAVIS  
Breakfast.

CHRIS  
You're cooking on my George Foreman  
Grill?

TRAVIS  
I just had to try it out. This  
thing can cook eggs, right?

Egg yoke starts oozing from the grill.

This triggers Chris's stomach. He throws up on the floor.

TRAVIS  
That's like an arrow through my  
heart, dude.

KITCHEN - LATER

Chris is sitting on the morning table reading a newspaper  
and eating toast. He's dressed in a shirt and tie.

Travis and Vanessa also sit on the table, making out.

CHRIS  
Oh my God...

They stop kissing.

TRAVIS  
What?

CHRIS  
Terry Thomas took this photo  
yesterday.

Chris is looking at a newspaper photo of Terry Thomas  
shaking hands with Gene.

Above it the headline reads: *"Bank of the World CEO Says  
Farewell To Call Center."*

Travis and Vanessa continue kissing.

(CONTINUED)

CHRIS  
So that's why he came.

TRAVIS  
Chris. Can we borrow your room for  
a minute?

Chris picks up the newspaper and walks out of the apartment.

TRAVIS  
We're going to take that as a  
'yes.'

INT. CALL CENTER (MAIN FLOOR) - DAY

Chris places the newspaper on Don's desk.

DON  
What's this?

Don looks at the newspaper.

DON  
Hey, is that the old stylin' g-ster  
they fired the other day, what's  
his name?

CHRIS  
Gene.

DON  
And there's the other Rasta, the  
one who be givin' you the job?

CHRIS  
Terry Thomas. Guess why he came  
down?

DON  
You tellin' me to take this photo?

Chris nods.

DON  
I don't understand any of this  
corporate mumbo jumbo. Why they be  
doin' this to us?

CHRIS  
Thank Bank of the World's public  
relations department. They gotta  
make the company look good when  
they downsize.

(CONTINUED)

DON

They be making us look like  
retards.

CHRIS

It's big business, Don. All they  
care about is keeping the  
shareholders happy and the execs in  
their yachts. This call center is  
like the dirt below the totem pole.

DON

We like the asshole of the company.

CHRIS

Yeah. And I'm gonna do something  
about it.

DON

Whatcha be doin'?

CHRIS

Something American. I'm gonna  
start a union.

DON

Guy at the last call center I  
worked at got fired just by saying  
the word.

CHRIS

That's why we gotta do this fast.

DON

Good idea....What you mean, we?!

CHRIS

I'm gonna need your help, Don.

DON

I'd love to express my  
Constitutional bill of rights, but  
I be needing this job.

CHRIS

Don, we're getting laid off.

DON

And I can't be afford losing my  
severance pay.

(CONTINUED)

CHRIS

Don. Think about it. How much is it worth if we shut down Bank of the World for a few days?

DON

I dunno. How much?

CHRIS

A billion.

DON

A billion?

CHRIS

Imagine a Bank of the World customer calling in to report his stolen debit card. No one's here to take his call, his card gets maxed out, he gets upset and closes his account. A minute later an eighty-year old grandma calls asking if her social security check came in. No one answers and she decides to move her life savings to Bank of America. Now imagine this happening to a thousand people. And after a few days a hundred thousand. Revenue drops. Investors get angry. Foreclosure signs go up. The stock plummets. Bank of the World goes under for a few days. All 'cause of us.

DON

A billion dollars? And it be all startin' right here in the call center?

CHRIS

You realize how much power we have, Don? We have access to people's names, addresses, social security numbers, and debit cards. We could pull the rug out of the totem pole and make Terry Thomas shit his pants. We got two weeks, Don. What do you say?

DON

I be movin' in with you if I lose my severance.

(CONTINUED)

CHRIS

Deal.

DON

You better be re-reading them law school books or it be 'Queer Eye Jizzin' on the Straight Guy' in your apartment.

LATER

Chris is on his desk browsing through the Internet. He does a Google search for "union" and "call center."

The top search result is for the "NATIONAL LABOR RELATIONS BOARD." He clicks the link and finds a phone number.

Chris dials, while printing a signature petition form.

EVEN LATER

Chris is using Photoshop. He's created a flier with the Terry Thomas newspaper photo.

Below the photo are the words "*EMPLOYEES UNITE, MEETING TONIGHT.*"

On the bottom: "*\*\*\*We need your signature!\*\*\**"

LATER

Chris places the flier in a photocopy machine and starts making copies.

Suddenly the sound of yelling interrupts the call center.

BRANDI (O.S.)

--*Get the fuck away from me!*

Brandi walks quickly pass Chris. She's being followed by Dennis.

DENNIS

Brandi. Wait!

Dennis looks at Chris.

DENNIS

What?...

Chris shrugs his shoulders.

Dennis shakes his head and continues after Brandi.

## MONTAGE

Chris walks through the call center, passing many employees wearing NFL jerseys and baseball caps ("Sports Week").

He's holding onto a clipboard and a stack of union fliers, handing them out to different reps while secretly asking for their signature.

## ELSEWHERE ON THE FLOOR

Don walks down the call center also holding a clipboard.

He approaches another gay call center rep, who's on a call. The rep sees Don and smiles.

Don reaches his hand out and they shake femininely.

Don whispers in the rep's ear and then hands him the clipboard. The guy nods.

The rep looks at Don's ass as he walks away.

## EXT. BUILDING (CALL CENTER) - DAY

Chris walks out holding a large stack of poster boards. He's followed quickly by Don, holding onto a box of office supplies.

BRANDI (O.S.)

--Chris.

Chris and Don stop in their tracks.

Chris turns and sees Brandi, sitting on a bench reading a book.

CHRIS

Brandi.

Chris looks at Don.

CHRIS

Don. Here...

Chris hands Don his keys and the stack of poster boards.

DON

Why it always got to be a black man  
doin' the white man's dirty work?

(CONTINUED)

CHRIS

Please?

Don shakes his head and continues walking to the parking structure.

BRANDI

What are you guys doing?

CHRIS

I saw some extra stuff in the storage room and thought I might take some before they throw it out.

BRANDI

You're stealing?

CHRIS

I like to think of it as catching overflow from the company surplus.

BRANDI

Don't worry. I plan to take home a stapler.

Chris takes a seat on the bench next to her.

CHRIS

I saw what happened with you and Dennis.

BRANDI

Was I loud?

CHRIS

Enough so that everyone heard you tell Dennis to get the fuck away.

Brandi smiles.

BRANDI

I told him that I wouldn't be able to move with him.

CHRIS

He asked you to move in with him?

She nods.

BRANDI

My Mom told me never to date a co-worker. I ended up dating my boss. It's like being attached to

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

BRANDI (cont'd)  
the hip twenty-four seven to  
someone who has the ability to fire  
you and also see you naked. I told  
Dennis this whole downsizing thing  
is maybe a sign we needed a break.

CHRIS  
Good. I mean, yeah. Breaks are  
good.

A beat.

BRANDI  
Chris. So what are you guys really  
up to?

CHRIS  
I'm starting a union.

BRANDI  
A union?

Chris nods.

BRANDI  
That's how you're gonna save the  
call center?

CHRIS  
Is it as dumb as it sounds?

BRANDI  
--No. I think it's  
awesome. You're like the only one  
brave enough to take on Bank of the  
World.

CHRIS  
And the only one dumb enough to  
try.

BRANDI  
If that's the case I know someone  
dumb enough to join.

CHRIS  
Who?

BRANDI  
Me.

(CONTINUED)

CHRIS

If you join you might lose your  
severance package.

She nods.

BRANDI

I'm moving back in with my parents,  
Chris. I got nothing to lose.

CHRIS

Okay. We have a meeting tonight in  
my apartment.

BRANDI

I'll be there.

Don comes back, still holding the poster boards and box.

DON

I been everywhere lookin' for your  
car, mon. Where da fuck do you  
keep that piece of shit?!

INT. CALL CENTER (MAIN FLOOR)

Chris is walking down the aisles holding a  
clipboard. Dennis approaches him.

DENNIS

Migs wants to see you.

Chris looks at Dennis.

DENNIS

What?

CHRIS

I think you got something on your  
nose.

DENNIS

I do? Where?

CHRIS

Have you been eating chocolate?

DENNIS

Why, it it brown?

Chris hands Dennis the clipboard and walks away.

Dennis feels his nose.

INT. MIG'S OFFICE

Chris sits on a chair opposite Migs, who's doing reps on a hand grip.

MIGS  
How's it going, Chris?

CHRIS  
Fine.

MIGS  
Everybody acting in order?

CHRIS  
Yeah.

MIGS  
Good. I have an important project  
for you.

Migs slides a sheet of paper across the desk to Chris. Chris picks it up.

MIGS  
Those are the names of people who  
haven't worked the necessary six  
months to get the severance  
package. We need you to let them  
go before they reach their sixth  
month.

Chris looks at the list. There's about six names, but Chris's eyes focus on the name on the bottom: "Brandi SMITH."

CHRIS  
Why these six?

MIGS  
Somehow they started working here a  
week too late.

CHRIS  
If they knew we were going to shut  
down in five months and twenty-nine  
days they probably wouldn't have  
taken the job.

MIGS  
Chris. Remember. This is Bank of  
the World. We're a business. We  
need to cut costs and save money.

(CONTINUED)

CHRIS  
This is illegal.

Migs smiles.

MIGS  
That's right. You're a lawyer.

CHRIS  
I don't think I'll be able to do  
this.

MIGS  
I'm giving you a direct order  
Chris. Now if you don't follow it,  
you could lose your severance  
package too.

A beat.

Chris grabs the sheet and walks out of the room.

Migs puts his legs up on his desk and his hands behind his  
head.

MIGS  
Take that, Harvard.

INT. CHRIS'S CUBICLE - DAY

Chris is seated at his new supervisor desk, a larger cubicle  
located against the wall and away from the main floor.

Chris pulls a book from his desk called "A PRIMER ON  
AMERICAN LABOR LAW." He opens it. Inside are three sheets  
of signatures and a completed NLRB application form.

Chris takes the signatures and the application form and  
folds them into an envelope. The envelope is addressed to  
the "National Labor Relations Board." He seals it.

LATER

Chris puts the envelope in a box labeled "OVERNIGHT,"  
putting it on the middle of a stack of office mail.

INT. APARTMENT (LIVING ROOM) - NIGHT

Chris is at the door paying a DELIVERY GUY for a large pizza.

He takes the pizza to the kitchen, passing Travis and Vanessa, who are on the couch working on picket signs.

A stack of finished picket signs lay next to them.

VANESSA

Yay! Pizza!

Vanessa grabs a slice.

Chris looks at her disapprovingly.

TRAVIS

So how many people are gonna show up to this thing?

CHRIS

I don't know.

Chris looks over the sign Travis is working on.

CHRIS

What does it say?

Travis puts the sign up on his shoulder. It reads: "LEGALIZE PROSTITUTION."

TRAVIS

I support a woman's right to choose. Choose whether to work with a pimp or to go at it solo.

CHRIS

Stop wasting the boards. I can't afford to buy any more.

TRAVIS

It's not like you paid for them. And Vanessa and I gotta make a sign for ourselves since we'll be there too.

Chris's cellphone RINGS. He puts the pizza on the counter and answers.

CHRIS

(into phone)

Don? You're here? Cool. I'll be right there.

(CONTINUED)

He puts his phone away and walks to the door.

Chris opens it.

Don is standing outside. Behind him are a dozen call center reps. All men. All gay.

DON

So are you going to let us in or do  
you want your neighbors to think  
you're hosting a gay orgy?

Chris stands aside and lets them in. They all smile as they pass him.

Travis tries to keep himself from laughing.

As the last one finally enters Chris stands Don aside.

CHRIS

That last one doesn't even work  
with us.

DON

I told him it was going to be a  
sausage fest.

CHRIS

Tell me Don, what do I do? Turn on  
Bravo so they can watch reruns of  
'Project Runway?'

DON

You asked me to bring people. I  
brought people. They just happen  
to all like cock. Don't you know  
half the team leads are gay, mon?

CHRIS

Really?

Don nods.

The doorbell rings.

Chris walks to the door and opens it.

Standing outside is Brandi.

CHRIS

Brandi.

BRANDI  
Chris.

CHRIS  
Please. Come in.

Brandi walks in.

BRANDI  
So how many people are going to  
come, Chris?

CHRIS  
Looks like this is it.

Brandi sees Don's guests flirting with each other.

BRANDI  
Do I know them?

CHRIS  
Yeah. We see them everyday at  
work. Just not as gay.

Travis walks up to them holding a box of the game Twister  
and an empty bong.

TRAVIS  
Now are going to get this party  
started or what?

LATER

The couch and coffee table are off to the side. Don's  
guests cheer around Vanessa, who is on the Twister mat with  
two of the gay call center reps.

Don and Travis each take hits from the bong.

Chris is in the kitchen with Brandi watching everyone.

CHRIS  
What happened?

BRANDI  
I don't know, Chris. Marijuana,  
Twister, a bunch of gay guys...it's  
hard to compete.

CHRIS  
I kind of figured no one would go  
for this whole union idea.

(CONTINUED)

BRANDI

That's probably because they're all scared of losing their severance. But I think once they see us out there they'll realize how much of a difference we can make.

CHRIS

If I can't get these guys to listen to me I doubt I'll be able to convince anyone.

BRANDI

Let me try.

Brandi whistles loudly.

The room goes silent.

Chris smiles.

CHRIS

Thanks.

Chris walks to the living room.

CHRIS

If you don't mind everyone I'd like to get this meeting started.

TRAVIS

Come on, Chris. Try the Twister mat.

Everyone cheers for Chris.

CHRIS

No.

TRAVIS

You just gotta relax so you don't fall. Here, take a hit off this.

CHRIS

(loudly)

Put it away Travis or I'm going to melt that thing in the microwave. Now please, if you'll all take a seat...

The guests start taking their seats.

(CONTINUED)

CHRIS

I'd like to begin by talking about the reason why we're all here. Anybody have an idea?

GAY CALL CENTER REP # 1

To get laid?

Everyone laughs.

CHRIS

No. But your odds look good. Anyone else?

TRAVIS

Twister.

CHRIS

Shut the fuck up, Travis. We're here because we're all losing our jobs. We're here because Bank of the World has decided that its shareholders are more important than its employees. There's not a Bill Gates or Steve Jobs in the world who can run a company without employees. Bank of the World would cease to exist without the hard work we give it everyday. Imagine upper management trying to answer the thousands of calls we take in a day. They don't have the patience nor the persuasiveness to take the abuse of an irate customer. They don't have the strength to do that eight hours a day, five days a week, year after year for a meager hourly rate. But we do. So why is Terry Thomas moving the call center to India? 'Cause it's cheap? Because he doesn't have to pay those people benefits or sick time? The main reason Terry Thomas is moving it to India is because he doesn't care. He doesn't care about our families, our mortgage, our rent, our bills, our lives. To him we are a bunch of dollar signs e-mailed to him everyday showing how much it cost to run a call center in the United States. So he's going to let us go, hoping profit increases just enough to

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CHRIS (cont'd)  
boost the stock price, *just* so he  
can get a bonus at the end of the  
year. All because Terry Thomas  
cares only about himself.

A beat.

CHRIS  
I'm not here asking you to quit  
Bank of the World. I'm asking you  
to take a stand against corporate  
greed. I'm asking you to show that  
bastard CEO you're more than just a  
number. I'm asking you to make a  
difference. Because I'm definitely  
not going to let this happen  
without a fight.

Everyone is speechless, floored by Chris's diatribe.

CHRIS  
So who wants to join me?

GAY CALL CENTER REP # 1  
How about our severance pay? Will  
we lose it if we join?

CHRIS  
That's the one risk you have to  
take.

Gay call center rep #1 stands up.

GAY CALL CENTER REP # 1  
I'm really late for a Pilates  
class.

He starts leaving. Another rep stands up.

GAY CALL CENTER REP # 2  
I just got this new poodle and I  
gotta make sure it doesn't poop all  
over my apartment.

Gay call center rep #2 stands up and leaves. A few others  
follow him.

Travis starts walking out too.

CHRIS  
You live here.

(CONTINUED)

TRAVIS  
That's right.

Travis takes a seat back on the couch.

CHRIS  
So if you're still here I'll assume  
you're in.

Chris looks at Don, who is completely stoned.

DON  
I be going home mon, but I just too  
high to drive, mon.

LATER

As Chris's guests walk out the door they're each handed a  
picket sign by Chris.

Travis and Vanessa are passed out on the couch, the bong on  
Travis's lap.

CHRIS  
Keep these in your car. Remember,  
we're walking out at noon. Migs  
should not find out about it before  
then. He'll warn everybody about  
the consequences of joining us and  
derail the whole strike.

Chris hands Don a picket sign.

DON  
You owe me.

CHRIS  
I know.

DON  
Now that we be getting fired I just  
want to let you know what a  
pleasure it was to have you as a  
co-worker, mon.

CHRIS  
Thank you, Don. That means a lot.

DON  
And one more thing. If you ever  
decide to go black...

Don lifts up his sunglasses and winks at Chris.

(CONTINUED)

Chris looks at him strangely. Don smiles as he leaves.  
The last person out is Brandi. She stops to say bye.

BRANDI

That was a great speech, Chris.

CHRIS

Yeah. It's actually Mel Gibson's speech from "Braveheart." I just changed a few words here and there.

BRANDI

That's why it sounded familiar. In any case you made a believer out of me.

CHRIS

That's good. You're probably the only one here.

BRANDI

This is going to work, Chris. Bank of the World will have no choice but to listen to us.

CHRIS

Brandi. There's something I have to tell you.

She smiles, expecting him to make a move.

BRANDI

What, Chris?

CHRIS

No, it's about work.

BRANDI

Work?

A beat.

Chris can't tell her.

CHRIS

I'll see you tomorrow?

BRANDI

Yeah. Of course. I'll be walking out with you, Chris. Bye.

Brandi kisses him on the cheek and leaves.

CHRIS

Bye.

Brandi leaves.

Travis starts waking up from the couch.

TRAVIS

Swing and a miss.

Chris walks over to Travis. Chris pulls out his wallet and takes out a \$20 bill.

He picks up Travis's hand and puts the \$20 bill inside it. Chris walks away.

TRAVIS

Yes, we can eat out!

INT. CHRIS'S CUBICLE - DAY

Chris is at his desk.

He feels a cold breeze behind him.

Chris turns around and sees Dennis standing with his arms folded just outside his cubicle.

DENNIS

Hi, Chris. I found this on my desk.

Dennis shows Chris the union flier.

CHRIS

So are you going to join us?

DENNIS

Yeah...right. I'm going to have to tell Migs of your little endeavor.

CHRIS

What do we have to lose, Dennis? We're getting laid off.

DENNIS

And once Migs sees this he may let you go home a little early.

KNOCK, KNOCK...

Standing behind Dennis is Migs.

(CONTINUED)

MIGS

Dennis, excuse us for a second.

DENNIS

Migs. I have something to show you.

MIGS

Not now. Go do something worthwhile, like get out of my face.

DENNIS

--But...

MIGS

--Go. Skedaddle. Skeet-skeet-skeet...

Dennis walks away, crumpling the flier in his hand.

MIGS

You still have the list I gave you?

CHRIS

Yeah.

MIGS

Let's get a move on it.

CHRIS

Now?

MIGS

No, not now. Next year when we're already in India. --Yes, now. Meet me in conference room A. I got our bodyguards at the door already.

Migs walks away.

Chris looks at a digital clock on his desk. It reads "11:00 a.m."

CONFERENCE ROOM

Chris is seated at a table, flanked by Migs. Across the table is JEROME, an ex-gangster call center rep built like a nose tackle.

Two SECURITY GUARDS sit by the door.

(CONTINUED)

CHRIS  
I got some bad news, Jerome.

JEROME  
(menacingly)  
What?

Migs moves his chair back a little.

Chris looks at Migs, who nods for him to continue.

CHRIS  
We're going to have to let you go  
today.

A beat.

Jerome begins crying.

CHRIS  
It's going to be okay, Jerome.

He cries more heavily.

Chris stands up and walks over to him, placing a hand on one of Jerome's broad shoulders.

The crying Jerome buries his face in Chris's sleeve, holding onto him tightly.

Migs motions to the guards. Each of them grabs Jerome's arms and struggle to break Chris free.

LATER

The analogue clock on the wall reads "11:15."

Sitting now in the chair is Saminder, a Pakistani call center rep.

Chris slides a check across the table to Saminder.

CHRIS  
Saminder. This check includes the  
last two weeks including today.

SAMINDER  
(heavy accent)  
Why are you giving me this check?

CHRIS  
I'm sorry. We have to let you go,  
Saminder.

(CONTINUED)

SAMINDER

Did I win an award or something?

Chris doesn't respond.

SAMINDER

Am I employee of the month?

CHRIS

That's not an award  
Saminder. That's your last  
paycheck.

Saminder picks up the check and looks at it.

SAMINDER

Fuck you. Where is my severance?!

CHRIS

I'm sorry, Saminder. That's the  
last one.

Saminder stands up.

SAMINDER

*Fuckin' fuck! Fuck you! And fuck  
this fuckin' mother bank.*

Saminder mumbles in Pakistani as he is led out by the  
security guards.

A beat.

Migs pulls out a red Staples "Easy" button and puts it on  
the table.

MIGS

Go. Press it.

Chris doesn't respond. Migs nods.

Chris presses the "Easy" button. An automated voice speaks:  
"THAT WAS EASY."

Migs guffaws.

MIGS

I don't see we're doing anything  
wrong here. We're giving his job  
to his relatives in India.

(CONTINUED)

CHRIS  
He's Pakistani.

MIGS  
Same difference.

Migs puts the "Easy" button away.

MIGS  
I gotta go drain the hose. How  
many we got left?

CHRIS  
One.

MIGS  
Call 'em in will ya, so we can get  
this fo-schnizzle jizzle on the  
dilio fo' sho'.

Migs stands up walks out of the room with a "ghetto" limp.

Chris looks at the sheet. All the names are crossed off  
except "Brandi Smith."

LATER

Chris and Migs are seated at the table.

Brandi walks in. Chris motions for her to take a seat.

She sits down, her eyes on Chris.

Chris looks at his wristwatch: "11:50." He glances at the  
guards. One is picking his nose while the other sleeps.

MIGS  
Chris. Get this show on the road  
already.

Chris nods.

CHRIS  
Brandi. Bank of the World has  
decided to let you go.

BRANDI  
What?

CHRIS  
To get the severance package  
employees needed to have been with  
the company for six months. You've  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CHRIS (cont'd)  
been with the company for just  
under that. We...I mean, Bank of  
the World, has decided to release  
all employees who have not yet  
completed the necessary six month  
probationary period. This is your  
last check.

Chris slides the check to her.

She looks at it.

BRANDI  
Why are you doing this?

CHRIS  
I'm sorry.

BRANDI  
Chris, I thought....

CHRIS  
--Take it, Brandi.

Brandi picks up the check, stunned.

She stands up and walks past the security guards out the  
door. They look at each other, stand up and follow her.

Migs puts the "Easy" button on the table again.

A beat.

Chris picks it up and throws it on the wall.

MIGS  
What the fuck?! You're gonna have  
to pay for that.

CHRIS  
Migs. Before we walk out I want  
you to tell Terry Thomas and Bank  
of the World about our demands.

MIGS  
What the hell are you talkin'  
about?

CHRIS  
We formed a union and plan to  
strike today at noon.

Migs laughs.

(CONTINUED)

MIGS

What union?

Chris looks at the clock on the wall. It strikes noon.

CHRIS

That one.

Chris points outside at the call center floor.

Through the glass window Migs sees Don and the gay call center reps stand up.

Don lights up a joint and takes a hit.

GAY CALL CENTER REP #3 stands up and starts taking off his clothes. Underneath it all is only a leopard G-string.

He climbs up a table and waves his shirt like a helicopter.

GAY CALL CENTER REP # 3

*--Everyone, drop your calls!  
We're walking out!*

From outside a shirtless Travis runs to Chris's window and presses his nipples against the glass.

Written in black ink on Travis's stomach are the words "People Power."

MIGS

I'm calling the cops.

CHRIS

That's what Bank of the World needs right now. Bad publicity. I'm sure Terry Thomas will love it.

MIGS

Why you goin' ghetto on me? You're gonna make me lose my promotion.

CHRIS

Bank of the World has no right to thow out its employees like garbage. We're going to make sure everyone knows that Bank of the World has lowered its customer service standards and turned un-American just to save a few bucks. I suggest you get on the phone with Terry before he starts getting thousands of calls from

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CHRIS (cont'd)  
customers who want to close their  
account.

MIGS  
Get the fuck out of here.

Chris stands up.

CHRIS  
Find me when you want to negotiate.

MIGS  
I ain't negotiating shit!

Chris starts walking out of the room.

CHRIS  
By the way, Migs...

Chris steps on the "Easy" button. The automated voice  
speaks: "THAT WAS EASY."

CHRIS  
It still works.

Chris walks out.

EXT. BUILDING (CALL CENTER) - DAY

Sunny hot day.

Don, Vanessa, and about twenty-five other employees picket  
in front of the building. They march around Travis, who's  
playing an acoustic guitar.

Chris is off to the side passing out bottled water to a  
waiting line of strikers.

As a FAT CALL CENTER REP makes it to the front Chris  
realizes he's out of water.

CHRIS  
Sorry, I just ran out.

FAT CALL CENTER REP  
Fuck that. I'm going back in.

Chris watches as the fat rep crosses the picket line,  
knocking some people over in the process.

A few employees who were also waiting in line for water go  
inside.

(CONTINUED)

Travis finishes his song. Everyone applauds. Travis bows.

TRAVIS

Thank you. Now for some Weezer.

DON

Not another gay white boy song.

Travis starts leading everyone to the Weezer song "Buddy Holly."

TRAVIS

(singing)

*What's with these homies dissing my  
girl?/Why do they got to front...*

He waits for a response.

A random person in the crowd sings the riff: "DO-DO-DOOO."

Travis gives him a nod.

TRAVIS

*What did we ever do to these  
guys/That made them so  
violent?/Woo-hoo, but you know I'm  
yours/Woo-hoo, and I know you're  
mine/Woo-hoo, and that's for all  
time...*

EVERYONE

(singing)

*Oo-ee-oo, I look just like Buddy  
Holly/Oh-oh, and you're Mary Tyler  
Moore/I don't care what they say  
about us anyway/I don't care 'bout  
that.*

Chris pulls Travis aside as the song goes to the instrumental break (Travis continues to play).

CHRIS

Is that all the water you brought?

TRAVIS

Yeah.

CHRIS

I gave you fifty bucks.

TRAVIS

Vanessa and I had breakfast at IHOP  
before we got here....and I went to

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

TRAVIS (cont'd)  
7-11 and bought some rubbers. You  
need some?

Chris wipes sweat from his forehead.

CHRIS  
Did you see her?

TRAVIS  
Who?

CHRIS  
Brandi.

TRAVIS  
Don't ask me. You fired her.

Chris looks at his watch.

CHRIS  
Watch everyone for a second. I'm  
gonna see if I have any water in my  
car.

TRAVIS  
Sure.

CHRIS  
Don't scare everyone off.

TRAVIS  
What are you talking about? This  
piece of wood is like a big giant  
cock that everybody wants to touch.

Chris leaves.

Travis walks back in the circle and starts the second verse  
of "Buddy Holly."

TRAVIS  
(singing)  
*Don't you ever fear, I'm always  
there/I know that you need  
help/You're tongue is twisted, your  
eyes are slit/You need a  
guardian...*

PARKING LOT

Chris runs through the parking garage.

A car slowly approaches him from behind.

HONK!

CHRIS  
I'm not leaving!

Chris continues running.

HONK-HONK!!

CHRIS  
Give me a break.

Chris sees who's in the car. It's Brandi. She rolls down her window.

BRANDI  
I have some stuff in the car. You  
mind helping me unload it?

Brandi'S CAR

Chris helps Brandi unload a bulk package of bottled water, a stack of large pizzas, and a tray filled with sandwiches.

CHRIS  
Where did you get all this?

BRANDI  
I cashed my last check and went to  
Costco. I kind of figured you'd  
need a few things to keep up  
morale.

CHRIS  
I thought I'd never see you again.

Brandi smiles.

BRANDI  
I told you I'm walking out with  
you, Chris.

CHRIS  
About today...

(CONTINUED)

BRANDI

It's alright. You were only doing  
your job.

A beat.

Chris puts the bottled water down and walks towards Brandi.

He looks into her eyes and kisses her.

They slowly break.

CHRIS

I'm so glad you didn't push me away  
right now.

BRANDI

I've been waiting like forever.

CHRIS

Really?

Brandi nods.

He kisses her again.

CHRIS

I could do this all day.

BRANDI

We'll have plenty of time once they  
close the call center,  
Chris. Right now we have to save  
it.

Chris nods.

Brandi smiles as she shakes her head.

CHRIS

What?

BRANDI

I can't believe I kissed somebody  
who just fired me.

EXT. BUILDING (CALL CENTER) - DAY

Chris pushes a cart with the food to the building, Brandi  
walking with him. They hear commotion outside.

Dennis stands near the front entrance as the strikers walk  
back inside.

(CONTINUED)

Chris sees what's happening and runs up to Don.

CHRIS  
What's going on?

DON  
He threatened to fire everybody if they don't go back in. Then he said he be callin' the police.

Chris approaches Dennis.

CHRIS  
What did you tell them, Dennis?

DENNIS  
Chris. The person I was looking for. I see most of your strikers rather get paid than be a part of your little union. Which by the way, is illegal. Migs contacted Bank of the World's legal department and found out your union hasn't been approved by the National Labor Relations Board. So unfortunate for you Chris, Bank of the World will not negotiate with a union that doesn't exist.

CHRIS  
I got over fifty percent of the call center's signatures. We are a union.

DENNIS  
What? You mean these signatures?

Dennis pulls out a folded envelope from his pocket. The envelope is the one Chris put in the "OVERNIGHT" box.

Dennis tears the envelope in two.

The sound of a POLICE SIREN heads towards them.

DENNIS  
I called the cops, Chris. They're going to arrest you for disturbing the peace.

BRANDI  
Don't do this, Dennis.

Dennis looks at Brandi.

DENNIS

I don't like you anymore.

Travis, Vanessa, Brandi, and Don turn to Chris.

DON

Chris, I'll give you a thousand bucks if you take the weed in my back pocket.

Chris gives Don a look.

DON

I don't wanna go to jail, Mon.

Two POLICE OFFICERS walk out of the squad car and approach them.

Dennis points to Chris.

DENNIS

That's him. He's the one causing all the trouble.

One of the officers walks to Chris.

POLICE OFFICER #2

Are you the one who started this strike?

Chris nods.

POLICE OFFICER #2

You're standing on private property.

CHRIS

We're not going to leave.

The two police officers nod to each other.

POLICE OFFICER #2

Turn around. You're under arrest.

POLICE OFFICER #2 pulls out his handcuffs

Chris turns around. The officer begins handcuffing him.

The other officer, POLICE OFFICER #1, is looking at Travis.

A beat.

(CONTINUED)

POLICE OFFICER #1  
Do I know you?

TRAVIS  
No.

POLICE OFFICER #1  
You look familiar.

TRAVIS  
Someone once told me I look like  
Justin Timberlake. I mean after  
N'Sync.

POLICE OFFICER #1  
You smoke weed, right?

TRAVIS  
Weed? Hell, no. What is it?

The police officer looks at Vanessa. He smiles at her.

POLICE OFFICER #1  
She looks familiar too. Are you a  
dancer?

Vanessa winks.

Travis gets on his knees in front of the cop.

TRAVIS  
--Look. I didn't know it was  
illegal to run a strip club in an  
apartment building. Please. Don't  
put me in jail.

POLICE OFFICER #1  
It was you. What are you talking  
about? That club was the shit.

Travis is speechless.

The police officer turns to his partner.

POLICE OFFICER #1  
This is the guy that owned that  
strip club the fellas and I went to  
other day. They had that bomb ass  
chronic the CSI guys won't let us  
touch.

POLICE OFFICER #2

No shit.

Travis stands up.

TRAVIS

Oh, *that* club. Yeah, that was mine. It was my friend Chris's apartment.

He points to Chris.

POLICE OFFICER #1

*His* apartment?

Police officer #1 walks up to Chris.

POLICE OFFICER #1

My co-workers took me there for my bachelor party. Best fuckin' strip club I've ever been to.

CHRIS

Thanks.

PO#1 turns to his partner.

POLICE OFFICER #1

Don't arrest him. He might rat me out. To my soon-to-be-wife, I mean.

His partner nods and takes the cuffs off of Chris.

POLICE OFFICER #1

Look, we just got this disturbance call about a unlawful strike going on. I don't see anything wrong. Just stay on the sidewalk. That's public property. And pick up any trash after you're done.

PO#1 talks into his walkie talkie.

POLICE OFFICER #1

--357. Over. Responding to the public disturbance on Imperial and Valencia. Nothing here but a couple of strikers. We're on our way back.

He puts the walkie talkie back on his belt. He notices the pizza on the cart.

(CONTINUED)

POLICE OFFICER #1  
You mind if we take a slice before  
we head out?

CHRIS  
Please.

The police officers each take a slice as they walk back to  
their car.

Dennis follows them.

DENNIS  
*--Why aren't you arresting him?!*

Police officer #1 puts his hand on top of his gun.

POLICE OFFICER #1  
Don't you know never to approach a  
police officer from  
behind? Especially when he has a  
pizza in his hand?! People get  
capped in the ass that way.

Dennis starts back-peddling.

The officers get inside the car. They wave as they leave.

DON  
(singing)  
*Bad boys bad boys/Watcha gonna  
do?/Watcha gonna do when they come  
for you?...*

Travis joins in on guitar and continues the song.

DON AND TRAVIS  
*Bad boys bad boys/Watcha gonna  
do?/Watcha gonna do when they come  
for you?*

#### MONTAGE SEQUENCE

Chris, Brandi, Don, Travis, and Vanessa continue to picket  
in front of the building under the hot sun.

Travis, wearing only his shoes and boxers, sits down on the  
curb to rest.

LATER

The five continue to hold the line.

(CONTINUED)

A few call center reps watch them from just inside the building.

Chris stops to take a drink of water. He sees the employees inside.

A beat.

They decide to walk out. Chris hands them picket signs.

EVEN LATER

More people join.

As the day goes on the line gets bigger, until the front entrance is crowded with employees.

Brandi is off to the side collecting signatures.

NIGHT

A few of the strikers have brought sleeping bags.

Brandi cooks marshmallows on a stick on a mini-grill. Sitting next to her is Chris, who's typing into a MacBook. She spoon-feeds him a marshmallow.

Travis and Vanessa entertain the crowd by break dancing as Don beatboxes.

EXT. BUILDING (CALL CENTER) - DAY

Morning.

The strike is at full strength. About a hundred employees picket in front of the building.

Chris leads them using a megaphone.

CHRIS

This isn't Bank of the World's moment! This is our moment! Our time to be make a difference! We will not be slaves to corporate greed. We will not let Bank of the World give our job to somebody half the world away. We will not let Terry Thomas go anywhere without hearing the sound of our voice. I promise you right now the Bank of the World shareholders are breathing down his neck. And I

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CHRIS (cont'd)  
promise you right now Terry Thomas  
is worried about losing his own  
fucking job, just as much we are of  
our own!

The crowd cheers.

Brandi approaches him along with a female (CAROYLN BROOKE).

BRANDI  
Chris. Someone wants to talk to  
you.

CAROLYN  
Hi, Chris. I'm Carolyn Brooke, an  
on-site producer with CNBC. We're  
doing a story on the strike.

Carolyn shakes Chris's hand.

CHRIS  
You got my e-mail?

She nods.

CAROLYN  
Bank of the World stock is down ten  
percent today. Customers are  
closing their accounts like  
crazy. Looks like you're the  
banking industry's next Cesar  
Chavez.

INT. "CLOSING BELL" (CNBC) - DAY

CNBC anchorwoman MARIA BARTIROMO is doing a live  
teleconference interview with Chris.

The screen is split between Maria and Chris.

MARIA  
So tell me, Chris. You graduated  
from Harvard Law School?

CHRIS  
Yes.

MARIA  
But instead of going into law you  
decided to work in a call center?

Chris laughs.

(CONTINUED)

CHRIS

I wasn't sure if I really wanted to go into law. So I took a job that would help pay the bills while I decided what I wanted to do.

MARIA

Come on, Chris. Rent, car payments, a *Harvard student loan*, I know call center representatives don't make as much as lawyers...

CHRIS

I've been living on peanut butter and jelly sandwiches the past year. And I try to borrow as much Wi-Fi as I can from my neighbors.

MARIA

So tell me how you started this strike with Bank of the World?

CHRIS

Two weeks ago Bank of the World announced it was moving its customer service division to India. Our department was given less than a month notice. Not only was this illegal, it took advantage of a non-unionized workforce who's only protection are unenforceable labor laws. As a result my co-workers and I started this union.

MARIA

--But Chris. Isn't that what big business all about? Outsourcing? Increasing profit margins? Won't a union hurt that?

CHRIS

I'm standing up for the American worker. Wall Street would fall on its face without the service economy. Outsourcing saves profit in the short run, but its longterm impact is detrimental to local economies and has the potential to threaten national security.

(CONTINUED)

MARIA

I'm sorry, did you say '*National security*'?

CHRIS

Let me ask you a question, Maria. Who would you rather have help you with your bank account? Someone in the U.S. who understands how important your bank account is to you, or someone half the world away who makes six bucks an hour but knows he could make a lot more by selling your debit card number to international crime rings?

Maria chuckles.

MARIA

I rather have you help me with my bank account, Chris.

CHRIS

And I'd be happy to help you.

MARIA

In any case after this is over I see a lot of career options for you, Chris. Thank you for talking with us.

CHRIS

Thank you.

The screen goes to a graph of the Bank of the World stock.

MARIA

Bank of the World stock is down seven dollars and five cents today, an almost ten percent drop. We'll be checking in on it before the closing bell.

EXT. BUILDING (CALL CENTER) - DAY

Migs and Dennis walk out of the building.

He sees the strikers.

A group of news reporters and cameramen have gathered to the side of the building.

(CONTINUED)

MIGS  
(yelling)  
Can you guys leave?! You're  
creating a fire hazard!

STRIKER #1 (O.S.)  
Shut the fuck up.

MIGS  
Who said that?!

STRIKER #1 (O.S.)  
I did, Asshole.

MIGS  
Well fuck you! Who's your  
supervisor? Nevermind. You're  
fuckin' fired!

STRIKER #1 (O.S.)  
Your Momma's fired.

Everyone laughs.

Migs lunges at the striker. Dennis holds him back.

Chris walks up to Migs.

CHRIS  
So do you want to talk now, Migs?

MIGS  
Fuck no. I ain't negotiating with  
a bunch of kids.

Chris points to a group of elderly people having a "Super Soaker" water gun fight with Travis and a group of strikers.

CHRIS  
You know those senior citizens over  
there? They're former Bank of the  
World customers who came to support  
us. I suggest you do something  
before more of them join us.

MIGS  
Stand back or I'll fuck you up  
too. I'm waiting for Terry Thomas.

A "Nuthin' But a 'G' Thang" ringtone starts playing on Mig's  
cellphone. He answers.

(CONTINUED)

MIGS

Yeah.

A beat.

Migs puts the phone away.

MIGS

They're here, Bitches.

Five black Escalades roll up in front of the building. The employees standing in front of the cars disperse.

MIGS

Looks like this strike is history.

Out of the backseat of the lead car walks out Terry Thomas. He is accompanied by an entourage of assistants.

The assistants create a path through the strikers. Terry approaches Migs.

The photographers start taking a barrage of photographs.

TERRY

What the hell's going on, Migs?

Migs points to Chris.

MIGS

This criminal is taking over the call center.

TERRY

I was hoping you could handle this, Migs.

MIGS

They're kids, Terry. They don't listen to anyone who doesn't have a MySpace account.

Terry looks at Chris.

TERRY

Chris. I assume you're behind all this.

Chris nods.

TERRY

Can we talk inside?

CHRIS  
Yes. On two conditions.

TERRY  
What?

CHRIS  
Migs is not in the room.

MIGS  
*--Why you little shit!*

Terry gives Migs a look. Migs backs down.

TERRY  
Fine. The second condition?

CHRIS  
Just me and you. No lawyers. No assistants.

Terry looks at one of his assistants.

The lawyer shakes his head and whispers to Terry.

LAWYER  
We can't negotiate with a union that doesn't exist.

A beat.

Terry glances at the press. He nods to Chris.

EXT. BUILDING (CALL CENTER) - DAY

The strikers have fallen silent, waiting for the outcome of Chris and Terry's meeting. Even the press are silent.

Migs chit-chats with one of Terry's assistants. He sees Vanessa standing alone and approaches her.

MIGS  
'Sup up, sweetie?

She ignores him.

MIGS  
So I heard you're a dancer.

VANESSA  
I do a lot more than dance.

(CONTINUED)

MIGS

*Really.* What can you do to me for fifty bucks?

Vanessa slides off her flip-flop.

MIGS

--*I like foot jobs...*

CRACK! She kicks Migs in the balls.

VANESSA

That one's on the house.

Vanessa puts her flip-flop back on and walks away.

Migs falls to his knees.

ELSEWHERE OUTSIDE

Dennis approaches Brandi.

DENNIS

So why aren't you going out with me anymore?

BRANDI

I just can't Dennis.

DENNIS

What do you see in him?

BRANDI

Chris? He cares about everyone.

DENNIS

Like *I* don't. I'm trying to help everyone keep their severance pay.

BRANDI

Don't you think everyone rather keep their job?

DENNIS

Bank of the World can't afford to pay these people and stay competitive. It'll go out of business. Chris is trying to bankrupt the company.

(CONTINUED)

BRANDI

Banks will always have money, Dennis. The only way Bank of the World will go under is if it loses customers. And moving the call center to India will be the start. Chris doesn't have to do this. He can just walk away. But he's doing it for us. So you, me, and everyone here can keep our jobs and our health insurance and our benefits.

DENNIS

Don't tell me you believe that Harvard b.s. Don't you see he's only doing this to get in your pants?

Brandi slaps Dennis on the face.

He's stunned as she walks away.

INT. CALL CENTER (MAIN FLOOR)

Chris walks with Terry through the call center, as empty as a ghost town.

TERRY

In the early days banking was a face to face thing. You went to the bank and handled your business with a teller at a window. Back then, a handshake was just as binding as contract. How times have change. Now you could get approved for a million dollar loan over the phone, or withdraw your money anywhere in the world at an ATM. I long for the day when customer service was as personal, and as human an experience a person could get. I never wanted to move the call center to India, Chris. Our customers need someone at the end of the line who understands the value of the American dollar. Not someone half-way around the world pretending to be their next door neighbor. As for the shareholders, they have a different agenda. Like

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

TERRY (cont'd)  
why we didn't make our profit  
estimates from the last  
quarter. What about you,  
Chris? What's your agenda?

CHRIS  
To save my co-workers' jobs.

TERRY  
Is that it?

Chris nods.

CHRIS  
I'm tired of corporate America  
taking advantage of the working  
class.

Terry smiles.

TERRY  
You remind me of myself twenty-five  
years ago.

CHRIS  
You weren't sure if you wanted to  
be a lawyer?

TERRY  
After Harvard I took a job with the  
Red Cross. Not as a lawyer. I  
went door to door collecting  
donations.

He chuckles.

TERRY  
I found out the hard way there's  
not any money in trying to save the  
world. So I got a job with a  
bank. And now I'm running  
one. Unfortunately, a bank CEO is  
the most conservative job in the  
world. Put yourself in my shoes,  
Chris. How would you convince the  
shareholders to keep the call  
center in the United States?

CHRIS  
Tell them what you would have said  
twenty-five years ago. That  
customer service is worth the

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CHRIS (cont'd)  
premium, and without customers,  
Bank of the World wouldn't be in  
business.

A beat.

TERRY  
You'd make a great lawyer,  
Chris. And if you can help me  
convince our shareholders, an even  
better salesman.

EXT. BUILDING (CALL CENTER) - DAY

The strikers notices someone on top of the building. They  
all look up.

Dennis is at the edge holding a megaphone.

DENNIS  
What I'm about to say, may surprise  
you. You're all gonna fuckin' lose  
your jobs. It's true. So now that  
you know, why don't you guys just  
go back inside and do your  
jobs? Don't you realize there's  
people out there who need to know  
how much their balance is?....I  
know what you're thinking. Who the  
fuck is this asshole? Well I'm  
Dennis, current employee of the  
quarter, and a soon-to-be  
ex-supervisor here at Bank of the  
World. And as someone who gave  
five years of his life to this  
company, I'm telling you we're all  
fucked. I lost my girl, my job, my  
apartment, and worst of all, my  
dream to make assistant  
manager. Which means I might jump  
off this building...Fuck it, I will  
jump off this building.

A beat.

Dennis tosses the megaphone over the building.

The strikers below move out of the way as it barely misses  
Migs.

Migs looks up at Dennis.

(CONTINUED)

MIGS

*--Go jump, Asshole!*

Dennis takes a few steps back, preparing to jump.

The crowd gasps.

A beat.

Dennis takes off.

Just as he gets a foot to the edge...

SWOOSH!!!

He is tackled to the ground.

TOP OF BUILDING

Chris is lying on top of Dennis in an incidental spooning position.

CHRIS

I didn't realize how good this would feel.

DENNIS

Get the fuck off me.

CHRIS

But you smell like Old Spice.

DENNIS

Fuck you.

CHRIS

Okay, but before we do I got some good news to tell you. You don't have to jump. We're not moving the call center.

DENNIS

Bullshit.

CHRIS

Terry and I just spoke to Bank of the World's Board of Directors. All we have to do is disband the union and get back to work. You still can make assistant manager.

(CONTINUED)

DENNIS  
...Really?

Chris nods.

Dennis starts crying.

He puts a hand on Chris's cheek.

DENNIS  
You don't know how much this means  
to me, Chris.

CHRIS  
Okay, now I think I've taken this  
too far.

EXT. BUILDING (CALL CENTER) - DAY

Terry Thomas is giving a press conference.

Standing behind him are his assistants and Migs.

TERRY  
I've spoken to my executive staff  
and we've come to an agreement on  
the future of our customer service  
division. We're keeping it in the  
United States.

The strikers cheer.

TERRY  
Bank of the World prides itself in  
its customer service and I believe  
you people are the best ones to  
give it. Moving the call center to  
India would have saved costs in the  
short run, but its longterm impact  
would have went against our  
corporate mission: To give every  
customer a *personal* banking  
experience. Chris has opened my  
eyes and help me realize how  
important you all are. If you  
don't mind coming up here, Chris.

Chris walks to the front.

TERRY  
I want to be the first to thank you  
for reminding me that even one  
person can make a difference.

(CONTINUED)

Terry starts applauding for Chris, followed by Terry's assistants.

Soon the entire crowd applauds.

A grateful Chris smiles.

Brandi, Don, and Travis smile with him.

INT. CALL CENTER (MAIN FLOOR) - DAY

The call center is back in business. The floor is busy with employees.

Travis and Don are at their desks, talking between their calls.

TRAVIS

You know what? I'm so happy they gave me my shitty job back.

DON

Thank your boy, Chris. How it be feelin' workin' for 'da Mon again?

TRAVIS

There's nothing like being called a 'fuck face' by a ninety-year old grandmother. By the way. Have you seen, Migs?

DON

Oh Mon, I heard he's in some state in 'da Midwest. Terry Thomas ship him out 'cause he be too stupid to be running a call center.

TRAVIS

What's he doing there?

DON

I think he be managing 'dem people who refill 'da ATM envelopes when 'dem empty, Mon.

TRAVIS

Finally. A job he's qualified for. I heard Terry offered Chris Migs's job.

(CONTINUED)

DON

Chris be high saying 'no' to all that money like 'dat. Like he already rich or something, know what I mean?

TRAVIS

Well I heard he's loving his new job. He actually gets to help people now, not just dumb Bank of the World customers.

DENNIS (O.S.)

--*What the fuck are you guys talkin' about?*

Standing behind Travis is Dennis.

TRAVIS

Did you just say the 'F' word?

DENNIS

I can say whatever the fuck I want. Why aren't you on ready?

TRAVIS

I am. I put my customer on hold.

DENNIS

You're on a thin string, Travis. Which means we can fire you again just like that.

Dennis snaps his finger.

DENNIS

You see that board over there? There are five hundred customers waiting to be assisted. It's an insult for you to put even one customer on hold.

TRAVIS

Isn't that what hold music's for?

A beat.

DENNIS

I'm writing you up.

TRAVIS

I'm sorry, Dennis. Did you forget about your demotion? You're just

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

TRAVIS (cont'd)  
like us now. So why don't you stop walking around pretending to be a supervisor and put on a headset and take some fuckin' calls.

A few people on the floor overhear this.

They start clapping. The applause spreads like wildfire.

Travis gives Dennis a smile.

A beat.

Dennis takes his seat at his desk nearby. He puts on a headset.

The employees continue to clap.

Just before he takes a call Dennis stands up and looks at everyone.

DENNIS  
--SHUT UP!!!!

They stop. Dennis takes his seat.

We finally learn how gay Dennis sounds on the phone.

DENNIS  
*Thank you for calling Bank of the World, this is Dennis. How may I help you?...*

EXT. EMPLOYEE RIGHTS CENTER (OFFICE) - DAY

An mid-sized office building, with a sign at front reading "EMPLOYEE RIGHTS CENTER."

INT. EMPLOYEE RIGHTS CENTER (OFFICE) - DAY

Chris is behind the desk of a small office. He's in a suit and tie.

Sitting across him is a HISPANIC WOMAN.

Chris speaks to her in Spanish (subtitled in English).

CHRIS  
My name is Chris Bauer. I'm an attorney here at the Employee Rights Center.

(CONTINUED)

She nods.

CHRIS

So you haven't been paid in a month?

She nods again.

CHRIS

We'll see what we can do to get your back pay. I understand your employer fired you after you slipped and sprained your foot?

HISPANIC WOMAN

*Ci.*

CHRIS

And you don't have health insurance?

She shakes her head.

CHRIS

Don't worry. I'll make sure you're taken care of.

LATER

Chris is at his desk writing notes.

KNOCK, KNOCK...

Brandi peeks her head inside Chris's office.

BRANDI

I just ran somebody over. Know any good lawyers?

CHRIS

No. But I'll drive you as far as T.J.

Chris stands up and approaches her.

They give each other a kiss.

BRANDI

Guess what?

CHRIS

What?

(CONTINUED)

BRANDI  
I'm in.

CHRIS  
SC?

Brandi smiles and nods.

Chris picks her up and spins her around.

CHRIS  
Great. Now you can get me into  
Rose Bowl games with your student  
discount.

BRANDI  
That's the only reason why I'm  
enrolling there.

They kiss again.

BRANDI  
Ready for lunch?

CHRIS  
Let's go.

RING, RING, RING, RING...

It's Chris's telephone.

CHRIS  
Give me a second.

Chris puts Brandi down and walks to his desk.

He picks up the phone.

CHRIS  
Hi, this is Chris.

MALE CALLER (V.O.)  
Cocksucker!

CHRIS  
How did you get this number?

MALE CALLER (V.O.)  
Cocksucker!

CHRIS  
Can you hold on a minute?

(CONTINUED)

MALE CALLER (V.O.)

Okay.

Chris puts the caller on hold.

CUT TO:

INT. CALL CENTER (MAIN FLOOR)

Don is at his desk.

BEEP, BEEP, BEEP (V.O. from headset)....

DON

Thank you for calling Bank of the  
World. My name is Don, Mon. How  
may I help you?

MALE CALLER (V.O.)

--Cocksucker!!

A beat.

DON

You read my mind.

THE END