

**NEWSRADIO**

"The Bill of Wrongs"

Tal Kapelner

ACT ONE

SCENE A

FADE IN:

INT. BULLPEN - MORNING (D-1)  
(Beth, Matthew, Talking Ball (V.O.))

Beth's reading the newspaper at her desk. Matthew crosses to her and reads over her shoulder.

BETH

Matthew, will you please stop  
reading over my shoulder?

MATTHEW

But this is fun. This way we can  
talk about the news together.

BETH

I'm not reading the articles,  
I'm looking at the bra ads.

MATTHEW

(RELIEVED) Oh, I'm so glad you  
said that, me too.

BETH

Matthew, here, just take it,  
okay? What are you doing anyway?

MATTHEW

Oh, yeah. How would you like to  
get in on the business  
opportunity of a lifetime?

BETH

About as much as I'd like to  
sniff the green stuff that gets  
in between my toes on moist  
Sunday afternoons.

MATTHEW

Okay, is that more or less than  
a buttload?

BETH

If this is one of those get rich  
quick schemes, save it.

MATTHEW

No, this is legit, Beth. We're  
talking two thousand to three  
thousand dollars a week, right from  
home.

BETH

(NOW EXCITED) Oh my God, that is  
legit. What do they do?

MATTHEW

They are the largest distributor  
of sports equipment for blind  
athletes in the world. You know  
the talking baseball? That was  
their idea.

BETH

No way.

MATTHEW

Yeah, see, look. (PULLING OUT  
BASEBALL FROM HIS BAG) You just  
throw it to a batter and it  
tells him how close the ball is.

Without letting go of the ball, Matthew slowly  
pushes it through the air toward Beth.

TALKING BALL (V.O.)

(ROBOT VOICE) Closer. Very  
close.

BETH

(IMPRESSED) Wow, Matthew, that's  
so cool!

MATTHEW

I know! Here, you lob it to me,  
and I'll pretend to be the  
batter.

Matthew takes a ruler and holds it like a bat, and closes his eyes. Beth crosses to a few feet away and takes a pitcher's stance.

MATTHEW (CONT'D)

Now don't tell me when you're  
going to toss it, okay?

Beth throws the ball overhand.

MATTHEW (CONT'D)

You see, this ball is so  
sensitive--

TALKING BALL (V.O.)

Closer...

The ball beans Matthew in the head. He falls down.

CUT TO:

OPENING CREDITS

ACT ONE

SCENE B

FADE IN:

INT. BULLPEN - LATER (D-1)  
(Beth, Matthew, Catherine, Bill)

Beth and Matthew are sitting with bags full of sports equipment.

BETH

Matthew, this better be worth  
it. Fourteen hundred dollars is  
a lot to spend on some pyramid  
scheme.

MATTHEW

This isn't a pyramid scheme.  
They said we're "management  
trainees." Get it?  
(CONSPIRATORIALLY) I mean, read  
between the lines, Beth. I think  
they're training us to be  
managers.

Catherine crosses to Beth and Matthew.

BETH

Well, when are we going to be  
done with our training?

CATHERINE

(OVERHEARING) When you each find  
four other schmucky people to  
lay down fourteen hundred bucks.

Bill crosses to Beth, Catherine, and Matthew.

MATTHEW

Hey Bill, you want to join our  
money-making venture?

BILL

I'm sorry, my friend, I already  
run a mail-order pornography  
business. Why, what have you  
got?

MATTHEW

Balls.

BILL

If you think I'm joining your  
pyramid scheme, you sure do.

BETH

How about coming under me, Bill?

Bill pauses a moment to reflect.

BILL

Well, Beth, that depends if you  
mean me coming under your balls,  
or...



BETH

Bill!

BILL

(PROPOSITIONING) Catherine...

CATHERINE

Not unless your willing to pony up a  
lot more than fourteen hundred.

BILL

Then I guess not.

MATTHEW

Am I missing something?

BETH

(SINCERE) You are so disgusting, Bill.  
I just asked you a regular question.

BILL

I'm sorry, sweetie, I couldn't  
help it. Here, let me make it  
better by buying your crap.

BETH

Really?

BILL

(RUMMAGING IN HIS POCKET) Sure,  
let me get out my wallet. (BEAT)  
Oh wait, I just remembered that  
there's no way in hell I'm  
paying fourteen hundred dollars  
for baseballs.

BETH

Forget it.

They all seem pretty put off by Bill.

CATHERINE

Bill, why don't you do everyone  
a favor and take the rest of the  
day off.

BILL

I think I speak for all of us  
when I say, "make me."

MATTHEW

(SINCERE) Bill, no really, I  
think Catherine's right. You've  
gone overboard.

Pause.

BILL

I know I've alienated you all,  
but does anyone want to back me  
up on the irony of Matthew  
giving subtlety tips?

BETH

I know, hello--

Beth quickly stops herself as Catherine shoots her  
a look.

CUT TO:

ACT ONE

SCENE C

INT. DAVE'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS (D-1)  
(Jimmy, Dave, Bill)

Dave's at his desk. Jimmy sits opposite him.

JIMMY

Dave, this is hard for me to say, because I know how much you loved the man. So if you need a shoulder to cry on or something, just tell me and I'll get someone.

DAVE

That's very kind, sir. Who are we talking about?

JIMMY

Simon Galvin. He passed away on Monday. I'm sorry.

DAVE

Sorry for what?

JIMMY

I thought you two were  
inseparable.

DAVE

Despite five restraining orders  
in three states, yes.

JIMMY

So you're not depressed.

DAVE

On the contrary, I think I feel  
a little lighter. Quite giddy,  
really.

JIMMY

Good. Can't stand a cry-baby.  
But you might want to take that  
part out of your final draft.

DAVE

Final draft of what?

JIMMY

Simon wanted you to deliver his  
eulogy.

DAVE

Simon hated me.

JIMMY

Apparently. He's having you do  
it in your undies.

DAVE

Well, too bad for him. He's  
dead.

JIMMY

Dave, Simon was a very rich man with a huge broadcasting empire. Your little speech there in your skivvies does not go unrewarded in his will.

DAVE

So he's trying to bribe me from his grave. How pathetic.

JIMMY

Actually, he willed the cash and property to me if I made you do it.

DAVE

So he's trying to bribe you from the grave.

JIMMY

Yeah, and mission accomplished. But I'll cut you in for ten percent, what do you say?

DAVE

I wouldn't deliver a eulogy for  
that man in a three piece suit,  
fedora, sarong, muumuu and fake  
beard, let alone in my  
underwear.

JIMMY

But Dave, you're missing the point. There's money involved.

DAVE

Mr. James, Simon's whole life was dedicated to playing practical jokes on me. Dead or not, this is just another sick notch in his belt of pranks.

JIMMY

It's water under the bridge, Dave.

DAVE

Hardly. He paid a counselor to put uranium in my toothpaste at geology camp.

JIMMY

But you were a kid.

DAVE

No I wasn't, that was only-- I mean, sure, okay, bad example. I'm not saying that it wouldn't be nice to have the last word, so to speak, in our little feud, but with all of his idiot friends there at the funeral, who're just as mean as he was, I think I'll take a pass.

JIMMY

Oh, come on. Be a sport.

DAVE

No.

JIMMY

Be a pal.

DAVE

Sorry.

JIMMY

Be employed.

DAVE

Boxers or tighty-whiteys?

Jimmy gets up.

JIMMY

That's up to you. Let me know  
how it goes.

DAVE

You're not going to come?

JIMMY

Don't be gross, Dave.

Bill enters.

BILL

(TO DAVE) You wanted to see  
me?

DAVE

Yeah, Bill. Have a seat.

JIMMY

(OFF DAVE'S LOOK) Well, I'd better skeedaddle. Remember Dave, dark colors. This is still a funeral.

DAVE

I'll try not to embarrass the station, sir.

Jimmy exits.

BILL

What is it, chief?

DAVE

Bill, I've been on the phone all morning with lawyers.

BILL

Is that a new nine hundred number? You are a lonely man.

DAVE

Actually, we were discussing you.

BILL

Spare me your tawdry sex chat fantasies, Dave.

DAVE

Bill, listen to me. Real lawyers.  
WNYX's lawyers. Your comments on  
the air recently have landed us  
in real hot water.

BILL

What comments?

Dave lifts a huge pile of transcripts from the floor, puts it on his desk, and takes the top page.

DAVE

(READING WITHOUT HUMOR) "Have you ever seen the ass on Madeleine Albright? Clinton must've thought the position was for 'Secretary of Steak.'" First of all, this is a news station. You're not paid to do commentary of any kind, let alone political ass jokes.

BILL

That is news. I don't think many people know how big her ass is.

DAVE

Yeah, a real mystery solved, Bill, thanks. Howard Stern this morning called your remarks inappropriate and unfair.

BILL

Will someone put a muzzle on that goody-goody?



DAVE

And your crude comments here in  
the office have started to wear  
thin with your colleagues as well.

BILL

One to grow on, Dave.

DAVE

I want you to see someone about  
your sensitivity.

BILL

I already took that test, and  
pictures of little boys do  
nothing for me.

DAVE

I mean like a diversity trainer.  
Someone who'll show you what is  
considered offensive and what  
isn't.

BILL

Well, as long as the trainer's  
hot.

DAVE

Actually, the only person at the  
station who took the station's  
diversity classes was Matthew,  
so he'll have to be your  
instructor.

BILL

What? I can't be under Matthew's tutelage, Dave. My honor is at stake.

DAVE

Right now, your job is at stake. Now, you know we all like you here. (ABRUPTLY LAUGHS) Sorry, that was unfair. But you know what I mean. We don't want to have to act on this, but I think sending out a press release stating that you're undergoing diversity training might be the only way to let us keep you. So you're going to take it and pass it. And from now on, you're going to behave here around the office.

BILL

All right, Dave. You win. Consider me a new Bill.

Bill extends his hand and they shake.

DAVE

Great. I'll tell Matthew and  
we'll start tomorrow.

BILL

Hey Dave, do you think we can  
use Catherine for the sexual  
harassment demonstrations?

CUT TO:

ACT ONE

SCENE D

INT. BULLPEN/DAVE'S OFFICE - LATER (D-1)  
(Dave, Catherine, Joe, Bill, Matthew, Beth, Jimmy,  
Lisa)

Dave holds forth at a staff meeting.

DAVE

And last but not least, I'd like  
to announce that WNYX has  
finally come out of the dark  
ages and into cyberspace with  
our brand new web page, courtesy  
of Joe.

Staff applauds, wallas approval.

CATHERINE

(TO JOE) I didn't know you could  
design web pages.

JOE

Nothing to it. I just took some  
plastic, a semiconductor and  
about twenty feet of cable wire  
and boom. There you go.

CATHERINE

For a web page?

JOE

Well, I had to make the computer first.

DAVE

Yes, the web page is an integral part of our computer.

CATHERINE

That doesn't mean you have to start from scratch.

DAVE

Actually it does, because I mean that literally. Apparently, our web page is only accessible through our mainframe computer upstairs, for reasons known only to Joe.

JOE

(OFF CATHERINE'S LOOK) It's very complex.

DAVE

Well, if no one has anything else, I think that's it.

BILL

Dave, aren't you forgetting something?

DAVE

No, actually, that's all I had.

MATTHEW

You know, about the (TRYING PIG LATIN) eulogy-ay in your underwear-ay?

DAVE

(LOOKING AROUND INNOCENTLY) I'm sorry, you lost me.

BETH

What are you guys talking about?

DAVE

People, can we just get back to work, please?

BILL

The eulogy for Simon Galvin you're doing tonight in your underwear, Dave.

DAVE

(UPSET) Still drawing a blank, Bill. Why don't you be more specific, if you possibly could.

BILL

Oh, don't try to hide it. Jimmy told Matthew and I all about it.

DAVE

Mr. James...

JIMMY

Aw, come on, Dave, it was just too good. I had to tell at least one soul about it. And Bill.

DAVE

Two sound choices, sir.

LISA

Simon Galvin died?

DAVE

Yes, fortunately, he did. I just have to fulfill this one last humiliating stunt for his enjoyment while he burns eternally in Hell, and I'll be done with him forever.

LISA

Why don't you just say no? He is dead.

DAVE

Because I'm not a quitter. I handled his adolescent pranks for fifteen years. By doing this and surviving after he's pulled the last obnoxious joke he can ever possibly pull, it'll show that I won. (SMALL) In my mind only, of course, 'cause, you know, he's dead, but still...

BILL

Dave, rest assured I'll be there to see you... through this.

DAVE

No thanks, Bill, I think I'll stare this one down alone.

JOE

Dave, we insist.

DAVE

That's fine, guys, I appreciate it, really. But no way in hell you're seeing me in shorts.

BILL

(TO STAFF) I'll have directions to the mortuary on my desk.

Everyone gets up quickly while Dave surmises what just happened. Recovering, Dave calls to Bill and Matthew.

DAVE

Bill, Matthew, can I see you  
over here, please?

Matthew, Bill, and Dave adjourn to Dave's office.

INT. DAVE'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

DAVE (CONT'D)

Now Bill, I've told Matthew  
about the sensitivity training,  
and he's agreed to help.

MATTHEW

(TO BILL) Don't you worry about  
a thing, buddy, we're going to  
see you through this.

It occurs to Bill that he's in the Twilight Zone.

DAVE

I know this won't be the easiest  
thing, but you've got to let Matthew  
give you the sensitivity training  
that lets you keep this job.

Matthew pretends to look severely at Bill.

MATTHEW

Yeah. (LAUGHS) Just kidding. I  
may seem strict, but I think you  
just have to learn how to work  
with me, and it'll be fine.

Jimmy enters.

JIMMY

You're fired, Bill. (OFF BILL  
AND DAVE'S LOOKS) Oh, sorry, I  
jumped the gun.

BILL

Mr. James, you're not a party to  
this too, are you?

JIMMY

Dave, how many sponsors pulled  
out last week 'cause of Bill?

DAVE

Last week? Five, sir.

JIMMY

(CONTROLLING HIS ANGER) Bill,  
let me tell you something about  
the radio business.

BILL

What's that, sir?

JIMMY

You're fired.

DAVE

Well, don't you worry about a  
thing, Mr. James. I think you'll  
be singing a different tune  
tomorrow.

JIMMY

Why's that?

DAVE

Because we've put the entire burden of  
responsibility on Matthew's shoulders.

Dave, a smile frozen on his face, takes a nice long  
pause as he lets what he just said seep in. In  
fact, Bill and Jimmy ponder that one, too. Then  
Dave turns around to Matthew.

DAVE

(CALM) Matthew, you were just  
about to--



MATTHEW

(NOT HEARING) What...?

DAVE

Fall down.

Immediately, Matthew skates off his feet as if he was on wheels and falls flat on his back. Dave looks at Bill.

BILL

(TO JIMMY) Cleaning out my desk,  
sir.

Bill exits. Dave nods resignedly.

FADE OUT

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

SCENE E

FADE IN:

INT. FUNERAL PARLOR - THAT EVENING (N-1)

(Matthew, Dave, Steve, Lisa, Catherine, Joe, Bill, Beth)

Dave is at the podium in underclothes while the guests, including the staff at WNYX, except for Jimmy, take their seats in the audience. Steve, the deceased's son, also is in the audience.

Matthew crosses to Dave, who seems quite embarrassed and preoccupied behind his smile.

MATTHEW

Hey Dave, I just wanted to thank you  
for having enough faith in me to give  
Bill that training. I think you made  
the right choice.

DAVE

You were the only choice, Matthew.

MATTHEW

(FLATTERED) Okay, Dave, no need to spread it so thick. You're welcome.

(UNCRUMPLING SOME PAPER) Listen, I know how much you've been worrying about this eulogy thing, so I came up with some stuff you can say.

DAVE

You knew Simon?

MATTHEW

No, it's more about just dead people in general. I figured that now that I'm the, you know, "go-to guy" at the office and all, I better step up to the plate for the old Davester.

DAVE

Thanks, Matthew.

MATTHEW

You bet.

Matthew leaves the paper on the podium and takes his seat.

DAVE

Thank you all for coming. First I'd like to thank Hanes for sponsoring my eulogy today. I'm honored to have been chosen by Simon to speak on his behalf. He was a very giving man, just, I guess, not of clothes. (LAUGHS) In fact, mostly what he gave was grief. I mean "Stief". His beautiful son Stief.

STEVE

Steve.

DAVE

Even better.

LISA

(SOTTO) Uh oh.

CATHERINE

What?

LISA

I think he's going to lose it.  
He's got that look in his eyes.

CATHERINE

You're looking at his eyes?

LISA

Why would you want to look  
anywhere else?

CATHERINE

Same reason I can't help but  
look at accidents on the road.

DAVE

You know what? I can't do this. I  
thought I was able to laugh this  
whole thing off, but no, I'm not  
letting Simon rack up another  
scam.

MATTHEW

(TO LISA AND CATHERINE) I don't  
think he's using my stuff.

Lisa and Catherine continue their conversation, ignoring Matthew.

LISA

(TO CATHERINE) Is that some kind of knock on me for having gone out with him?

CATHERINE

No, not at all, Lisa. Believe me, it takes all kinds.

LISA

Because I never had to see him in full light, you know. It was always very dark.

CATHERINE

Honey, I'm wearing sunglasses, it's not helping.

DAVE

And I'll bet that Simon isn't even dead. That this whole funeral business is a stunt, like everything else in his life. He's probably going to pop right out of this box...

Dave flips open the casket.

DAVE (CONT'D)

And get right up...



Dave pulls up on Simon and suddenly lets him go.  
Simon's clearly dead. The guests are aghast.  
Dave's clearly dead.

DAVE (CONT'D)

Or, you know, not.

Dave laughs weakly, and grasps for Matthew's  
crumpled notes. Several guests are in tears.

DAVE (CONT'D)

Um... (READING) "You know, the Spanish  
refer to their dead as 'Las Dead.'"

MATTHEW

(TO HIMSELF, SATISFIED) That's it.

Bring 'em home, big daddy.

DAVE

(BOWING HIS HEAD) And now, for a  
moment of silence.

CUT TO:

ACT TWO

SCENE H

INT. DAVE'S OFFICE - NEXT AFTERNOON (D-2)  
(Matthew, Bill, Dave, Catherine, Jimmy)

Matthew and Bill have been going at the training for some time now.

BILL

Matthew, this is pointless.

We've been at this all day.

MATTHEW

Bill, let's just focus, OK?

We'll review the basics. The appropriate way of referring to women is...

BILL

Hoes.

MATTHEW

I wasn't finished.

BILL

Oh, I'm sorry. I thought it was a test.

MATTHEW

Maybe we should start over.

Hoes, chicks, babes, that's all  
out, okay? There are women, and  
then there are girls.

BILL

What about men?

MATTHEW

Men are just men.

BILL

Can I call men hoes?

MATTHEW

(STUMPED) I never thought about  
that. (FLIPPING THROUGH HIS  
REFERENCE) You are way too good,  
Bill. You should be training me.

Matthew buries his head in his reference book. Dave enters.

DAVE

All right, guys, how's it  
progressing? Are we sensitive yet?

BILL

Stop it, Dave, you're hurting my  
feelings.

DAVE

I guess not. Matthew, how's our  
little walking lawsuit doing?

MATTHEW

Frankly, not very well. (REFERRING TO BOOK) According to my manual, he's still clinging to his male-dominated pattern of socio-soc-societ-lah! This is hard to say.

DAVE

Which basically means he's got a potty mouth.

MATTHEW

I don't know what it means. I'm still trying to find out why they put the kosher sign in the front of the book. (SHOWING DAVE) See, that little "c" with the circle around it, right before the year?

DAVE

Oh my God.

MATTHEW

I know, it's been really bugging me.

BILL

By the way, Dave, nice job at the eulogy yesterday. Really got me right here.

DAVE

Let's not talk about that, okay?

BILL

Why not? That was the most  
beautiful thing in underwear  
since my bedroom last weekend.

Catherine enters.

CATHERINE

I heard all about Bill, Dave,  
and I want front row seats.

DAVE

Catherine, this is a private conference.

CATHERINE

But I'm here to lend support.

BILL

Thank you, Catherine.

CATHERINE

To the other side.

DAVE

Catherine, I really don't think  
we should be making Bill's  
sensitivity training into a  
spectator sport.

Jimmy enters in full sports attire, with a couple  
of hot dogs, sodas, and some nachos.

JIMMY

Okay, guys, let's get to it, I'm  
a very busy man.

DAVE

Mr. James...

CATHERINE

Dog, Jimmy?

JIMMY

Comin' right at ya'.

MATTHEW

Ooh, yeah, me too.

Jimmy tosses wrapped hot dogs to Catherine and Matthew.

DAVE

Mr. James, please. You said yourself that if Bill doesn't take to the training he's fired.

CATHERINE

(GLEAM IN HER EYE) Did you say fired?

DAVE

(REALIZING) Oh, here we go...

Catherine approaches Bill.

CATHERINE

Bill, you know what you say when a girl be fly?

BILL

(INTO IT) "Hey, Fly Girl, how 'bout boarding my Air Force One?"

CATHERINE

Right on.

Catherine and Bill slap five. Catherine then makes a grand gesture to Dave as if to present Bill and say, "See?"

DAVE

Catherine, don't encourage him.

Matthew sits on the ledge of Dave's bullpen window and starts fiddling with the blinds.

CATHERINE

I'm just trying to show you that  
the man is beyond help.

DAVE

Well, that's why we have Matthew  
on it. Matthew...

Matthew catches his arm in the blinds.

DAVE (CONT'D)

Matthew, what's next on Bill's  
program?

MATTHEW

Um... Wait, hang on.

Matthew struggles with the blinds.

CUT TO:

ACT TWO

SCENE J

INT. BULLPEN - SIMULTANEOUS (D-2)

(Beth, Lisa, Matthew, Dave, Bill, Catherine, Jimmy)

Beth crosses to Lisa at Lisa's desk.

BETH

Hey Lisa.

LISA

Not interested.

BETH

You didn't even hear my pitch.

At least I had the courtesy to  
hear the pitch.

LISA

You had the courtesy to get  
totally suckered, Beth, and I  
want no part of it.

BETH

But that's not fair. How come  
I'm the only one who can be  
suckered?



LISA

(STANDING UP) I don't know, good question. All the warning signs were there.

BETH

What are you talking about? The products are good.

LISA

(DRILLING IT IN) Beth. You are selling baseballs that talk when you chuck them at blind people. Now how much did you pay to get in?

BETH

Fourteen hundred dollars.

LISA

And to whom did you give that money?

Matthew falls out of Dave's open window into the bullpen, wrapped in the blinds. He struggles out of them, gets up and re-enters Dave's office.

Lisa and Beth can see the rest of the gang (sans Joe) through Dave's window. The gang looks back at Lisa and Beth. Beth seeks solace in Lisa's arms.

CUT TO:

ACT TWO

SCENE K

INT. DAVE'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER (D-2)  
(Jimmy, Dave, Catherine, Bill, Matthew)

Dave is shutting the window, while Matthew dusts himself off. Bill looks pretty hopeless.

JIMMY

Now, look, guys, we're kind of up a creek here with this political correct thing.

CATHERINE

Insisting on a broadcast which refrains from insulting women is hardly a matter of political correctness.

JIMMY

(AFTER A BEAT, DISMISSIVE) Okay,  
thanks for that. In any case,  
we've got a situation on our  
hands. And Bill, you know I  
would hate to lose you. But I  
would hate to lose a lawsuit  
even more. (TURNING HIS BASEBALL  
CAP AROUND) So let's put our  
rally caps on!

MATTHEW

(CLAPPING) Rally caps! Rally  
caps!

Bill drops his head into his hands.

DAVE

All right, Matthew, go for it.

MATTHEW

Okay. Now Bill, let's pretend  
I'm Catherine and you're Bill,  
but like a good Bill, you know.  
So I'm coming down the hall and,  
you know, I'm looking pretty  
fine. What do you say?

BILL

(SULLEN) I don't know, Matthew,  
this isn't working. Fire me now.

CATHERINE

(TO JIMMY) You heard him.

JIMMY

You're fired, Bill.

BILL

Sir, with all due respect, I'm  
the biggest draw this station's  
got.

CATHERINE

You draw the biggest paycheck.

DAVE

Wait, I think there's a way we  
can get our sponsors back and  
still keep Bill's job.

CATHERINE

It's never going to work, Dave.

DAVE

I haven't even said what it is  
yet.

CATHERINE

Oh yeah, I forgot to wait for  
that.

DAVE

What I was going to say was that we  
temporarily lower advertiser  
rates...

JIMMY

That's all I needed to hear.  
Dave, you're fired. Catherine,  
you're the new news director.

CATHERINE

Thank you, Jimmy. Bill, you're  
fired.

JIMMY

That's the stuff, Catherine. Bill,  
don't make me call security.

BILL

Wait, I was behaving so well.

CATHERINE

For a pimp.

DAVE

Catherine...

CATHERINE

Don't you start with me. You're  
a fine example, parading around  
in your underwear.

DAVE

Yes, but let me just point out  
that that was on my own time.  
And I was not parading.

MATTHEW

Uh, excuse me, um hello? I  
believe I'm the one who is  
supposed to be in charge here.

DAVE

Matthew, that you were the only one in the building who had such a shamelessly friendless existence that you were willing to learn how to spell woman with a "y" in sensitivity classes held every Saturday night for fourteen weeks over the summer in Newark while the rest of us were on vacation or maybe just watching TV does not mean you're in charge.

MATTHEW

Oh, damn, that's right.

BILL

People, people, please. This all apparently has come down to me, so it's my responsibility to fix it. Now if the groups that were complaining are willing to accept a formal apology for my past indiscretions, that I can read over the air, perhaps we can put these ugly incidents behind us.

A beat as the group ponders this.

JIMMY

I'll get on the horn with the  
lawyers.

DAVE

I'll start writing your apology.

BILL

Dave, I'm not a child. I can  
write my own damn apologies.

DAVE

Give me your first sentence.

BILL

(THINKING) "To all those cry-  
baby nut cases I've offended..."

DAVE

I'll write the apology.

Matthew crosses to the door, opens it, and steps out.

MATTHEW

(TO DAVE) Look's like this  
situation is under control. But if  
this ever flares up again, you know  
where to find me.

DAVE

On the floor.

MATTHEW

(NOT HEARING) What?

Matthew inexplicably falls on his back again.  
Catherine crosses to the door.

DAVE

Sorry it didn't work out for you,  
Catherine. Better luck next time.

CATHERINE

That's okay. With Bill, there'll  
always be next times.

DAVE

No, I mean next time you have  
your friends call to complain  
about Bill, make sure they don't  
leave their real names and your  
address.

Caught, Catherine smiles broadly. She exits,  
cursing her friends sotto. Dave plops himself on  
his couch.

JIMMY

So how did it go at Simon's  
eulogy last night?

DAVE

Don't ask. I made a fool of  
myself, desecrated his dead  
body, and I think I gave myself  
a wedgie.

JIMMY

Well, his lawyer already sent me  
the check, so whatever.

DAVE

Yes, but speaking of p.r.  
problems, I think what I did  
might have created something of  
a flap for the station. I don't  
know what got into me.

JIMMY

Dave, there's one thing you  
always got to remember about  
life.

DAVE

What's that, sir?

JIMMY

I don't know, I forget. That's too bad, it was a good one, too.

DAVE

I mean, maybe it was that I had to deliver a eulogy half-naked in front of a bunch of strangers in a morgue, but it could be that I'm just generally very stressed in my life right now.

JIMMY

No, I think it's the morgue-naked thing.

DAVE

At least it's the last of Simon and his efforts to embarrass me.

JIMMY

(LOOKING AROUND INNOCENTLY)

Right. Exactly, Dave. (UNDER HIS BREATH) Except for the video they made of your speech from surveillance cameras. Later alligator!

Jimmy exits.

CUT TO:

ACT TWO

SCENE M

INT. BULLPEN/ELEVATOR FOYER - CONTINUOUS (D-2)  
(Beth, Matthew, Joe, Tennis Racket (V.O.), Jimmy)

Jimmy crosses from Dave's office and exits to the elevator foyer.

Beth and Matthew sit at Matthew's desk with their sports equipment.

BETH

Matthew, no one wants to buy our  
stuff or join the pyramid.

MATTHEW

Just be patient. Sports equipment  
for the blind is an acquired  
taste for people who can see.

BETH

Maybe we should go down to the  
Center for the Blind and sell  
our stuff there.

MATTHEW

No, I already went there. They  
said it, like, sucked or  
something.

BETH

The blind told you it sucked?

MATTHEW

Something like that. I tuned them out after a while. You know how your brain just goes "waw-waw-waw."

BETH

That's it, Matthew, I quit. How do you get a refund?

MATTHEW

I don't think they give refunds, Beth.

BETH

You are such a jerk. How did I ever get locked into this mess?

Joe crosses to Beth and Matthew.

MATTHEW

Hey, I want out, too. But how are we going to unload all this stuff?

JOE

(RE: EQUIPMENT) Hey, what's all this?

BETH

Matthew got me into this pyramid  
scheme selling sports stuff for  
the blind.

JOE

Wow, a tennis racket.

Joe swings the talking racket.

TENNIS RACKET (V.O.)

Watch out. Watch out.

JOE

Cool. How much you want for  
this?

BETH

You really want to buy this from  
us? It's like, fourteen hundred  
dollars.

JOE

Hell yeah, I want to buy it.  
This'll make great duct tape  
once I grind it down.

BETH

All right! Thanks, Joe.

MATTHEW

Yeah, thanks.

JOE

Yeah, you got it.

Joe exits to the foyer, carrying the racket and Matthew's duffel bag of equipment.

INT. ELEVATOR FOYER - CONTINUOUS

Joe enters and crosses to Jimmy, who is waiting for an elevator.

JOE

Hey Mr. James, I just got a  
bunch of stuff for blind people.  
I'm thinking charitable  
contribution here.

JIMMY

How much you want?

JOE

Five thousand.

JIMMY

Make it ten, I'm buying another  
yacht this year. Just take it  
out of petty cash.

JOE

Sure. Thanks.

Jimmy exits onto the elevator. Joe exits to the  
bullpen.

FADE OUT

END OF ACT TWO