(Name of Show)

("Title of Episode")

by
(Name of First Writer)

(Based on, If Any)

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

Current Revisions by
(Current Writer, date)

Name (of company, if applicable)
Address
Phone Number

FADE IN:

CU OF AN OFFICE COMPUTER SCREEN.

We see the following words being typed on the screen. “To My Future Assistant: “I will treat you with respect and not involve you in my personal drama.”

INT. LAW OFFICE - DAY

There is a row of desks with assistants sitting at them. A GROUP OF LAWYERS enter. The assistants jump up, ad-libbing “Good morning”, “Here’s your coffee”, etc. They are barely acknowledged as the lawyers pass by. One assistant, ROY (late 20’s, smart, sarcastic, cute but not great looking) stands at his desk and greets his boss, MAGDA (late 40’s, perfectly put together, pretends to be your friend but really isn’t).

ROY
(handing her coffee)
Morning Magda. Your schedule is on your desk, and I managed to get Judge Meyer to postpone, but only for a--

MAGDA
(oblivious)
My weekend was harrowing, thank you so much for asking.

ROY
Oh, okay. I didn’t really--

MAGDA
Alright, I’ll tell you. I have to break up with Steve, he’s driving me crazy. I know you really like him, but it has to be done.

ROY
I don’t know Steve.

MAGDA
So, here’s his number. Let him down easy. It’s his birthday.

Magda crosses off. Roy puts his head on his desk. DENNY (mid 20’s, sloppy, slightly over-weight, Rebel Wilson type) walks by Roy’s desk. She holds a CELL PHONE.

DENNY
(to Roy, as she passes)
Hey, Buddy. Sucks to be you.

ROY
Sucks to be you, too.

DENNY
So true.

She continues to walk down the hall and stops in front of the MEN'S BATHROOM.

CU OF A COMPUTER SCREEN.

"To my Future Assistant: I will never ask you to bring me anything in the bathroom. Ever."

INT. OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Denny opens the bathroom door slightly.

DENNY
I've got Jared Weitz on the phone.
You want to call him back?

BUD (V.O.)
No, I need to take that.

Denny takes a deep breath and enters the bathroom.

INT. MEN'S BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Denny sees her boss' feet under the door of the stall.

BUD (V.O.)
Don't worry. Nothing's happening.
The doctor said to just wait. I'm
not supposed to push.

DENNY
(handing phone underneath
the stall)
Oh good. That makes this so much
less disgusting.

INT. LAW OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Denny enters from the bathroom, thoroughly grossed out. She is almost RUN OVER by JEN (late 20's, pretty, athletic, ambitious, wound a little tight) WHO IS RUNNING to keep up with her boss, FRANK (mid 50's, stern, intense, a J.K. Simmons type).

DENNY (CONT'D)
(to Jen as she passes)
Drinks tonight?

JEN
(to Denny)
Absolutely.

Jen and Frank continue down the hall at a break-neck speed. Jen expertly avoids obstacles: CO-WORKERS, MAIL CARTS, etc. She moves like a running back in the NFL.

FRANK
And don't forget to take those briefs to the courthouse. They need to be there by four.

JEN
Got it.

FRANK
And set up a conference call for tomorrow with Needham and Banks. Shouldn't you be writing this down?

JEN
I was, but I dropped my note pad when I slammed into the UPS guy.

FRANK
Oh, and you need to pick up my son from school today.

JEN
Which son?

FRANK
I don't know. The one who goes to school.

They stop at an elevator bank. Frank presses the "up" button.

FRANK (CONT'D)
And I need you to work on Saturday.

JEN
Oh...that's my mom's birthday. We have tickets to a matinee--

FRANK
Then I'm doing you a favor, that sounds horrible.

The elevator doors begin to open.

FRANK (CONT'D)
You're a little sweaty. You better not be getting me sick.

Suddenly, Jen shoves him, CAUSING HIM TO PITCH BACKWARDS down the elevator shaft. We hear him screaming as he falls.

CU OF JEN'S FACE, AS HER MOUTH SLOWLY CURLS INTO A SMILE.

FRANK(V.O.) (CONT'D)
Jen. Jen!

PULL BACK TO REVEAL FRANK STANDING IN THE ELEVATOR. We realize this last bit was just in Jen's mind.

FRANK (CONT'D)
(snapping his fingers)
C'mon, focus. God, you're so spacey sometimes.

JEN
Sorry, got it. Courthouse at 4, conference call, work on Saturday, pick up unknown kid at unknown location.

CU OF COMPUTER SCREEN.

The following words come up. "To My Future Assistant: I will treat you like a human being...and know my own children's names."

SMASH CUT TO:

Main Titles: **"TO MY FUTURE ASSISTANT"**

END COLD OPEN

ACT ONE

INT. ASSISTANT BREAK ROOM - DAY

This room is in direct contrast to the rest of the office. It is window-less, shabby and sad. VARIOUS ASSISTANTS lounge around as well as Denny and Roy. Denny is talking on her cell phone.

DENNY
No, listen. I don't want him watching "Yo Gabba Gabba" all morning. Of course he wants to watch it, he's four years old. I don't care! I'm his mom, and you have to do what I say! Hello?
(to Roy)
She hung up. God, my nanny is such a bitch. And I'm pretty sure she's stealing from me. She came to work today wearing my jeans. Ballsy!

ROY
As much I love hearing this five times a day...why don't you just fire her?

DENNY
I can't fire my mom, Roy. She'll just show up anyway.

Jen enters, way happier than we saw her in the previous scene.

JEN
Hello my beautiful friends.

DENNY
Why are you in such a good mood? I thought you had to take Frank's stool sample to his doctor.

JEN
I did. And then I sat on someone's old sandwich on the subway, but nothing can bother me today. I have amazing news. I passed the bar!

DENNY
What?!

JEN
Yeah! I just found out. I'm a freakin lawyer!

ROY
That's fantastic. Congratulations.

He gives her a hug that lasts a little too long.

JEN
Okay, Roy. That's good. Seriously, this is one long ass hug.

ROY
(trying to cover)
I was about to say the same thing, I thought it was you.

DENNY
So, what exactly does this mean?

JEN
I'm hoping that it means that I get to be an associate lawyer. Frank promised me that if I ever passed the bar, that he'd do that. I just have to tell him. Unless one of you guys wants to tell him for me. He's still in a bad mood from having to spend the weekend with his kids.

DENNY
(dry)
So you're finally a lawyer. I'm very, very happy for you.

JEN
Denny, I knew you were going to react like this. This isn't going to change anything.

DENNY
Oh, really? You being our boss won't change anything? You're still going to cover for me when I have to duck out to go pick my son up from school?

JEN
Of course, I will. Just don't go to the movies after.
(MORE)

JEN (CONT'D)
It’s hard to make excuses for you when you’re gone for four hours.

ROY
Oh, you know what I do? I say she has diarrhea. No one says a word.

DENNY
See, he’s a real friend.

JEN
C’mon, Denny. I will always have your back. Please just be happy for me. I’ve worked so hard for this and for once in my life, it’s finally paid off.

FLASHBACK

INT. SPORTS ARENA

It’s the gymnastic Olympic Trials. All the events are in full swing. We see a twenty-one year old Jen, in her leotard chalking up her hands, near the uneven bars.

SPORTS ANNOUNCER #1 (V.O.)
And that of course, is Jen Carrera, trying once again to make the Olympic team. I guess this would be her last chance, right Brett?

BRETT (V.O.)
Oh, absolutely. What with her injuries and her age, I’m surprised she’s even gotten this far.

SPORTS ANNOUNCER #1 (V.O.)
Well, she’s a trooper that’s for sure. And what a heart-breaking story. Left her family and friends when she was eight to train with the Bela Karolyi. Actually made the team four years ago, but got the measles on the plane ride to the games.

BRETT (V.O.)
Quarantined in a room by herself for two weeks, while the Olympics went on around her.

SPORTS ANNOUNCER #1 (V.O.)
So, so very sad. Well, it looks like she’s ready to go.
(MORE)

SPORTS ANNOUNCER #1 (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Let's just hope her nerves don't get the best of her.

Jen walks up to the bars. Her face is filled with dogged determination. She does the perfunctory smile and raise of the hand to the judges, then takes a GIANT LEAP to grab onto the lower bar to start her routine. She WILDLY miscalculates and falls flat on her face.

SPORTS ANNOUNCER #1 (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Oh, bless her heart.

BRETT (V.O.)
It just wasn't meant to be.

END FLASHBACK

INT. ASSISTANT BREAK ROOM - CONTINUOUS

DENNY
(to Jen)
Okay, I'm sorry. I just don't want anything to change.

JEN
Nothing's going to change.

ROY
There we go, that's better. Let's have a group hug.

He GENTLY pushes Denny out of the way to hug Jen. CLAIRE (mid 20's, Asian, super cheery, quirky) ENTERS.

CLAIRE
Hey guys. Sorry I'm late. I had to fix a flat.

ROY
When did you get a car?

CLAIRE
Oh, it wasn't mine. It was Barry's. He had to go to court and had a nice suit on. I've never done that before.
(super cheery)
Now if he would've asked me to kill a horse...
(marking off list)
Check!

Roy, Denny and Jen stare at Claire.

JEN
You've had a very hard life, haven't you, Claire?

CLAIRE
(completely earnest)
In what way?

ROY
Well now that everyone is here, we need to draw straws to see who's going to get the lawyers lunch. They're eating in today and they want Bombay Cafe.
(to the room)
Gather it up people.

A group of bedraggled assistants slowly amble towards Roy.

JEN
Oh, God. Bombay Cafe? They use foil instead of lids. It gets all over you.

DENNY
Yeah, I'm not going to draw. My kid's getting a badge for sharing at school today so I'm going to get diarrhea around twelve.

ROY
Fine, but technically I shouldn't draw either. I'm a para-legal. I'm just helping you guys out.

DENNY
Why do you always say that? You're an assistant like the rest of us.

ROY
No, I'm not! I was hired to do legal research.
(then)
Oh, shoot, that reminds me. I forgot to break up with Magda's boyfriend.

CLAIRE
You know what, guys? I'll just go get it, I don't mind.

JEN
No, Claire. You do everything around here, it's not fair.
(MORE)

JEN (CONT'D)
Stop volunteering all the time, people will take advantage.

CLAIRE
But you still want me to take those packages to Fed Ex for you, right?

JEN
(small)
Yes. But after that, no more.

DENNY
Claire, look. You know we love you. But sometimes your positive energy makes us all want to die. Doesn't anything bother you?

CLAIRE
Not really. It's weird, right? My sister thinks it's because we grew up in an orphanage and weren't touched until we were five. But I loved it there.
(upbeat)
Which is good, because nobody wanted me.

DENNY
Oh, honey.

Denny pats Claire on the back. Claire STIFFENS, as if she's being touched with fire.

JEN
You know what, I'll just go. It's probably one of the last times I'll ever have to do it. And I'm sure they've fixed that lid problem by now.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. BULLPEN - DAY

Jen trudges through the office laden with lunch bags. One of them leaks a dark liquid as she walks. There are a few stains on her blouse. She passes by Roy who sits at his desk.

ROY
Hey, how'd it go?

JEN
(through gritted teeth)
Good. Fine. No problem. Help me!

Roy jumps up to help her.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - MINUTES LATER

TEN LAWYERS sit around the table talking as Jen and Roy pass out the food.

ROY
Okay, who ordered the chicken tikka? Chicken tikka?

The lawyers do not respond to him.

Jen sets a salad in front of DAVIS (early 30's, African-American, gorgeous, confident)

DAVIS
Thank you. I'm Davis, by the way. I'm new here.

JEN
Oh, hi. I'm Jen. I think I saw you yesterday.

DAVIS
You mean when I asked you to hold the elevator but you didn't?

JEN
Yes. I'm so sorry about that. I, uh...had an emergency. I had to go downstairs and--

DAVIS
Scream the F-word? I heard you when the elevator doors closed. Don't worry, I was going downstairs to do the same thing.

She smiles at him GOOFILY and LINGERS.

FRANK (O.S.)
Jen! Do I have to get my own food?

She RUSHES OVER and puts Frank's lunch in front of him.

JEN
(quietly)
Hey, um.
(MORE)

JEN (CONT'D)
If you have a minute today, I need to talk to you about something I'm pretty excited about--

FRANK
Where's my dressing?

JEN
What?

FRANK
The dressing. For my salad. Where is it?

JEN
(pointing to the stains on her blouse)
Here. Here. And all the way down the hallway. They don't use lids. Just foil.

ROY
Chicken tikka, anyone? Come on, guys. Don't really have time for this. Paralegal. Lots of research to do.

Roy is still ignored.

JEN
(to Frank)
Well, there's always extra dressing in the kitchen. I'll go get you some.

FRANK
I don't want the dressing in the kitchen. I want the dressing that goes with this salad.

DAVIS
Hey, Frank. I ordered the same thing. Why don't you take my dressing?

FRANK
Well then you wouldn't have any. You'd have a dry salad. No one wants a dry salad. Jen will just go back to the restaurant.

JEN
You want me to go all the way back there for one dressing?

FRANK
For my dressing. Do you have a problem with that?

JEN
No, absolutely not. Happy to do it. It's just that it's twelve o'clock now and it'll be crazy there and you wanted me to make those deposition appointments before one, so...
(playfully passive aggressive)
Aagh, if only there was a way we could make do with the dressing we already have here.

Frank stares at her.

JEN (CONT'D)
(clenched smile)
Back to the restaurant it is.

She starts TO EXIT. One of the lawyers stops her.

RANDOM LAWYER
While you're there, could you get me a chicken tikka? They forgot mine.

Roy rolls his eyes and puts the chicken tikka in front of him. As he tries to make eye contact with Jen, he notices Davis STARING at her.

INT. HALLWAY - SECONDS LATER

Jen stomps down the hall and passes BUD (late 60s, befuddled) who stands there looking lost.

BUD
(to Jen as she passes)
Where the hell is Denny? I can't turn my computer on.

JEN
Diarrhea.

CU OF A COMPUTER SCREEN.

"To My Future Assistant: I promise never to order Indian food...or embarrass you in front of the hot new lawyer."

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

INT. BULLPEN - LATER

Roy is working at his desk. Denny sits at her desk then SCOOTS her rolling chair over to him. She holds her CELL PHONE up to Roy's face.

DENNY
Hey, look at this picture I took of Dylan getting his sharing badge. The irony is, right after that he shoved that little Asperger girl down for trying to touch it. Cute, huh?

ROY
Too close, Denny. That's too close to my face.

DENNY
God, I love that little guy. Oh, I gotta show you this video. He's in the bathtub. I know it's wrong, but look at the size of his wiener.

Denny holds the phone up to his face again.

ROY
Yes. It's huge. Move it. (then, taking phone) Wait a minute, Jesus. That thing is giant. Have you taken him to a doctor?

DENNY
No, he's fine. His dad is the same way. Oh, did I tell you I ran in to Hank a few days ago? It was the first time I'd seen him since we signed the divorce papers.

ROY
I'm sorry. Was is awkward?

DENNY
Hmm. Not for me.

FLASHBACK

INT. HAIR SALON - DAY

Denny sits in a chair, her hair full of foils. She notices something outside the window.

EXT STREET - SIMULTANEOUS

HANK (early 30's, beefy but attractive) walks hand in hand with a JERSEY SHORE KIND OF WOMAN. SUDDENLY Denny, wearing a salon cape, hair wild with foils JUMPS on the woman, knocking her to the ground. A girl fight ensues. Hank lights a cigarette and watches.

END FLASHBACK

INT. BULLPEN - PRESENT TIME

ROY
Oh God, Denny. Was she alright?

DENNY
No, she was not.
(suddenly menacing)
But it sent the proper message.
Keep away from my baby daddy.

ROY
Hey, can I talk to you about
something?

DENNY
Wow, what's with the chit-chat?
I'd like to get some work done.

ROY
You remember what happened with me
and Jen a while back, right?

DENNY
Of course I remember. I was the one
who drove you home from the
Christmas party.

FLASHBACK

INT. DENNY'S CAR - NIGHT

Denny is driving. Jen is in the passenger seat, clearly drunk. Roy is in the back, probably a little drunker than Jen.

JEN
That was fun. I don't why we don't
go to more company parties.

DENNY
Well, as the only sober one in the
car I'll tell you why.
(MORE)

DENNY (CONT'D)
Even though we were “guests”, we ended up serving them their dinner. And while they opened up the expensive watches that they gave each other, a dirty meth Santa gave us a gift a certificate to Foot Locker. Twenty-five dollars, by the way. So even if we put all of ours together we still couldn’t buy one pair of shoes.

ROY
Aw, come on, Grinch. It’s Christmas and we’re all together. (to Denny) I love you, Denny.

He kisses her on the cheek.

ROY (CONT’D)
I love you, Jen.

He kisses Jen on the cheek. She pecks him back. It quickly escalates into a sloppy MAKE OUT session with Jen crawling to the back seat, her legs kicking Denny in the head.

DENNY
Guys, seriously. Claire’s back there.

Claire PEEKS around their entwined bodies.

CLAIRE
(happily)
It’s okay. I don’t mind.

END FLASHBACK

INT. BULLPEN - PRESENT TIME

ROY
I know that we all pretend that it didn’t happen, but I don’t want to do that any more. I’m going to ask her out today. I think it’s the right time.

DENNY
Based on what?

ROY
Well, she’s not dating Brian anymore, so we’re both single at the same time.

DENNY
Since you're always single that was bound to happen sooner or later.

ROY
I just want to ask her out, okay? There's a new lawyer here, and I think he might be interested in her.

DENNY
Then do it, for God's sakes. What's taking you so long?

ROY
Because I get nervous and I don't do great when I'm nervous. But I don't care. I'm doing it today before Davis does.

DENNY
Oh, it's Davis? Yeah, ask her out ASAP. You don't want that guy getting in there.

Magda approaches.

MAGDA
Roy, I need to speak to you in my office.

ROY
Oh, sure.

He gets up and crosses off.

MAGDA
(to Denny)
And how are you, honey? When is that baby coming? It seems like you've been pregnant forever.

DENNY
I had him. Four years ago.

MAGDA
Congratulations! I bet she looks just like you.

She crosses away.

INT. MAGDA'S OFFICE - DAY

Magda sits behind her desk. Roy sits in a chair across from her.

ROY
So...

She smiles at him. He smiles back. There is a beat.

MAGDA
We're friends, right?

ROY
Ummm...

MAGDA
I mean I've always treated you more like a friend than an assistant, haven't I?

ROY
Ahhh...what?

MAGDA
Come on, Roy. You've been to my home.

ROY
Well...I sat with you after your face lift so you didn't go into a coma.

MAGDA
Oh, we've had some times!

ROY
(deadpan)
We really have.

MAGDA
And sometimes when people are as close as we are, personal boundaries can get a little blurred. You know what I mean?

ROY
Is this about me picking up your lady lube? Because actually that does make me feel--

MAGDA
(snapping)
No, I need that, Roy. I'm talking about you using my office shower. That is not okay.

ROY
Oh, my God. I didn't use it. I would never.

MAGDA
Well, there's an insane amount of body hair in there. So if it's not you, it must be the janitor. He's the only other Iranian in the building.

ROY
I'm not Iranian.

MAGDA
Oh, good. Then it will be easier for you to fire him.

CU OF A COMPUTER SCREEN.

"To My Future Assistant: I will not ask you to do my dirty work or...be a racist."

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

Frank is walking quickly down the hallway. He passes by Claire who STRUGGLES HAPPILY to push an ENORMOUS file cabinet on a dolly. Jen enters carrying a small container of dressing, and hurries to get in step with Frank.

JEN
Hi. Got it. Got your dressing.

FRANK
Oh. I threw that out. Had a peanut butter sandwich instead.

JEN
Oh, good.
(re: dressing)
Then this is completely unnecessary
As are the other two that spilled in my purse.

FRANK
Did you set up the appointments?

JEN
Yes. Absolutely. For sure. All done except for the last...ten.

FRANK
So none of them?

JEN
Yes, that's a more clear way to say that. But I did get the dressing you don't want so...the day's not a complete loss.

FRANK
Didn't you want to talk to me about something?

JEN
Now? Oh, I don't know if this is the best time. I'd like to have on a clean shirt or have done something right.

They come to the elevator. Frank presses the button

FRANK
Well, I have a minute, so you better take advantage of it.

JEN
Okay. Do you remember when I first started working here, and--

The elevator door opens, Frank sticks his hand in to hold it.

FRANK
Yes?

JEN
Oh God, that's all the time I get? I passed the bar, Frank, and you said that if I ever did you would consider me for an associate lawyer position.

FRANK
Oh right, I remember that.

JEN
Oh, that's such a relief. I was afraid you wouldn't.

FRANK
So I guess I'll have to decide between you and Claire.

JEN
Wait...what?

FRANK
Claire passed the bar too. So she's up for the position as well. Always nice to have a little competition, right?

JEN
Uh, sure. But is it really competition when one person is so suited for the job and the other person is a little...weird.

FRANK
You're not that weird.

JEN
No, not me! Claire.

He gets in the elevator.

FRANK
Oh, by the way. I need you to work late tonight. Is that okay?

Before she can answer, the elevator doors start to close. They are almost completely closed...

JEN
(softly)
No. It's really not okay.

FRANK (V.O.)
What?

JEN
(so he can hear)
Good, it's all good!

She leans against the elevator doors and sighs.

INT. ASSISTANT BREAK ROOM - DAY

Denny and Roy are there, mid conversation.

DENNY
Why in the world would you have to fire Anjad?

ROY
Because of you. I told you that you could use Magda's shower as long as it wasn't a problem. Now it's a huge problem.

DENNY
How did she even find out?

ROY
Because you left a ton of hair in there!

DENNY
Well, pardon me for shaving my legs like a human being.

ROY
You have to tell Magda it was you.

DENNY
No way! I can't afford to lose my job. Let's just compromise. You fire Anjad, and I'll bring back Magda's perfume and hair brush that I stole.

Jen enters.

JEN
Hey, did Claire tell you that she passed the bar?

ROY
What? No. Are you sure?

JEN
Yeah. Frank just told me. So she's up for the position too. Dammit, I thought I had this. It's just so weird. Going up against a friend for the same job.

DENNY
Speaking of friends doing weird things. Roy, don't you have something you want to ask Jen?

ROY
(to Denny, horrified)
What are you doing?

DENNY
You're welcome.

ROY
Okay, well...this is incredibly awkward but, uh...I was thinking it might be fun if, you know, now that we're both...
(suddenly grabbing his jaw)
Ooh, sorry. Having a bit of a face cramp. Let me just...
(in pain)
Aggh!

DENNY
(to Roy)
Stick with it, this is going great.

Davis, the cute lawyer from before, enters.

DAVIS
So this is your break room. Nice. It's really...I'm sorry. This is awful. It smells like the room my Grandmother died in.

DENNY
I remember when it used to smell like that to me. Now...it smells like home.

JEN
(to Davis)
So, do you need something or--

DAVIS
No, I just heard you passed the bar and I wanted to say congratulations.

JEN
Oh. Well, thank you. It's really no big deal.

DAVIS
I think it's a pretty big deal. Especially since you did it on your first try. It took me two times. I thought Harvard was going to ask for their degree back.

ROY
(to Denny, impressed)
Wow, that may be the best humble brag I've ever heard.

DAVIS
Hey, a bunch of lawyers go to the Four Seasons bar after work, if you ever want to go.

JEN
Oh, uh. Yeah, I'd love to.

DAVIS
Great.
(to Denny and Roy)
And I guess you guys are welcome too. I didn't mean to leave you out.

ROY
Oh, what a lovely invitation, but no thank you. I spend enough time around lawyers as it is.

DENNY
And the margaritas there are $18.50. I may spend $18.50 on a pair of pants, but not a drink.

DAVIS
Well, congratulations again.
(to room)
And whoever moved that giant file cabinet into my office, thank you so much.

Davis EXITS.

INT. LAW LIBRARY - NIGHT

Jen is working, she is surrounded by papers and files. Frank enters.

FRANK
Hey, how's it going?

JEN
(with an edge)
Really good. I mean, it'll take me all night, but I love it.

FRANK
I thought it might be too much work. That's why I brought someone in to help you.

Claire enters HAPPILY and sits next to Jen.

INT. LAW LIBRARY - NIGHT

Claire and Jen are working side by side. Jen is drinking a Red Bull. She looks annoyed and tired.

CLAIRE
I know we're up for the same position. But I really hope you get it.

JEN
That's sweet, I hope you get it too.
(then)
You know what? That's a lie. I hope I get it. I'm so sorry. I just can't take being an assistant for one day longer. I can't stand it. How does it not get to you?

CLAIRE
I don't know. I guess I just feel so lucky to have a job in this economy. My sister can't find anything. She lets our landlord watch her bathe.

JEN
Come on, there has to be something that you hate doing here.

CLAIRE
I don't think so...

JEN
How about when you have to clean out the lawyers' refrigerator? And it's crammed with weeks and weeks of that uneaten diet delivery food. It's so wasteful. What did you have for dinner last night?

CLAIRE
Would you judge me if I said my sister and I split a feral cat?

JEN
Yes, Claire. I would.

CLAIRE
Oh. Then we had chicken.

They work for a beat.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)
I guess one thing that I don't understand is why they can't throw away their own trash when the wastebasket is right by the conference table. Sometimes they hand it to me to throw away and it's right there.

JEN
Oh, I know. That's so annoying.

CLAIRE
Am I bringing you down with my complaining?

JEN
No Claire, I like it. We have to vent.
(re: Red Bull)
You want one?

CLAIRE
Oh, I don't drink those caffeine things, they keep me up.

Jen pops one open and puts it in front of Claire.

INT. LAW LIBRARY - EARLY MORNING

Jen is asleep in her chair with Claire's sweater covering her. Claire is diligently finishing up her work. There are many empty red bull cans on the desk in front of her. Frank enters.

FRANK
Oh God, I totally forgot about you guys. I got a call late last night. This case isn't going to trial.

CLAIRE
But... we're done.

FRANK
Sorry about that. We settled.

CLAIRE
So you don't need any of this?

FRANK
No. But we do need the library in about twenty, so if you could clean it up a little bit.

He exits. Claire CHUGS another red bull.

INT. LAW LIBRARY - A LITTLE LATER

Claire is gone, Jen is still asleep. Denny comes running in.

DENNY
Get up!

JEN
What?

DENNY
Hurry! Something's wrong with Claire.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Jen, Denny and Roy watch as Claire stands on the conference table, surrounded by lawyers. She holds a note.

CLAIRE
Which one of you a-holes wrote this and stuck it on my computer?!
(re: note)
We're out of Cheerios?! Must be pretty important because it's written in all caps and there's four exclamation points. Four! I get it, we're out of Cheerios!!

ROY
(to Jen and Denny)
It's the little things that make you snap, huh?

CLAIRE
You treat us like shit! I'm bleeding out of my ass because of you people. I quit!

She gets off the desk and STORMS OUT. A few of the other assistants stand and clap as she passes by, ala "Norma Rae".

JEN
Oh God, I feel terrible. I awakened the beast in Claire.

DENNY
You feel bad? I wrote that Cheerios note.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

INT. BULLPEN - DAY

Groups of people are standing around, talking. Jen and Roy are at their desks. Denny approaches.

DENNY
Hey, everybody's talking about what Claire did. I think it's got the lawyers a little spooked. I was handing a file to Bud and he flinched. I've been doing it all day. So much fun.

ROY
Has anybody heard from Claire?

JEN
I've been texting her non stop, and she's not answering. I even called her sister, who is freakin' nuts by the way. She kept asking me how many spoons I own.

ROY
How many? Because now that's going to drive me crazy.

DENNY
Uh, I don't mean to be insensitive, but it's time to do the coffee run and Claire usually does that, so which one of you guys wants to go?

JEN
I just feel so bad for her. I mean she was so close to being a lawyer and now forget it, it's over.

ROY
Well, one good thing about it is that there's no more competition. You'll get the associate lawyer position for sure.

JEN
Oh my God, I didn't even think of that. I've been so worried about Claire.
(then)
That's a lie. It's the first thing I thought of. I'm a terrible friend.

ROY
No you're not. You're the sweetest person I've ever met. It's not your fault this happened.

JEN
Thank you, Roy.

She puts her head on his shoulder. He's about to stroke her hair when...

ROY
(grabbing his hand)
Oh man, that is a severe knuckle cramp. Aggh! Just give me a second.

He steps away to massage his cramped hand. Davis approaches Jen.

DAVIS
Hey. I just heard that one of the assistants freaked out. Are you okay?

ROY
Of course she's okay.

DAVIS
(noticing Roy)
Oh. That's weird...I thought it was--

ROY
What? Me? You thought I was the one who freaked out? Wait, are you looking at Denny or me? Because
(re: Denny)
that makes sense.

DENNY
So does.

DAVIS
(to Jen)
Well, if you want to talk about anything, I'll be in my office.
(winking at Jen)
I've got some wine in my mini-fridge.

JEN
Thank you, that's really nice.

Davis exits.

ROY
God, what a d-bag. Why would he think that I would freak out?

JEN
I don't know. You do seem a little angry around him.

ROY
I just don't trust that guy. Why is he so interested in you?

JEN
(pointedly)
Yeah, why in the world would anyone be interested in me? Thanks a lot.

Jen walks away.

DENNY
Not to be insensitive again, but do you think she went to get the coffees? Because they're going to be crawling up our ass in about ten minutes.

INT. OFFICE - NEXT MORNING

Denny is walking down the hall and sees Magda go into her office. She takes a deep breath and makes a decision.

INT. MAGDA'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Denny knocks and sticks her head in.

DENNY
Hi Magda, do you have a second? I need to talk to you.

MAGDA
Is it about the person who cuts your hair? We can sue them.

DENNY
No. I need to tell you the truth about who's been using your shower. It wasn't Anjad.

MAGDA
No? Then who was it?

DENNY
(deep breath)
This is kind of embarrassing, but it was... my boss.

MAGDA
Why would Bud use my shower?

DENNY
I think he may have thought he was at home. He's old, and gets confused. It's getting a little worse every day. Yesterday he asked me to call his wife.
(dramatic)
She's been dead for ten years.

MAGDA
Oh, my God. Well, I'll talk to him.

DENNY
No, please don't. He's such a proud man. It would kill him if people thought he was getting all "Heimerz-y." I'll take care of it. And I'll get him to return your hair brush and perfume.
(dramatic)
He wanted to give them to his dead wife.

MAGDA
Just don't say anything. He can use my shower. Bud's very lucky to have you.
(then)
Speaking of showers, we have got to throw you one before that baby gets here.

DENNY
I would love that.

INT. BULLPEN - LATER

Jen and Denny are working at their desks. Denny looks up and notices something.

DENNY
Holy balls.

We see that Claire has entered and is carrying her lunch bag, as if nothing ever happened.

CLAIRE
Hi guys!

She keeps walking.

JEN
Wait, what?

DENNY
Holy big fat balls.

They go to follow her.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Denny and Jen enter and see Claire sitting at the table, taking her lunch out of the bag. Jen approaches her.

JEN
Claire, are you okay?

CLAIRE
Oh yeah, I'm really good.
(holding up sandwich)
It's chicken salad, I swear.

JEN
(gently)
Honey, we're not supposed to eat in here, remember?

DENNY
(just as gently)
And you flipped out yesterday and told people you were bleeding out of your ass, remember that? Because every single person who works here does.

JEN
Denny! Come on, Claire, let's get you out of here. It's going to be okay.

A FEW LAWYERS enter.

LAWYER ONE
Hey, congratulations Claire.

LAWYER TWO
Yeah, welcome aboard.

JEN
Congratulations for what?

CLAIRE
They made me the new associate lawyer.

Jen is speechless. Denny takes her gently by the shoulders and starts to lead her out.

DENNY
(to Jen)
Come on, Honey, let's get you out of here. It's going to be okay.

INT. FRANK'S OFFICE - MINUTES LATER

Frank sits at his desk, Jen barges in.

JEN
(forceful)
Hey, you have a minute?

FRANK
No, I do not.

JEN
Well, this won't take long. I quit!

FRANK
May I ask why?

JEN
Why?! You promoted Claire! After everything I've done for you. All the hours I put in! Believe me, I could have lost it like Claire did, but that's not who I am. But if that's how you get ahead in this company, get ready for the mother of all fits.

She struggles to get up on Frank's desk in her heels and skirt but can't.

FRANK
Can I give you a hand?

JEN
No! I'll just have my fit here. Get ready, it's coming...

She gently taps over a PICTURE FRAME that sits on his desk. And then quickly rights it.

JEN (CONT'D)
I'm sorry. That was out of line. I'll pay for any damages.

FRANK
I think we're good.

JEN
Can you just tell me why? Why did you pick Claire over me?

FRANK
Because Claire is a hard worker.

JEN
I'm a hard worker.

FRANK
Yeah, but Claire goes the extra mile. She comes in early, stays late, does all the stuff that no one else wants to do. And yes, she blew up yesterday, but frankly if she hadn't I would have thought she was a robot. Normally, she has a fantastic attitude.

JEN
So do I.

FRANK
Really? You think I don't hear you slamming things down on your desk or stomping down the hallway? You seem to think that everything I ask you to do is a slight or beneath you.

JEN
I don't think it's beneath me, but I don't think I should have to go get you salad dressing or buy your kids birthday presents for you.

FRANK
Yes you should actually, because I don't have time to. And that's what I hired you for. When I interviewed you, I told you that this is the kind of stuff you're going to have to do. As well as the law work. And you were like, "fine, great, no problem." Do you remember that?
(MORE)

FRANK (CONT'D)
Or do you just remember that I said if you passed the bar, there might be a place for you here?

JEN
(small)
All I really remember is that I wore my plaid suit that I bought to look professional, and you said I looked like a sofa cushion.

FRANK
Look, we all have to do things we don't want to do. It's part of the job. Why do you think I'm rushing down the hall all the time? Because I have a boss too.

JEN
(creeped out)
You mean, God?

FRANK
I don't give a rat's ass about God. I'm talking about Jeremy Moore. When he wants me to come to his office on the twenty fifth floor, I drop everything and scoot my butt right up there. And if I gave him an ounce of attitude, I'd be out on the street so fast my head would spin. So, do I agree with everything he asks me to do? No, I don't. Do I question his ethics at times? Sure. Do I think he makes way to big a deal about his own birthday? Absolutely. It's insane. But I shut up about it and I do my job.

JEN
I'm sorry, I just wanted it so bad.

FRANK
I know you do. But you have to earn it. You're a very bright girl, Jen. And another position may open up here, but it's not a gift. We don't get everything we want.

We see this land with Jen.

FRANK (CONT'D)
And just for the record, I think you'll make an excellent attorney. Now if you'll excuse me, I have to go to Jeremy's office and watch a three hour video of his daughter at a horse show.

He rushes out.

INT. BULLPEN - LATER

Jen is at her desk, typing.

CU OF HER COMPUTER SCREEN. "To My Future Assistant, when you're having a bad day, I won't..." She stops typing and deletes what she wrote. She types again, "To My Future Assistant, I will try to overlook your entitled attitude...because someone did it for me."

INT. CLAIRE'S OFFICE - A FEW DAYS LATER

Claire is there. Roy, Denny and Jen enter. Roy hands Claire a plant with a bow on it.

ROY
We just wanted to come in and say congratulations. You made it.

DENNY
You really did. Well done, weird lady.

CLAIRE
I'm really sorry, Jen, I didn't want it to happen like this. I hope you're not mad.

JEN
I'm not mad. We've been in the trenches together, and one of us got out. I'm happy for you.

Roy, Jen and Denny start to exit.

CLAIRE
Oh, before you go...I'm going to be working through lunch, so if one of you could go pick it up for me that would be awesome. I think I want Bombay Cafe.

There's an awkward beat.

ROY
(to Jen)
Would you like to go out sometime?

FADE OUT:

END OF SHOW