

THE SHAFT

Written by

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"Big Day! Take Charge!"

FADE IN:

INT. MICKEY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

SUPERIMPOSED: Harrisburg, PA - December 8, 1952

The movie opens in Black & White. It should feel dream like.

The apartment is cluttered and dimly lit, casting angular shadows that seem almost sinister. The sound of distant sirens filters through a slightly ajar window. A soft drizzle can be heard tapping against the glass.

BOB, mid-30s. Lean, muscular build. Bob is a wolf, a chameleon, a tough guy in a Suit. Bob is a sharp, ambitious everyman driven by an unrelenting desire to escape his mundane existence and climb the corporate ladder. He's charming and resourceful, yet deeply conflicted, teetering between morality and ruthless ambition. Beneath his polished exterior lies a man haunted by insecurity and the fear of failure, which propels him to make increasingly dangerous choices. Bob came from nowhere and wants to go somewhere. Cool, piercing eyes. Five o'clock shadow.

MICKEY, a classic small time-thug boss, well muscled, fire o'clock shadow, like a gangster right out of a Dick Tracy comic.

CALL GIRL, Beautiful, deep as a puddle. She knows what she is and she is in it for the good time and money as long as it lasts.

Mickey, Bob, and a "Call Girl" are in Mickey's apartment. Mickey pulls out a small note book and writes an entry and smiles. He tucks that away. He takes a wad of cash from his pocket and peels back 2 X \$100 and smiles. Mickey speaks to Bob in gruff, proud tone.

MICKEY

You done well, Bob. Here you go.
There will be more of this coming.

BOB

Nice score, Mickey. Teach me the ropes.

Bob starts to snuggle and kiss the Call Girl. He speaks low and sexy as he kisses her. Mickey watches on with another agenda in mind.

BOB (CONT'D)

Baby we're gonna be rich. You gonna be my girl?

MICKEY

Bob. Pour us a drink.

BOB focused on kissing the girl, he responds while kissing.

BOB

Sure, sure, Mickey

CALL GIRL

But I'm not your ONLY girl, Bob.
You have other girls.

MICKEY

Bob, let's have that drink.

BOB

Well, you're my only girl right
here, right now. Yeah, Yeah Mickey
hold on I'll get that drink for us.

Bob leaves the room. Mickey goes over and takes out his wad of cash and peels back a \$5. He gives it to the Call Girl, opens the door and ushers her out. Mickey shuts the door.

Bob comes back with three glasses of bourbon on ice. He looks around, puzzled.

BOB (CONT'D)

Mick, where is the dame?

MICKEY

She had other plans.

Bob hands the drink to Mickey, then divides the 3rd drink between their glasses. They Toast.

MICKEY & BOB

Cheers!

Mickey looks at Bob and then without warning leans in and kisses Bob. Bob is puzzled and steps back trying to be cool.

BOB

Whoa, whoa, Mick, hey buddy slow
down. What was that?

MICKEY

Ah, Bob nothing. I was just

Mickey downs the drink. He moves in closer. POV of the camera we see Mickey's back. Mickey says in a low voice as he pushes Bob down to his knees. Mickey undoes his pants for a blow job.

MICKEY (CONT'D)

Bob, if you want to get somewhere,
then you got to go somewhere. So
get started.

Mickey pulls Bob's head in. Mickey moans and says

MICKEY (CONT'D)

Big Day! Take Charge!

Bob pulls a gun from his back and there is a BANG BANG.
Mickey drops to the floor. Bob gets up, wipes his mouth.

MICKEY (CONT'D)

You'll never escape who you are. I
will see you again, in hell.

Mickey dies, a pool of blood slowly expanding beneath him.

Bob's suit is now blood-splattered. He is methodically wiping
down a sleek, heavy pistol with a white cloth. His movements
are precise and calm.

Bob sets the pistol aside and begins cleaning the room. He
moves with purpose, occasionally glancing at Mickey's body
with a cold detachment. He stops to wash his hands in the
kitchen sink, watching the blood swirl and disappear down the
drain.

BOB

Every move is calculated, every
step planned. Yet, here we are,
Mickey. Just another mess to clean
up.

Bob kneels beside Mickey, checking his pockets. He retrieves
a small notebook, flipping through it quickly, then tucks it
into his inner jacket pocket.

BOB (CONT'D)

(continuing)

It's funny, isn't it? How quickly
power shifts. One moment you're on
top, the next... just another stain
on the carpet.

He wipes down any surfaces he might have touched, his
expression unreadable.

Bob retrieves his pistol, checks it once more, and tucks it
into his waistband. He grabs a small suitcase from under a
table, his belongings already packed.

BOB (CONT'D)
Goodbye Harrisburg. If you want to
get somewhere. You got to go
somewhere.

He takes one last look around the apartment, steps over
Mickey, he pauses then he nudges Mickey with his foot.

BOB (CONT'D)
Boss man, anything?

Bob heads to the door.

BOB (CONT'D)
New York City, a new game, a new
kingdom.

He pauses, hand on the knob, and turns back to glance at the
bag containing Mickey.

BOB (CONT'D)
(whispering)
Rest easy, Mickey. You played your
part. Now it's my time. Big Day!
Take Charge.

Bob opens the door and steps out into the night, the door
closing softly behind him

FADE TO BLACK.

TITLE: THE SHAFT

INT. BOB'S APARTMENT - MORNING

SUPERIMPOSE NEW YORK CITY 1953, January 3, 1953

The morning sun filters through half-open blinds, casting
stripes across BOB, who is asleep in a modest, neatly kept
bed. The alarm clock buzzes loudly. Bob reaches out, silences
it, and sits up, stretching. He's calm, collected, his mind
already ticking through the day ahead.

INT. BOB'S BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Bob stands in front of the mirror, shaving with a steady
hand. He rinses his face, then pats it dry. Next, he brushes
his teeth and combs his hair meticulously.

INT. BOB'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Bob dresses in a sharp, dark suit. He adjusts his tie with precision, checks his appearance once more in the mirror, and grabs his briefcase. He's ready to conquer.

EXT. NEW YORK CITY STREET - MORNING

Bob exits his building and steps into the bustling streets of New York. Commuters rush by, taxis honk, and the city buzzes with life. Bob pauses for a moment, taking it all in, then walks purposefully toward his destination.

He picks up a copy of the "York Enterprise" from a newsstand, scanning the headlines as he walks.

INT. TED'S CAR AS HE IS DRIVEN TO WORK.

TED YORK, 45, is the epitome of corporate power and manipulation, a seasoned executive who exudes charm and confidence while keeping an iron grip on those around him. With his polished demeanor and calculated charisma, Ted has mastered the art of hiding his ruthlessness behind a veneer of mentorship. He sees people as pieces on a chessboard, and no move is too cruel if it secures his dominance.

DRIVER, 27, a thug in a polished suit. Cool as James Bond. His looks are disarming. He knows what power he can cast in a single glance.

Ted is in the back seat of car, the Driver is in the front seat driving Ted to YORK ENTERPRISES. POV of the camera is only the DRIVER'S eyes and Ted in the back seat. Ted is drifting in thoughts.

DRIVER

10 minutes till arrival, Mr. York

TED

Yes, thank you.

Ted Looks out the window and drifts. The scene goes to black & white. Ted is in an empty room. A man in a mask comes from behind him. This is the driver.

MASKED MAN/DRIVER

Mr. York.

The masked man removes his mask to reveal that he is the driver. He kisses Ted gentle and sweet.

MASKED MAN/DRIVER (CONT'D)

Mr. York. Mr. York?

The dream fades. Back to reality. The car has stopped at YORK ENTERPRISES. The door is opened for Ted. The Driver says again a little louder as to wake TED from his dream state.

DRIVER

Mr. York!

TED

Yes, yes, I heard you each of the 3 times you called me.

Ted steps out and looks at the DRIVER face to face. They lock eyes for a moment, looking inside each other.

TED (CONT'D)

Yes, I certainly heard you.

DRIVER

Very well, Sir.

TED

Yes well carry on. I will phone you later for my pickup. So, stay available.

EXT. YORK ENTERPRISE BUILDING -REPLY OF THE PREVIOUS SCENE

Bob sees this scene from his POV, the Driver opening the door and the look between Ted and the Driver. Ted walks into York Enterprises.

INT. YORK ENTERPRISE LOBBY - CONTINUOUS

The lobby is sleek and modern. Ted York, strides into the building, exuding authority and indifference. He barely acknowledges the doorman.

INT. YORK ENTERPRISE - SECRETARY POOL - CONTINUOUS

Pam Spencer, 30, is a handsome woman. Not a pretty person, plain. Pam is a sharp and ambitious woman, determined to prove herself in a male-dominated corporate world. With her quick wit and no-nonsense attitude, Pam commands respect and exudes confidence, masking the vulnerabilities she keeps tightly guarded. She's perceptive and intuitive, Ted walks briskly by Pam towards his office.

Pam calls out to Ted and hands him a job application. Ted takes it without looking at her, nods coldly, and continues walking.

PAM
(under her breath as she
walks away)
Uppity man. I can't stand him.

Ted overhears, smiles slightly but doesn't turn around. He dismisses her comment with a wave of his hand.

TED
Chatter. All those women do is
chatter!

Sue Spencer, 27, is a warm and nurturing woman, driven by love and loyalty, but often overshadowed by the high-stakes world around her.

Sue, enters, she knocks on Ted's open office door, with Bob, who sports an observant, slightly anxious look. Sue attempts to introduce Bob.

SUE
Mr. York, this is Mr. Chamberland.
He's here for your interview for
the supervisor position.

Ted, still examining the application and not making eye contact, waves them off dismissively.

TED
You're still here? I heard you. I'm
clearly not deaf. Now go. I have a
business to run.

Sue looks embarrassed, gives Bob a sympathetic look, and exits. Ted motions Bob into his office and shuts the door.

INT: INSIDE TED'S OFFICE

Ted's Executive office is spacious and impeccably organized, with a panoramic view of the New York skyline. Ted moves behind his desk, taking the position of power. Ted looks up, meeting Bob's eyes for the first time.

TED
Pretty, isn't she?

BOB
I didn't notice.

TED
I saw you looking. I see
everything.

TED walks around BOB, studying him. He smiles.

TED (CONT'D)
Yes, I do see everything.

BOB
Pardon me?

TED
No need for a response. No question
was asked.

Bob sits across from him, poised for the interview.

TED (CONT'D)
So, Bob, what brings you to York
Enterprises?

BOB
I'm looking for a place where
ambition is appreciated and
rewarded. I think York Enterprises
has the kind of competitive edge I
thrive in.

TED
Competitive edge, so you say?
Explain that to me. What's your
view on how things work around
here?

BOB
It's less about just having skills
and more about knowing how to
leverage them. It's about
influence. Who you know, how you
navigate the landscape. That's
where I excel.

TED
So you're saying it's not just what
you know, but how you use it?

BOB
Exactly.

TED
And how do you feel about teamwork
in such an environment?

BOB

Teamwork is crucial, but so is leadership. You need someone who can see the big picture and steer the team towards it. I believe I can be that leader who not only fits in but also elevates everyone around.

TED

That's good to hear.

BOB

I believe my track record shows that I'm not just a fit for this role; I'm the right person to push the envelope further.

TED

Push the envelope, you say? Interesting. I like that. And what do you think of our dear Sue? Quite the asset, Bob, isn't she? Much more of a looker than her sister, Pam, could ever hope to be.

Bob hesitates, aware of the undercurrent in Ted's tone.

BOB

Ah, Sue. Yes, she seems like a fine addition to the team.

Ted laughs lightly, amused by Bob's deflection.

TED

Oh, Bob, the diplomat. But between you and me, I couldn't help but notice you didn't quite answer my question. Sue's quite fetching, don't you think?

Bob maintains his composure, keeping the conversation strictly professional.

BOB

I must admit, Mr. Ted, my focus tends to stay more on professional qualifications rather than personal appearances.

Ted raises an eyebrow, clearly impressed by Bob's tactful handling of the situation.

TED

Touché, Bob. Well played. You know, you need to keep them sharp, on their toes. Let them know who's in charge. Can you do that?

Bob remains silent, processing Ted's approach and expectations.

TED (CONT'D)

Bob, did you hear my question?

BOB

Oh, yes, sorry, I was just-

TED

NEVER apologize. Own your actions or your actions will own you.

BOB

Yes, sir.

Ted nods, satisfied with Bob's recovery, and leans back in his chair, a slight smirk playing at the corners of his mouth.

Ted looks at his watch.

TED

I like your attitude but I don't believe in what men say, I see what they do. Why don't you join me in our meeting with an investor. You can learn how things go around here and I can see how you work.

BOB

Would love that.

INT. YORK ENTERPRISE - CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

The conference room is sleek and modern with a large oval table at the center. Large windows offer a view of the bustling city below. Ted and Bob walk in together, the tension between them palpable but contained.

The room is already occupied by MR. WINTERS, an investor in his 50s, along with his team. Ted greets them with a smile, Mr. Winter's gives a polite response. Bob notices this instantly.

TED

Mr. Winters, good to see you.
Please, let's take a seat and get
started.

Ted and Mr. Winters take their seats at the head of the table. As Bob is about to sit, Ted catches him off guard.

TED (CONT'D)

(casually, to Bob)

Bob, could you grab us some coffee
before we start?

Bob's jaw tightens visibly, and he clenches his fist momentarily but quickly masks his irritation with a nod.

BOB

Of course, Mr. Ted.

Bob leaves the room to get coffee.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The meeting begins with pleasantries, but the atmosphere quickly shifts as Mr. Winters voices his concerns.

Bob re-enters with Sue and she has the coffee. Bob takes a seat. Sue pours coffee around the room. The men ignore her.

MR. WINTERS

I'll be frank, Ted. With the rise
of new competitors, I'm
reconsidering our investment.
Advertising is everything. So what
will you do differently to make us
stand out?

TED

I understand your concerns, but I
assure you—

MR. WINTERS

(cutting Ted off)

No, Ted, I've heard these words
before. I don't believe a man's
words, I must see him in action. We
need something concrete, something
that sets York apart from the rest.

As Ted struggles to formulate a response, Bob interjects, his voice calm and confident.

BOB

If I may, Mr. Winters. While it's true that the market is becoming increasingly competitive, what York Enterprises offers is innovation.

MR. WINTERS

(skeptically)

And you believe you can deliver on these promises?

BOB

Absolutely. We're not just playing the game; we're ahead of it.

Mr. Winters listens, his interest piqued. Bob's confidence and clear vision starkly contrast with Ted's earlier desperation.

MR. WINTERS

(nodding, impressed)

That's more like it. I'll be looking forward to seeing results soon, Bob. Keep us in the loop.

Bob nods, acknowledging the responsibility now placed on him. Ted, who has been silently observing, offers a tight smile, recognizing Bob's crucial role in salvaging the meeting.

TED

Absolutely, Mr. Winters. I will ensure you're updated every step of the way.

Ted looks towards Bob is one of grudging respect mixed with wariness.

INT. TED'S OFFICE - DAY

Ted is leaning against his desk, facing Bob, who is relaxed yet attentive.

TED

Let's cut to the chase, Bob. How do you deal with the challenges that come with this job?

BOB

Challenges? They're just opportunities in disguise, Ted.

Bob smirks slightly, a spark of ambition visible in his eyes.

BOB (CONT'D)

In rough waters, that's when I'm at my best. I turn chaos into a showcase of my skills.

TED

Chaos into a showcase of your skills? Interesting. But how far would you go to keep things running smoothly?

Bob's expression sharpens, his confidence unshaken.

BOB

As far as needed.

TED

Ambition's good, but it's a sharp blade. You sure you know how to handle it without cutting too deep?

Bob's smile broadens, almost predatory.

BOB

I'm quite comfortable with sharp edges, Ted. I'm not afraid to wield them.

TED

Any skeletons I should know about, Bob? We can't afford surprises.

BOB

My closet's clean, though you might find the odd dust bunny. But don't worry, I keep my house in order.

Bob's tone is light but firm, hinting at deeper layers of readiness and resolve.

TED

(laughing)

Fair enough. But let's focus on the bigger picture. What's your vision for York Enterprises if you were calling the shots?

BOB

With your experience and my approach, we'd streamline operations. Efficiency would be king. We'd navigate the market with precision—think of it as sailing the New YORK waters.

TED
Just remember, in this city, the
bold make it.

BOB
(with newfound boldness)
Give me a chance, Ted, and I won't
let you down. I'm ready for
whatever this job, or you tosses my
way.

TED
Just be careful, Bob. High stakes
mean high risks.

BOB
I'm all in, Ted. In this game, you
play dirty to win. And I'm not
afraid of a little dirt.

TED
(smiling, impressed)
Good to hear. Let's see how far you
can go.

Bob, goes to the hallway. Ted closes his office door for
privacy.

INT. SECRETARY POOL - OUTSIDE TED'S OFFICE/SPLIT INT TED'S
OFFICE - DAY

The office door closes. The secretary pool can be seen/heard
behind Bob and Sue as they exit into the hallway. Ted picks
up his phone inside the office.

TED
(into the phone)
Hello, Sister.

Outside, Sue offers Bob a polite smile.

SUE
Would you like some coffee, Mr.
Chamberland?

TED
You must come down.

BOB
(declining politely)
No, thank you, Sue.

TED
Our new man, Bob. Yes, quite
interesting.

INT: THE SECRETARY POOL

There's a brief moment of silence as Bob looks appreciatively
at Sue, sensing an opportunity to establish rapport.

BOB
You handle everything around here
so smoothly. It's impressive.

SUE
Thanks, but don't let your guard
down. Ted's tough to impress. Just
when you think you've got his
approval, he might pull the rug out
from under you.

BOB
I'm not much for taking 'no' for an
answer.

Sue glances at Bob, her expression a mix of amusement and
caution.

SUE
Well, just be careful. Ted doesn't
make things easy.

Their conversation is interrupted by Sue's phone ringing. She
answers swiftly.

SUE (CONT'D)
(into the phone)
Yes, sir. Okay, sir.

She hangs up and turns back to Bob, her demeanor
professional.

SUE (CONT'D)
Ted wants you to get to Human
Resources.

She points down the hall, their conversation fades as the
scene fades.

INT. BOB'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

This dream is shot in **BLACK & WHITE**.

The room is dimly lit by the moonlight seeping through partially drawn curtains. BOB is asleep but restless. Sweat beads on his forehead as he tosses and turns, caught in the grip of a vivid dream.

EXT. MOUNTAIN - DREAM SEQUENCE

Bob finds himself in a surreal, dimly lit room, the same one where Mickey met his end. The air is thick, suffocating, and every sound—his footsteps, the distant drip of water—echoes unnaturally, as if the world is hollow.

A flickering lamp buzzes on and off, casting an erratic glow in the room. Mickey's voice cuts through the stillness, low and venomous.

MICKEY

Bob you can't hide forever.

Bob spins around, but there's no one there. Suddenly Bob is down on his knees in front of Mickey, about to have oral sex again. Mickey laughs. He smoking a cigar and pulling Bob's head into his groin.

MICKEY (CONT'D)

Big Day! Take Charge! Big Day!
Take Charge!

Bob pulls out the gun and shoots Mickey. The room swirls and Bob is back on his knees again in front of Mickey about to have oral sex again. Mickey laughs. He smoking a cigar and pulling Bob's head into his groin.

MICKEY (CONT'D)

Big Day! Take Charge! Big Day!
Take Charge!

Bob pulls out the gun and shoots Mickey.

BOB

No you, Bastard. I killed you.
Stay dead. Stay dead!

Mickey takes a step forward. Bob stumbles back.

MICKEY

You think it ends here?. You think
you're done with me?

Mickey grabs Bob's collar, dragging him upward, and suddenly, Bob is falling in an endless shaft.

MICKEY (CONT'D)
See you soon, pal.

INT. BOB'S BEDROOM - NIGHT (CONTINUOUS)

Bob jolts awake, gasping for air, his body slick with sweat. He looks around frantically, taking a moment to orient himself in the safety of his bedroom. The nightmare lingers in his mind, leaving him visibly shaken.

INT. TED'S OFFICE - DAY

The office is a mixture of opulence and modernity, reflecting power and control. Ted sits across from Bob, their conversation intense and charged.

TED
(with a playful tone)
Now Robert—wait, no, I'll stick with Bob. I prefer Bob better. "Bob Better! Better Bob!" I love alliteration. It's like a good waltz, moves so easily.

BOB
Yes, sir.

TED
You do know what "alliteration" is, don't you, Bob?

BOB
Of course.

TED
Excellent. Use it in a sentence then.

BOB
Pardon me?

TED
Did I mutter? I said, give me an alliterative sentence, Better Bob.

Bob stares down Ted for a moment, then responds coolly, rising to the challenge.

BOB
The big bad bear bored the baby bunnies by the bushes.

Bob continues to lock eyes with Ted, who gives a slight nod in approval.

TED

Well done. "The Big Bad Bear Bored..." Clever aren't we, Bob?

BOB

I am a quick study. And I have one more for you: "The Big Bad Wolf beat down the Big Bad Bear before he was barely aware."

TED

"The Big Bad Wolf" you say? Quick study indeed. "Beat down the Bear" you say. Interesting. I'll make my own judgment on that.

BOB

I am counting on it.

Ted, intrigued but unsure, looks back at the application.

TED

I see your last supervisor at Hershey was... what is this? The chocolate place?

BOB

Yes, that's right, Hershey Chocolates.

Ted walks around Bob, patting his shoulder as Bob remains unflinched, giving a wry smile.

TED

Well from the looks of you, I can see you didn't eat many chocolates.

BOB

No sir, I work to stay in shape. It's important to look good.

TED

Exactly. Now tell me about your supervisor there, Mr. Mickey Wilson. I don't see a phone number for him.

BOB

He died, suddenly.

TED

Oh, I do love details. Tell me what happened?

BOB

Ah, Mickey Wilson took an early retirement. Poor bastard didn't get to spend his money.

Ted raises an eyebrow, sensing there's more to the story.

TED

Early retirement, you say?

BOB

He met an unfortunate end in a dark alley downtown. A real tragedy, if you ask me. I was there. I saw this guy come out of nowhere, knocked Mickey down. I got knocked down, too. The guy shot Mickey right there. I think Mickey underestimated the guy and didn't see it coming.

Ted is nervously excited.

TED

Shot the man right in front of you? How thrilling!

Bob leans in, his voice dripping with cynical amusement, pausing as Ted hangs on every word.

BOB

You know what that guy said as he locked down on Mickey, now just leaving a stain on the carpet?

TED

What? What did he say?

Bob's tone is chilling, he pauses, then looks Ted in the eye.

BOB

"Big Day! Take Charge!" Then he fired a shot at me and ran.

Bob repeats in a low, gruff voice, sending a chill through the room.

BOB (CONT'D)

Big Day! Take Charge. Big Day! Take Charge!

TED
Big day, you say? Take charge, you say. Interesting.

Ted pauses, then changes the pace.

TED (CONT'D)
Bob, you are easy on the eyes.

BOB
Sir?

TED
Stay focused. Let's cut to the chase. Can you be trusted?

Bob meets Ted's gaze head-on, a hint of a smirk playing on his lips. Ted hits the intercom.

TED (CONT'D)
Miss Spencer get me the number for Officer Joe Swatski, from the Harrisburg Police Department.

Ted hangs up and return back to Bob.

TED (CONT'D)
I will find out. I find out everything.

BOB
This is the real story. A dead man tells no tales.

TED
Right. Seems like there is more to this tale.

Bob's smirk widens into a knowing grin, his gaze never wavering.

Sue enters with a paper for TED to sign, interrupting the intense exchange.

SUE
Mr. York, can you sign this invoice? Miranda sent it down for you to sign.

Ted takes the invoice, scans it quickly, and pulls out a pen from his jacket. He makes a note on the invoice before signing it with precision.

TED

I took \$2 off for their lateness. I detest lateness.

Sue takes the invoice and departs. Bob's eyes follow her exit. Ted catches this and smirks slightly.

TED (CONT'D)

I saw you looking. Watching. So, let's clear up a few things now.

BOB

Clear up?

TED

Rules, Bob. Rules! I saw how you looked at that secretary as she entered and exited.

BOB

No, that was nothing.

TED

Liar! Oh, I detest liars. Admit it. She is easy to look at. I bet she is easy in a lot of ways.

BOB

Well, I don't think of her like that.

TED

Lie to yourself all you want, I don't care. But lie to me, and I will sack you quick. My sister, Jane, would say that I have a keen sense of potential. I can smell it on a person.

(continuing, sternly)

Dating here at the office. You cannot and will not entangle yourself with the coworkers. No drinking with them, sleeping with them. Look to the CORNER OFFICE people. Strive up the ladder.

Bob's gaze shifts as he visualizes the "Corner Office," his future goal. Ted's voice becomes a muted background monologue, mixing with Bob's thoughts.

INT: BOB'S DAYDREAM OF THE CORNER OFFICE

CUT TO a vision of BOB now taking over Ted's office, sitting in his chair, Looking out the window, assuming the role. Think of the opening of "Chicago" as ROXIE sees herself as Velma on stage.

TED (V.O.)
 ...Keep those girls on their
 tasks...If You agree, we have a
 deal.

INT: TED'S OFFICE CONTINUOUS

Ted and Bob shake hands.

BOB
 I will keep that in mind.

Ted gives Bob a long, evaluating look.

TED
 Now get on with your day. I want
 reports of your progress.

Ted ushers Bob out of his office.

INT: OUTSIDE TED'S OFFICE

BOB
 Ted, just wait and see what I will
 do to you. Big Day! Take Charge.

CUT TO:

INT. OFFICE BUILDING - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Bob heads down the hallway. A grin spreading across his face. His mind races with excitement, barely noticing the world around him. He bumps into Sue.

BOB
 Oh, I'm sorry.

Sue, taken aback, manages an awkward smile, steadying herself against the wall.

SUE
 Oh, my lands, you almost ran me down.

BOB

Oh, I am sorry, I was just...
thinking. Are you OK?

SUE

Yes, I'm fine. I overheard you back
there—"Big day. Take charge."

Bob nods, his smile returning, brighter this time.

They share a moment, an unspoken connection sparking between
them as the hustle of the office continues around them.

INT. BOB'S OFFICE - DAY

Bob passes by the secretary pool , ladies all working the sound
of typewriters going. Bob bursts into his office with no window,
a bounce in his step. He tosses his bag onto a desk and starts
shuffling through papers with gusto.

The door opens and Sue enters, her arms laden with files. She
pauses, noticing Bob's exaggerated demeanor.

BOB

Well, well, well, if it isn't the
belle of the typing pool. Sue, isn't
it? I love the allure of clacking
typewriters and the faint scent of
carbon paper in the air. And of
course, the chance encounter with a
charming secretary like yourself.

SUE

Flattery, Mr. Chamberland, right will/

BOB

Bob. Call me Bob.

SUE

Well, Bob, don't think you can sweet-
talk your way into the secretarial
pool just yet.

Bob leans against the desk, his grin widening.

BOB

Oh, I assure you, Sue, my intentions
are strictly professional. Though, I
must admit, the idea of being caught
up in a scandalous office romance does
have its appeal.

SUE

Scandalous? My, my, aren't we jumping to conclusions already? Let's at least wait until we've had our first coffee break together before we start planning our tabloid headlines.

BOB

Fair enough, Sue. But mark my words, by the time that coffee break rolls around, you'll be begging me to join you for a smoke break out on the fire escape.

SUE

We'll see about that, Bob. Until then, I'll keep my wits about me and my Timex locked up tight.

BOB

Suit yourself, Sue. But just remember, a little office intrigue never hurt anyone. Besides, it's 1953 - what's life without a little excitement?

As Sue walks away, a smirk plays on her lips, leaving Bob watching her, both amused and intrigued.

INT. SECRETARY POOL - DAY

Sue and Pam have adjacent desks. Sue, having the innocence of Grace Kelly, sits focused at her desk, surrounded by towering stacks of files and the soft glow of her desk lamp. Papers rustle as she works diligently. Pam sits at her desk, working.

The sound of footsteps approaches, and Bob appears beside Sue's desk, looking slightly lost.

BOB

I need to get to the Graphic department. I have an idea for the Winter's account. Where is that?

SUE

I can take you.

Pam observes them and with a smirk leaves Bob and Sue.

INT: HALLWAY AT YORK ENTERPRISES

Bob and Sue Walk and talk casually.

BOB

Before you show me around, can we talk for a moment? What is your full name, Sue?

Sue pauses, slightly taken aback by the sudden personal interest, but maintains her composure.

SUE

Sue. Sue Spencer.

BOB

Sue Spencer. Well, Ms. Sue Spencer, you are a pretty one. What do I need to do to get a date with you?

SUE

Oh, Mr. Chamberland! You know Mr. York's rules. We cannot date.

They arrive at the elevator. Sue press UP.

OFFICE GIRL

Sue, see you for drinks later?

SUE

Oh yes, I'll be there.

They step on the elevator. The door closes and Sue presses "Floor 23" and the elevator gives a jump and then goes up.

SUE (CONT'D)

Oh I hate elevators.

Bob steps a little closer, a playful smirk on his face.

BOB

Like I said, you are pretty, Ms. Spencer. May I call you Sue?

SUE

Oh, I don't know that we should be on a first-name basis at work.

BOB

OK then, how about outside of work? I can call you Sue then, right?

Bob gives her a friendly nod, respecting her space.

SUE

Outside of... Wait, I feel flustered.

Bob becomes the wolf on the prowl.

BOB

I need someone to show me around. I am new in town. Could you be that person? As friends, of course.

SUE

(relieved, smiling)

Well, Mr. Chamberland.

BOB

Bob. My name is Bob. Say it, "Bob."

SUE

Bob.

BOB

There, see how easy that was? So, Sue, where do you live? Maybe I could see the area sometime?

SUE

An apartment building in Midtown. 17th floor.

BOB

Great, I'm sure I'll love the view. You live alone?

SUE

Yes.

BOB

Great. Maybe we could grab a coffee sometime?

SUE

We can't date here at the office.

BOB

Right, no dating at the office. Let's not label it, let's just see where things go.

SUE

This is all so fast.

BOB

Just a coffee, Sue. No pressure. Tonight?

SUE

Well I am supposed to meet the girls for drinks.

Sue looks at Bob. Thinks.

SUE (CONT'D)
 Okay. Let's meet at the coffee shop
 around the corner on 48th Street at
 5:30.

INT. BOB'S OFFICE - DAY

Bob and Sue stand close together, murmuring about a document,
 when the door swings open dramatically.

JANE YORK enters, every bit the commanding presence. She's
 styled like a classic film star, complete with a double
 strand of pearls. Jane is a sharp, ambitious, and deeply
 intuitive investigator who has spent years navigating a male-
 dominated field with resilience and wit. She's fiercely
 determined to uncover the truth, her calm demeanor masking a
 relentless drive that leaves no stone unturned.

JANE
 (extending her hand with
 authority)
 Well, my, my, did we find the right
 man! Welcome, I am Jane York.

Bob, slightly taken aback by her assertiveness, takes her hand.

BOB
 Ms. York?

JANE
 Yes, THE Jane York. Daughter of the
 owner, sister to my brother, Ted York.
 I let him have the business. I do
 other things.

Jane examines Bob critically, a slight smile playing on her
 lips.

JANE (CONT'D)
 Very nice. I expect remarkable things
 from you, Mr. Chamberland.

BOB
 Bob. You can call me Bob.

JANE
 I see. Well then, Bob. Nice to meet
 you. I am off. I will be keeping tabs
 on you.

Jane exits as swiftly as she entered, leaving Bob in awe.

BOB
 (call after her)
 Great, and call me anytime!

Bob stands dazed by the encounter. Sue, having observed the entire exchange, clears her throat to regain his attention.

SUE
 So, Bob, I must say, you seem quite taken with Miss Jane York.

Bob still smitten with Jane.

BOB
 Ah, Miss York. She's a fascinating woman, isn't she?

SUE
 Fascinating? That's one way to put it. Seems like she's got you wrapped around her little finger, Bob. Well, from where I'm sitting, it looks like you're ready to write her a sonnet.

BOB
 Now, now, Sue, let's not exaggerate. I'm just a man who knows how to appreciate beauty when he sees it. Just like I see in you. So, drinks and dinner tonight? Then I can call you, "Sue."

SUE
 And I can call you the "man my mother told me to watch out for."

Bob growls. Sue gives a nervous laugh.

SUE (CONT'D)
 I took out a leg of lamb this morning. How would that be for your appetite?

BOB
 Lamb! My favorite.

They share a laugh, their chemistry undeniable. Sue looks around playfully.

BOB (CONT'D)
 My, Sue. My secret. Our secret. Ted will never know.

Bob pushes the office closed with his foot as we see him kiss Sue. The door closes so we only see the start of the kiss.

INT. TED'S OFFICE - DAY

Ted stands at his desk, staring out, lost in thought, as PAM enters briskly.

PAM

Mr. York, your call is waiting for you
on line one.

Ted doesn't respond, still deeply absorbed.

PAM (CONT'D)

(clearly louder)

Mr. York! Mr. York!

TED

(turning irritably)

Yes, woman, I heard you each of the
three times you spoke to me. Isn't it
plainly simple for you to see that I
am in a thought right now?

PAM

Forgive me, Sir. I mistook your "deep
thought" for "ignorance." I am sorry
to have mixed those two states of mind
up when it comes to you. I'll be sure
to note this for the future.

TED

State of mind, you say? Interesting.
You never cease to amaze me, Pam. Your
ability to turn a simple phone call
into a moral quandary is truly
astounding.

PAM

It's a gift, Mr. York. One I've
cultivated over years of being the
unsung hero of this establishment.

TED

I suppose that makes me the villain in
this dull, little melodrama of yours?

PAM

Oh, I wouldn't go that far, Mr. York.
But let's just say, you'd be the shady
character lurking in the shadows.

TED

Lurking? Shady, you say? Chatter,
chatter, chatter. That is all you
women seem to do!

PAM
Anything else, Mr. York?

TED
You are still here? I have a call waiting.

Pam exits, her voice low and sarcastic, though audible to Ted.

PAM
(off-screen)
Uppity man. Deep thought. His thoughts are about as deep as a puddle.

TED smiles, overhearing her. He then picks up the phone, switching to a cool business tone.

TED
(on phone)
Hello? I am calling about a past employee of yours, Mr. Robert Chamberland... Oh, he worked there until December 9, 1952? And why did he stop working? Oh, he quit. New opportunities? Hmm. And can I speak with his manager? Mr. Mickey Wilson? Oh, died? I am sorry to hear that. When did he die? December 8, 1952, murdered, in his apartment. Interesting...

Ted listens intently and makes some notes, then, with a playful note:

TED (CONT'D)
I want to say I just adore your little kisses. No, my dear, not your kisses, the HERSHEY KISSES. Oh, you hear that all the time? Hmm. Well, thank you.

Ted hangs up and breathes deeply, his demeanor changing as he ponders.

TED (CONT'D)
Bob said he was killed in an alley. Something about that man that is not right. I find him exciting, desirable, and dangerous, all at once. "BIG DAY! TAKE CHARGE!" I like that. My new phrase.

Ted walks off, a plan forming in his mind. The office light dims, leaving the room shadowed and mysterious.

INT. APARTMENT BUILDING HALLWAY - DAY

SUPERIMPOSE: April 5, 1953, 3 month's later

The camera pans along a tidy hallway of a midtown apartment building. The number '17' is prominently displayed next to the elevator, setting the scene on the 17th floor. It's early morning.

SUE, 3-month pregnant, dressed sharply for work in a simple yet elegant secretary outfit, checks her wristwatch impatiently. She taps her foot and presses the elevator button with a sense of urgency.

Sue, takes out the small notebook that Bob took from Mickey, glancing through it. Her eyes sharpening as she flips the pages.

SUE
(shouting)
Bob! Bob! Come on, we are gonna be late.

BOB rushes into the frame, bagel in one hand and a briefcase in the other. He struggles to put on his hat while balancing his breakfast.

BOB
Yes, yes, I am coming. We have time!

SUE
You always do this. We can't be late. After this baby, I want so much for the three of us. Who is Mickey?

BOB
Sue, don't worry. I am moving up. What did you say?

SUE
Oh, you are a smoothie! That's what all the girls say! Mickey, his name is here in this notebook.

She shows him the notebook.

BOB
Really! All the girls? Which ones? Sandra? Emily? Rose? Where did you get this?

SUE

It was in your drawer tucked in the
back. I was putting your shirts
away and I found it.

Bob has his back to the elevator as he leans in to kiss Sue. The
elevator doors silently slide open behind him. As he steps
backward to enter, Sue's eyes widen in horror.

SUE (CONT'D)

(screaming)

BOB!

She grabs him just in time, yanking him away from the gaping
empty shaft. Bob's hat tumbles down into the darkness.

SUE (CONT'D)

BOB! Oh my God. Bob!

BOB

I could have been killed! My hat. My
hat went down the shaft!

SUE

If you fell where would I be? How
would I manage?

BOB

I don't know.

The elevator doors close. Bob hesitantly presses the button
again. This time, the elevator car is correctly in place when
the doors open.

BOB (CONT'D)

Okay, well the elevator is back, let's
go.

SUE

No. I will not get on that.

Bob steps into the elevator, still in a teasing tone.

BOB

Sue, we are going to be late. And let
me have that notebook. Mickey was a
friend of mine from Harrisburg.

Sue is flustered. She hands him the notebook.

SUE

Well then, we'll be late.

He smiles, waves goodbye, and the doors close. Sue, frustrated yet relieved, exits toward the stairs.

SUE (CONT'D)

Ohhhhh! He burns me up. That man.

INT. APARTMENT BUILDING LOBBY - CONTINUOUS

The camera pans to the elevator as the doors open, and Bob steps out, smug and smiling, glancing at his watch. He waits, looking around leisurely.

Sue bursting through the stairwell door, winded and frustrated. She spots Bob and marches over to him, her expression fraught with worry and irritation.

BOB
(chuckling)
Well, about time!

SUE
(breathing heavily)
Don't start. Just don't. I can't believe that you used that elevator after what happened. You could have died! Then where would I be!

BOB
Sue, you are afraid. You live in fear. Mr. Truman says, "There are always a lot of people so afraid of rocking the boat that they stop rowing. We can never get ahead that way."

SUE
Bob, we are the Middle Class. And who is Mickey and what were all those name and numbers in that book.

BOB
I am tired of middle class. I am moving up. No need to worry your head over Mickey.

SUE
Hey!

BOB
I mean, we are moving up. I will make the headlines one day soon! I can feel it. I saw it in my dreams.

SUE

We have bills to pay and a baby on the way. You're a dreamer. I am not. Dreams don't come true. Dreams will cost you. And I want to hear more about Mickey, you never talk about Harrisburg.

BOB

Dreams don't cost a cent! And Harrisburg is not the future. The future is here.

SUE

Bob, fame and fortune aren't worth sacrificing everything we have now. Stay on track. Stay on track.

BOB

Oh Sue! I am on track! But sometimes, you have to do whatever it takes to get ahead in this world. And if that means making a few sacrifices along the way, I will do it. Oh, I forgot to tell you, I must work late tonight. I have a client to take to dinner.

SUE

Again! That is the second time this week. Who are you having dinner with?

BOB

A repeat client. They have been demanding my attention. I've got to keep sharp. I have a new proposal to pitch to her.

SUE

Her! Bob, I took out the lamb from the freezer. This is our 3-month anniversary.

BOB

Well, make it! I will be hungry! I love your cooking. I won't eat much. Just a light appetizer of "business conversation."

SUE

Bob, you're not fooling me with your cryptic remarks. What's going on? So, when will you be home? Where are you going?

BOB

Sue, if you must know, it's just a dangerous liaison under the moonlight. Nothing to worry your pretty little head about.

SUE

Bob! Don't tease me with your fantasy stories. A "dangerous liaison"? Where did you pick up that High Society language? You sound like that Jane York.

BOB

Jane York? Now there's a woman of class.

SUE

Class, huh? Well, isn't that just a fancy word for "money"? So, what about my lamb and our anniversary?

BOB

Make the lamb.

SUE

But what time?

BOB

Later. Late. Let's say by 10.

SUE

I don't see what the point is then of me cooking the lamb.

BOB

The point is, that I must do these dinners if I want to move up. Our president says you have to keep rowing to stay in the boat.

SUE

I just don't want to lose you.

BOB

There you go! You stopped rowing!

SUE

FDR said, 'The only thing we have to fear is fear itself.' I worry that you are pulling away.

BOB

No, no. I am right here. And I must keep in front of opportunities.

SUE

Stop dreaming, Bob. Stop. I cannot be the only one, what did you say, 'in the boat.' I cannot and will not do this alone.

PAUSE.

SUE (CONT'D)

When are we going to get married?

BOB

Ah, marriage, my dear Sue. A tangled web of promises and obligations, wouldn't you agree?

SUE

Don't promise me dreams, Bob. They're only lies wrapped in pretty words. I need the truth, even if it's ugly

BOB

Truth comes in my shades, Sue.

SUE

My God, you are like a suspect trying to avoid interrogation.

BOB

Touché, Sue. But you must admit, marriage is a serious commitment.

SUE

Bob, I am three months pregnant.

BOB

Keep that secret quiet.

SUE

Secret! Well, Bob, I am starting to show.

BOB

If Mr. York knew, I could be fired! I am not supposed to be with any of the help.

SUE

The Help?!

BOB

You know what I mean. Ah, the girls.
The office girls.

SUE

The help! The girls! You are getting
too many ideas in your head.

BOB

Sue, I am always thinking.

SUE

No, you are always dreaming! There is
a difference. You wanted me. You said
you needed me. You said, "I can't live
without you."

BOB

Sue, I know. Don't get all worked up.

SUE

(voice raising)
I almost lost you this morning. In
that shaft! I saved you.

BOB

(smiling)
I have angels all around me!

SUE

Angels! Who pulled you back? Who?

BOB

You! You are my angel!

SUE

Smoothie! Oh, you!

BOB

(heading to the door)
OK, let's go. I will get you a cab
now, so you won't be late.

SUE

You're not coming?

BOB

I must get a hat. I can't go to dinner
without a hat. It won't look good.

SUE

(sadly)
Yes, you are all about looks.

(MORE)

SUE (CONT'D)

You just keep remembering that you come home to me. What time are you coming home?

BOB

Sue, we have been through this. Let's not go through that again. I will be home when I get home. Besides, you are making lamb. Now let me get you a cab.

SUE

I can get my own cab. I need you here. I need to get married to you. I need to have this baby.

BOB

Sue, yes, yes, we will get married.

SUE

Really? When?

BOB

Soon. Soon, don't rush me.

SUE

Bob, I am pregnant. You need to make me an honest woman.

BOB

Sue, you are the most honest person I know.

The conversation is interrupted as BOB opens the door for SUE. He kisses her gently.

BOB (CONT'D)

Sue, I love you.

SUE

Bob, I would just die without you.

BOB

Sue, don't be so dramatic.

SUE

(tearfully)

Bob, we should get married. Nothing big but let's not wait.

BOB

You better catch that cab.

SUE exits, and BOB sighs deeply, watching her leave. He glances at his watch, then speaks softly to himself.

BOB (CONT'D)
 (to himself)
 It is getting late. I almost fell down
 that shaft. God, what a way to go. Who
 could survive that fall?

INT. BOB AND SUE'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - MORNING

BOB, anxious and hurried, grabs the phone from a small stand by
 the door. He dials quickly, his eyes darting to the clock.

CUT TO:

INT. SPLIT SCREEN JANE'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - BOB'S
 APARTMENT SAME TIME

Clock shows 8:15 AM.

The setting is lavish, contrasting sharply with Bob's modest
 apartment. JANE, styled like Jackie Kennedy, lounges on an
 elegant sofa, leisurely flipping through a society magazine. The
 phone begins to ring. She glances at it, smirks, and
 deliberately waits before answering.

INTERCUT PHONE CONVERSATION

BOB
 (agitated)
 Come on!

He checks his watch. The phone rings again.

JANE
 (coolly, as she picks up)
 Hellooooo.

BOB
 Jane, baby, where were you? I thought
 you weren't going to pick up! I am
 dying here without you, baby.

JANE
 Bob, don't be so dramatic. I am right
 here. You are late in calling. A girl
 should not be kept waiting. This girl
 has choices.

BOB
 Choices! Who? I would kill anyone that
 came close to you. You are mine, baby.

JANE

Oh Bob, such a tease. Remember, you are taken? Your girl, Shirley, Sally, what's her name. So cute. So plain. So common.

BOB

Jane, her name is Sue, but let's not bring her up. This is about us.

JANE

Oh yes, Sue. Ok, I won't bring up that she is having your baby. That you are living with her. No, no, I won't mention that at all. And, like I said, a girl does have choices.

BOB

Jane, you are killing me here. Come on, don't do that. I am gonna take care of that. All of that.

JANE

Really, Bob? Really? When? All I hear is, "Jane, I love. Jane, you are the one. Jane, I can't live without you. Jane, I dream about you." Well, what about all of that, love? Hmm?

BOB

I will wrap it up. I just need time.

JANE

Ok, I'll give you some time. But I will not wait too long. Do they know about you two at the office?

BOB

No, no! Nobody knows anything.

JANE

I don't want to be known as that woman, that stole a man away from his pregnant wife.

BOB

Girlfriend. She is not my wife.

JANE

Well either way, she is still pregnant. You are still with her. I am here alone. And I am left waiting.

BOB
Baby, Baby, I know.

JANE
Don't 'Baby, Baby' me, Bob.

BOB
Oh, you said you love it when I call
you 'Baby.'

JANE
Men. How does that song go, 'I want to
wash that man right out of my hair?'

BOB
Jane, I got to see you.

JANE
Of course, you do. There is just one
question?

BOB
Anything, Baby, just ask me.

JANE
The question is, 'Does Baby want to
see you?'

BOB
You are driving me crazy. Come on. Are
we still on for dinner later?

JANE
I want a lot more than dinner from
you, Mister.

BOB
OK, a quick drink at Delmonico's and
then back to your place.

JANE
I want you longer. Why do I get
moments and she gets all the memories?
I want some memories with you. Can we
dance tonight?

BOB
Baby, I will give you the moon and the
stars, and we will dance the night
away!

JANE
Wonderful. But she must go. I will not
be included in some scandal.

(MORE)

JANE (CONT'D)

Look at Elizabeth Taylor, already married twice.

BOB

Baby, you are much better looking than Liz.

JANE

When?

BOB

When, what?

JANE

My ring! A girl needs to feel like she is the one. While a walk in the park is nice, it is not a date unless the man pays.

BOB

So, dinner, tonight?

JANE

Smoothie, look how you change the subject!

BOB

So, 7 pm?

JANE

Yes, yes. I look forward to this.

BOB

That's my girl.

JANE

But I am not your ONLY girl, remember?

BOB

Yes, yes, I remember. But Baby—

JANE

No more 'BABY' until I see a ring!

BOB

Jane! Come on. I must know that you will wait for me? I only have my love for you.

JANE

Not true! You have that pregnant Sue girl. How will you get out of that, so I have you all to myself?

BOB
I have that planned.

JANE
Really? Oh, I must hear that plan!

BOB
Tonight, I'll tell you everything.

JANE
Don't keep things from me. I will know if you do. I can help you advance and remember that I will not be involved in a scandal!

BOB
I, I love you, Jane!

JANE
Of course, you do! Everybody does.

BOB
And?

JANE
And, what, Bob? What are you waiting for?

BOB
Jane, do you love me, too?

JANE
Sure.

BOB
That did not sound convincing.

JANE
Well, I am fond of you. Bye now, Bob.

Jane hangs up the phone and smiles to herself, content in her control and the intrigue of their complicated relationship.

INT. JANE'S APARTMENT - DAY

Jane stands by a large window, lost in thought, gazing out at the cityscape. Ted enters, his expression one of disapproval and concern.

TED
(directly, without preamble)
Does Father even know about this?
Jane, stay in your class or go higher.
(MORE)

TED (CONT'D)

Bob is so, what is the word?
"Pedestrian?"

JANE

Let me take care of myself and my
affairs. Father will be fond of him,
just like I am.

TED

"Fond?" You can be fond of a puppy.
Something about Bob I just do not
like. There's some, smell about him.
Like he's hiding something.
Harrisburg.

JANE

You and your smells! Bob isn't hiding
anything. Ted, Bob is a man that lives
for today and the future. What's
going on in Harrisburg?

TED

I will find out about his shady past.
He will hang himself. This is his job
to lose.

The conversation ends as the room dims slightly.

INT. YORK ENTERPRISES THE SECRETARY POOL - OFFICE - DAY

Clock shows 10:00 AM.

A bustling office environment. Sue and her sister, Pam, are
seated at adjacent desks.

PAM

You need to see the reality of your
situation, Sue. Have you considered
the long-term prospects of hitching
your wagon to Bob's shooting star?

SUE

What do you mean, Pam? Bob is a
wonderful man.

PAM

Oh, absolutely. Because every girl
dreams of settling down with a man who
can't commit to dinner plans, let
alone a lifetime together.

SUE

That's not fair, Pam. Bob just has a lot on his plate right now.

PAM

Yes, I'm sure his plate is positively overflowing with ambition and responsibility. Or perhaps it's just a healthy serving of avoidance and excuses.

SUE

You're being cynical, Pam. Bob loves me.

PAM

Ah yes, nothing says "I love you" like a man who won't take responsibility.

SUE

You just don't understand, Pam. Bob is different when we're alone.

PAM

Yes, I'm sure he's a regular Prince Charming when the curtains are drawn and the audience is out of sight. But forgive me if I'm not convinced by his performance.

SUE

Fine, Pam. You win.

PAM

Oh, Sue. I'm just looking out for you. After all, we are sisters. Bob needs to make this right. There is something not right about him. Some secret.

SUE

Shh. No one knows here, keep it down. Everything is right.

PAM

THAT is my point. No one knows. And very soon

(she gestures subtly at
Sue's abdomen)

Everyone will know! You got together so quickly. It seemed like the day he started you two started.

SUE

Bob said he would make this right. I believe him. You won't believe what happened this morning!

PAM

He got you a ring!

SUE

No, I did not get a ring! We were talking at the elevator on our floor, the doors opened, and Bob stepped back into it, and I grabbed him and screamed! There was no elevator, just an empty shaft! I pulled him back in. His hat fell down the shaft. He could have been killed!

PAM

Just the hat fell down the shaft?

SUE

Pam!

PAM

All I am saying is that before three months ago, you didn't know Bob. Now he lives in your apartment, he is your manager, and you are having his baby! What do you know about him and his whereabouts in the last year?

SUE

Pam! Bob is private. He said he had a troubling past.

PAM

We had a troubling past, remember?

SUE

Pam, don't mention that. I said NEVER bring that up again.

PAM

Sometimes you need to be reminded of that fact. I saved you.

SUE

Yes, Pam, yes you saved me. Now enough of the past let's focus on the future.

PAM

You need a ring.

INT. YORK ENTERPRISES THE SECRETARY POOL - OFFICE - DAY

Pam and Sue, seated at their desks, are immersed in a serious conversation. Ted enters, observing them with a disapproving eye. He strides over, interrupting abruptly.

TED
Miss Spencer?

SUE AND PAM
Yes.

TED
What?

PAM
I am Miss Spencer, and this is my
sister, Miss Spencer.

TED
(pointing dismissively at
Pam, then turning to Sue)
The prettier one, you, what's your
name again?

SUE
I am Miss Spencer. Sue Spencer.

TED
Oh, alliterative, how clever. Such
smart parents.

SUE
I'm sorry, I don't understand.

TED
Sue Spencer, the double "S." Why am I
explaining myself to you? Of course,
you don't. Pretty Spencer, would you
get your pad? I need a letter drafted.

Sue reluctantly retrieves a STENO pad and a pencil, meeting Ted in his office.

INT. TED'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

As Sue enters, Ted's demeanor is dismissive and patronizing.

TED
My dear, I've been thinking. This
office could use a little more...
life, don't you think?

SUE

We have plenty of life here, Mr. York. Deadlines, meetings, the coffee machine that never quits. Your exceptional leadership. What more could we need?

Ted eases the door shut. We see this point of view and then are inside the office.

TED

(smugly)

My exceptional leadership. Yes. Ah, but there's a certain glow missing. Something only you could bring to the table. Or should I say, the cradle?

SUE

Mr. York, if you're referring to office décor, I'm sure a lamp would suffice. Should I go down to Macy's and pick up a lamp for you?

TED

A lamp, yes, but one that shines as brightly as you? Doubtful. You're carrying quite the torch these days, aren't you?

SUE

Mr. York. I'm here to work, not illuminate personal matters.

TED

(ignoring her discomfort)

Of course, of course, but consider this expansion. It's what every business strives for, and every family, too, I hear.

SUE

Expansion in business is one thing, Mr. York. But—

TED

Ah, but I've always had a knack for spotting potential. And I must say, your potential is... expanding, by the day.

SUE

Mr. York, my potential, as you call it, is none of your concern. Now can I help you with that letter?

TED continues, undeterred, as SUE takes shorthand on her pad.

TED

Very well, you've made your point. I am writing a letter to Hershey Chocolates. The Human Resource Department. I need the story on Mr. Chamberland. Now, Pretty Spencer would you tell me your name again?

SUE

Sue, the name is Sue.

TED

OK, I will not remember that, so I'll just call you PS. "Pretty Spencer." Yes, that I can remember, PS. Now PS, take a letter. But first, you are a pretty one. Plain like a glass of milk. Who are you dating these days, PS?

SUE

Mr. York!

TED

PS, no need for formalities. You can call me Ted.

SUE

Yes, Mr. York. I mean, Ted. What should this letter say to the Human Resources department at Hershey Chocolates?

TED

Yes, we will get to that, PS. Now back to you. I have been watching you. You are not like those other office girls. They are all nameless and faceless to me. I cringe when I walk by them and hear their endless chatter. What do they talk about all the time? Hmm? What? Chatter, chatter, chatter!

SUE

They just talk.

TED

No, no, I want to know what they talk about. About me? About our great company? About moving up. Details, PS, I want the details!

SUE

Well, they talk about their boyfriends, their husbands, their dreams, the latest picture show. They love the music from "South Pacific."

TED

We will go sometime. But, right now, PS, I am going to kiss you.

SUE

What?

Ted advances, disregarding her discomfort. He gives Sue a full and inappropriate kiss. Then he stands back and smiles.

TED

There! Wasn't that good? I know you liked that because I liked it. Right, PS?

SUE

Well, Ted, we shouldn't.

The scene ends with Ted smiling confidently, believing he's charmed her, while Sue is visibly shaken, reflecting the imbalance of power and the inappropriate nature of his actions.

INT. YORK ENTERPRISES - OFFICE FLOOR - DAY

The camera follows Bob as he briskly walks through the busy office. He holds a folder tightly under his arm, his expression focused. Bob knocks on the door to Ted's office.

TED

Come in.

He approaches Ted and Sue, who are in the middle of an uncomfortable interaction, though Bob remains oblivious to the tension.

BOB

(handing the file to Ted)

Ted, I have that ad campaign for the Winters account for your review. Miss Spencer, why are you not back at your station?

SUE

Well, Ted—I mean, Mr. York needed me to take a letter.

The camera catches Ted's smug expression as he turns to face Bob, subtly blocking Sue from leaving.

TED

Oh, Bob, leave her alone. I asked her to take a letter, but it seems she's a little slow today. She has other skills that I am exploring right now. But her steno skills are not what I expected. Yes, back to your station. I may bring you in later to teach you some things, sharpen you up a bit. I will not have any slow girls at my company. I want her available when I need her.

BOB

Yes, Ted, I'll see to it personally that she sharpens her dictation skills. Now run along, Miss Spencer.

Sue, visibly shaken, gathers her things quickly and exits.

TED

So, Bob, you finally decided to crawl out from whatever rock you've been hiding under.

BOB

Come on, Ted. We're two sides of the same coin. Except, my side's just a bit more polished.

TED

Your side "polished," you say? Polished or not, it still buys the same brand of trouble.

BOB

Ready to dance with the devil?

TED

Only if I lead. And Bob, remember, I always lead. Your job is to anticipate my next move.

BOB

Ted, I am dancing circles around you already.

TED

You know, ambition is a hungry beast, always looking for its next meal.

BOB

I'm well aware. But I'd rather dine at the table than wait for scraps.

TED

Bob, you remind me of myself when I was younger. Hungry, with your eyes fixed on the prize. But let me tell you, the hunt can cost you more than you're willing to pay.

BOB

(leaning forward, his voice laced with ambition)

I'm ready to pay any price, Ted. Success isn't handed out; it's seized by those bold enough to take it.

TED

Bob. Be careful what you wish for. Because you just might get it. Remember, Bob, ambition without conscience is a dangerous beast. Don't let it consume you.

BOB

In the jungle, it's the beasts who rule. And if being a beast is what it takes, then so be it. If the price of ambition is a conscience, then consider mine spent. It's the winners who write history. And I intend to be the author of my own story.

TED gives a bored look, clearly unimpressed by Bob's fervor.

TED

Bored.

BOB

(puzzled)

Pardon me?

TED

B-O-R-E-D, BORED! Your soliloquy was like some Shakespeare play. I am falling asleep here.

BOB

I guess I have to try harder to keep your attention.

TED

You must set your sights on more. Learn to finesse and win over the next social circle up. If anyone or anything is holding you back, erase it. Move on. Look forward, Bob, circle-up and not back. Do you understand?

BOB

Yes, I will always do what has to be done. And be damn-straight-sure that no one holds me back.

Ted claps his hands lightly, a grin spreading across his face. He pulls out a \$100 bill from his wallet and extends it towards Bob.

TED

Well done, my boy. Well done. Now here, take this and only take this if you will use this to take out a LADY, tonight, that is above your class. If I find out that you used this to buy a cheap girl on 42nd Street or take someone like, sad cheap little, PS out for a beer and roll in the mattress you will pay this back with interest on your paycheck this Friday. And I will know. Is that clear?

Bob and Ted's hands meet as they both hold the \$100 bill, a subtle tug of war ensues. Ted's eyes gleam with a manipulative challenge.

TED (CONT'D)

One condition.

BOB

(conditionally)

Condition? Sure. What?

Ted leans forward suddenly, kissing BOB long and hard. Bob doesn't flinch; he instead gives a slight grin as Ted pulls back slowly.

TED

(smugly)

Oh, I see you liked that? I know I did. So, if I liked it, then I knew you would. There is always more where this came from, always, if you understand my conditions.

Ted's tone shifts to one of callous disinterest as he pushes the bill into BOB's front pants pocket, lingering slightly too long.

TED (CONT'D)

Don't overthink it, Bob. I have many desires, and I care not one more than another. I just care about my desires right now. And right now, I desired you.

Now go, find a girl above your class. Go take what you want. Tomorrow night you will have dinner with me. Bring a change of clothes. We are heading to Newburgh to check out a new business proposal.

Bob, now alone, straightens his jacket and fixes his gaze where Ted's was, his voice cold and calculating.

BOB

Ted, I'm here to serve the company's interests, of course. Your desires are paramount in ensuring the success of our endeavors.

Ted, changing gears rapidly, is already thinking ahead.

TED

Good. Take command and take charge. What did that murderer say, "Big Day! Take charge!" My new phrase! I love the way it sounds when I say it.

Bob, his tone slightly mocking as he echoes Ted's enthusiasm.

BOB

(raises an eyebrow)
Really, your new phrase.

Ted, already bored, dismisses BOB with a wave.

TED

I'll admit, you are starting to exceed my expectations.

BOB

I told you, Ted, you can trust me.

TED

Funny thing about trust, Bob. It's like this city.

(MORE)

TED (CONT'D)

Everything looks rock solid like those building out there. But you get too close, and you see the cracks.

BOB

I've never been one to get caught in the cracks.

TED

I was thinking of Harrisburg. Thought I might take a drive there. You will go with me, show me the landscape.

BOB

("Dance with devil" tone)

You really want to go to Harrisburg?

TED

Yes, Harrisburg. What will it be like to see where you came from, get to know you, deeper? I am curious. I called my old Army buddy who is on the police force there. He said he had some news about Mickey.

BOB

Ted, no need to go to Harrisburg. Curiosity has a way of leading us down paths we may not want to travel.

TED

Do not try to outdo me. When I want you again, and I will, you just need to be ready. Tomorrow evening. Don't keep me waiting. Is that clear?

BOB

Yes, Ted. I understand. I am very clear about our next steps.

TED exits briskly, leaving BOB alone. BOB's face hardens as he plans his next move, his voice low and vengeful.

BOB (CONT'D)

The past does not own me.

He wipes his lips with his sleeve, a gesture of disgust and defiance.

BOB (CONT'D)

Come on, call me Ted. Bring out that money. We'll see who will be begging for more.

(MORE)

BOB (CONT'D)
 I'll show you firsthand what "Big Day!
 Take Charge!" means. Just ask Mickey.

INT. YORK ENTERPRISES - SECRETARY POOL - AFTERNOON

The clock shows 2:00 PM.

Sue and Pam at their workstation. Both are engaged in a hushed but intense conversation.

SUE
 (angrily)
 Oh, the arrogance of that man. Smug.
 Do you know what he called me? Do you
 know?

PAM
 What?

SUE
 (mimicking Ted, bitterly)
 "PS." For "Pretty Spencer." Oh, and
 the way he talked down to me. He said,
 "Oh PS, just not too bright, are we?
 No matter. You do have your looks. I
 am sure that you have caught the eye
 of many men. Haven't you, PS?" "PS."
 "PS" oh I hate that man.

PAM
 Oh, I've heard one too many of his pep
 talks. It's like listening to a broken
 record on repeat.

Sue and Pam share a knowing look, then simultaneously, with a
 mix of sarcasm and humor:

PAM AND SUE
 (laughing)
 Uppity!

SUE
 (plainly)
 And then he kissed me!

PAM
 Who kissed you?

SUE
 (imitates Ted)
 Ted! He said, "Wasn't that good? I
 know you liked that because I liked
 it. Right, PS?"

PAM

Mr. Ted York kissed you! Well, aren't you lucky? You should gain his affections.

Sue wipes her mouth off disgustedly.

SUE

Pam! No! God, I can still taste him and some awful "French cologne" he wears. The scent is all over me.

As they continue their conversation, Bob enters, his approach marked by purposeful strides, drawing the attention of several other secretaries. His presence is commanding.

BOB

Miss Spencer.

PAM & SUE

(startled, together)

Yes?

BOB

What? I mean, Miss Sue Spencer. You, the other one, take a break or a powder or whatever you women do.

PAM & SUE

Which one?

BOB

What?

Pam, with a sarcastic and comical tone, tries to lighten the mood.

PAM

Which one of us do you want to "take a powder"?

BOB

Obviously, you, Miss Pam Spencer. Now go.

Pam gathers her things, giving Sue a reassuring look.

Pam exits, her laughter echoing softly as she mocks Bob's phrase:

PAM

(off-screen, laughing)

"Take a powder!"

Sue, somewhat disinterested, pulls out her nail file and begins to file her nails.

SUE

Why is Ted York writing to the Human Resource Department at Hershey's Chocolates about you?

BOB

That's nothing. He must want a reference.

SUE

A reference? Bob, it's been 3-month since you have been hired. And what happened in Harrisburg, you never talk about it.

BOB

Dead end. That chapter is closed. I moved on. End of story.

SUE

Bob, did something happen there that you're not telling me? What is that notebook all about that I found?

BOB

No, nothing happened.

SUE

Whatever you say, Boss.

BOB

I don't think I like your tone.

SUE

Get used to it.

BOB

Look, settle down. Now what happened with Ted? What went on in there? What did he say about Harrisburg?

Sue continues to file her nails focusing on that task, not looking at Bob.

SUE

(Stating facts)

Nothing really. Just reviewing my performance. Said I had "a lot of potential." Then he kissed me.

(MORE)

SUE (CONT'D)
 Said "I liked it, so I am sure you did too." Then you came in. Then I left. Back to work now.

As Sue turns to leave, Bob grabs her arm and pulls her back, his face a mixture of concern and anger.

BOB
 (voice rising.)
 He kissed you? Mr. Ted York just kissed you? Just like that? What did you turn on your charms?

SUE
 (voice raised, indignant.)
 Oh, so you think I brought this on? And I don't think I like your insinuation that I, what, "turned on my charms." My charms?!

Bob seizes her up, coldly.

BOB
 Yes, I see how you are.

SUE
 You are weak. You better wise up and stop dreaming. I need you to keep this job and move up. We are having this baby, and you will support us. Understood.

Bob nods reluctantly, but his irritation is palpable. Sue resumes filing her nails.

SUE (CONT'D)
 Ted gave me a nickname. He and I are on a first name basis. Then he kissed me. Did he give me the nickname before or after he kissed me? I am a little fuzzy on those details.

BOB
 How did all of this happen?

SUE
 Oh, it happened about 20 minutes ago. That's how it happened, and he kissed me. Does Ted have a nickname for you?

Pause.

Bob's eyes focus.

SUE (CONT'D)

Did Ted kiss you? Men. The arrogance.
The things that women put up with.

Bob's face tightens as he was just kissed by Ted, adding another layer of complexity to his reaction.

BOB

Would you stop filing your nails!

SUE

(continue filing nails)
I am just a helpless, as Ted would say, "not too bright" girl. He calls me "PS" and then he kisses me.

BOB

"PS?" What the hell does that stand for?

SUE

(laughing bitterly)
"Pretty Spencer."

BOB

Just stay away from him. I am your boss.

SUE

(cuttingly)
Bob, honey. Ted is your boss. A Junior Vice President. The heir to the company. His father's company.

Bob, now visibly shaken and frustrated, prepares to leave.

BOB

Yes, so you keep saying. I must go. I have a few meetings and then that dinner meeting tonight.

SUE

Right. What time will you be home?

BOB

Late. And I have a meeting and a trip with Ted tomorrow. We are going to see a new location.

SUE

Oh, a new location? So, you and Ted York are now thick as thieves? Right. Things move quickly in your world.

(MORE)

SUE (CONT'D)

Mr. Bob just moving right on up the ladder. Don't be home too late. I am cooking lamb. Your favorite.

BOB

Don't wait up.

Bob exits hastily. The INTERCOM crackles to life, adding to the tension.

INTERCOM VOICE

Miss Sue Spencer, please report to Mr. York. Miss Sue Spencer, please report to Mr. York.

Sue pauses, her expression a mix of resignation and defiance, as she prepares herself to face whatever comes next.

INT. YORK ENTERPRISES - TED'S OFFICE - LATE AFTERNOON

Ted, hands clasped behind his back, as he gazes out the large window overlooking the city. The door opens, and Sue enters, her posture professional yet cautious.

SUE

Yes, Mr. York? What can I do for you?
Is there a letter you want me to take?

TED

(turning to face her,
dismissively)

No, no, I've seen your steno skills,
not up to par like that dreadful
sister of yours, the "Other Spencer."
I need you to run an errand for me
later about 7:00 PM.

SUE

Well, Mr. York, I would love to, but-

TED

No buts, no ifs. None of that.

SUE

Well, Mr. York, I finish work at-

TED

(interrupting, waving her
concerns aside)

Oh yes, the overtime. Fine. Approved.

SUE

What is the errand?

TED

(leisurely walking to his desk, picking up a \$100 bill)

Well, you see, I must work late. Going out of town tomorrow on a business trip. And I ordered a little meal for myself from Delmonico's. It will be ready at 7:15. You just pick it up and bring it back to my office. Here is \$100.

Ted dangles the \$100 in front of Sue, attempting to impress her. Sue, however, remains unimpressed. She takes the \$100 with a neutral expression.

SUE

Right. No problem, Mr. York. Delmonico's at 7:15. Is there anything else, Mr. York?

Ted, taken aback by her cool demeanor, finds himself unexpectedly impressed and slightly excited.

TED

No, PS, that will be all until later. Okay, back to work with you. We have a business to run.

Sue nods curtly and exits the office with composure. Ted watches her leave, a smile lingering on his face as he contemplates her response.

INT./EXT. DELMONICO'S RESTAURANT - EVENING

SUPERIMPOSES: Delmonico's

It's raining outside.

The clock shows 7:15 PM

The camera pans across a lavishly decorated dining room filled with soft golden lighting. A TORCH singer is singing the original song "No Need To Waltz" in smooth, smoky, jazzy style. At a central table, Bob and Jane are seated, their laughter blending with the music. They are the picture of happiness.

INTERCUT SCENES BETWEEN RESTAURANT AND SUE'S LEGS WALKING BRISKLY.

As Sue opens the door, the theme song "No Need To Waltz" is being sung in a jazzy, emotional style by the faded lounge singer.

The HOST greets Sue as she enters. She approaches and hands him the \$100 bill, her voice barely above a whisper, lost in the swell of music. The Host nods and steps away, leaving Sue to witness a moment not meant for her eyes.

Bob stands and extends his hand to Jane. She accepts with a laugh, and they begin to dance gracefully amidst the tables. They are lost in each other, twirling, laughing, and sharing kisses, oblivious to Sue's stunned gaze. Bob and Jane, kiss and dance and kiss again.

As Sue watches, frozen and hurt, the Host returns with a carryout bag and change. He notices her gaze towards Bob and Jane.

HOST

They make a lovely couple. 2nd time here this week.

Close-up on SUE: A tear escapes her eye as she processes the betrayal, her face a mask of shock and brewing anger.

Sue leave the restaurant and briskly walks back to the office.

SUE

(voice cracking, to herself)
Bob and Jane York. Jane York and Bob. Well, when did all this happen? Where was I? How did I not see this? 2nd time this week? God, what a fool I am. I have no time for waltzing, but Bob has time. They look so much in love. Did we look like that just 3 months ago?

INT. YORK ENTERPRISES - TED'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Ted sits at his desk, a smirk on his face, fully aware of the game he's played. Sue enters, her demeanor now icy and composed, holding the dinner bag and change. The clock chimes as it strikes 7:30 Pm.

TED

(cheerfully)
PS! Look at the time, it is just 7:30!
My goodness, that was quick.

SUE

Well, I don't want to waste the company's money. Honesty is the best policy, Mr. York.

TED

Oh, I DO like that in a girl.
COMMITMENT.

SUE

TRUTH. The word that I would choose is
truth.

TED

Oh, you are a Thesaurus, I see! You
are pretty and smart.

SUE

I am not sure what that word, THE SAW
ASS is?

TED

Sweetie, say it right or don't say it:
Thesaurus.

SUE

Right, silly me. I didn't go to
college. Well, here is your receipt
and your change. The dinner came to
\$5.35. The host looked at me oddly
when I gave him a \$100 bill. So here
is your change, \$94.65.

TED Moves to give SUE a \$10 "TIP" SUE declines, politely.

SUE (CONT'D)

Mr. York-Ted, I couldn't take that
money. It wouldn't be proper. Is there
anything else? I would like to get
home. I have a lamb to cook.

TED

Oh, you cook too! And lamb! My
favorite. All for yourself, PS?

SUE

Ted, you flatter me. There might be
someone joining me later, but I
shouldn't talk about my private life
at work.

TED

PS, we are going to be remarkably
close. You will be able to tell me
anything. Your dreams.

SUE

Ted, I don't dream. Dreams are for
those with money and possibilities.

(MORE)

SUE (CONT'D)

I have neither of those as you have pointed out many times today. That's okay, I know who I am and where I am, and I am fine with all of that. Goodnight, Ted.

TED

(calling after her)

PS?

SUE

(turning briefly)

Yes, Ted?

TED

(smiling slyly)

Was the restaurant busy? Many people there? I hear they have a marvelous Torch singer there.

Sue hesitates as flashes of Bob and Jane waltzing, laughing, kissing.

SUE

There was a couple there, waltzing. They seemed very much in love.

TED

No waltzing for you, PS? I could teach you.

SUE

Thank you very much. I do know how to waltz. If there is nothing else, Mr. York, I will wish you a "goodnight."

Sue exits, leaving Ted smiling, pleased with himself.

TED

Oh! PS, I will know your secrets. Running business makes me hungry. Big Day! Take Charge!

INT. BOB & SUE'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - NIGHT

The clock shows 11:00 PM.

The camera slowly pans across a dimly lit, cozy bedroom. A soft nightlight casts a gentle glow. Sue lies in bed, her eyes wide open, staring at the ceiling, lost in thought. The room is quiet except for the ticking of a clock. As it chimes eleven times, Bob quietly enters the bedroom, his movements careful and measured.

Bob reaches Sue's side of the bed to turn off the light. Sue suddenly grabs his arm, stopping him. The final tones of the clock fade into a heavy silence.

SUE

(her voice low, filled with hurt)

There's no need to waltz around this topic, Bob. I saw you, with her, dancing as if your promises to me were just... whispers in the wind. I saw you, Bob. Waltzing with Jane York. How many chances do you get, Bob? How many times can you step back from the edge and pretend it's fine?

BOB

What are you talking about? I'm working my ass off for us. Sue, you're not looking at the bigger picture. That dance was a step towards something greater for us, for our future.

SUE

Our future? Or your future, Bob? It seems like you would trade our happiness for a dance with temptation. I am not one of your dreams, Bob. Maybe I used to be for you, some fantasy of a perfect life, the perfect wife.

BOB

It's not just a dance, Sue. It's networking, mingling with those who can elevate us to heights we've never dreamed of. Can't you see? This is for us.

SUE

I see a man so eager to climb, he doesn't realize his ladder is leaning against the wrong wall. I am tired of your social climbing fantasies.

Bob's demeanor shifts as he becomes more direct, his frustration evident.

BOB

Fantasies? No, Sue. This is reality. In this city, you're either at the top looking down, or at the bottom being trampled. I refuse to be on the bottom.

SUE

And in your mad rush to the top, you're trampling on us, Bob.

BOB

You'll see, Sue. Once I'm there, at the top, everything will be better. We'll be better.

SUE

There's no 'we' on the path you're choosing, Bob. The lamb is in the kitchen, still warm.

Bob pauses, a mix of contemplation and hunger on his face.

BOB

Oh, thanks, I may have a slice. I am hungry.

Sue sniffs the air suddenly, suspicion in her tone.

SUE

What is that smell?

Bob, now whimsical, tries to deflect.

BOB

Oh, there was a table right next to us, and a woman had on this intoxicating perfume. Just wonderful.

SUE

Liar. Remember Bob, I saw you waltzing with Jane York. Have your lamb. Get your fill. Then get to bed. We are having a baby. Wise up, Bob.

Sue turns off the nightlight, plunging the room into darkness. Bob moves silently to the other side of the bed.

BOB

(whispering to himself)
Time for dreams. Tomorrow will be my day. Big day! Take charge!

INT: BOB'S DREAM

In Bob's head we see Bob and Jane waltzing at Delmonico's and kissing then in bed making love at Jane's apartment.

Bob's strong back pulsing on top of Jane, she moans and smiles.

INT. JANE'S APARTMENT - MORNING

SUPERIMPOSED: NEXT DAY, APRIL 6, 1953.

Clock strikes 8:00 AM.

Jane sits at a vanity, elegantly brushing her hair. The mirror is positioned to allow the audience to see her face clearly. She hums and lightly sings the TORCH song from the night before. A content smile playing on her lips.

JANE

(singing softly)

Last night was... delicious. Bob certainly knows how to serve up a tempting dish.

The camera pans to reveal Ted standing in the doorway, observing Jane. He steps into the room, a cautious smile on his face.

TED

Delicious, huh? I hope you remember that some dishes are better admired from a distance. Especially those already spoken for.

JANE

Oh, Ted. Since when did you become such a moral compass? Besides, we're all adults here. A little... sampling doesn't hurt.

TED

Sampling? Jane, you're playing with fire. And let's not forget the course he's already committed to. Sue and their upcoming... addition.

JANE

Commitments are just temporary arrangements, dear brother. Besides, a man like Bob is hungry for power. He needs someone who can truly appreciate his... appetite.

TED

Appetite or not, Bob's plate is already full. He's a manager with dreams bigger than his wallet, with another woman, and they're expanding their little family. You really want to add your dish to that crowded table?

JANE

(leaning back, confident)
Crowded tables offer the most interesting choices, Ted. And I intend to be the choice he can't resist.

TED

You're playing a dangerous game, Jane.

JANE

Oh, last night with Bob was delicious. Bob is so full of passion. I hope you find someone like Bob.

TED

(raising an eyebrow)
Do you want me to find a man like Bob?

JANE

(laughing)
No, brother, I mean a woman who will make you feel wonderful. You work too much!

TED

Well, I will have to be on the lookout for someone like Bob.

JANE

Are you teasing me? You know what I mean. I want you to find happiness like I found. I worry about you, Ted.

TED

I'll be away this evening, going to take a drive up to Newburgh to see a new facility. Going to see if this new facility is compatible with my plans. Did Bob ever talk about Harrisburg and how he came to be here?

JANE

Ted, what are you up to? Leave Bob alone. I don't care what he did before me. He will be famous; I can feel it.

(MORE)

JANE (CONT'D)

I think it will be electrifying to see what his future will bring! So, you just help Bob along. Show him the ropes.

TED

Right. Show Bob the ropes. I'll keep my eye on him. A close eye. Something about him doesn't smell right.

JANE

Oh, Ted! You and your "smells." Help Bob, I am sure that there is a lot he can do for you.

TED

Oh, I have a list of things that I want him to do for me.

Ted exits, leaving Jane alone. She watches him leave with a thoughtful expression, then picks up the phone with a smile, still aglow with love.

INT. SUE AND BOB'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - MORNING

Sue straightening up the living room. Light streams through the windows, casting shadows that accentuate the tension in the air. Bob, in the background, is hastily packing an overnight bag and a suit into a garment bag.

CUT TO:

INT. JANE'S APARTMENT - SAME TIME

Jane, looking anxious and impatient, dials a phone number.

CUT BACK TO:

INT. SUE AND BOB'S APARTMENT

The phone rings. Sue, puzzled, answers.

SUE

Hello? Hello?

CUT TO:

INT. JANE'S APARTMENT

Jane, caught off-guard by Sue's voice, hangs up abruptly without a word.

CUT BACK TO:

INT. SUE AND BOB'S APARTMENT

Confused, Sue hangs up the phone. Bob enters the scene with his bags.

BOB
Who was that?

SUE
Who knows? I said "Hello" a few times,
but no one was there. Where are you
going? What's all this?

BOB
I told you, I have a trip this evening
with Ted. We are going to look at a
new facility in Newburgh.

The phone rings again. Sue, now visibly irritated, stops Bob from answering.

SUE
I'll get it, and don't leave yet,
please. Hello? Hello? Is anyone there?

INT. JANE'S APARTMENT

JANE hangs up again, frustrated.

INT. SUE AND BOB'S APARTMENT

SUE hangs up the phone and turns back to BOB.

SUE
Odd. The caller just hung up. So
now tell me again? You are doing
what with who?

BOB
I told you that I have this meeting
with Ted.

SUE
 (half-joking, half-serious)
 Another night out? What will I do?

BOB
 Maybe call your sister, Pam, and you
 catch a movie? Have dinner?

SUE
 Where should we go?
 ("innocent" sarcasm)
 Delmonico's? Yes! Yes! That's it.
 Delmonico's. Wait, didn't you go there
 last night?

BOB, caught off-guard, doesn't like where this is heading.

BOB
 Yes.

SUE
 Pam said that they have a wonderful
 piano player and people dance.

BOB
 So, do you want to dance?

SUE
 Oh, no. No need for a waltz for me.
 But I do enjoy watching people in
 love. The way they laugh and carry on.
 So romantic, don't you think?

BOB remains silent, his thoughts elsewhere.

SUE (CONT'D)
 (slightly irritated)
 Bob, don't you think? Bob!

BOB
 What? What are you trying to get at?
 What are you saying?

SUE
 Well, there is no need for that tone.
 I was not in the arms of Miss Jane
 York last night, remember?

The phone rings one last time. BOB answers it hastily, trying to
 regain control.

BOB
 Hello. Who is this? Hello? Who is
 calling?

INT. JANE'S APARTMENT

Jane, puzzled by his tone, responds.

JANE
Bob, it's Jane.

INT. SUE AND BOB'S APARTMENT

Bob, frustrated, keeps pressing.

BOB
I said who is calling. Hello! Hello!

JANE
Bob, it's your baby.

INT. SUE AND BOB'S APARTMENT

Sue watches BOB's reaction closely.

BOB
Hello. Answer. Is anyone there?

Bob hangs up the phone abruptly. JANE, on the other end, hangs up, puzzled and concerned.

INT. BOB AND SUE'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - DAY

The camera captures Bob in a state of irritation as he hangs up the phone.

BOB
Pranksters. What a waste of time.

Sue, concerned but trying to maintain a normal conversation, probes a bit deeper.

SUE
Will you stop by before you go for the day?

BOB grabs his bag and suit, heading towards the door, his tone detached.

BOB
Sue, I am always around. If it is business related, I will stop over, if not just do your job and I'll see you later tomorrow. I am late already.

As he reaches the door, Sue calls out to him.

SUE

BOB?

He turns, visibly annoyed by the interruption.

BOB

What, Sue, what? I am so late.

Sue walks over and gives Bob a gentle kiss on the lips. Her voice softens, showing a mix of concern and affection.

SUE

I just wanted to say, "I love you and have a good day." Last night in your dreams you kept calling out, "Big Day! Take Charge." You said that over and over again several times. Then you just smiled. What was that about?

Bob, caught off guard by her tenderness amidst their tension, shrugs off her question.

BOB

I have no idea.

He turns to leave.

INT. TED'S OFFICE - DAY

Ted is seated at his desk, engrossed in reading a report. He writes notes in the margins, nodding appreciatively at the content.

CUT TO:

The office door opens, and Bob enters. Ted looks up, a hint of a smile playing on his lips.

TED

(closing the report)

Bob, good morning. I did not think I would say this, but, nice work.

BOB

You read it?

TED

Yes. Your ideas are a bit ungrounded, but I like your take on the ad campaign. Just a few improvements needed.

BOB

Improvements require flexibility. I'm flexible. The key is knowing when to make your move.

TED

Ah, flexibility. A valuable trait. I was thinking, perhaps a more... intimate setting could foster our... partnership. Tonight will be just the two of us, to... explore our potential. I have much to teach you.

Ted's eyes briefly assess Bob, contemplating the professional journey ahead.

TED (CONT'D)

You will learn from me, Bob. You will thank me for all I am about to show you. Are you ready?

BOB

(confidently)

An interesting proposal. It's all about who you're in bed with, metaphorically speaking. Let's just say, I'm open to exploring new avenues.

Ted rises, stepping closer to Bob with a calculated grin.

TED

I explore everything within my reach. What I want, I have. We will go all in, and you will thank me.

Ted's tone shifts back to a business-like indifference.

TED (CONT'D)

My desires will be your desires. It really is that simple.

BOB

(leaning in, matching Ted's intensity)

So, my ideas become your ideas.

TED

Simple, isn't it?

BOB

Your desires become... my desires.

Ted nods, appreciating Bob's assertiveness.

BOB (CONT'D)
Boss, I'll take care of you.

Bob gives a full on hard passionate kiss to Ted. Bob then steps back and lightly pats Ted's cheek. Bob smiles like a hungry Wolf. Bob gives a low growl.

BOB (CONT'D)
Grrr...That was good, wasn't it? I liked it, so I am sure you liked it too. Right, Teddy?

TED
Yes, yes. More of that to come, later.

Bob nods, a smirk on his face, and exits the office. Ted watches him leave, a contemplative smile on his face.

INT. OFFICE - SECRETARY POOL - DAY

SUPERIMPOSED: APRIL 6, 10:00 AM

Sue and Pam at their secretary stations, engaged in a lively, dramatic conversation. They pause to laugh heartily.

CUT TO:

Bob enters the scene, his face clouded with irritation as he watches Sue and Pam. He approaches with a sense of authority misplaced in his casual demeanor.

BOB
Miss Spencer.

The two women continue to laugh, ignoring him. BOB's irritation mounts, and he raises his voice, cutting through their laughter.

BOB (CONT'D)
Miss Spencer!

SUE & PAM
(in unison, turning toward him)
Yes?

BOB
What?

PAM
Which "Miss Spencer" do you want? We are both "Spencer's" Not married, either.

BOB
Oh, you know what I mean.

PAM
(playfully ignorant)
I am not sure what you mean. You may have to "dumb it down for me." Or should I go "take a powder"?

BOB's face tightens with annoyance.

BOB
Yes, Miss Spencer. Miss Pam Spencer. Take a powder. And get me a coffee.

PAM
(sweet, innocent and arrogant)
A coffee? Should I get that before or after my powder?

BOB
(irritably)
Before! Now!

PAM
Well, no need to shout. How do you like it?

BOB
Black.

PAM
FINE. Black coffee then a powder.

Pam echoes as she leaves, "Black coffee then a powder."

Bob turns to Sue, who is trying to hide a smile.

BOB
Ted needs you right now. What is he saying these days?

SUE
Well, we started to draft a letter to the Human Resource Department and then he kissed and—

Pam returns with the coffee, interrupts, Bob takes it.

BOB
Let's not go through that again. But find out what he is up to.

SUE
(suddenly serious)
Bob, what are you up to? What happened
in Harrisburg? You never talk about
it.

BOB
People are dead.

SUE
What people? What did you do?

BOB
(trying to brush it off)
No, I didn't mean specific people,
just, you know I moved on. New
chapter.

SUE
BIG DAY! TAKE CHARGE! I think this is
my new phrase!

Bob returns in his WOLF Energy.

BOB
What did you say?

SUE
That has stayed with me since you
called that out in your dream. I like
it. Big Day! Take Charge!

BOB
Your new phrase. Really. Seems like
everyone is making this their new
phrase.

SUE
I love it! So powerful. Big Day! Take
Charge!

BOB
Get moving, Ted wants you.

SUE
Yes Boss! Big Day! Take Charge!

Sue promptly exits. Bob watches her leave, his expression a
mixture of contemplation and concern.

INT. TED'S OFFICE - DAY

Ted sits behind a large desk, papers spread out in front of him. He looks up as Sue enters cautiously.

SUE
(standing at the door)
Mr. York, you wanted to see me? How can I help?

TED
(rising to greet her with a controlled smile)
PS! Good to see you. I've been thinking of you. I know, then, that you must be thinking of me.

SUE
(uncomfortably)
Well, Mr. York-

TED
(interrupting with a laugh)
PS! No need for a comment. Gratitude will be simply fine.

Ted gestures for her to come closer.

TED (CONT'D)
Now, PS, come here. I need your help with something... delicate.

Sue approaches but maintains a professional distance. TED's voice lowers, hinting at the seriousness of his request.

TED (CONT'D)
Ps, come closer, I won't bite you... Yet... I need you to dig a little deeper, PS. Find out what Bob's been up to, who he's been associating with. Anything that might shed light on his true intentions.

SUE
But what if I find something... incriminating? What then?

Ted steps closer, his demeanor shifting slightly, which makes Sue uncomfortable.

TED
My, PS, such a lovely scent.

Sue instinctively steps back, her voice firm.

SUE
 Mr. York, I mean, Ted. You flatter me,
 but a girl doesn't receive such
 advances from her boss's boss
 appropriately.

TED
 (chuckling)
 Oh, PS! I can help you.

He pauses, sniffing the air again, his tone changing as he
 recognizes the scent.

TED (CONT'D)
 That scent, I just realized what it
 is...

SUE
 (trying to keep the
 conversation light)
 I am wearing Yardley.

TED
 "Yardley!" Oh no, such a common scent.
 No, that's not what I mean...

Sue attempts to lighten the mood, misunderstanding his
 implication.

SUE
 Well, I can't afford Chanel.

TED
 Oh, PS, I will get you Chanel! That's
 not what I mean.

Ted sniffs again, think and then smiles.

TED (CONT'D)
 The scent... it's deceit, passion,
 lies. I love it! You wicked little PS.
 Wrapping some poor man around your
 little finger.

Sue, now visibly upset, tries to maintain her composure.

SUE
 Ted, I don't want you to talk to me
 that way.

TED
 PS! Please drop the formalities. You
 are pregnant. I can see that. I can
 smell it on you.

(MORE)

TED (CONT'D)
That smoldering passion. Wicked,
wicked woman. How will you survive?

Sue, overwhelmed and distressed, struggles to respond.

SUE
It will all be fine.

TED
I am looking forward to our time
together. Since you are in this state,
then I have nothing to worry about.
Can't get pregnant again. We both win!

Sue, horrified by his implications, musters her strength.

SUE
We both win?

Ted, oblivious to her discomfort, continues.

TED
Oh PS, you are certainly not the
bright one. You see, I have many
wants, needs, and desires and I know I
will be desiring you, often. So, stay
close. Stay available. No man will go
near you now.

Ted, satisfied with his control, leans back in his chair.

TED (CONT'D)
(smiling to himself)
That smell of deceit is just
intoxicating. A pretty office girl
drenched in deceit and lies and
secrets! I must know of the secrets.
All of them. Now go, PS, I have
business to run!

INT. JANE'S APARTMENT - DAY

SUPERIMPOSED: APRIL 6, 1:00PM

Jane lounging elegantly on a plush sofa, flipping through a Ladies' Home Journal. Light streams through large windows, bathing the room in a warm glow.

FLASHBACK in JANE'S mind of past moments with BOB: In Bed, Walk in the park, Dinners, laughing, kissing. All montage. The knock is heard faintly. On the 3rd knock the dream-state stops.

JANE

1 PM. Who could that be? I am not meeting Mitzi and Clara until tomorrow.

More hurried knock follows. Jane sets down her magazine with a playful roll of her eyes and heads to the door.

JANE (CONT'D)

Yes, coming.

She opens the door, and her expression transforms into one of delighted surprise when she sees Bob standing there. Bob bursts into the apartment and starts pacing. He has an energy mix of the wolf and caged tiger.

JANE (CONT'D)

Bob, darling, I didn't expect to see you here. Slumming around my neighborhood? Are you lost, my darling?

BOB

Jane, I must know. I got to know before I go any further. There are consequences. There are always consequences when you do something. So, do you?

JANE

And here I was, thinking you were here to drop off my dry cleaning. Bob, shouldn't you be at work?

BOB

Jane, Baby, tell me!

Jane, looking puzzled by his urgency, sits back down.

JANE

Bob, relax. What is it? What's the fire? Bob, did you quit? You're shaking. What's going on?

BOB

Quit? No. Bob is rising. Ted's got me running around like a damn errand boy. So, do you, Jane? Do you?

JANE

Bob, slow down, you are making me tired looking at you pace so, like a tiger in a cage. You look mad!

(MORE)

JANE (CONT'D)

Something is eating at you, now tell,
Jane what she can do to help, my love.

BOB

You don't know what it takes, Jane. To
get ahead in this world. Jane,
everyone, every single person wants
something from me. Pulling at me.
Taking pieces of me, except you.

JANE

Bob, so much drama. It's like we are
at a matinee! Macbeth in the
afternoon! Then tell me. What are you
doing, Bob? What's the cost this time?

BOB

Jane, please don't make fun of me.
There's no cost. Just the usual crap.
Deals, egos, late nights.

JANE

Bob, I am trying to have fun with you.
Now come sit. Tell Jane, what is
troubling you so? What is this an
episode of "You Bet Your Life?" What
is the burning question? Don't lie to
me, I can tell you are hiding
something.

BOB

You think it's easy, don't you?
Sitting here, judging me from your
safe little world. Jane, do you love
me? Rich or poor, sickness and health,
do you love me?

JANE

Oh, Bob, what brought all this on? Why
talk of love? We have each other. What
a marvelous time we had last night.

BOB

Jane, stop. Stop please and tell me?
Do you love me? Do you want me? In
this world you either win, or you get
left behind.

JANE

(pauses, searching for the
right word)

"Complicated." You make it sound so
"final." So "absolute." Really, Bob,
you should get back to work. You don't
want my brother to be upset.

BOB

Ted has more than his eyes on me.

JANE

Ted is wonderful. Now there is a man
who knows what he wants, and he takes
it. He gets it. Ted makes things
happen. You can learn from him.

BOB

Oh, I am learning a lot from Ted.
Believe me.

JANE

Good. Be more like Ted and less a
dreamer. Dreams are nice but dreams
don't pay the bills or keep Jane in
fine clothes.

BOB

Oh, Jane, I am going to give you
everything. So just tell me, Jane, do
you love me?

JANE

(stops to ponder, then
smiles reassuringly)

Well, now that I think about it, and I
had not really stopped to think about
it, you see I was reading the Ladies
Home Journal and... I stopped to think
how fond I am of you, Bob.

BOB

(desperate)

FOND? FOND?

JANE

(laughing, playful)

And then I thought about Marilyn
Monroe in "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes."
Have you seen that picture? Do you
think I should go blonde?

BOB

Jane!

JANE

And then I thought how much fun that movie was. My GOD, that woman has everyone wrapped around her finger. I bet she is going to be a legend one day. Imagine Marilyn as the FIRST LADY! What class she has. I just love Marilyn.

BOB

Jane! The answer!

JANE

And then I thought, "I have been so fond of Bob, and then out of nowhere I said to myself this morning while having my tea, I said aloud, "I love Bob." I just said it aloud like a known fact. "The sky is blue. $1 + 1 = 2$. I love Bob."

BOB

So, you do love me!

JANE

Well, Bob, I have already established that. Now really, what is all the fuss?

Bob kisses Jane. She laughs and gently pushes him toward the door.

JANE (CONT'D)

Bob, now relax. It's just after 1 PM. You have work to do. So go now, get back to work and do whatever Ted wants you to do.

BOB

Do anything Ted wants?

JANE

Yes, Bob. Ted is passionate about his work. Ted knows what he desires and goes after it. Whatever Ted wants from you, do it! Move up! Figure out what he wants and give it to him. What is troubling you?

BOB

Nothing. Ted said he will teach me a few things.

JANE

Good! So, learn! Be available to Ted,
whenever he needs you. Be flexible.
AND be available for me!

BOB

Everyone wants a piece of me.

Jane kisses Bob and playfully pushes him out the door.

JANE

Now go, my love. Back to work. Will I
see you tonight?

BOB

(heading out)

No, I have something for work to do.

JANE

Oh, that Ted is going to break you in.
It may be hard. Ted can be demanding.
Whatever Ted wants from you, do it.
Follow his lead. Let Ted teach you!
Bye love! Now go.

Bob leaves. Jane sits back down and picks up the "LADIES HOME JOURNAL" again, not reading so much as passing the time. She pauses, smiles, and lets out a little laugh.

JANE (CONT'D)

(whispering to herself)

I do love Bob! I do! Ted will show him
how business works! I love BOB!

INT. OFFICE - SECRETARY POOL - DAY

SUPERIMPOSED: APRIL 6, 3:00PM

Pam is typing diligently at her desk. The ambient office noise fades as Bob rushes in, disrupting the calm. The camera follows Bob as he approaches Pam, his expression tense and his movements quick.

BOB

Miss Spencer, a word with you.

PAM

(looking up, playful yet
sharp)

Yes, Mr. Chamberland. What is it that
you need? Should I go take a powder?

A power-play between Bob and Pam.

BOB
That is what I am talking about.

PAM
About me taking a powder?

BOB
(frustrated)
That's it. It's your tone that I don't like.

Pam lowers her voice mockingly, then shifts to a Marilyn Monroe impression, teasingly to Bob.

PAM
(sarcastic innocent)
About me taking a powder.

Pam laughs, but Bob is not amused.

BOB
(annoyed)
Stop it. You have this tone. I hear it when you speak to me. I don't like it.

PAM
Mr. Chamberland, I am not sure what you mean?

BOB
You know exactly what I mean. It is degrading. You make fun of me in front of the other girls. You have a sass to you. Like you are smarter than me.

PAM
Why, Mr. Chamberland, I would in no such way ever imply—

BOB
(cutting her off)
Stop it, Miss Spencer. Now.

Pam salutes mockingly.

PAM
Yes, sir.

BOB
See, that is what I am talking about. You want to prove something. There is some point you are always trying to make. So, out with it.

PAM
Out with it?

BOB
Yes, here and now, let's get it over
with. What is it that you want to say?

PAM
Does my job hinge on this?

BOB
Miss Spencer, your work is superior.
It is your attitude that needs help.

PAM
So out with it?

BOB
For the love of God. Yes. Why do you
needle me all the time? Always little
digs. I am tired of it all. And this
will stop, this tone of yours, will
end now. So, what is on your mind?

PAM
(suddenly serious)
Sue.

BOB
Sue? What does she have to do with
this?

PAM
You think I don't know. I know
everything. And there are parts to
your story that don't add up.

BOB
I am not sure what you think you know.

PAM
I know you seduced her. You begged her
to be with you. A young man on the
rise. A man from nowhere. You think
Harrisburg, PA gives you power. Did
you go to Hershey Park? What a sad man
you are. You come from the same stock
as me. You are from nowhere. You are
easy on the eyes and oh yes, you are a
"smoothie." There is something about
you that I don't know, and I will find
out. I don't like you, Bob.

BOB
Be careful, Miss Spencer.

PAM
Or what? Are you going to get me
pregnant, too?

Bob shoots Pam a fiery look.

BOB
You just shut your mouth and watch
your tone.

PAM
Leave me hanging? Empty promises?
That's what you give Sue. You should
have fallen down that shaft. Big Day!
Take Charge! Maybe that is my new
phrase.

BOB
(dumbfounded)
What did you say?

PAM
That shaft. Sue told me all about it.
How the door opened, you stepped in.
Sue screamed. She grabbed you. Saved
you. Sue is always, "saving" people.
Damn her, she should have let you fall
down that shaft. I have told her to
leave you. Then I told her to make you
pay. Pay for what you did to her. Pay.
Pay and pay. Oh and Miss Jane York.
Wake up, Bob. Who are you kidding? Out
of your league. You are gonna be
middle-class your whole, sad, dismal
life.

Bob slaps Pam. She does not budge. She looks coldly at Bob.

PAM (CONT'D)
Our father had a temper. Used to beat
us. I would take a slap and not cry.
He would hit me again. I wouldn't cry.

The shot of Pam goes BLACK & WHITE AS PAM SAYS.

INT: MONTAGE OF THE STORY AS PAM SPEAKS

PAM
Then one day, one hot, July day, he
went after Sue. She was fourteen.

(MORE)

PAM (CONT'D)

I was sixteen. She was always the pretty one. He used to say, "Pam you are as ugly as that whore of a mother you have." He went after Sue. I went for the knife. Guess who was dead on the floor? Sue screamed. I put that man down.

FLASHBACK ENDS. Back to COLOR

PAM (CONT'D)

So, Mr. Chamberland. You want to hit me again. I dare you. I DARE YOU. There could be a knife in your back quicker than you can say, "Bob's your uncle."

Pam glares at Bob. BOB is motionless. His hand is trembling.

PAM (CONT'D)

Stay in your lane. You are a pig in the barn yard. You cannot sit at the master's Table. It won't work.

BOB

You don't know what you are talking about.

PAM

You are going to marry Sue. Make it quick.

BOB

Or what? Are you threatening me?

Pam laughs dryly

PAM

Bob, I have put one man down, I can go for two, no problem. Knife in the back, remember? You better watch your back.

BOB

Your tone better change.

PAM

Sure, Bob. You marry Sue, make this all right as rain, and my tone will be nothing short of angels singing.

BOB gains composure.

BOB
Miss Spencer. GO TAKE A POWDER.

PAM
Yes, Boss. I'll go take a powder

She exits and laughs repeating that line "I'll go take a powder" in different voice tones as she exits. Laughing all the way.

BOB
(gruffly)
Big Day! Take Charge!

INT./EXT. MOTEL ROOM, NEWBURGH, NY - EVENING

SUPERIMPOSE: APRIL 6, 9:00PM

It is raining, the shot should be in Black and White, first with Bob's hands on the wheel, he pulls up to the cheap motel in Newburgh, we see the bottom of Ted as he gets out of the car to get the key for the room, he returns. They get their bags. Ted gives the key to Bob who opens the door and the filming goes back to Color

The camera sweeps over a sparsely decorated motel room that radiates a cheap and tawdry feel. A single bed, a desk with a lamp, and a straight-back chair fill the space, creating an almost claustrophobic atmosphere. The dim lighting adds to the room's dingy appearance.

Bob enters first, his movements cool and collected. He drops his overnight and garment bags near the door and switches on the light. Ted follows, breezing past Bob with a sly smile, removing his topcoat as he surveys the room.

TED
(laughing lightly)
Oh, we can work that out.

BOB
I'm a light sleeper.

TED
Well, then I will try not to wake you.
Trust me, we won't be sleeping much.

BOB
Hmm, I thought this was a business trip?

Ted, ignoring Bob, pulls a flask from his coat and hands it to BOB.

TED

Pour us a drink. Let's just relax for a moment with this drink.

They toast and take a sip. Ted sets the tone for a deeper conversation.

TED (CONT'D)

Bob, we must trust each other. I trust you, and you need to trust in my guidance of your career. I am going to expand you to new horizons. You just need to be open. You must play the game.

The WOLF is Back in BOB.

BOB

Ted, I can play the game. What do you have in mind?

TED

Bob, I don't know how to dumb it down for you any further.

BOB

Try.

TED

I like a man who doesn't go down easy, as long as he does go down in the end.

Their conversation takes a darker turn as Ted delves into Bob's past involvements, pressuring him to reveal more about his history.

TED (CONT'D)

Let's talk about Mickey Wilson.

Bob tries to maintain control of the situation, steering the conversation back to less sensitive topics. He approaches Ted, creating a tense intimacy.

BOB

(growls)

I have an appetite. One bed, must make do, for one night.

TED

Bob, I am sure that we will have more than one night.

Bob kisses Ted and takes off his tie to use it as a blindfold on Ted. He ease Ted to sit in the chair.

BOB

Teddy, I want a lot. You want to take.
I want to take. Sounds like we
understand each other.

Ted, slightly caught off guard by Bob's change in tone, nods in agreement. Bob seduces Ted as he talks to him.

BOB (CONT'D)

Teddy, do you trust me?

TED

Sure, Bob, I trust you to do what you
have in your mind to do.

Bob seduces Ted and getting to his conversation.

BOB

Teddy! But why are you digging into
Harrisburg?

Bob continues to seduce, growl and make advances on Ted.

TED

My man in Harrisburg said he found a
call girl, seems she knows you and
Mickey. Should be interesting to meet
her. Maybe we should go to Harrisburg
tomorrow?

Bob, now fully in control, asserts his dominance in their
twisted game.

BOB

What? Things are just getting started
here, Teddy. I have a surprise.

TED

(smiling nervously)
Now we are getting somewhere.

Bob goes to get the drinks. He stops by his bag and in the
pocket pulls out a rope.

BOB

(under his breath)
Big Day! Take Charge!

Bob downs a glass of whiskey. Bob takes off his shirt and
sits on Ted's lap facing Ted. Ted is blindfolded and runs his
hands over Bob's sculpted chest and arms.

Bob gets up and puts Ted's hand on Bob's crotch.

BOB (CONT'D)
 You feel that Ted! That is what you
 want, isn't it? Did I tell you what
 I want?

Ted moans with delight. Bob goes behind him with the rope. Bob chokes the life out of Ted with every word that he speaks getting more enraged.

BOB (CONT'D)
 Ted, I want you to stop digging into
 my past! Stop asking about Mickey
 Wilson!

Bob uses the rope to strangle Ted. Ted struggles and Bob overpowers him.

BOB (CONT'D)
 Ted, I want respect! Just like I
 wanted from that lousy Mickey Wilson.
 He wanted favors just like you. I
 killed Mickey. And now Ted, I am gonna
 kill you.

Bob finishes killing Ted. He exclaims:

BOB (CONT'D)
 BIG DAY! TAKE CHARGE

Bob steps back. Panting. He grabs the whiskey and downs a gulp.

Fade to B&W as Bob drags Ted's body to the car. He puts the body in the trunk. It is raining. Bob gathers the personal items from the room. Takes another drink, growls

BOB (CONT'D)
 BIG DAY! TAKE CHARGE

He looks around once more. He spots the rope on the floor. Grabs it. Bob turns off the light. Shuts the door.

INT. BOB AND SUE'S APARTMENT & THE ELEVATOR - 3 AM

Sue paces anxiously in the apartment.

Bob starts packing a suitcase as the conversation is happening.

SUE
 Bob! Oh, I've been up all night.

BOB
Why would you be up? I told you I
would be out.

SUE
I know, but I had this feeling that
something wasn't right. I had this
dream. I felt like I was choking. I
couldn't breath.

BOB
Big day. Take charge.

SUE
Bob. BOB! Are you listening to me?

BOB
I have big plans.

SUE
What are you talking about? Are you
listening to me?

BOB
(lost in thought)
Take Charge!
You are always going on about
something.

SUE
Bob! My dream. What do you think about
it?

BOB
Your dream? Well, you can breathe now,
right?

SUE
Yes.

BOB
Well, then you're fine.

SUE
Why don't you care for me anymore? I
noticed more and more that you care
less and less.

BOB
Big plans!

SUE
What are you saying? You keep saying
"Big Plans!"

Bob suddenly starts packing erratically, grabbing clothes and personal items.

SUE (CONT'D)

Bob, what is it that you are trying to do?

Bob continues to pack, struggling comically with the suitcase. Sue laughs, amused by his antics.

SUE (CONT'D)

Bob, what are you doing?

BOB

I am going.

SUE

Where are you going at this hour?

BOB

Why are you always on me? Can't you just be independent?

Sue becomes serious and confronts Bob.

SUE

Coming at you? Bob, I am pregnant! I have your child.

BOB

(derisive)

Yea, are you sure it's mine?

SUE

How could you? Who else would it be?

Bob snaps his fingers after "You were easy"

BOB

You were easy. 1, 2, 3 on your back.

SUE

(angry)

Stop it. Stop it, Bob.

BOB

You're a cheap, lousy whore from a cheap, middle-class family.

SUE

Don't talk about my family like that. Don't.

BOB
Cheap. Middle-class. I want more.

SUE
Well in 6-months you'll have more!

BOB
I AM going to move up. CORNER OFFICE
BOB here.

SUE
We are having a boy. I just feel it.

BOB
(skeptical)
Have you been pregnant before? You
told me you were a virgin. Another
lie.

SUE
Lies? I have never told you lies. What
lies?

BOB
Oh, never mind. Always at me. Always.

Bob storms out of the apartment, heading for the elevator. Sue follows him, pleading.

SUE
Bob, what are you doing? Where are you
going? You're running away from
responsibility, Bob.

Bob ignores her and pushes the elevator button. Sue tries to stop him. Sue gets in front of Bob, her back to the elevator as she faces him.

SUE (CONT'D)
Bob, stop. This is foolishness. Bob, I
need you. Bob our baby needs you.

BOB
Stop clinging to me. Always at me.

The elevator doors open to reveal an empty shaft. Unaware of this, Sue continues to plead with Bob.

SUE
Bob, you are in this with me whether
you like it or not. You better wake
up.

In a fit of rage, Bob pushes Sue into the shaft.

*SLOW-MOTION and repeat the " PUSH" a few times, this is all in B&W until BOB's line "Big Day" this goes back to color

There's a sudden, jarring WHOMP as she falls. The elevator door closes. BOB stands motionless, then he turns around. He exclaims

BOB
Big Day! Take Charge!

INT. JAIL

SUPERIMPOSE - 3 MONTHS LATER

Bob sits in the jail cell, looking lost, hallucinating. Only Bob can see Sue and Ted. When Sue and Ted speak they are always in BLACK & WHITE. When Pam and Jane enter they cannot see or hear Sue and Ted, they only see Bob reacting, turning and talking to the thin air.

BOB
It's not my fault. I did what I did.
My entire life, I've been put down.

SUE
I deserved better.

BOB AND SUE (TOGETHER)
I deserved better.

Sue comes out of the dark corner.

SUE
I did. I never wanted much.

TED
Life is simple.

SUE AND TED
Life is simple.

Ted comes out of the other side.

SUE AND TED (CONT'D)
It is your fault, Bob. You did this to us.

BOB
No. This is not my fault.

TED

(playful sarcasm in a sing-song voice)

Boring Bob is gonna hang. Boring Bob is gonna swing. You better tell them how you lied to everyone.

BOB

I did not lie to everyone now go away. Can't the dead remain quiet!

SUE

Ted, what happened to you?

Ted talking very innocent like he has no idea how this happened.

TED

Well, I just don't understand it.

BOB

Teddy, you were trying to seduce me.

SUE

What?

TED

Just spending time getting to know each other.

BOB

Teddy, you took me to that motel room to have sex with me.

TED

And then out of nowhere, Bob kisses me.

SUE

Bob, you kissed Ted?

BOB

No, he has it all wrong.

TED

Bob suggested we take a ride to Newburgh; he had this plan.

BOB

Oh my God, even dead you must lie. Teddy, wake up.

TED

Bob, you killed me.

BOB
Teddy, you just couldn't let go of
Mickey Wilson.

TED
Big day! Take charge! I met up with
Mickey Wilson. Seems you have a
pattern. Killed Mickey. Killed me.

BOB
Mickey is dead.

SUE
Mickey Wilson? That notebook?

TED
I met Mickey here. He said you were an
animal!

BOB
Teddy, shut up.

SUE
So, you strangled Ted? And you killed
this man, Mickey?

Bob looks down and covers his ear.

BOB
Leave me alone.

Silence for a moment.

Pam ENTERS sits on a chair. She is seated facing Bob.

PAM
Bob, why did you push Sue, down the
shaft?

Pam cannot see or hear Sue or Ted.. Bob is aware of the
conversation. When Sue and Ted speak they are in BLACK &
WHITE.

SUE
It was so sudden. I couldn't even make
a sound.

BOB
Yes, I surprised myself with that.

PAM
You were surprised?

BOB
No, Pam, I didn't mean you.

PAM
Bob why did you do it? Why? Why? Why
did you push her?

Jane enters, smartly dressed. Purse in hand. She is nervous.
Jane brushes by Pam and stops. Jane's emotions have taken hold
of her. This is NOT like Jane. She Blurts out.

JANE
Oh, Bob! I have missed you so.

Bob excited that Jane has arrived.

BOB
Jane, you came. I didn't think that
you would.

SUE
Well of course she came. She loves
you.

BOB
(To Sue)
You don't know that.

PAM
Bob, who are you talking to? Why is
Ms. York here?

JANE
Oh, Bob. This is just awful. What a
state I am in. I know it can't be
true. I just know it.

PAM
Well, he pushed Sue down the shaft.
Bob Strangled Ted!

JANE
No. No that is just lies. Lies. You
people always lie.

PAM
Lies? "You People?"

JANE
I came here looking for answers, Bob.
Tell me it's not true. Tell me you
didn't kill Ted.

BOB

Jane, you have to understand, it was all for us—our future. The power, the position... I thought it was the only way.

Jane now changes from empathy for Bob to Pity and loathing.

JANE

For us? There is no 'us,' Bob. There's just you and your endless hunger. You devoured everything in your path. All I hear from you is echoes of past promises. A girl like me doesn't wait for promises, Bob. I cash them out before they expire.

SUE

Love isn't built on the ruins of others' lives, Bob. You lost sight of what truly matters.

BOB

OK! OK, give me a minute.

Jane and Pam look oddly at Bob then a quick glance of disdain at each other.

JANE

Bob, who are you talking to?

Ted has a martini with olives in his hand. Ted laughs.

TED

Boring Bob is gonna hang! You better tell them how you lied to everyone.

SUE

Bob, you must make this right. I feel stuck.

TED

Oh, PS I am here for you!

BOB

Would you both stop it.

Silence now as Jane and Pam are very confused. Bob puts his head in his hands and sighs.

BOB (CONT'D)
 (mumbles repeatedly)
 BIG DAY! TAKE CHARGE! BIG DAY! TAKE
 CHARGE! BIG DAY

JANE
 You're a monster, Bob. And I was
 blind not to see it. My brother...
 he tried to warn me about you.

PAM
 Well, I don't mean to speak ill of the
 dead, but Mr. York was uppity.

Ted speaks blandly.

TED
 Bob, that Pam is a mannish woman. My
 mother would say she was "Handsome."
 PS, you had the looks, the style. Pam
 is like an ox. Simply good for work.

SUE
 Ted! Leave Pam alone. Where did you
 get a drink?

TED
 I just thought about having a martini
 and "poof" I had one. Bob, you need to
 get your act together.

BOB
 TED, would you just shut up!

Pam and Jane are very confused.

TED
 Bob, you are making a fool of
 yourself.

TED (CONT'D)
 (LAUGHS AND YELLS)
 Pam is a handsome woman!

TED LAUGHS

BOB
 Ted, just shut up! I killed two
 people.

PAM
 How Bob? How did you do it?

TED
Oh, Bob this is getting so
interesting!

SUE
It's ok, Bob.

TED
OK? OK? PS I was robbed of my
wonderful life.

BOB
I strangled Ted and I pushed Sue down
the shaft.
(To Sue)
Do you forgive me?

PAM
Never!

JANE
Bob, you ruined everything!

TED
Bored! This self-pity act is boring me
to tears. Boring Bob!. Boring Bob!

BOB
Sue?

PAM
Bob, you are delusional. Sue is not
here.

SUE
It's not too late for redemption, Bob.
But it starts with facing the truth of
what you've become.

TED
Oh, please, middle-class melodrama.
Boring people, with their boring
lives. Is this when we hug each other?
Stand up Bob and be a man. Own up to
it. I detest liars!

BOB
You are right, Ted.

Jane and Pam look at each other. Bob stands up.

BOB (CONT'D)
I killed Ted. He kept digging into
Harrisburg and Mickey Wilson.

INT: FLASHBACK OF TED'S MURDER

Bob talks mater-of-fact and then builds as his mood changes to escalation. Cold criminal. This flashback is in B&W

BOB

I got to that hotel room. I knew why we were there. Teddy wanted to play around. To get somewhere you got to go somewhere. So I went. All in.

JANE

What do you mean play along? What are you saying, Bob?

FLASHBACK in B&W

BOB

Jane, Teddy had a lot of desires. Teddy wanted me. He gave me money to be available for him and his desires.

JANE

No that's a lie.

BOB

And on that night, he wouldn't let go of Harrisburg. Damn Harrisburg. That town will never go away.

So that night I was going to go as far it took until I got what I wanted. Teddy was all controlling until I got him in that room, took charge, kissed him because that is what he desired. He wanted me. I took my shirt off. He wanted me so bad. I blindfolded him. Seduced him. He was gonna go to Harrisburg. Wanted me to take him there, show him around. It was all gonna come out. I knew Teddy would just use me if it was convenient for him. As long as I was desired.

INT: THE JAIL CELL

Pause. Now Bob speaks with an icy, steel voice. Bob acting like he is choking Ted as Jane and Pam watch.

So, I strangled him. I choked the life out of him.

(MORE)

BOB (CONT'D)

Pushed the last breath out of the lousy, using, filthy rich, uppity Corner Office user. If he lived, I would never get anywhere. Just like I did to Mickey. The dead don't speak anymore.

JANE

Bob, you killed Ted, and these lies you are making up for the reasons for your actions. I won't stand for it. I can't. Bob, I love you, but I will not accept lies. To say that Ted desired you is foolish. You try to find acceptance for your murderous ways. I wanted more and I could have given you more.

BOB

Jane I am not lying. Teddy did desire me. He kissed me.

TED laughs.

TED

Not getting out of this one, are you Boring Bob. Lies! You killed me, you killed PS and now you lost Jane! Great plan!

BOB

Shut up, Ted. Shut UP!

JANE

Bob, have you gone mad? Ted is not here.

BOB

Oh, he is. Taunting me. Calling me, "Boring Bob." He will haunt me forever!

TED

We will need to work on your defense.

BOB

(yells)
Get out of my head!

Ted vanishes.

JANE

Bob, I am leaving. I won't see you again. I am sorry that I met you.

(MORE)

JANE (CONT'D)

The pain and grief you have caused me and my family. Unforgivable. May God show mercy on your soul.

BOB

Go. Leave me. I knew you would. I ALWAYS knew!

Jane gives a final look of disdain and leaves. Silence. Sue has been watching quietly. She speaks lovingly and plainly. Sue looks away and smiles.

A bright light shines and Sue walks towards it as she speaks.

SUE

Bob, I do forgive you. I hope you will make sense of your actions someday. I must go. I won't be back.

BOB

Sue don't leave me, too. Sue please.

Bob gets to his knees. Sue drifts into the light.

PAM

Well done! Well done! That was marvelous! Hearing voices now? Clever. You will get the chair, Bob. I promise you. This saves me from putting a knife in your back. Keep hearing those voices, Bob. They will keep you company. I will see you at your execution. It will be electrifying! You wanted to make the headlines! I can't wait to get a front row seat!

Pam leaves. Bob is broken. His dreams have all faded and gone away. He sits back down.

BOB

It was not supposed to be like this.

During this speech Ted has entered and is standing three feet from BOB, martini in hand.

In Black and White:

TED

Bored. Bob you're boring the life out of me!

Ted sips his martini as he talks.

TED (CONT'D)
Ok Bob let's get a plan. First
thing is, you are guilty. So, what.
Get over it.

Ted sips the martini, takes the olive, and eats as he says
the next line.

TED (CONT'D)
Never be sorry for your actions.
You did what you did. So, wear your
guilt with honor.

BOB
What?

TED
We are going to be together for a
long time. I am not going anywhere.
I want excitement. Pony-up! Get
some guts. I would never have let
Jane talk to me that way. You need
to be in control. Do you think
you'll get the chair or the gas?
Oh, I hope that you get the chair,
that will be much more exciting!

BOB
Teddy, shut up.

TED acts out the walk and the wave.

TED
And when they walk you down that
last day, walk with your head up.
Waive to the press. Smile.

BOB
Stop, Teddy.

TED
And for the final meal go big! I
know you are middle-class, but move
up. Ask for champagne, caviar, and
oysters! Yes, oysters would be
divine!

BOB
Teddy. That's enough.

TED
Bob you are famous. Two murders in
one day! You wanted headlines buddy
boy and you got it!

BOB

TEDDY!

TED

Oh, you did have the scent of a TIGER that night you did me in. The smell of sweat.

BOB

I am so glad I strangled you. Just to keep you quiet. None of this was the plan. None of it.

TED

Well, THAT PLAN didn't work. Boring Bob can still hear me. Did you get the corner office? Did you get the girl?

BOB

Teddy please, stop.

TED contemplates and thinks for a moment.

TED

Let's not say "strangled." That sounds so, ordinary. I don't like that. Tell them you killed me out of passion. Yes, that sounds so much more interesting.

BOB

I am NOT going to say that.

TED laughs.

TED

Oh, Bob, you just make me laugh! What was it that you said that night?

BOB

What? When?

TED

After you strangled me.

BOB

Teddy, I don't remember.

TED

Ah, oh wait I remember!

BOB
What Ted? What?

TED takes the final sip of the martini. TED is proud and states with great excitement. He raises his arms as in victory.

TED
BIG DAY! TAKE CHARGE!

CLOSE UP on BOB'S eyes -

MONTAGE in B&W:

Bob Shoots Mickey. Bob strangles Ted.

Bob pushes Sue down the shaft. Bob payoffs with thugs.

Bob dumps a body in the river. Bob puts Ted's body in the car.

Montage ends. BACK TO COLOR.

Bob grabs his head and starts mumbling, repeatedly.

BOB
BIG DAY! TAKE CHARGE!

FADE OUT.

THE END.