

THE SHAFT

Written by

Dennis J Manning

"Big Day! Take Charge!"

FADE IN:

INT. MICKEY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

SUPERIMPOSED: Harrisburg, PA - December 8, 1952

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, dressed in a dark, blood-splattered suit, is methodically wiping down a sleek, heavy pistol with a white cloth. His movements are precise and calm.

Mickey's body lies sprawled on the floor, a pool of blood slowly expanding beneath him.

Bob sets the pistol aside and begins cleaning the room. He moves with purpose, occasionally glancing at Mickey's body with a cold detachment.

Every so often, he stops to wash his hands in the kitchen sink, watching the blood swirl and disappear down the drain.

BOB  
(murmuring to himself)  
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.

Standing, he drags Mickey's body toward a large, heavy-duty garbage bag he's prepared.

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.

Bob carefully positions Mickey's body inside the bag, zipping it closed.

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

BOB (CONT'D)  
(to himself)  
Harrisburg, a stage for the  
desperate and the power-hungry. But  
not for much longer. Not for me.

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)  
Now, It's time for me to move on.  
No more small plays, no more small  
days. If you want to get somewhere.  
You got to go somewhere.

He takes one last look around the apartment, steps over the body bag, and 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

## ACT 1

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, mid-30s, 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.

EXT. YORK ENTERPRISE BUILDING - MOMENTS LATER

A sleek, expensive car speeds down the street, catching Bob's attention. The camera follows the car as it screeches to a halt in front of the towering York Enterprise building.

INT. YORK ENTERPRISE LOBBY - CONTINUOUS

The lobby is sleek and modern. TED YORK, late 40s, steps out of the car and strides into the building, exuding authority and indifference. He barely acknowledges the doorman.

INT. YORK ENTERPRISE - MAIN FLOOR - CONTINUOUS

Ted walks briskly towards his office. From the opposite direction, PAM SPENCER, 30s, determined, approaches Ted and extends a job application towards him. Ted takes it without looking at her, nods coldly, and continues walking.

PAM  
(under her breath as she  
walks away)  
Upity 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  
(to himself)  
Chatter. All those women do is  
chatter!

SUE, late 20s, professional and a bit timid, enters with BOB, who now 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 finally looks up, meeting Bob's eyes for the first time.

TED (CONT'D)  
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.

CUT TO:

INT. TED YORK'S OFFICE - DAY

The office is spacious and impeccably organized, with a panoramic view of the New York skyline. TED YORK sits behind a large desk, reviewing a document. BOB CHAMBERLAND, 30s, confident and keenly observant, sits across from him, poised for the interview.

TED  
(looking up from the  
application)  
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  
(intrigued)  
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. It's about making bold moves, taking risks when necessary. I'm someone who doesn't shy away from making tough decisions.

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

(nodding, slightly smiling)

That's good to hear. We value efficiency and decisiveness here. It sounds like you're saying you can deliver both.

BOB

I'm certain I can. I wouldn't be here otherwise. 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

(leaning back, evaluating Bob)

Push the envelope, you say? Interesting. I like that. It's the kind of mindset we need. 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. In a place like this, professionalism is paramount, isn't it?

(MORE)

BOB (CONT'D)

It's the professionalism and dedication of individuals that drive the success of a company.

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. We'll get along just fine. 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

Good. I think you'll fit right in here, Bob. It's not just about what you can do—it's about how you handle the game. And it seems you know the rules quite well.

Bob nods, his expression resolute. He knows he's navigated a minefield today and proven himself capable in Ted's challenging corporate arena.

Ted looks at his watch.

TED (CONT'D)

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

(Smile)

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 YORK and BOB CHAMBERLAND 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 that doesn't quite reach his eyes.

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. There's a brief, awkward silence. He returns shortly, setting the coffee down smoothly before taking his seat, his composure regained.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - CONTINUOUS

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

MR. WINTERS  
I'll be frank, Ted. With the rise of new competitors, I'm reconsidering our investment. They're promising better returns and faster growth.

Ted's face stiffens.

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 goes beyond just immediate returns. We invest in innovation, in sustainability—factors that not only promise longevity but also secure a market lead.

MR. WINTERS  
(skeptically)  
And you believe you can deliver on these promises when others are already catching up?

BOB

Absolutely. It's not just about catching up or keeping pace. It's about setting the pace, creating the benchmarks. Our recent initiatives in Textiles have already begun to show promising results. 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 some of those 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

(with a forced smile)

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

As the meeting adjourns, Ted's look towards Bob is one of grudging respect mixed with wariness. Bob, aware of the shifting dynamics, maintains a professional demeanor, ready for the challenges ahead.

INT. TED'S OFFICE - DAY

Ted's office is filled with the buzz of afternoon energy, the city visible through large windows pulsating with life. 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, Mr. Ted.

(MORE)

BOB (CONT'D)

I face them head- on-diplomacy when possible, decisiveness when necessary.

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. Power isn't handed out, it's claimed. And I'm not shy about stepping up.

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, Mr. 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

(nodding)

Precision, huh? Just remember, in this city, the bold make it.

BOB

(with newfound boldness)

Give me a chance, Mr. Ted, and I won't let you down. I'm ready for whatever this job throws my way.

TED

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

BOB

I'm all in, Mr. 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.

INT. YORK ENTERPRISES - OUTSIDE TED'S OFFICE - DAY

The office door closes behind Bob and Sue as they exit into the quiet 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?

BOB

(declining politely)

No, thank you, Sue.

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

BOB (CONT'D)  
You handle everything around here so smoothly. It's impressive.

SUE  
(cautiously, with a knowing smile)  
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  
(leaning in slightly, confident)  
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 buzzing. 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)  
Mr. Ted wants you back for a follow-up meeting tomorrow.

BOB  
(nodding, his interest piqued)  
And what time should I be here?

SUE  
Nine sharp. He seems keen to see more of what you've got.

BOB

And I'm keen to show it. Hopefully,  
I'll have you around to keep things  
running smoothly.

Sue smiles, unfazed by the flirtation, her response light yet firm.

SUE

Just focus on impressing Mr. Ted.  
That's all the smooth running you  
need to worry about.

Bob acknowledges with a nod, impressed by Sue's deftness. He watches as she walks away, her efficiency and command of the situation clear.

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, mid-30s, 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

In his dream, Bob is climbing a rugged mountain. His breathing is heavy, each breath visible in the cold air. His face is strained with effort as he pulls himself up over rocks and rough terrain.

Finally, Bob reaches the summit, his hands grasping the cold peak. He pulls himself up and stands triumphantly. But as he looks down, his triumph turns to horror. Below him, instead of the mountain base, there is a macabre pile of dead bodies, each wearing the face of a colleague or rival he's surpassed in his climb to power.

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. BOB'S BATHROOM - MOMENTS LATER

shower

As the show starts the shot is in BLACK & WHITE and then transitions into COLOR.

Bob steps into the shower, the water running immediately hot. He stands under the spray, trying to wash away the remnants of the dream. His expression is pensive, troubled by the symbolism of his nightmare.

INT. BOB'S BEDROOM - LATER

Refreshed from the shower but still carrying the weight of his dream, Bob dresses in a meticulous, professional manner. He chooses a sharp suit, preparing for the day with a mechanical precision. Each movement is deliberate, as if he's armoring himself for battle.

Bob pauses at the mirror, adjusting his tie with precision. His reflection stares back at him—a mix of determination and underlying anxiety. He takes a deep breath, steeling himself for the day ahead, determined not to let the shadows of his dream dictate his reality.

INT. TED'S OFFICE - DAY

The office is a mixture of opulence and modernity, reflecting power and control. TED YORK sits across from BOB CHAMBERLAND, 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

(polite)

Yes, sir.

TED

(in a teasing tone)

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

BOB

(confidently, not missing

a

beat)

Of course.



TED  
Excellent. Use it in a sentence  
then.

BOB  
(slightly thrown off but  
recovering quickly)  
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  
(with intensity, owning  
his  
power)  
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. Rough story.

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

BOB  
Ah, Mickey Wilson... let's just say  
he's taken an early retirement.

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

TED  
Early retirement, you say? That's  
quite the euphemism, Bob. Care to  
elaborate?

BOB  
Let's just say Mickey's clock  
punched out a little sooner than he  
expected, Mr. Ted. Seems he met an  
unfortunate end in a dark alley  
downtown. A real tragedy, if you  
ask me. I was there. I saw this guy  
came 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.

BOB  
Trust, Ted? That's a rare commodity  
in these parts. But rest assured,  
when it comes to matters of  
business, my word is as good as  
gold.

TED

Interesting. I do wish I could've spoken with that Mickey Wilson, to get the real story.

BOB

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

TED

Right. Seems like there is more to this tale. I will find out. I find out everything.

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

BOB

Oh, I don't doubt your skills, Ted. But remember, some secrets are buried deep for a reason.

TED

Interesting. I'll take my chances, Bob. I'm not afraid of what lurks in the shadows.

BOB

Famous last words, Ted. Just remember, curiosity killed the cat.

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 \$10 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

(mockingly)

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

Stop lying to yourself and to me. 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.

TED (V.O.)

...Keep those girls on their tasks...If You agree, we have a deal.

Ted and Bob shake hands.

BOB

I will keep that in mind.

Ted gives Bob a long, evaluating look.

TED

Well, you are hired. I'm off now,  
take yourself to the human resource  
office and get signed on.

Ted leaves. Bob pauses and smiles slyly to himself.

BOB

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

CUT TO:

INT. OFFICE BUILDING - HALLWAY - DAY

Bob strides out of Ted's office, a grin spreading across his face. His mind races with excitement, barely noticing the world around him. As he turns a corner, he bumps into Sue.

BOB

(startled)  
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." Looks  
like you got the job?

Bob nods, his smile returning, brighter this time.

BOB

Yeah, I did. Thanks.

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 bursts into the office with no window, a bounce in his step. He tosses his bag onto a desk and starts shuffling through papers with gusto. The office is bustling with the rhythmic clacking of typewriters and the rustling of paperwork.

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. Office Manager. It is Mr. Chamberland, right?

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. OFFICE - DAY

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 Human Resources  
desk. Where is that?

SUE

I can take you.

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

Bob leans against the edge of the desk, his tone shifting to a more personal note.

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.

The camera focuses on Bob's intrigued expression as he sizes up the situation, hinting at his underlying intentions without explicitly revealing them.



EXT. BOB'S OFFICE - DAY

Bob exits HR and heads back to his office, Name Plate just being added. "Bob Chamberland" on the door. He looks at it and nods, proudly.

CUT TO:

INT. BOB'S OFFICE - DAY

Bob set the file of his desk, proud.

Sue enters Bob's office with a sense of purpose. She moves toward a filing cabinet. Bob, noticing her, stands up from his desk with a friendly smile.

BOB

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. Besides, you are my new boss.

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 notices her discomfort and steps back, adopting a more professional demeanor.

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.

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

INT. OFFICE - DAY

Bob and Sue stand close together, murmuring about a document, when the door swings open dramatically. Jane enters, every bit the commanding presence. She's styled like a classic film star, complete with a double strand of pearls.

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

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 chuckles, leaning in closer, playful yet respectful.

BOB

I am a tiger on the job and in the bedroom. Wanna hear me "roar," Sue Spencer?

Bob growls. Sue gives a nervous laugh.

SUE

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

The office is a reflection of Ted—a place of order but with an undercurrent of tension. Papers are neatly stacked;

the window offers a view of the bustling city below. 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

Unsung hero, you say? 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? Yes, thank you for waiting. 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, so a day before Robert quit. 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)  
(whispering to himself)  
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, 2953, 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  
(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.

BOB  
Sue, don't worry. I am moving up.

SUE  
Oh, you are a smoothie! That's what all the girls say!

BOB  
Really! All the girls? Which ones? Sandra? Emily? Rose?

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  
(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.

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)  
(to herself, exasperated)  
Ohhhh! He burns me up. That man.

INT. APARTMENT BUILDING LOBBY - DAY

The scene opens with the grandeur of an old but well-maintained apartment building lobby. 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.

BOB  
I am tired of middle class. I am moving up.

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.

BOB  
Dreams don't cost a cent!

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.

(MORE)

BOB (CONT'D)

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.

SUE

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."

Bob smiles reassuringly, attempting to lighten the mood. Sue looks at him, her expression a mix of love and exasperation, as she decides to accept the situation.

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

(trying to be light-hearted)  
Sue, if you must know, it's just a dangerous liaison under the moonlight. Nothing to worry your pretty little head about.

SUE

(frustrated)  
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

Is that your way of saying you're dodging the question?

BOB

Dodging? Perish the thought, Sue. I'm merely dancing around the topic like a skilled detective.

SUE

More 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.

BOB  
Corner office people wear a smart hat.  
Mr. York wears a hat. I am moving up.  
I can feel it.

SUE  
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. JANE'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - 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.

(MORE)

JANE (CONT'D)

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. 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.

(MORE)

JANE (CONT'D)

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

The apartment is stylish and tastefully decorated, reflecting Jane's high society status. JANE stands by a large window, lost in thought, gazing out at the cityscape. TED YORK 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.  
Bob is so, what is the word?  
"Pedestrian?"

JANE

(turning to face him,  
composed)  
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.

JANE

You and your smells! Bob isn't hiding  
anything. Ted, Bob is a man that lives  
for today and the future.

TED

He will hang himself. This is his job  
to lose.

The conversation ends abruptly as the room dims slightly,  
signaling a transition.

CUT TO:

INT. YORK ENTERPRISES - OFFICE - DAY

The scene shifts to a bustling office environment. SUE and her  
sister, PAM, are seated at adjacent desks, each clattering away  
at typewriters. The camera focuses on Sue's troubled expression,  
then shifts to Pam, who leans in, speaking earnestly but  
unheard.

As the camera pulls back to encompass both sisters, the office  
noise fades, and PAM's voice becomes clear, a stark contrast to  
the muted background.

PAM

(softly, but with intensity)  
You need to see the reality of your  
situation, Sue.

INT. YORK ENTERPRISES - OFFICE - DAY

Clock shows 10:00 AM.

The office is buzzing with activity, but the camera focuses on  
SUE and PAM at their desks, a small island of quiet intensity.  
SUE looks slightly distracted, fiddling with a pen, while PAM  
appears more direct and concerned.

PAM

(leaning in, voice low)  
Sue, my dear sister, 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.

The camera lingers on Sue's conflicted face as the office buzz resumes around them, highlighting her isolation despite the surrounding activity.

INT. YORK ENTERPRISES - OFFICE - DAY

The office is bustling with activity. PAM and SUE, seated at their desks, are immersed in a serious conversation. TED YORK 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. But  
remember, in business as in life,  
opportunities don't come knocking  
twice. 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 when it is  
just us. You can call me Ted.

(MORE)

TED (CONT'D)

On the office floor, you will always respect my position and address me as Mr. York. Is that clear?

SUE

Yes, Mr. York.

TED

(smugly)

PS, you may be pretty, but your sister has the brains. We are not on the floor, we are here together, so call me Ted.

SUE

Yes, 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

(struggling to maintain  
composure)

I don't know, Mr. York, I mean Ted. 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

Do you?

SUE

Do I what?

TED

(smirking)

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?

SUE

(stammering)

No, no, sir.

TED

Don't lie to me, PS. I detest liars. Weak character that's what that shows. 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

(stunned, whispers)

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 report to Ted)

Ted, I have that report to review.

(MORE)

BOB (CONT'D)

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. Her movements are hurried and flustered, reflecting her emotional state.

CUT TO:

INT. YORK ENTERPRISES - SECRETARY STATION - CONTINUOUS

The lighting dims slightly to focus on SUE as she rejoins PAM at their station.

INT. YORK ENTERPRISES - EXECUTIVE OFFICE - DAY

The office is sleek and modern, an expansive view of the city skyline visible through the large windows. BOB enters with a purposeful stride, report in hand, approaching TED, who is casually leafing through another document at his desk.

BOB

(handing over the report)

Ted, I have that report to review.

TED

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

BOB

Ted, you wound me. I was merely... biding my time.

TED

Biding your time or spending it wisely planning your next double-cross?

BOB

You know me, always a step ahead. But today, I'm here as a friend.

TED

With friends like you, who needs enemies?

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

Circles, you say? Dancing around? Interesting. You know, ambition is a hungry beast, always looking for its next meal. Just remember, it can just as easily decide you're the main course.

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

The question you need to ask yourself, Bob, is what are you willing to sacrifice? Your integrity? Your relationships? Your very soul?

BOB

Whatever it takes, Ted. I didn't come this far to only come this far.

TED

Then consider this my final piece of advice, 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

(with a wry smile, his tone laced with cynicism)

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

(laughing)

Bored. Bob, I am still bored. What do you do for fun? Who do you date? Where do the common people go?

TED continues to mock BOB, delving into personal attacks, each barb designed to unnerve and belittle him. As the conversation devolves, Ted and Bob, unheard, talk about the document and other work. PAM brings in coffee.

Time Passes.

INT. TED'S LUXURIOUS OFFICE - EVENING

TED's office is opulent, reflective of his power. The large windows overlook the city as the sun sets, casting long shadows. TED, sitting behind his massive desk, flicks through a document casually as BOB is working on some other documents.

TED

(looking up, smirking)

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.

(MORE)

TED (CONT'D)

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. I like what I see so far. 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.

(MORE)



BOB (CONT'D)

Rest assured, I'm committed to working diligently to achieve our shared goals. After all, a symbiotic relationship between employer and employee is key to thriving in this competitive landscape.

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 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.

BOB

(warning shot)  
Ted, no need to go to Harrisburg. Curiosity has a way of leading us down paths we may not want to travel. Trust me when I say, some answers are better left buried in the shadows, where they belong.

TED

(laugh)  
BORED, Bob, I am bored again. 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  
 (slow and steady)  
 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)  
 (to himself)  
 The past does not own me. Every  
 choice, every decision I've made has  
 led me to this moment. I am free to  
 shape my future as I see fit. And  
 nothing, nothing will stand in my way.

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. 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.

The camera pans across a busy open office filled with desks as it focuses on SUE and PAM at their workstation. Both are engaged in a hushed but intense conversation. The ambient noise of typing and distant phone calls fills the background.

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  
 (Acting like a detective)  
 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 the scene, 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. Miss  
 Spencer, you may be dismissed. Go 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

Sue, will you be okay?

SUE

Pam, yes, I'm fine. Right as rain.

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

PAM

(off-screen, laughing)

"Take a powder!"

The camera stays on SUE for a moment as she takes a deep breath, her smile fading to a look of determination mixed with unease.

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  
Dismissively brushing off the concern.

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

SUE  
Bob, did something happen there that you're not telling me?

BOB  
No, nothing happened.

SUE  
Whatever you say, Boss.

BOB  
I don't think I like your tone.

SUE  
Get used to it.

BOB  
(Changing the subject.)  
Look, settle down. Now what happened with Ted? What went on in there?

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. 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. 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 - EXECUTIVE OFFICE - LATE AFTERNOON

The camera opens on TED YORK, standing in the center of his lavish office. He exudes arrogance, hands clasped behind his back, as he gazes out the large window overlooking the city. The door opens, and SUE SPENCER 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. You can keep the change.

TED dangles the \$100 in front of SUE, attempting to impress her. SUE, however, remains unimpressed. She takes the \$100 with a neutral expression, showing no reaction to the supposed generosity.



SUE

Right. No problem, Mr. York.  
Delmonico's at 7:15. I won't need the  
remaining cash; you pay me handsomely  
here and now with the overtime. I'll  
bring back your dinner, the receipt,  
and the change. 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. He then turns and exits in the opposite direction,  
still smiling.

CUT TO:

The camera follows SUE as she walks back to her desk, her  
expression a mix of determination and contemplation, hinting at  
her internal resolve to navigate the challenges posed by her  
workplace.

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. Gentle waltz music fills the air. 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.

The HOST greets SUE as she enters, hesitant and observant. 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.

As SUE watches, frozen and hurt, the HOST returns with a carryout bag and change. He notices her gaze towards BOB and JANE, offering a sympathetic smile before exiting.

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

The scene fades as Delmonico's dims out, leaving SUE alone in the spotlight.

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? 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?

CUT TO:

INT. YORK ENTERPRISES - TED'S OFFICE - NIGHT

The office is starkly lit, a stark contrast to the warm restaurant. 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

No, PS, you keep that.

SUE

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. 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  
piano player.

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

SUE  
There was a couple there, waltzing.  
They seemed very much in love. I just  
wanted to get that task completed for  
you, and now I do want to get home.

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!

Ted laughs

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.

Close-up on the clock as it strikes the eighth tone, 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.

BOB

Sue, you're not looking at the bigger picture. That dance was a step towards something greater for us, for our future.

SUE

(firmly, with a hint of sadness)

Our future? Or your future, Bob? It seems like you would trade our happiness for a dance with temptation.

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 - the lion is back cold direct.

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.

(MORE)

SUE (CONT'D)

You talk of reality, but you've lost touch with what's real.

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. And when you reach the top of your precious ladder, you may find it's not heights you've climbed, but depths you've fallen into. Just remember, ladders can be shaky, and the higher you climb, the harder you may fall. 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!

In BOB'S head we see BOB and JANE waltzing and kissing then in bed making love.

BOB'S strong back pulsing on top of JANE, she moans and smiles.

CUT TO BLACK:

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, 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.

(MORE)

TED (CONT'D)

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, it 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. I think it will be electrifying to see what his future will bring!

(MORE)



JANE (CONT'D)

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.

The scene fades out as she waits for the call to connect, the mix of love, strategy, and family dynamics setting the stage for further developments.

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

The scene opens with 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

(curiously)

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  
 ("Dance with the devil"  
 tone)  
 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  
So, what about Delmonico's?

BOB, still irritable and distracted, barely looks at her.

BOB  
What? Delmonico's? Sure, go. GO! Have  
a wonderful time.

(MORE)

BOB (CONT'D)

I am tired of middle-class. I am tired of the routine. I am tired of so many questions from everybody. What is it that you want, Sue?

SUE steps back, hurt by his outburst but maintains her composure.

SUE

Well, you don't need to take it out on me. 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

(blankly)

I have no idea.

He turns to leave again, but SUE stops him with one last reminder.

SUE  
Bob, you forgot something.

BOB looks puzzled as SUE holds out his hat.

SUE (CONT'D)  
Your hat. You forgot your hat.

He takes the hat, a brief moment of connection passing between them, then leaves. The camera lingers on SUE as she watches him exit. Her expression is a mix of sadness and resolve.

Lights dim as SUE exits the frame, leaving the room empty and quiet, a stark symbol of their strained relationship.

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 the numbers you pulled together do support your suggested improvements.

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

TED  
(leisurely leaning back in his chair)  
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 and your new experiences. 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  
 (excited and trying to  
 regain his power)  
 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.

TED (CONT'D)  
 (to himself)  
 That's good, very good.

INT. OFFICE - SECRETARY POOL - DAY

SUPERIMPOSED: APRIL 6, 10:00 AM

The camera pans over a busy office filled with the ambient noise of typing and ringing phones. It settles on 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, PAM  
 winks at SUE. PAM exits. BOB trying to re-focus

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

The camera pans across a spacious, tastefully decorated office. 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

Then you bring it to me, PS. No matter what. We can't afford to have someone like Bob undermining the integrity of this company.

TED steps closer, his demeanor shifting slightly, which makes SUE uncomfortable.

TED (CONT'D)  
(leaning in too close for  
comfort)  
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. 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. But now I am BORED! Why am I explaining myself to you? A pretty, but dim, 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

The camera opens on 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  
 (speaking to herself,  
 amused)  
 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. BOB begins to pace like a "caged tiger," his anxiety palpable.

JANE

Bob, relax. What is it? What's the fire? Bob, did you quit?

BOB

Quit? No. Bob is rising. 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!

BOB

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!

BOB

Jane, please don't make fun of me.

There is a sharp ironic contrast between BOB's desperation and Jane's light and easy conversation. The distance is glaring to the viewer but not to BOB and JANE of there disparate points of view.

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?

BOB

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?

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

The scene opens on a bustling office space. 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.

FLASHBACK in BLACK & WHITE AS PAM SAYS.

PAM (CONT'D)  
Then one day, one hot, July day, he  
went after Sue. She was fourteen. I  
was sixteen. She was always the pretty  
one.

(MORE)

PAM (CONT'D)

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 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. Ah, but the present is just a thin veneer, isn't it? Scratch it, and the ugly truths start bleeding out.

BOB  
Threats, Ted? I thought you were above such... crude tactics.

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

TED

Pour us a drink. We'll get to all of that and more. 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.

As they discuss, BOB subtly takes the upper hand, his demeanor shifting from defensive to more assertive, hinting at his growing desperation and determination to protect his secrets. Bob kisses Ted and takes off his tie to use it as a blindfold on Ted.

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 then blindfolds TED playfully, maintaining a semblance of control. BOB seduces Ted.

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?

TED, trying to lighten the mood, removes the blindfold.

TED

Bored. Bob, I am bored.

BOB, now fully in control, asserts his dominance in their twisted game.

BOB

What? Things are just getting started here, Teddy. Let's get, this blindfold on you! I have a surprise.

TED

(smiling nervously)  
Now we are getting somewhere.

BOB puts the blindfold back on. 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 runs his hands over BOB'S chest. 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?

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

Shot in B&W.

SUE paces anxiously in the apartment.

Scene goes to color as BOB enters, disheveled and clearly preoccupied. As SUE tries to talk to him about her dream, BOB is distracted and distant, focused on his next action.

He 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.

BOB

Big plans. 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!

(To Sue)

What? 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 BOB.

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

BLACK & WHITE SHOTS

Bob sits in the dark room, 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.

TED

Bob, so am I. 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.

FADE back to COLOR.

BOB

Leave me alone.

Silence for a moment.



PAM ENTERS and carries a chair to sit on. She is seated facing BOB about 6-feet away.

PAM  
Bob, why did you push Sue, down the shaft?

PAM cannot hear SUE. 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 has no idea who BOB is talking to. BOB looks back to where SUE is.

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. You should've let your honest success be your noise.

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)  
 "HANDSOME WOMAN" they can't hear me  
 like you do! BORED! I am B - O - R - E -  
 D, bored to death!. "Pam is H - A - N -  
 D - S - O - M - E handsome!"

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 B-O-R-I-N-  
 G 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.

BOB talks mater-of-fact and then builds as his mood changes to  
escalation. Cold criminal. This flashback is in B&W

BOB (CONT'D)

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.

(MORE)

BOB (CONT'D)

He wanted me so bad. I blindfolded him. Seduced him. He was gonna go to Harrisburg in a week. 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.

Pause. Now BOB speaks with an icy, steel voice. Now back in COLOR and BOB acting like he is choking TED as JANE and PAM watch.

So, I strangled him. I choked the life out of him. 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. Strangled them both. 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. 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 leaves.

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! Are there any snacks here? I don't know why but I feel like I should be hungry.

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-bred 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.**