

MISSION HILL

"SUPERTOOL"
(OR, "MEDITATIONS ON A CAREER IN ADVERTISING")

by

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ACT ONE

FADE IN:

INT. LOFT - ANDY'S ROOM - MORNING

Soft morning light streams in over a **SNORING** ANDY. The clock radio clicks to "8:30" and switches on...

CORNY SINGERS (ON RADIO)

Cos-mop-o-lis traf-fic!

TRAFFIC REPORTER (ON RADIO)

(BLISTERING SPEED) Traffic on the Exchange Changeway is backed up to Beetleboro Bridge due to a two-car snarl-up at the Underton Overpass--

Andy swats ineffectively at the clock, then yanks out the cord. But a second later, for some reason, we hear **LOUD MUSIC** -- a ridiculously upbeat 1950's instrumental.

ANDY

(GROGGY & CONFUSED) What the-- ?

CUT TO:

INT. JIM'S ROOM - SIMULTANEOUS

The **MUSIC** is playing here as well. JIM awakens and staggers around his filthy room, searching for the source. His eyes follow a cord that leads into a pizza box. He opens it, revealing his clock radio inside.

JIM

I didn't order this song.

INT. LOFT - LIVING AREA - CONTINUOUS

Andy and Jim, both in their underwear, emerge from their rooms to see KEVIN (in his gym clothes) playing the **SONG** on the stereo while doing an embarrassingly goofy exercise.

KEVIN

(PERKY WAVE) Gooood morning!

ANDY & JIM

(IDENTICAL DISGUSTED GRUNTS)

Andy and Jim shuffle sleepily into the bathroom. The **UPBEAT MUSIC** continues over a...

MONTAGE OF ANDY & JIM'S MORNING ROUTINE

- 1) They brush their teeth side-by-side in the bathroom mirror. (Jim has a lit cigarette in his mouth, which he switches from side to side as he brushes.) Andy fills a glass with water to rinse. Jim, oblivious, spits his toothpaste into Andy's glass. Andy, equally oblivious, drinks a big mouthful and swishes it around.
- 2) At breakfast, we PAN past Kevin, who's carefully frying an egg, past POSEY, who's putting fruit in a blender, to Andy -- who's furiously **BANGING** on a box of frozen burgers with a hammer. Two icy burgers come loose and he tosses one to Jim, who smiles.
- 3) Jim finishes up his burger while casually reading the morning paper. We WIDEN TO REVEAL he's behind the wheel of his speeding car. Andy steers for him.
- 4) In the lobby of Ennerman/Hatano HGEE Creative, the elevator doors open to reveal Andy and Jim asleep standing up, leaning on each other for support. The elevator's **DING** rouses them. Then the two part ways, walking off down the hall in opposite directions.

ANDY

See ya at lunch.

JIM

Awesome.

5) Jim enters his luxurious, messy office and kicks back in his large executive-style chair. Andy enters the Art Department and attempts to kick back on his small stool; of course, he immediately falls over onto the cement floor. Pain lines shoot out of his sore back, and...

The **HAPPY MUSIC** stops abruptly, and the **MONTAGE ENDS**.

INT. ENNERMAN/HATANO - JIM'S OFFICE - THAT MORNING

Jim is snoozing softly in his chair, but stirs when THE BOSS enters, followed by STAN. Stan displays an ad mock-up of two guys drinking beer at a ball game.

THE BOSS

Jim, my boy. Solve our layout woes.

While Jim is scrutinizing the ad, The Boss accidentally steps on a discarded Chinese food carton.

THE BOSS (CONT'D)

(SHOUTS O.S.) More Kung Pao Chicken
for Jim! (QUIET AGAIN) Any thoughts?

JIM

More... crowd. How 'bout thousands of
people all drinking beer?

A smile spreads across The Boss's face. He nods gratefully.

STAN

Brilliant, Kuback! They don't pay you
the big bucks for nothing!

CUT TO:

INT. ART DEPARTMENT - MOMENTS LATER

Stan hands the ad to Andy.

ANDY

They want me to draw a thousand people
drinking beer? By hand?

STAN

Just do it, French. We don't pay you
\$6.75 an hour to do nothing.

Andy **GRUMBLES** and reaches for an airbrush, but finds it clogged. He shakes it, peers into the nozzle -- and is immediately covered in a spray of red ink.

INT. POMPER HIGH SCHOOL - HALLWAY - DAY

Lunch has just let out, and Kevin, TOBY, and GEORGE emerge from the cafeteria. Kevin pulls a toothbrush from his backpack and hurries over to a water fountain.

GEORGE

Come on! We're going to be late for
sixth period! Can't you do that later?

KEVIN

And leave "Nutrition Loaf" festering on
my teeth all afternoon? No, thank you.

TOBY

How come you don't like Nutrition Loaf?
It's loads better than Behavior Loaf.

Kevin grimaces and squirts toothpaste onto his brush. But when he operates the water fountain, it just produces a few spurts of brown muck.

KEVIN

(GROAN) Just a sec. I'm going to go
brush in the restroom.

Just as he reaches for the bathroom door, it flies open with a **LOUD BANG**, and a skinny, terrified FRESHMAN scurries out, pantsless. Inside, we see GRIFFO, C-DOG, and a slightly older, much larger bully named PHAT ASS delightedly waving the pants.

GRIFFO / C-DOG / PHAT ASS

(OMINOUS DERISIVE LAUGHTER)

TOBY

Kevin, are you sure? You know the
"element" that hangs out in there.

KEVIN

The "element" and I have no quarrel.
I'm just a regular guy, brushin' and
flossin' his teeth after lunch.
They'll respect that.

Kevin strides into the bathroom.

SMASH CUT TO:

THIRTY SECONDS LATER

Kevin stumbles out, his glasses mangled, his hair soaked
and his toothbrush tangled up in it.

GEORGE

Wow, so is it safe to go in there?

KEVIN

This is ludicrous. Why should everyone
have to hold it in all day just because
of those creepazoids?

TOBY

I don't have to hold it. I found a
secret bathroom.

KEVIN/GEORGE

What? / Where?

TOBY

I can't tell you. If too many people
find out, it'll be ruined.

KEVIN

(BAITING) Oh, I get it. We couldn't
all use your locker.

TOBY

My locker!? That's repulsive!

GEORGE

It must be your bookbag, then. That
would explain a lot, actually.

TOBY

It's not my bookbag!

KEVIN

(TO GEORGE) It's his bookbag.

TOBY

It isn't my bookbag!! Here, smell...

He offers his bookbag to George and Kevin, who turn away,
pretending to be grossed out, and walk down the hall.

TOBY (CONT'D)

(SHOUTING AFTER THEM) Smell my
bookbag!

Other KIDS in the hall give Toby weird looks.

EXT. ONE CORPLEX PLAZA - ROOFTOP - NOON

It's a gravelly area on top of the building where SMOKERS
congregate during their breaks. Jim enjoys a cigarette
while Andy eats from a small microwave container of "Chef-
a-Rooni" spaghetti.

ANDY

(OFFERS IT TO JIM) Lunch?

JIM

Nah. I already had a pukeload of Kung Pao Chicken. (OFF ANDY'S LOOK) The Boss got it for me.

Andy looks morosely at his meager lunch.

ANDY

Man, you really got it made here, Jim. You're just the computer guy and they treat you like His Royal Highness King Wang Dang Diddly-Doobob!

JIM

You said it.

ANDY

What I wouldn't give for a taste of that! When I took this job, I thought I was going to get a chance to be creative with my art, get some recognition for my abilities, make a difference.

JIM

I thought you just wanted health insurance.

ANDY

(CAUGHT) Right. But, you know, I'd love to rise above the "peon" level just once.

JIM

I hear ya.

ANDY

But, no, instead I sit on a stool,
airbrushing a thousand jerks into a
beer ad 'cause Mr. Talentless McMoron
upstairs has no freakin' clue!

JIM

(LONG BEAT, THEN) Okay.

Jim stubs out his cigarette.

JIM (CONT'D)

Listen, man, someone is gonna recognize
your talent. It might take six months,
it might take six minutes, but it's
gonna happen.

CUT TO:

INT. AD AGENCY - HALLWAY

CHYRON: "SIX MINUTES LATER"

The Boss stands in the corridor looking at his watch. He
looks up just as Andy rounds the corner, followed by Jim.

THE BOSS

(PLEASED) You!

ANDY

Uh... me?

THE BOSS

Yes, you. Art Department, right?

ANDY

(HOPEFUL) Yes...

THE BOSS

Just what I am looking for. I need
you. Come.

Andy looks delighted as The Boss steers him into a nearby boardroom where AGENCY EXECs are settling in for a meeting.

THE BOSS (CONT'D)

The projector's already inside. And
please make sure everyone has water in
their cups. Except you.

Andy sags just as The Boss turns to greet Jim.

THE BOSS (CONT'D)

Ah, Jim! I hope those magic whiskers
are tuned in today. (USHERS HIM IN)
Enter. Relax. Eat. Be.

JIM

Gotcha covered.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. AD AGENCY - BOARDROOM - A FEW MINUTES LATER

The account and creative execs, mostly pseudo-hipsters in their 40's, sit around a conference table. A pyramid of Chef-A-Rooni products (à la the "Chef Boy-Ar-Dee" line) has been set up as a display. Andy takes his place in the rear next to the slide projector.

THE BOSS

Gentlemen, and lovely lady... (GIVES A
SMALL BOW TO LONE FEMALE EXEC) I give
you... Chef-A-Rooni.

He motions to Andy, who sports a "Who, me?" look and waves meekly.

THE BOSS (CONT'D)

Put hand down. Hand find projector.

Make projector go.

Andy, abashed, pushes the button. A slide of a Chef-A-Rooni can fills the screen. The Chef is a jovial old Italian guy with a warm friendly smile, painted in a realistic fashion.

AGENCY EXECS

("INTERESTED" MURMURS)

THE BOSS

Question: Whither canned pasta in the age of fiber-optics and the commerce of "e"? Well, the good people at ACR, American Canned Rooni, have an answer: reposition struggling blue-collar noodle lunch as the meal-replacement alternative of choice for Generation Y.

AGENCY EXECS

(IMPRESSED MURMURS)

THE BOSS

Insecure, uneducated, sex-crazed and brand-hungry, Generation Y implores us: please, turn Chef-A-Rooni into the WB of canned pasta. (BEAT) Ideas.

The agency execs **MURMUR** and shuffle papers. Meanwhile, Jim (reclined on the couch) is chowing down on a display can of Chef-A-Rooni. A "creative type" bangs his hands on the table.

"CREATIVE TYPE"

What we need is a spokesperson these kids will respond to. Someone cool, someone hip, someone new, someone now:

(BEAT) Candice Bergen.

AGENCY EXECS

Yes. / She is very cool. / I like that a lot. / Did wonders for Sprint!

ANDY

(UNDER BREATH) Holy crap...

INT. POMPER HIGH - MR. CZELANSKI'S CLASS - DAY

MR. CZELANSKI

(WEARY AS USUAL) ...and all this land was known as "The Louisiana Purchase".

He pulls down a yellowed U.S. map over the blackboard. In the process, it breaks off and **FALLS TO THE FLOOR.**

MR. CZELANSKI (CONT'D)

(BEAT) Eh, it wasn't that important.

Next chapter: "The War of 1812..."

Toby raises his hand.

MR. CZELANSKI (CONT'D)

What is it, kid?

TOBY

(EMBARRASSED) I have to, uh...

MR. CZELANSKI

Take a leak? Sure, go ahead.

As Toby leaves, Kevin cocks an eyebrow and raises his hand.

KEVIN

May I go, too?

MR. CZELANSKI

If you think you can help. Fine.

The class **TITTERS** as Kevin hurries out.

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Kevin hustles to catch up with Toby.

KEVIN

Where are you going?

TOBY

I don't know. Somewhere. Nowhere.

KEVIN

Then you won't mind if I follow you.

Toby stops dead in his tracks.

TOBY

But it's my secret bathroom. I don't want it overrun with interlopers.

KEVIN

(OFFENDED) That's what I am to you?

An interloper?

TOBY

It's not that, Kevin, it's just--

KEVIN

Was I "interloping" when I notified Denny's it was your birthday?

TOBY

No, but--

KEVIN

I guess when I taped that episode of "Babylon 5" because you were in Florida and your aunt didn't have a TV, and you called me crying, that was an "interlope".

TOBY

Okay, Kevin. You're my friend, and I'll show you. But George and everyone else still count as interlopers.

He looks back nervously, then darts out the front door of the school, Kevin in tow.

EXT. POMPER HIGH - CONTINUOUS

They cross the street, duck through an alley, and enter a construction site. Passing a "Hard Hat Area" sign, Toby grabs a hat from a big tub without missing a beat. Kevin does the same. They put on their hard hats and step onto a small construction elevator.

EXT. BUILDING SKELETON - FIFTH FLOOR - MOMENTS LATER

They exit the elevator. Toby points to a Port-O-San balanced on the far end of a steel beam. It seems bathed in a magical light.

MUSIC: HEAVENLY CHORUS

Toby tiptoes out along the beam, balancing precariously.

TOBY

Thanks to this, there's no need to go to that dangerous bathroom!

He arrives and locks himself inside the Port-O-San. Two seconds later, a winch lowers into frame, hooks onto the top, and begins lifting the whole thing away.

TOBY (O.S.)

Someone's in here!

Then Toby flings the door open, looks down, and **SCREAMS:**

TOBY

Mommmmmmy!

As the Port-O-San rises past the sixth floor, Toby reaches for a rope, but his pants fall down. Panicked, he pulls them back up, missing the rope. Just then, the crane begins to rotate the Port-O-San away from the building. Toby leaps for the seventh floor and lands safely -- but his pants drop off completely in the process. The crane lowers the bathroom into a truck.

TOBY (CONT'D)

Oh, no! My private place! How am I going to go to the bathroom without my private place?!

KEVIN

More urgent: How are you going to go back to class without your pants?

He indicates the truck, which is driving off with Toby's pants laying atop the Port-O-San. Then, from above, we hear...

TOBY (O.S.)

(STARTS CRYING)

KEVIN

(SIGH) I'll go look for a garbage bag or something...

INT. AD AGENCY - BOARDROOM - EVENING

The meeting has been going on for some time.

FEMALE CREATIVE EXEC

Kids today are media-savvy. You can't
"sell" them. You need to "anti-sell"
them. Picture this: a billboard that
reads "Chef-A-Rooni Sucks!"

ANDY

(MUTTERS) That sucks.

FEMALE CREATIVE EXEC

See? That guy's young and he's
responding to it. (WRITES ON BOARD)
Chef-A-Rooni sucks.

ANDY

No, that really does suck.

FEMALE CREATIVE EXEC

Exactly.

Andy rolls his eyes in exasperation and looks over at Jim.
Jim nods in agreement.

THE BOSS

I need more. Brad, save us.

Everyone turns to look at a small, balding man who
continues typing on his laptop as he speaks.

BRAD

Kids are looking for respect, plain and
simple. Who would kids respect more
than... a Rasta man?

THE BOSS

Good. Go with it.

BRAD

Ja mon, ja know ja like the Pasta Mon.

"CREATIVE TYPE"

We could give him a wig. A pasta wig!

He's Rasta-Pasta Man!

He starts doing a "funky" rasta walk around the room.

FEMALE CREATIVE EXEC

Maybe: he's one of Chef-A-Rooni's pals!

AGENCY EXEC (NOT THE BOSS)

Pasta friends! / Like a pasta version

of "Friends!" / It's a winner! / Bingo.

Andy watches this, cringing. Finally, he can't take any more and shoots out of his chair.

ANDY

Aggh! Those ideas are terrible!

Putrid! You people are morons!

THE BOSS

Ah? Do go on.

At this point, Andy figures he has nothing to lose:

ANDY

You're just a bunch of rich, out-of-touch, middle-aged fogies sitting around trying to tell kids what you think they should like. And you're totally wrong. I mean, when was the last time any of you even ate a can of Chef-A-Rooni?

BRAD

I prefer osso bucco.

ANDY

If you want young people to buy Chef-A-Rooni, why don't you get some actual young people to make up the campaign? At least that way it'll be --

FEMALE CREATIVE EXEC

Edgy?

"CREATIVE TYPE"

(WILD GUESS) Hip. Hipper... Hiplly?

JIM

(SITTING UP FROM COUCH) Real.

Jim's first and only word in the meeting. The execs turn, duly impressed by its weightiness. The Boss is pleased

THE BOSS

Real. I hear it. It works. Jim, you're a savior. Everyone else: lame.

(TO JIM) You and your sweaty friend have something worked up by Monday.

JIM

Okay.

The Boss exits, followed by the execs. Andy shares his jubilation with Jim.

ANDY

Hot damn! My big break! This is my
ticket out of Peonville, man! From now
on, somebody else'll be doing the grunt
work!

Brad returns, looking chagrined with a trash barrel and
cleaning supplies. He begins cleaning up.

BRAD

(BITTER MUTTER AT ANDY) You'll pay...

FADE OUT:

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

INT. LOFT - LIVING AREA - NIGHT

A placard set up on an easel has a Chef-A-Rooni head logo
and reads "Welcome to Consumer Survey." Posey, Kevin, GUS,
WALLY, CARLOS, NATALIE, BABY NAMELESS, and Stogie sit
facing Andy, who is holding a clipboard. Jim distributes
glasses of water and paper cups of pasta to the others.

ANDY

Thank you all for coming. My name is
Andy French.

WALLY

(LOVING IT) Hi, Andy!

ANDY

Hello. In order to create an effective ad campaign, Jim and I have assembled this focus group to determine what consumers enjoy most about Chef-A-Rooni brand pasta.

JIM

Please clear your palates with water before sampling the Chef-A-Rooni.

NATALIE

You know, this stuff is made by ACR, a company that exploits child labor overseas, yet has the nerve to put a friendly Italian chef on the can.

ANDY

(TAKING NOTES) Great, okay. Company, evil... chef, friendly.

CARLOS

(RAISING HAND) Can I have hers?

ANDY

Sure. Okay, Posey, let's start with you. What do you think?

Posey samples some and immediately spits it out.

POSEY

Blegh! (BEAT, THEN) May I have some more, please?

ANDY

But you just spat it out!

POSEY

I know, but Chef-A-Rooni looks so kind,

I don't want to hurt his feelings.

Posey takes another cup and eats some more, smiling politely while forcing it down. Andy makes a notation on his clipboard.

ANDY

Moving on to phase two: Visual Impact.

Jim passes out blindfolds, which everyone puts on. Posey helpfully applies one to Stogie, who immediately trots into a wall and knocks himself unconscious.

ANDY (CONT'D)

Clear your minds and think about this product. What do you see?

CARLOS

I see this guy, this chef... He's a big old fella with a nice smile...

WALLY

Oh, I see him, too. (TURNING TOWARD GUS) He's strong and powerful; he knows just what he wants. God, and I'm so helpless.

GUS

(BEAT) We gotta go.

Gus leads a blindfolded Wally out the front door.

GUS (CONT'D)

(CALLING BACK) Okay if we keep these blindfolds?

ANDY

Sure. Er, so what I'm hearing is that people like the chef. Correct?

NATALIE

Yes. The food and the company are repellent. But the logo has this campy, pseudo-retro appeal that's hard to hate. (GIGGLES AT LOGO) (THEN, DEAD SERIOUS) I did try, but it's hard.

ANDY

Hmmm. What do you think, Kevin? Will kids your age respond to him?

KEVIN

(SUPERIOR) I don't know, Andy. I'm not about to be taken in just because a product has a phony friendly face on it. Don't you think kids would respond better to a positive role model, like Candice Bergen?

ANDY

Hmm. (WRITING) Kevin hates chef. Kevin likes "Murphy Brown." (BEAT) That's it, Jim. The chef is the answer.

JIM

(NODS) Shall we commence brainstorming?

Andy nods back, and we DISSOLVE INTO a...

MONTAGE

1) INT. ANDY'S ROOM - NIGHT

Andy sketches at his drafting table as Jim, lying on the bed, proposes ideas. Kevin passes by and peers in at them through the interior window; Jim somehow senses his presence and yanks down the shade without even looking.

2) EXT. AVENUE THREE - DAY

Jim and Andy talk excitedly about their ideas as Andy takes Stogie for a walk. The two are so caught up in their conversation that they don't notice when the dog falls down an open manhole. And they still don't notice when, a beat later, he reappears across the street, looking plaintively out of a storm drain.

3) INT. AD AGENCY - JIM'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Jim does some mock-ups on PhotoShop while Andy paces about, spitballing ideas. Both are eating cartons of Kung Pao chicken. Jim asks Andy (using hand signals) if he'd like something to drink; when Andy nods, Jim picks up the phone and dials. A beat later, STACY wheels in a cart containing a dozen 40-oz. malt liquors. Andy is in heaven.

4) LATER THAT NIGHT

Empty bottles blanket the office. Andy and Jim are having what looks like a very serious conversation. WIDEN TO REVEAL they're both in their underwear and that Jim is sitting atop his scanner, scanning his butt (Xerox machine-style). Jim makes a few adjustments with PhotoShop, then he and Andy watch delightedly as a hyper-modern, graphically-pleasing image of Jim's butt emerges from the color printer.

EXT. POMPER HIGH - THE NEXT MORNING

Kevin, George and Toby come out the back door and head for an obscure corner of the parking lot. George seems fidgety.

GEORGE

Whatever this is better not take too long. I'm feeling some "urgency."

KEVIN

Hold on. (CHECKS WATCH) Relief will be here an-y minute.

On a nearby patch of grass, the sprinklers go on.

GEORGE

(NOW MORE DISTRESSED) Arrgh!

KEVIN

Ahem. Gentlemen, the days of being slaves to our fear are over. I give you... our new executive washroom!

He points to an approaching truck, which **PULLS UP AND STOPS**. A sign on its side says "AristoCan" and there's a graphic of a Eustace Tilly-type sticking his head out of an outhouse. The DRIVER gets out as a hydraulic lift lowers a Port-O-San from the truck. Toby and George look on, awed, as Kevin pays the driver.

KEVIN (CONT'D)

I trust you'll both be willing to contribute \$13.33 per month? The extra penny is my pleasure.

GEORGE

(FAST) Absolutely!

George hurries to the door, but Kevin blocks his path.

KEVIN

I believe there are rites and ceremonies to be observed?

George winces and crouches uncomfortably as we DISSOLVE INTO a...

MONTAGE OF THE BOYS CUSTOMIZING THEIR PORT-O-SAN

- 1) They supply it with all the essentials: a 12-pack of double-quilted toilet paper, a plunger, a can of Lysol, and a "Springtime Potpourri"-scented "Stick-Up".
- 2) Toby puts up a small bookshelf and loads it with the complete collection of "Dune" books.
- 3) Kevin brings in a life-sized cardboard cut-out of Xena and slides a roll of toilet paper over her sword.
- 4) Toby paints "NCC-1701" on the outside of the Port-O-San. George tries to change it to "NCC-1701-D" (for the "Next Generation" Enterprise). The two get into a heated argument, which erupts into a (typically wimpy) fight. Kevin steps in and breaks it up.
- 5) Kevin gives the place a thorough spraying with disinfectant; then, as a comic aside, he sprays Toby's butt. Toby chuckles good-naturedly.
- 6) Finally, a grand opening ceremony. As Toby holds a sparkler, Kevin cuts a ribbon, officially opening the Port-O-San. The two shake hands as George barrels inside past them and **SLAMS** the door.

END MONTAGE

INT. LOFT - KITCHEN - THAT MORNING

Andy and Jim, both a bit hung over, sit at the kitchen table reviewing their campaign ideas in the cold light of day. Andy balls one up and tosses it in the trash.

JIM

Ugh. Most of these ideas just don't seem like they're gonna work.

ANDY

I think this is the best one we have.

He holds up a rough ad (drawn in his style). It features an obstetrician showing a woman the baby she's just delivered: Chef-A-Rooni. The caption reads "Our Pasta Is Fresh!" Posey approaches and looks at it.

POSEY

(GIGGLES) Oh, I like it. That's
really clever!

Andy and Jim brighten.

POSEY (CONT'D)

It's because the pasta looks like
afterbirth, right? (OFF THEIR
HORRIFIED LOOKS) Right?

Andy tosses the ad out the window. He and Jim look
despondent.

JIM

Phooey.

ANDY

It's our own fault for getting so
"meta" and postmodern. Nobody gets
stuff like that. We've gotta stay
simple. Stick to the basics. People
like the chef; people want to see the
chef.

Suddenly, Andy is struck with inspiration. He starts
sketching something. Stogie looks on.

ANDY (CONT'D)

They want one simple... identifiable...
friendly... image.

In the time it takes to say these words, Andy is finished.
He shows off his drawing in such a way that we cannot see
it, but both Jim and Stogie look suitably impressed.

JIM

Hey! That's pretty good.

ANDY

It's better than good. It's finished.

CUT TO:

INT. JIM'S OFFICE - LATER THAT MORNING

Jim and Andy wait as The Boss looks over Andy's drawing.

THE BOSS

Yes. (NODS) Yesss. To borrow a phrase from you, Jim: "Awesome." This is design... at its most "Awesome."

Before he exits, he stops to shake Jim's hand.

THE BOSS (CONT'D)

Thank you, Jim. Thank you for doing what you do. (LEAVES)

ANDY

Hey, he gave you all the credit and I was the one who came up with it!

JIM

Oh, man. You're right.

ANDY

You could have said something.

JIM

I'm sorry. I'll tell him next time.

The Boss comes back in.

THE BOSS

Jim, I almost forgot. I need you to find a locale for the presentation to ACR. Someplace youthful, a venue that speaks to your talents.

JIM

Okay.

The Boss leaves again and Andy stares at Jim.

JIM (CONT'D)

What?

ANDY

That was your chance.

JIM

(GENUINELY AMAZED) Oh, man, you're right! I'm sorry. I'll tell him next time.

The phone **RINGS** and Jim answers.

JIM (CONT'D)

(INTO PHONE) Huh? Yeah. No. Okay.

He hangs up, then looks at Andy.

JIM (CONT'D)

(SINCERELY APOLOGETIC) Oh, man! I'm sorry. Next time.

A beat later, The Boss walks by Jim's door, then stops right in the middle to tie his shoe. Jim blinks slowly. The Boss finishes up and strides off.

JIM (CONT'D)

(TURNS TO ANDY) He seemed busy.

Andy rolls his eyes and walks away.

INT. POMPER HIGH - CAFETERIA - DAY

Kevin, Toby and George eat at a table with a couple of the younger nondescript NERDS. Toby guzzles an entire glass of water, to the astonishment of the younger nerds.

FRESHMAN NERD

What, are you crazy? You know you can only drink half a glass of water if you don't want to have to "go"!

TOBY

(STAGEY) Gosh. I guess I'll just have to "go," then.

TIMID FRESHMAN

But you'll get creamed if you go to the bathroom! What are you going to do?

KEVIN

I know what I'm going to do --

(BOASTFUL) I'll have some chili.

ALL FRESHMAN NERDS

(AWED GASPS AND MURMURS)

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. POMPER HIGH - PARKING LOT - TEN MINUTES LATER

The boys grandly swagger up to their Port-O-San.

KEVIN

(TO TOBY) After you, well-hydrated one.

TOBY

Chili before water, my friend.

While Toby and Kevin dither, George just pushes past and goes inside. We PULL BACK TO REVEAL we are...

INT. POMPER HIGH - BOYS' BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Griffo and C-Dog peer out the window at the carefree boys enjoying their new bathroom.

GRIFFO

Check it. Whack Man got himself a
Port-O-Whack!

C-DOG

Looks like we got some commode
competition!

Phat Ass appears behind them and looks out with a scowl.

PHAT ASS

That ain't right. (CRACKS KNUCKLES)

MUSIC: OMINOUS STING

EXT. MISSION HILL - BACKWASH - NIGHT

Town cars and limos pull up to the club and disgorge carloads of completely out-of-place advertising and food EXECS. The club's marquee reads "Tonight: Ad Agency Presentation. Tomorrow: Transsexual Vampire Fetish Ball."

INT. BACKWASH - CONTINUOUS

Confused executives mill about, a bit baffled by the surroundings. One of them approaches the terrifying-looking, multiply-pierced BARTENDER.

AGENCY EXEC #1

Er, excuse me? Can you recommend a
dry, imported Merlot?

ONSTAGE

Lights flash on and off and The Boss steps up to the podium. Andy and Jim take seats nearby and look on eagerly.

THE BOSS

Welcome, everyone, to downtown
Cosmopolis. I hope all of you from ACR
had a good flight in from--

CHAIRMAN OF ACR

Yee-haw! Bring on them city lay-dees!!

THE BOSS

--Arkansas. And I hope this will be a
productive visit. Let the show begin.

The Boss walks off. A slide appears on the screen, showing
two glassy-eyed teenagers -- one MALE, one FEMALE.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Generation Y. From the earliest age,
they were bombarded with slogans
exhorting them to buy...

Words begin to fill the screen -- slogans like "Just Do
It!", "Catch The Wave!", "Taste The Horseradish!", etc.

NARRATOR (V.O. CONT'D)

...and when slogans lost their effect,
they were barraged by made-up words...

Words like "Fahrfergnugen", "The Freshmaker", and
"ClarkBaritude!" also appear on the screen.

NARRATOR (V.O. CONT'D)

...until finally, one day, words
themselves lost all meaning.

FEMALE TEENAGER (ON SCREEN)

Just one day, you know... uh... yeah!

MALE TEENAGER (ON SCREEN)

Definitely.

The screen is now totally filled with words.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

(DRAMATIC) For one thousand years, the English language has held Man captive... but its time is over!

Suddenly, the words blow apart. We hear **PORTENTOUS TIMPANI**.

NARRATOR (V.O. CONT'D)

For a new generation where image is everything, one man, one chef, breaks free...

From out of the "wreckage" of the words emerges Andy's design. It is a simple, streamlined representation of Chef-A-Rooni -- several lines indicating a friendly face with a puffy, three-humped chef's hat on top. The design gets bigger and bigger as it moves forward. We hear **IMPRESSED MURMURS** from the audience.

NARRATOR (V.O. CONT'D)

The spokeslogo for a new millennium...
Chef-A-Rooooooni!

Colored lights start to flash and fast-paced **ELECTRONICA** plays. Onscreen, we see a dizzying MONTAGE of the new logo in exciting, post-2000 venues: tattooed on someone's forehead, spraypainted on the Great Wall, on a new dollar bill, on the screen of a wristwatch PDA, rotating above the Great Pyramids, on the armpatch of an Eastern European soldier, in the center of a big-bosomed baby-T, and taking the shape of a mega-continent being viewed from space by an Asian astronaut who is, of course, eating Chef-A-Rooni.

SFX: EXPLOSION

The screen "explodes" and a large neon Chef-A-Rooni logo lowers onto the stage.

AUDIENCE

(WILD CHEERS AND APPLAUSE)

CHAIRMAN OF ACR

(TEARY) Goddamn, I'm proud of my
noodles!

Andy and Jim look ecstatic as the crowd rises in a standing
OVATION. The Boss takes the stage.

THE BOSS

It is my pleasure to give you the
visionary young talent behind this
campaign... Jim Kuback.

There is a beat. Andy is shocked. Then Jim steps up to
the microphone. He seems a little confused.

JIM

Hey. Wow. Uh, thanks. I. Actually,
though--

CHAIRMAN OF ACR

Don't worry, son. You don't have to
speak English! You don't have to speak
at all!

The chairman rushes up to shake Jim's hand and give him a
good ol' boy backslap. Other executives follow and crowd
around.

ALL THE EXECUTIVES

Great job! / Brilliant! / Thank you for
your passion! / Love the beard!

The throng of admirers escorts Jim out the door, leaving a
stunned Andy standing alone in the club. He steps up to
the microphone.

ANDY (OVER P.A.)

(INTO MIKE) If anybody's still here, I
was the one who--

The **MIKE CUTS OFF** and the lights in the club are turned
off. A door **SLAMS**. It's pitch black.

ANDY (O.S. OVER P.A.)

Crap.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

INT. LOFT - LIVING AREA - 2:00 A.M.

Andy, drunk and furious, marches around the loft, gesturing
with a malt liquor bottle. Kevin, Posey and Stogie look on
helplessly.

ANDY

...so Jim gets all the credit, but does
he try to clear things up? Nooooo.
That jerk. That credit pig. I mean,
what does he need more respect for?
I'm the one who could use a little
respect. Give me respect! I demand
respect!

POSEY

(OBLIVIOUSLY HELPFUL) Maybe more
people would respect you if you didn't
holler so much.

KEVIN

I respect you, Andy. And I know two
other people who do, too.

Kevin hands Andy the phone and smiles hopefully.

KEVIN (CONT'D)

Mom and Dad would like to speak to you.
I, uh, dialed while you were yelling.

MRS. FRENCH (ON PHONE)

We respect you, honey. It's very nice
you came up with an advertising man.

MR. FRENCH (ON PHONE)

Yes. We're very proud of you. What's
he for, now -- Jello?

ANDY

(INTO PHONE, TRYING TO STAY CALM)

Thanks, guys, but I'm --Arrgh!-- I'm
too angry now! I hate Jim!

MRS. FRENCH (ON PHONE)

(BEAT) You know, we just talked to
Mrs. Kuback. She says Jim's doing
quite well.

Andy throws the phone at the door, just as Jim comes in.
He watches the phone fly by, then enters. He is wearing a
"Team Chef-A-Rooni" satin jacket and carrying a bottle of
champagne.

JIM

Hey.

ANDY

Ohhh, no. You're not gonna come in and "Hey" me. Don't try to sweet-talk me with your "heys" and your "mans".

JIM

Look, man, before you start spazzing out on me, I'm sorry.

ANDY

(BREATH, THEN) So you cleared things up?

JIM

Well, yeah, see I was going to, but things got out of hand and everyone was really drunk and the Chairman of Chef-A-Rooni invited me on his private antique railroad car so I figured I'd tell him then. (BEAT) So, uh, no.

Andy glares at him.

ANDY

(SEETHING) You've destroyed so many brain cells that you can't even tell when you're being a tool anymore.

JIM

(ANGRY) I've got plenty of working brain cells, okay?

Jim stalks off toward the kitchen, but on his way, **BUMPS INTO THE COUCH**, nearly **TRIPS OVER THE DOG**, and gets **TANGLED UP** in the strand of chile lights.

ANDY

Hey, you can't leave! Wait for me to
tell you to leave, and then steal the
idea!

He follows Jim into the kitchen. Posey and Kevin trail
behind nervously. Andy reaches into a box of Bugles and
starts throwing them at Jim, who just stands there, fuming.

ANDY (CONT'D)

Look, I can throw Bugles at the big
wuss and he won't say anything!

JIM

Hey, everyone, Andy was the one who
came up with the idea to throw Bugles.

ANDY

Douchebag.

JIM

Dingleberry.

CUT TO:

INT. AD AGENCY ELEVATOR - THE NEXT MORNING

ANDY

Superdouche.

JIM

Double-dingle.

Stewing, the two head off in their respective directions.

EXT. POMPER HIGH - PARKING LOT - DAY

Kevin, George and Toby stroll up to the AristoCan. Their
faces fall when they see its lock on the ground, broken.

MUSIC: DRAMATIC STING

GEORGE

Nertz.

He opens the door and is shocked to see Phat Ass seated on the toilet, smiling.

PHAT ASS

Oh, hello. I was just leaving you a message.

Griffo and C-Dog step out from behind the Port-O-San.

GRIFFO

Yo, homes, you know we own the bathrooms. You wanna go, you gotta pay the bathroom tax.

He punches Toby in the stomach.

TOBY

(GASPING) How is that a tax?

C-Dog picks up the cut-out of Xena, tears off her head, and drops it down the hole.

C-DOG

Yo, looks like your girlfriend's going for a swim!

KEVIN

Don't you say that about my girlfr--
Xena!

He lunges at Griffo. Griffo easily dodges the attack but inadvertantly knocks into Phat Ass, who topples over into the Port-O-San. As Griffo and C-Dog lean in to help their friend, Kevin seizes the moment. He pushes the bullies inside and shuts the door, then jams his toothbrush through the hasp. We hear **FURIOUS BANGING AND YELLING** from inside.

PHAT ASS

Let us out or we'll kick your ass! All
your asses!

GEORGE

(TENTATIVELY) If we let you out, do
you promise to not kick our asses?

GRIFFO

(BEAT) (PHONY) Oh, yeah, man! We'll
be all friendly and crap, you know!

George and Toby seem convinced and start opening the door.

KEVIN

Wait, stop! It might be a trick! I
have a better idea...

He walks to a nearby pay phone and **DIALS**.

KEVIN (CONT'D)

(INTO PHONE) Yes, I need my portable
toilet picked up immediately. It's
full of... human waste. Heh heh.

INT. AD AGENCY - ART DEPARTMENT - DAY

Andy is working at his drafting table when Stan enters and sets down a pile of layouts featuring the new Chef-A-Rooni design.

STAN

Hi ho, hi ho. We gotta clean up these billboard designs for the new Rooni campaign. Frankly, I thought the old one was catchier: (SINGS) "Forky, knifey, spooney / Morning, night or nooney..."

Andy winces and starts leafing through the ads.

ANDY

Ugh, that's no good. Yargh. They're missing the whole point.

He starts making some changes to the ads.

STAN

(HORRIFIED) What are you doing? Who told you to make changes on those?

ANDY

But I came up with this whole idea in the first place!

STAN

I don't know anything about that. All I know is this campaign is going nationwide tomorrow and the printer needs these A-SAP, so just do as you're told. Nobody ever got anywhere by sticking their neck out.

ANDY

(BEAT) How long you been in the Art
Department, Stan?

STAN

(PROUDLY) 27 years come March.

Off Andy's look, we...

CUT TO:

EXT. POMPER HIGH - PARKING LOT - AFTERNOON

Kevin, George and Toby look on as the AristoCan truck pulls up. The bullies are still locked inside, **POUNING** on the door.

GRIFFO/C-DOG/PHAT ASS

(VARIOUS ANGRY SHOUTS)

The truck's hydraulic arm starts loading the Port-O-San onboard. Suddenly, it flips the whole thing upside-down with a loud **SLOSH**.

GRIFFO/C-DOG/PHAT ASS (CONT'D)

(WET GARBLED CRIES)

The arm neatly lowers the upside-down toilet into a cargo receptacle, and the truck drives away.

GEORGE

You know they're going to kill us when
they get back.

KEVIN

It doesn't matter. We made our stand
against their tyranny, and for today at
least, we will enjoy the Boys' Room
with the dignity of men!

CUT TO:

THE SCHOOL HALLWAY - A MINUTE LATER

Kevin marches boldly down the hall, leading George, Toby and a legion of NERDS and WEAKLINGS to the newly-liberated bathroom.

MUSIC: "UP WHERE WE BELONG" - JOE COCKER & JENINIFER WARNES

He holds the door open and ushers them inside.

KEVIN

(UNDER MUSIC) Yes, yes, it's safe!

Come in! Come in, everyone!

IN THE BOYS' ROOM - A MINUTE LATER

Everyone watches a stall door in silent anticipation. Then a **FLUSH**, and the same timid freshman who got thrown out of the bathroom in Act One emerges from the stall, smiling broadly.

TIMID FRESHMAN

(CHOKED UP) It was... beautiful!

EVERYONE

(APPLAUSE, CHEERS, AND HURRAHS)

As the **MUSIC SWELLS**, warm afternoon sun streams through the windows, and we leave the scene on a glorious shot of the bathroom full of rejoicing nerds.

INT. AD AGENCY - ART DEPARTMENT - 4:30 A.M.

It's almost dawn. Andy, lit just by the lamp on his drafting table, is the only one still working. He finishes the last of the layouts, slides them into an envelope, drops it into a basket marked "For Pick Up", and leaves.

INT. AD AGENCY - LOBBY - A MINUTE LATER

While waiting for the elevator, Andy notices a stack of freshly-delivered morning papers. On top is the new issue of "Advertising Age" with a lead article about Chef-A-Rooni. Andy unfolds it and is shocked to see a big photo of Jim; a headline blares "JIM-A-ROONI!" As Andy reads the article, we begin to hear **QUIET PSYCHOTIC MUSIC**, and steam begins to seep out of his ears.

ANDY

(READING) "Is there magic in his beard, as his boss claims? Or is it his extreme height that allows him to pick up commercial broadcasts from the future, as ad game vet Jerry Della Femina claims? Whatever the case, there's one thing everyone agrees on: Jim Kuback is the genius behind the new look of Chef-A-Rooni..."

Andy throws down the "Ad Age" and kicks the other papers all over the lobby in a fit of rage.

ANDY (CONT'D)

Argh! What a tool! That guy is the biggest freakin' tool in the--

Suddenly, he stops spazzing and gets a devilish gleam in his eye. He dashes off down the hall.

INT. ART DEPARTMENT - A MOMENT LATER

Andy snatches his envelope back out of the "Pick Up" basket and empties the contents onto his desk. He frantically erases a few lines and carefully draws in others, repeating the process on all the layouts. Then he replaces them in the envelope and returns it to the basket. As he walks off toward the elevators, we hear...

ANDY

(GIGGLING WHICH TURNS INTO DIABOLICAL LAUGHTER)

ESTABLISHING SHOT - ONE CORPLEX PLAZA - THE NEXT DAY

INT. JIM'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Jim is staring out his window. He tilts his head 90 degrees to the side and frowns. Suddenly, the door flies open and Andy bursts in, followed by a frantic Stacy.

STACY

Jim, I'm sorry. He just barged in.

ANDY

Oh, sorry.

Andy walks out and Stacy follows him. A moment later, the door flies open and Andy barges in followed again by Stacy.

STACY

Jim, he did it again.

JIM

It's okay. I'll handle this.

She exits and Andy walks to the window.

ANDY

Congratulations. It's a real
masterpiece.

Andy steps back, allowing us a glimpse through the window. We see they've been looking at a huge Chef-A-Rooni billboard across the street. From our partially-obstructed view, it is clear that the new logo looks like... could it be?

JIM

You turned Chef-A-Rooni into a fifty-
foot wang!

Although the massive size of the billboard prevents us from getting a good look, Andy's few small revisions do give it that appearance. It doesn't help that there is a caption reading "New Look. Same Great Taste!"

ANDY

I think you're confusing him with yourself. Oh, wait, you're the seven-foot tool.

JIM

How could you be so... immature, man?! You wrecked our campaign!

ANDY

Oh, so now it's "our" campaign?

JIM

I would've cleared things up if you'd given me a chance.

ANDY

No, you wouldn't! You'll do anything to avoid conflict, even if it means becoming the most famous advertising man in America! Well, I won't let it happen! If it takes a giant wang to bring you down, so be it!

JIM

(BEAT) Okay.

ANDY

"Okay." Typical. Our friendship, our jobs are on the line here! And that's your only response -- "Okay?!" For once, just break through the fog, man! Say something real!

JIM

Okay. No, wait, um... (THINKS VERY
HARD, THEN) ARRRRGH!!

He lunges at Andy and attacks him. The two roll around on the floor, **FIGHTING** furiously in a cloud of dust and arms and legs and office equipment. Just then, The Boss opens the door.

THE BOSS

(CLEARS THROAT)

Andy and Jim stop mid-fight and look up.

THE BOSS (CONT'D)

I couldn't help but notice that there is a fifty-foot phallus outside my office window. There's one in my "New York Times" as well. And I'm fairly certain that there's one racing around the Indianapolis Motor Speedway even as we speak.

JIM

I can explain.

ANDY

No, Jim. Let me ...

THE BOSS

Congratulations are in order. It's brilliant.

Andy and Jim are taken aback.

THE BOSS (CONT'D)

Hidden genitalia are the cornerstone of successful advertising. (OFF THEIR LOOKS) Americans, with their Puritan streak, are uncomfortable with the overtly sexual. So, in order to please them, we disguise it: we turn a penis upside-down to make a smoking camel, we draw a pair of pert breasts and call them "golden arches", we offer them -- without a hint of irony -- products called "The Whopper", "The Big Gulp", and "Mounds".

The Boss stares out the window and smiles.

THE BOSS (CONT'D)

And now you, Jim, have brought the persuasive power of genitalia to a new generation of consumers.

JIM

It was really Andy's--

THE BOSS

And the test markets show Chef-A-Rooni sales are through the roof.

JIM

The idea was really all--

THE BOSS

You have sweetened my life. I--

JIM

Would you just shut up for a second?!!

THE BOSS

(BEAT) Jim, you positively shock me.

You have my attention.

JIM

This whole thing was Andy's idea.

THE BOSS

Really.

He turns to Andy, who has a hopeful puppy-dog look.

THE BOSS (CONT'D)

Well, advertising isn't about personal gratification. It is about selling a product. And you've done that...

He heads toward the door. Andy looks crestfallen.

THE BOSS (CONT'D)

...superbly. (TURNS BACK) Thank you, Andy.

Andy is elated; he has gotten what he wanted. The Boss exits, and Andy turns to Jim with a grin.

ANDY

Thanks, Jim. You really came through for me.

JIM

(SINCERE) Yeah. I'm just sorry I didn't... do it... ...faster.

They relax and look out at the billboard together.

ANDY

Do you think it's true what he said
about subliminal advertising?

JIM

Nah. You'd have to be pretty repressed
to get aroused by a can of ravioli.

CUT TO:

INT. LOFT - KITCHEN - THAT MOMENT

Kevin has set down a bag of groceries and is unpacking can
after can of Chef-A-Rooni ravioli.

KEVIN

(QUIETLY TO HIMSELF) Mmm-hmm...

Yeah... Oh, boy... Ravioli... Mmmm...

(ETC.)

FADE OUT:

END OF SHOW