

INT ELEVATOR BANK, LOBBY, CORPORATE HEADQUARTERS

THREE MEN (two caucasian and one african-american) wait for the elevator. They are well-dressed executives from the advertising agency Mannix Cannon Ironside Quincy Barnaby Jones Macmillan And Wife. Two men carry only briefcases and the third - guess who - carries a very large black portfolio. He rests the portfolio against the wall. A smallish asian-american fellow in his late thirties, KONG, sneaks up with an identical looking portfolio and stealthily switches them. He runs off. The elevator doors open. The AFRICAN-AMERICAN takes the portfolio and all THREE MEN step inside the car.

INT BOARDROOM, CORPORATE HEADQUARTERS

MARGUERITE and PULLMAN sit opposite each other near the head of a long meeting table. MARGUERITE is an older, sharp-featured woman. PULLMAN is an older, african-american gentleman, greying and paunchy. Behind the head of the table - a table perhaps made to feel even longer through forced perspective - is a tall window, over which hangs long drapery. Two portraits of different white haired gentlemen - one painted in a classicistic manner, one in a more modern style - flank the window. PULLMAN opens a binder, pops the rings and lifts out several sheets of paper. He places one at the head of the table and hands one to MARGUERITE.

PULLMAN

The agenda.

MARGUERITE

The agenda.

INT BROOM CLOSET, CORPORATE HEADQUARTERS

KONG holes up with his co-worker-co-conspirators, DENHAM and FAY. DENHAM is sharply dressed but tall, gaunt and pink-eyed. FAY is mousey and underfed. She doesn't just wear her black business suit as hides within it. DENHAM passes a cellular phone to FAY who passes it to KONG.

FAY

He doesn't...

KONG

(completes sentence)

...do phones, I know.

DENHAM

I started in this business answering phones and I won't go back.

KONG pages through menus of the cellular phone until he comes to "DETONATE BOMB." He presses the dial button.

INT BOARDROOM, CORPORATE HEADQUARTERS

From somewhere outside there is a LOUD EXPLOSION. The boardroom double-doors swing closed from the shockwave of the blast.

PULLMAN

Have we blown away the competition?

MARGUERITE

With another breakthrough in Research and Development?

PULLMAN

Maybe just another bomb of a new product launch?

The phone rings and PULLMAN picks up.

PULLMAN

Mmm-hmmm. Mmm-hmmm. Thanks.

He hangs up the phone and nods to MARGUERITE. They stand on either side of the window and draw the drapery. TRENTON swings through the window and, with luck, into his chair at the head of the table. TRENTON is a white-haired and white-whiskered man, tall and trim. Regardless of his entrance, TRENTON's attire is unruffled right down to the pocket square.

PULLMAN

Sir, if I may, thank you for attending the final review.

TRENTON

Wouldn't miss it Pullman. I have a responsibility to the shareholders. If they ask, who's the idiot that approved that advertising? I want them to know who that idiot is.

MARGUERITE

And who is that?

TRENTON

Pullman.

PULLMAN

(clears throat)

Yes, well, sir. The first agency up to bat is Mannix Cannon Ironside Quincy Barnaby Jones Macmillan And Wife.

TRENTON

Oh, no I do not think the first agency up to bat is Mannix Cannon Ironside Quincy Barnaby Jones Macmillan And Wife.

MARGUERITE

I beg your pardon, Mister Trenton, the first draft pick is Mannix Cannon Ironside Quincy Barnaby Jones Macmillan And Wife.

TRENTON

With all due respect and without pulling rank, the first draft pick is most certainly not that agency.

PULLMAN

Sir, the agenda doesn't lie. And the agenda says the first agency out of the box in this advertising review is Mannix Cannon Ironside Quincy Barnaby Jones Macmillan And Wife.

TRENTON

They are, I assure you, Pullman, definitely going back into the box. Or boxes, as the case may be.

MARGUERITE

But the agenda!

TRENTON

Judas Priest. Mannix Cannon Ironside Quincy Barnaby Jones Macmillan And Wife were blown up inside the elevator.

PULLMAN

Blown up?

TRENTON

Yes. By a bomb.

MARGUERITE

In our elevator?

PULLMAN

Our elevator? Their elevator? What's the difference? It's not on the agenda.

MARGUERITE

(repeats)

Not on the agenda...

TRENTON

Blown up by a bomb even bigger than our last new-product launch.

PULLMAN

Gosh.

MARGUERITE

And that's big.

MARGUERITE

(points to the other)
It was his fault.

PULLMAN

(points to the other)
It was her fault.

TRENTON

There were logos and storyboards and swipe everywhere.

(a beat)

I hear.

MARGUERITE/PULLMAN

Logos and storyboards and swipe.

(a beat)

He hears.

TRENTON

And quantitative research!

(a beat)

I hear.

MARGUERITE

Oh, the creative.

PULLMAN

(weeps)

I swear, this agenda aggression shall not stand.

TRENTON

There's no time now to wrench our garments. We must make progress.

MARGUERITE

We owe it to them. What's the agenda say?

PULLMAN

I tell you what it doesn't say. It doesn't say, "Nine a.m., Executives of Mannix Cannon Ironside Quincy Barnaby Jones Macmillan And Wife blown up in elevator."

INT BROOM CLOSET, CORPORATE HEADQUARTERS

KONG, DENHAM and FAY still hide.

KONG

I can't believe I did what I just did.

FAY

You said you would kill to get an account like this.

DENHAM

And now you have. Oh, I know nobody ever means it.

(puts arm around KONG's shoulders)
But what are the three and only three important things to us and our agency?

KONG

The work.

FAY

That's one. What's number two?

KONG

The work.

FAY

And number three?

KONG

The...

KONG/DENHAM/FAY

...work.

FAY

And speaking of work, may I see what Mannix Cannon were going to present?

KONG hands her the portfolio, which she unzips. She takes out a bound report, flips it open and reads.

DENHAM

Think of their epitaphs in Advertising Age. Think of their obituaries in Adweek. Brandweek. Mediaweek. Why, their very own individual names, and not just the names of their agency, will appear in boldface.

(gestures)

Boldface. In the Advertising column of The New York Times.

FAY

(whistles)

These guys were thorough. They knew they had to wipe the slate clean.

KONG

Logo change?

FAY

Name change.

KONG

These guys are good.

DENHAM

Don't kid yourself.

KONG

You mean that we're good too?

DENHAM

No.

(more)

DENHAM

(cont'd, hugs KONG around shoulders again)
These guys were good. They're dead now.
We killed them. And unlike the creative
team that was killed in the whitewater
rafting accident, these very talented
people...

FAY

Not that we aren't as talented as they.

DENHAM

(continues thought)
...were killed in the line of duty.

FAY

Even if we haven't won an account in
two years.

DENHAM

(to FAY)

Don't urinate on my corsage.

KONG

And wasn't there an HBO movie about
those white water rafters?

DENHAM

I think it was Showtime.

KONG

Oh.

DENHAM

But now, in the light of all those
facts, don't you feel better?

KONG

I feel new...

(a beat)

...and improved.

INT BOARDROOM, CORPORATE HEADQUARTERS

TRENTON paces around the table as MARGUERITE and PULLMAN attempt
to keep up.

MARGUERITE

What does the agenda say?

TRENTON

Your precious agenda.

PULLMAN

"Eleven a.m., Final Presentation by Executives of Refluxis."

TRENTON

Refluxis? Doesn't the little purple pill cure that?

PULLMAN

Refluxis do very well for their clients.

They discuss specific work elliptically.

MARGUERITE

Look at their advertising for...
(gestures)

TRENTON

Given the chance, I would strangle that Poindexter spokesman with his own telephone cord.

MARGUERITE

But he's on a cellular phone.

TRENTON

Nevertheless, Refluxis had better not show me anything such as that.

PULLMAN

What about their campaign for...?
(gestures)

TRENTON

A popular song does not an advertising campaign make.

MARGUERITE

On the contrary, advertising ought to make the song popular.

TRENTON

I'd like to teach the World to sing...
(a beat)

our song.

PULLMAN

But songs are not our business.

TRENTON

So again, they had better not show me...

MARGUERITE

What about the innovative...?

(gestures)

TRENTON

(waves finger)

You're a woman. You know women are captive to that...

(a beat)

line of women's product.

TRENTON

Pullman, Refluxis is an agency within Logos Interregnum, isn't it?

PULLMAN

Yes, sir.

TRENTON

I must warn you, we're a large corporation...

MARGUERITE

Large, yet sensitive to the unique needs of each customer...

PULLMAN

Merely a tag line. Our old tagline.

MARGUERITE

Nostalgia. I stand corrected.

TRENTON

Old tag line, new tag line, even the Queen Mary can get lost in the fogbank of a post-modern, corporate, conflict-of-interest-causing interlocking-directorate-style advertising conglomerate.

PULLMAN

Yes, Mister Trenton.

TRENTON

(barks)

Now where are they?

EXT ROADSIDE LATE MORNING

DENHAM, KONG and FAY wait for a ride.

KONG

Yeah, where the heck are they?

DENHAM

(draws out the word)

Patience.

FAY

Irony..

KONG

Hmmmm?

FAY

Irony.

KONG

What of it?

FAY

We believe in our creative talents. Yet only by eliminating our competition in the most final and ruthless way are we able to exercise these creative talents. To murder is the opposite of to create.

DENHAM

Access. We murder to create access.

KONG

This is how we level the playing field.

DENHAM

(gestures)

You remember the campaign we designed for...

FAY

Brilliant!

KONG

Did they even want to know us?

FAY

No, because we're a boutique. They said, "If you were still the senior creative director at Refluxis, we would let you in on the review. We need an agency that's part of an international network."

KONG

See this?

(whips out PDA)

Doesn't this make us an international?

DENHAM

Careful. To believe in advertising is not to believe advertising.

FAY

(gestures)

And the ideas we had for...

KONG

Quote, "We're impressed with the advertising per se, and that's why we let you pitch our account, but..."

DENHAM

"If you were still an executive at C - O - C - K, we would not hesitate..."

KONG

If you're not big enough to break the door down...

FAY

They slam the door on your fingers.

DENHAM

And now, I suspect, when people see our work, the work of From Hunger...

(a beat)

...they laugh.

FAY

(to DENHAM)

Maybe it's our name. From Hunger.

KONG

A pitch by any other name...

DENHAM

I started in this business answering phones and I won't go back.

DENHAM holds out his right hand to instigate a group pledge.

DENHAM

Fellow adsketeers...

(a beat)

the work.

FAY

(holds out hand)

The work.

KONG

(holds out hand)

The work.

Off in the distance, there is the ROAR of a sedan-size car and the effort of passengers to drown it out with a POP SONG.

FAY

That's top forty. Let's roll.

The three part ways, DENHAM and KONG to one direction, FAY to the opposite. The POP SONG gets louder and louder, which is noticeably and noisily accompanied by cracked and otherwise unharmonious contralto voices.

INT LINCOLN TOWN CAR NOON

THREE WOMEN EXECUTIVES from the advertising agency Refluxis are driven to their meeting at the Corporate Headquarters. The THREE WOMEN EXECUTIVES are portrayed by the actors who play MARGUERITE, TRENTON and DENHAM. The men wear wigs. The DRIVER is played by the actor who plays KONG. They all sing along to "Lady Marmalade," the remake version from the movie Moulin Rouge. Only the chorus. You'll pardon the spelling.

THREE REFLUXIS EXECUTIVES and DRIVER
Voulez-vous coucher avec moi, ce
soir? Voulez-vous coucher avec moi?
Creole Lady Marmalade...

The singing ends but that doesn't stop the DRIVER (KONG).

DRIVER (KONG)
Clee-yo rady ma-ma-raht.

They all look at each other and giggle a la Wilma Flintstone and Betty Rubble.

REFLUXIS EXECUTIVE # 1 (TRENTON)
Look out look out look out!

INT/EXT LINCOLN TOWN CAR NOON

There is the SQUEAL of wheels in a long skid as the Town Car stops just short of FAY. She is in a three-point stance and aims a forty-four Magnum at the Town Car. FAY shoots dead the DRIVER and TWO EXECUTIVES (TRENTON and DENHAM). FAY walks to the rear passenger door and waves out EXECUTIVE # 2 (portrayed by the actor who plays MARGUERITE).

REFLUXIS EXECUTIVE # 2 (MARGUERITE)
Fay? Is that you?

FAY
You were expecting Patti LaBelle?

REFLUXIS EXECUTIVE # 2 (MARGUERITE)
If you let me go, I'll give you back your job.

FAY
You had to do it.

REFLUXIS EXECUTIVE # 2 (MARGUERITE)
Yes. But I'll give you back...

FAY
You made me pay. Now you will.

REFLUXIS EXECUTIVE # 2 (MARGUERITE)
(panicked)
I'm just a figure-head, a figure-head in a world wide network of agencies. You've got me wrong.

FAY is on a different train of thought.

FAY
I invented that campaign. I did.
(more)

FAY
(cont'd, grits teeth)
Yet I had to pay for my own Clio
statuette.

FAY shoots EXECUTIVE # 2 (MARGUERITE) and as she lies in the road..

REFLUXIS EXECUTIVE # 2 (MARGUERITE)
(gasps)
Blame Human Resou-ou-ou-ou-ources..

FAY shoots her once more. She turns and skips off as she sings the
original verse.

FAY
Hey Sister, Go Sister, Soul Sister,
Go Sister. He met Marmalade down in
ol' New Orleans. Struttin' her stuff
on the street..

INT BOARDROOM, CORPORATE HEADQUARTERS AFTERNOON

PULLMAN holds the phone handset over the cradle and lets it drop.

PULLMAN
All of them. Shot to death. All..

MARGUERITE
Who?

PULLMAN
The Refluxis team.

MARGUERITE collapses into a chair.

TRENTON
Look at the bright side: the choice
is being made for us.

MARGUERITE
And the shareholders?

TRENTON
I tell them it was clearly Divine
intervention.

MARGUERITE
Clearly.

TRENTON

(to PULLMAN)

What agencies remain?

PULLMAN

Only one.

TRENTON

The incumbent.

MARGUERITE

Cooper Ogre Corleone and Kusschitzky...

TRENTON

Send in C - O - C - K.

INT CABIN of the C.O.C.K. CORPORATE HELICOPTER AFTERNOON

FAY, DENHAM and KONG climb up a rope to board the helicopter as it hovers in place. KUSSCHITZKY, the older, male caucasian CEO of the agency shakes DENHAM's hand as he comes in. KUSSCHITZKY attempts to help FAY on board by grabbing her breasts, but DENHAM intervenes. Before KONG can climb aboard, KUSSCHITZKY returns to his seat. He shouts to the PILOT so he can be heard over the ROTOR BLADES. (KUSSHITZKY is portrayed by the actor who plays TRENTON, the PILOT by the actor who portrays PULLMAN.)

KUSSCHITZKY

Let's go.

KUSSCHITZKY begins to sing "The Ballad of the Green Berets."

KUSSCHITZKY

"Fighting soldiers from the sky.
Fearless men who jump and die.
Men who mean just what they say.
The brave men...Of the Green Beret."

KONG nearly falls out. FAY and DENHAM each grab an arm and haul him in. KUSSCHITZKY looks out the window as they fly over the corporate campus to the potential client's headquarters.

KUSSCHITZKY

(does not look at DENHAM)

Denham!

DENHAM drops KONG and runs to KUSSCHITZKY. FAY struggles to help KONG to his feet.

KUSSCHITZKY

You're very lucky I spotted you.

DENHAM

Yes, sir, very lucky.

KUSSCHITZKY

Even luckier that I stopped to pick you up.

DENHAM

Yes, Mister Kusschitzky. Luckier. Even luckier.

FAY and KONG mock DENHAM's behavior. They crook their arms and wag their tongues, like dogs that sit up and beg.

KUSSCHITZKY

You're the competition and this is a cut-throat business, regardless of my fealty towards you.

DENHAM

Yes, sir, cut-throat, regardless of fealty.

FAY and KONG mimic DENHAM sarcastically and nod their doggie heads frantically. DENHAM waves at them dismissively.

KUSSCHITZKY

Look at this place. It would be quite the prize for you and your agency. Your breath of an agency. Your little, teensy, tiny agency, eh Denham?

DENHAM

Yes Mister Kusschitzky, quite the prize, precisely.

FAY and KONG, again whip their heads up and down.

KUSSCHITZKY

I didn't realize you were invited to pitch this account.

DENHAM

We're sort of a wild card.

KUSSCHITZKY

From Hunger, the wild card, harrumph.

DENHAM

Yes, I'm sure you would consider us more the Knave of face cards.

KUSSCHITZKY

From Hunger the Knave? Hardly! You would be the Joker. Joker. Joker!

An angry KONG suddenly grabs the forty-four Magnum from FAY and points it at KUSSCHITZKY. DENHAM wrestles KONG to submission. FAY disarms him.

KUSSCHITZKY

This reminds me of the time President Nixon had me on Marine One to ask, beg me, to work for him. Of course I then answered him, "President Nixon, how much money does the Committee to Re-Elect have?" I put my right hand on his opposite yet complimentary shoulder and continued, "Don't worry. You may have to whore Julie and Tricia but only because America can't stand Pat."

DENHAM

And the President said, "Not only should I punch your lights out, but I should push you out of this helicopter."

KUSSCHITZKY

But he did neither and the rest, as they say..

(a beat)

Denham, I don't know if it's sad that you never saw more of this business in its heyday. When it was...

FAY

More of a fraternity?

KONG

With secret rites?

DENHAM

Public drinking is no secret rite.

KUSSCHITZKY

(dialogue runs together)

Yes. We drank in public. We drank a lot. And didn't give a damn. I didn't give a damn. And that's how I made my way to the masthead. That's why my agency is known as Cooper Ogre Corleone and Kusschitzky.

DENHAM

Yes Mister Kusschitzky.

KUSSCHITZKY

We were men. Pffft, you weaklings. It's better that you didn't see more of the business as it was. You would only be mournful of its passing. Mournful like widows, helpless, frigid widows.

DENHAM

But if I hadn't seen it, Mister Kusschitzky, I would have never believed it. Never learned to push the work.

FAY

Push it...

KONG

...right out this helicopter.

KUSSCHITZKY

Work, schmerk! How could you have forgotten the most important lesson I taught you?

DENHAM

Sir?

KUSSCHITZKY

I've made more deals with a handshake than all of you've seen in your entire lives. Put together. And made even more deals with a shake of my member at the urinal. That's how my initial "K" was added to the brass nameplate alongside the initials of Cooper, Ogre and Corleone.

(more)

KUSSCHITZKY

(cont'd, a beat)

Pffft. What do I expect from an industry populated by frustrated hairdressers and manicurists.

(a beat)

Where the only place one finds stones is not the scrotum but in the kidneys? And speaking of which...

(to the PILOT)

will you set this doggone thing down! I have to use the facilities.

The helicopter flies off.

INT BOARDROOM, CORPORATE HEADQUARTERS AFTERNOON

TRENTON sits at the table while PULLMAN stands nervously at the window and watches the Relfuxis helicopter touch down.

PULLMAN

(with relief)

They've landed safely. They've landed safely.

TRENTON

Please. He's just another advertising man. He's not General MacArthur.

PULLMAN

But he's like the General MacArthur of advertising.

TRENTON

And are we the Japanese, the Chinese, or President Truman?

(directly to the AUDIENCE)

Whoever gets that joke will have his or her ticket price refunded as a prize.

INT WASHROOM, CORPORATE HEADQUARTERS AFTERNOON

KUSSCHITZKY barges in and DENHAM follows. They stride to the urinals, unzip and evacuate their bladders as haughtily as possible.

KUSSCHITZKY

From Hunger. A foolish name invented by fools. I'd ask what you were thinking but you weren't thinking.

DENHAM

Forgive the cliché sir, but a man's gotta do...

KUSSCHITZKY

That's just it. You're a man's man. You understood our clients. More importantly, you understood me. You were a great white hope, with just the right mixture of hope and
(gnashes teeth)
great white.

(flushes)

But you abandoned me. The heir presumptive abandons me, Kusschitzky. Abandons me to a crew of candy asses.

(flushes again)

That! That was the fiercest treachery!

KUSSCHITZKY is so typically caught up with himself that he does not observe DENHAM as he creeps over to the door and locks it. As the following dialogue is exchanged, DENHAM walks back to the urinals and stands behind KUSSCHITZKY.

DENHAM

Treason never prospers. For where it prospers, none dare call it treason.

KUSSCHITZKY

And has it prospered?

(a beat)

You Judas...

DENHAM

Not yet.

DENHAM takes KUSSCHITZKY by both shoulders and turns him around. DENHAM kisses KUSSCHITZKY on the mouth.

INT BOARDROOM, CORPORATE HEADQUARTERS AFTERNOON

MARGUERITE enters with TWO EXECUTIVES from C.O.C.K. They are portrayed by the actors who play DENHAM and FAY. The former is cross-dressed as a woman, the latter as man.

MARGUERITE

(to TRENTON and PULLMAN)

You remember...

(gestures to C.O.C.K. EXECUTIVE # 1 [FAY])

and...

(gestures to C.O.C.K EXECUTIVE # 2 [DENHAM])

Mister Kusschitzky will join us in

a moment. He's in dispose.

TRENTON

Does he want to keep my account or not?

C.O.C.K EXECUTIVE # 2 (DENHAM)

Let me call him.

She takes out a cellular phone and dials.

INT WASHROOM, CORPORATE HEADQUARTERS AFTERNOON

KUSSCHITZKY hugs DENHAM with such passion that he practically topples him over.

DENHAM

Not one damn call. You didn't return
one damn call.

KUSSCHITZKY

So what? You don't do phones.

DENHAM

I started in this business answering
phones and I won't go back.

Inside his jacket pocket, KUSSCHITZKY's cellular phone rings.

DENHAM

Don't answer.

KUSSCHITZKY

I won't. I don't do phones either.
I taught you that.

DENHAM turns KUSSCHITZKY around so that he faces away.

DENHAM

Trousers!

KUSSCHITZKY lowers his pants and drawers. His suit jacket and

shirt-tails cover his waist-down nakedness.

INT BOARDROOM, CORPORATE HEADQUARTERS AFTERNOON

C.O.C.K EXECUTIVE # 2 (DENHAM)
(holds cellular phone to ear)
There's no answer.

TRENTON
(points to C.O.C.K EXECUTIVE # 2 [DENHAM])
You. Bring him here.

C.O.C.K EXECUTIVE # 2 (DENHAM) runs out. TRENTON runs out of the room after him.

TRENTON (offscreen)
(shouts)
With or without his bladder.

KONG slips into the room with the forty-four Magnum.

KONG
Everybody just sit down and keep
an open mind.
(holds gun to PULLMAN's head)
Or I'll open it for you.

PULLMAN, MARGUERITE and C.O.C.K. EXECUTIVE # 1 (FAY) take their seats.

MARGUERITE
(to C.O.C.K. EXECUTIVE # 1 [FAY])
So have you been doing this a
long time?

C.O.C.K. EXECUTIVE # 1 (FAY)
Yes. Since graduation.

INT WASHROOM, CORPORATE HEADQUARTERS AFTERNOON

DENHAM, his pants at his ankles, and KUSSCHITZKY are, shall we say, reunited in their own peculiar and mutually beneficial way.

KUSSCHITZY
Please...on my face. Please...on my face.

DENHAM grabs KUSSCHITZKY's hair with his free hand and wrenches his head to and fro.

DENHAM
(whispers)

You're not my boss anymore.

DENHAM slips a very, very long knife out of his jacket. KUSSCHITZKY klimaxes very, very loudly. DENHAM slits the throat of his former boss from ear to ear. He is silenced. As KUSSCHITZKY flails and gurgles through a torrent of blood, DENHAM lowers him to the ground. He kneels next to him.

DENHAM
Please don't take this the wrong way, sir. You should be flattered. It was you who taught me that this is a cut-throat business.

KUSSCHITZKY arches his body and opens his mouth to scream but only hisses. DENHAM leans over and pretends to listen.

DENHAM
What was that? No it's my pleasure.

DENHAM cleans knife on KUSSCHITZKY's jacket and then drags KUSSCHITZKY's body into a stall. He puts the knife back into his own jacket.

DENHAM
Remember I started in this business answering phones but I won't go back.

DENHAM opens the washroom door. C.O.C.K EXECUTIVE # 2 (DENHAM) stands in the doorway about to knock.

DENHAM
Ask yourself, are your trips to the bathroom impacting your lifestyle?

Before she can answer, DENHAM grabs her by the hair and drags her inside.

INT BOARDROOM, CORPORATE HEADQUARTERS AFTERNOON

TRENTON walks backwards through the door with his hands up. DENHAM follows him with the knife at his chest.

PULLMAN
Mister Trenton, I assure you, this is not on the agenda.

DENHAM

You can scratch C - O - C - K. They won't be racing today.

TRENTON

I think we have a designated hitter this afternoon.

KONG

(angrily)

Can we please stop mixing sports metaphors?

C.O.C.K. EXECUTIVE # 1 (FAY)

Where's Mister Kusschitzky? Still in dispose?

DENHAM

Been disposed.

MARGUERITE

You look awfully familiar.

TRENTON

Seen his photo at the post office?

KONG

Let's C - O - C - K what you had in mind. Slide that over here.

C.O.C.K. EXECUTIVE # 1 (FAY) slides binder across the table to KONG. He flips through the pages.

DENHAM

Doubtlessly replete with anthropomorphic celebrity spokespersons and overpaid talking animals.

TRENTON

Doubtlessly.

C.O.C.K. EXECUTIVE # 1 (FAY)

Don't you mean anthropomorphic talking animals and overpaid celebrity spokespersons?

DENHAM

Should I?

TRENTON

No. You should explain yourselves.

DENHAM

Mister Trenton, we are the small agency From Hunger. When my partner here said that your company was an account he would kill for, it gave me an idea.

MARGUERITE

You used to work for Mister Kusschitzky. Your name is Denham. We awarded C - O - C - K our business because of your ideas.

DENHAM

Ancient history. For you and for me. Even my reputation couldn't get From Hunger in your door, let alone into this room.

TRENTON

From Hunger?

DENHAM

Us.

PULLMAN

Their little agency.

TRENTON

Oh yes.

PULLMAN

You idiot! Did you forget so quickly?

TRENTON

It's not on the agenda.

KONG

(to C.O.C.K. EXECUTIVE # 1 [FAY])
You wanted her?! She hasn't even won a Golden Globe.

(to TRENTON)

Is this who you wanted to be the public face of this company?

MARGUERITE
(nervously)

No, no...

PULLMAN
(panicky)

Total mistake...

C.O.C.K. EXECUTIVE # 1 (FAY)
She's very pretty.

DENHAM
(points with knife)
We're talking bang for the buck here!

TRENTON
(confidently)
That fellow is correct. Branding our company with a celebrity spokeswoman, even an anthropomorphic celebrity spokeswoman, would be neither financially nor strategically prudent.

KONG
And look at this,
(holds up book)

DENHAM
Vignettes.

C.O.C.K. EXECUTIVE # 1 (FAY)
Everybody loves vignettes.

KONG
(shivers)
Oooh. So warm and fuzzy.

DENHAM
(incredulously)
And with Henry Gibson as the voice over?!

C.O.C.K. EXECUTIVE # 1 (FAY)
He's identifiable and resonant.

PULLMAN
But in a cost-effective way?

DENHAM

Why don't you just sample Rod Serling's voice?

TRENTON

Now that's thinking.

KONG

Awwwww, They plan to put your company's name on big banners and billboards.

DENHAM

How quaint. How nineteen ninety-three.

C.O.C.K. EXECUTIVE # 1 (FAY)

That's what we do at C - O - C - K. We find the perfect blend of advertising mediums.

DENHAM

Of advertising what?

C.O.C.K. EXECUTIVE # 1 (FAY)

Advertising mediums.

DENHAM

(to KONG)

Take him to meet his boss.

TRENTON

Indeed!

KONG grabs C.O.C.K. EXECUTIVE # 1 (FAY) and drags him out of the room. TRENTON stands and when DENHAM does nothing, PULLMAN and MARGUERITE stand up too.

MARGUERITE

Nonetheless, what gives you the right to denounce the work of some other agency without presenting your own?

KONG returns with FAY, their guns drawn.

DENHAM

There are my two best reasons.

TRENTON

He did have that Rod Serling idea.

PULLMAN

That was a gag.

TRENTON

Oh.

FAY

(to DENHAM)

How are we doing?

TRENTON

Pullman, what would we usually do?

PULLMAN

This isn't exactly the usual...

TRENTON

Speculate.

PULLMAN

We could start the review all over.

MARGUERITE

And invite From Hunger to pitch.

TRENTON

If I say we'll restart the review and invite your agency...

DENHAM/FAY/KONG

NO!

FAY

Put your hands up. Maybe the blood will rush to your brains...

KONG

And help you think your way out of this.

The phone rings. Nobody answers it. Again the phone rings. Again nobody answers it. The phone rings a third time. TRENTON, PULLMAN and MARGUERITE sort-of shrug their shoulders at DENHAM, but with their hands up. In mid-ring DENHAM answers the phone.

DENHAM

Uhhhh...Who are you calling for?

(more)

DENHAM

(cont'd, listens, then courteously)
Mister Trenton? He's under the gun right
now. Can he call you later?

(listens)

Great. Does he have your number?

(listens)

Let me take it anyway.

(scribbles)

This area code?

(listens)

Thanks for your patience, I'll
make sure he gets the message.

(hangs up)

DENHAM realizes that he just answered a phone. He stares at
TRENTON and as he SCREAMS, takes FAY's gun. He grabs the phone,
runs to the window and tosses it out. He fires at it once. There
is a sound as the bullet hits the phone and it blasts apart.
TRENTON whistles at the shot.

FAY

Now. How're we doing?

TRENTON

"Make thee an ark of gopher wood; rooms
shalt thou make in the ark, and shalt
pitch it within and without with pitch."

DENHAM

Huh?

KONG

Genesis, six, fourteen.

FAY

King James Version.

TRENTON

From Hunger, your work has blown away
the competition.

CUT TO BLACK