

IMAGINARY FRIENDS

"Pilot"

written by

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&

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FADE IN:

INT. OFFICE - DAY

KATE (20S) IS AT A DESK PILED WITH FILES, SHE'S WORKING ON BOTH A LAPTOP AND THE DESKTOP MONITOR WITH A FILE OPEN ON HER LAP. SHE'S ALSO ON THE PHONE. WE CAN'T HEAR WHAT THE PERSON ON THE OTHER LINE IS SAYING, BUT WE HEAR THEM YELLING.

KATE IS SUPER QUALIFIED BUT DEFINITELY OVERWHELMED.

KATE
(on phone)

No, I can assure you David is not
ignoring you. He just has a lot of
cases.

SFX: PERSON YELLING ON PHONE. KATE IS WATCHING THE OFFICE. A MALE COMES IN WITH A BUNCH OF COFFEES, HANDS ONE TO ANOTHER GUY, ANOTHER TO THE RECEPTIONIST, YOUNG AND PRETTY. HE LINGERS AT THE RECEPTION DESK.

KATE GOES BACK TO CALL.

KATE (CONT'D)
(on phone)

Yes. But he is hyper-focused on yours.
He's one of the best lawyers in the...

SFX: SCREAMING, THEN THE LINE GOES DEAD. KATE CALMLY HANGS UP THE PHONE, THEN ANGRILY FLIPS IT OFF WITH BOTH MIDDLE FINGERS.

DAVID (O.C.)

Please tell me that wasn't one of our
clients.

ENTER DAVID (40S). KATE IS MORTIFIED.

KATE

Of course not, David. That was...my
ex. He...uhh...forgot to...

DAVID'S NOT LISTENING.

DAVID

I need the Venezio file by tomorrow.

Where we at with Welch?

KATE

Well, I just got off the phone with Mrs. Welch who said that you forgot her name. She threatened to fire us because she's paying a lot of money...

DAVID

I get paid to win cases, not remember names. That's your job.

DAVID PICKS UP AND THUMBS THROUGH A FILE ON HER DESK.

DAVID (CONT'D)

You're not done with this yet?

KATE

I put it on the back burner because Allen said the Stoble case was priority.

DAVID

What? That chubby prick. Whatever I give you is priority. I'm the boss.

KATE

You're partners.

DAVID

Partners? Who are we? Key and Peele? I'm taller than him. That makes me the boss. Got it?

KATE

Yes.

DAVID

You know Allen wanted to fire you last week. But I stood up for you. I told him, "Look, Allen. That paralegal girl...

KATE
(under her breath)

It's Kate. We made out at the Christmas party last year.

DAVID

..Is smart and not a total dog like those old broads in accounting. She gives the clients something to look at when they visit the office." So how about a little gratitude? Huh?

KATE IS STUNNED.

DAVID (CONT'D)

There's that smile.

THERE IS NO SMILE ON KATE'S FACE.

DAVID (CONT'D)

Now get back to work, doll. I need you here until it is done.

KATE

David...

HE TURNS.

KATE (CONT'D)

Did you get the cappuccino I asked
for?

DAVID

Ah, shit. I forgot.

DAVID PULLS A FIVE DOLLAR BILL FROM HIS WALLET.

DAVID (CONT'D)

Go grab one for yourself when you have
time.

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

IT'S THE END OF THE DAY. KATE, THE LAST OF THE EMPLOYEES, IS
LOCKING UP THE OFFICE. A JANITOR (50S) IS MOPPING THE FLOOR.
HE GRINS AT HER.

JANITOR

Two nights in row?

SHE OFFERS A WEARY GRIN, THEN SHRUGS.

JANITOR (CONT'D)

Damn, girl. I know I'm just a janitor.
Hell, those guys don't even see me,
but at least **my boss** appreciates me.
Buys my family a turkey and a bottle
of Wild Turkey for Thanksgiving every
year. Look... no one wants to be
mopping floors when they grow up, and
I've made mistakes in my life that led
me here, but I'm not unhappy. You
deserve to be appreciated and
respected, Kate.

KATE GIVES A WEARY GRIN.

KATE

Thanks.

INT. SUBWAY - NIGHT

KATE PLUGS IN HER HEADPHONES AND PEOPLE WATCHES. EVERYONE IS ON THEIR PHONE. NO ONE IS SMILING. THERE'S EVEN A SOBBING GIRL THAT EVERYONE IS TRYING TO AVOID. A COUPLE PEOPLE ARE DRINKING.

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY

IT'S A TEN STORY BRICK APARTMENT BUILDING.

INT. APARTMENT 12A - CONTINUOUS

FRANK (30) SITS AT THE KITCHEN TABLE WITH BOB (60). THEY ARE PLAYING YAHTZEE AND DRINKING MARTINIS. A PLATE OF HOT POCKETS SIT ON THE TABLE. THEY ARE HAVING A GOOD TIME.

FRANK

I always thought being a cop would be kind of a cool job.

BOB

Cool? Do you watch the news?

FRANK

You know what I mean.

BOB

Everyone hates you, until they need you. And if you can't help them immediately, they think you suck even more. And you know the worst part?

FRANK

Old ladies who died alone in their apartment who had their faces eaten off by cats?

BOB

No, it was the fact that you can't eat
a donut in public. Ever. For twenty
years, if I wanted to eat a donut, a
single glazed donut, I'd have to do it
in private like it was a dirty act.
That went on for twenty years, Frank.
Twenty years.

FRANK PATS BOB ON THE ARM.

FRANK

You deserve better, pal.

BOB

I'm just glad it's over.

BOB SIGHS.

BOB (CONT'D)

Now I get to hang here with you, eat
hot pockets, drink martinis.

THEY TOAST GLASSES.

BOB (CONT'D)

It's all I ever really wanted. That
and a really dirty threesome.

FRANK LAUGHS. BOB REMAINS STONE-FACED.

BOB (CONT'D)

I'm not kidding.

FRANK NODS.

FRANK

I know you're not.

FRANK CHECKS HIS PHONE.

FRANK (CONT'D)

But sadly I can't be the third. I have
a gig.

BOB

A gig. That's great.

FRANK

It's just an open mic. They'll be six
people there. Two will be listening.
I'm hoping one will like me. You
should come!

BOB

Definitely.

BOB EXTENDS HIS HAND. THEY SHAKE.

FRANK

Really?

BOB

No.

HE PATS BOB ON THE BACK.

FRANK

I understand.

BOB

See you on Friday?

FRANK

Absolutely.

INT. FRANKS'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

KATE IS UNLOADING A BAG OF GROCERIES. CHICKEN, VEGGIES, QUINOA. FRANK IS THUMBING THROUGH RECORDS, DECIDING WHICH ONE TO PUT ON. BOTH HAVE A BOTTLE OF BEER.

KATE

I don't know. I guess I thought it was going to be like all those lawyer shows on television where everyone is good looking and funny. Where's the wok I made you buy?

FRANK

Top cabinet.

KATE NODS AND RETRIEVES IT. SHE STARTS IN ON CUTTING THE VEGETABLES.

KATE

But everyone at the firm is lazy and stupid and jealous and selfish. It's like high school without the acne and pot.

FRANK

Probably because they're doing coke.

SHE SHAKES HER HEAD IN FRUSTRATION.

KATE

On top of that most of those jackasses are making well above six figures. And I make dick.

FRANK

You're young, Kate. You'll be promoted and then you'll make... more dick.

KATE

But that's the thing. The people making money are even less happy than I am. I'm not sure I even **want** to be promoted. People are the worst.

FRANK

Naaa. Everyone is doing the best they can.

KATE

Really, Frank? Have you been on the subway?

HE SHRUGS.

FRANK

People are just lonely. And loneliness makes you do stupid stuff. But most of it is harmless.

KATE

You only think that because you've never explored more than the ten block radius of this building. Of course you like it, you know everyone. Everyone treats you well. But beyond that area is a hell you can't imagine.

FRANK LAUGHS.

FRANK

Sounds like a strong pitch not to go beyond a ten block radius.

KATE

There's more out there!

FRANK

More is overrated. You were just saying how the people you know with more are the most unhappy.

KATE

Yeah, but...

SHE TAKES A SIP OF HER DRINK.

KATE (CONT'D)

I guess I did.

HE NODS, SMILES.

KATE (CONT'D)

And you have very little and you're never lonely.

FRANK

I get lonely sometimes.

KATE

Like when?

FRANK

Like when I had to install Ms. Kline's AC unit. Or Old Man Herman's AC unit. Or when I had to install Mrs. Pershinsky's AC unit. I guess mostly installing AC units. They can be a pain when you do it alone.

KATE

I'm not sure that's loneliness, Frank.

FRANK

Yeah, I guess I just want a big strong
man in my life to make things easier.

KATE MAKES A FACE.

FRANK (CONT'D)

Or woman.

A BEAT.

FRANK (CONT'D)

I miss my mom.

KATE

That has a nice serial killer quality
to it.

FRANK NODS.

KATE (CONT'D)

Sorry... too far?

FRANK

(smiles)

Nah... She would've thought it was
funny. She always laughed a lot.

A BEAT.

FRANK FINALLY PUTS ON A RECORD. KATE WATCHES HIM.

KATE

I should be more like you.

FRANK

Why's that?

KATE

You're the most relaxed person I know.
You're happy. People like you. You
help others...for free.

SURPRISED, HE SMILES.

FRANK

Who the hell do I help for free?

KATE

Bob the cop. The Russian lady you sit
with on ten. All those people you help
install AC units.

FRANK

They pay me.

KATE

They do? But I thought... How much? Is
it like an hourly thing?

FRANK

Whatever they think is fair. I leave
it up to them. I'm not getting rich or
anything, if that's what you're
wondering.

KATE

How much did you make this week doing
that stuff?

FRANK

I don't know. Probably five hundred.

KATE

\$500?! And you were wearing
sweatpants, weren't you?

FRANK

Yeah.

SHE SMACKS THE COUNTER. FRANK JUMPS.

KATE

Five hundred dollars while wearing
sweatpants is like two thousand
dollars at a regular job.

A KNOCK AT THE DOOR. THEY EXCHANGE GLANCES. FRANK OPENS THE
DOOR.

EVA STROLLS THROUGH THE DOOR. THIRTIES, HEADSTRONG, SELF
CENTERED.

FRANK

Hey, Eva. What's up?

EVA LOOKS AROUND THE APARTMENT, JUDGING.

EVA

You walk Bob, right?

FRANK

Um... I don't walk him exactly. We
spend time together. He pays me. But
it's not a sex thing.

BOTH LOOK AT FRANK CONFUSED.

FRANK (CONT'D)

I guess that was obvious.

EVA

But he pays you. Correct?

FRANK NODS.

EVA (CONT'D)

I want you to do me.

FRANK

You don't mean...

HE GRINDS HIS HIPS A LITTLE. EVA IGNORES HIM.

EVA

I'm going through a break-up. And I'm off my meds and my mother is sick and she is psychotic. I can't afford a mental slip. I need someone to knock on my door in the mornings and have coffee with me. It'll take about an hour. Once I'm up, I'm fine. But I need routine. It is imperative I have routine. I'll pay you, of course. 7 a.m.

FRANK

That's early. I dunno.

KATE

I'll do it!

EVA

Who are you?

KATE

I'm Frank's friend. My name is Kate. I live right above you.

(MORE)

KATE (CONT'D)

We made out at the building's
Halloween party last year.

EVA CLEARLY DOESN'T REMEMBER.

EVA

Are you responsible?

KATE

Incredibly so.

EVA LOOKS UP AND DOWN AT KATE AND FRANK.

EVA PULLS OUT A CHECKBOOK.

EVA

Here's money for the first week. And
my cell phone.

EVA HANDS KATE A CHECK. EVA EXITS WITHOUT SO MUCH AS A
GOODBYE. KATE LOOKS TO FRANK, SMILES.

FRANK

What are you doing?

KATE LOOKS AT THE CHECK.

KATE

Getting less lonely.

EXT. EVA'S APARTMENT - DAY

KATE GOES TO KNOCK ON EVA'S DOOR. THERE'S A POST IT ON THE
DOOR THAT SAYS, "IT'S OPEN. MAKE COFFEE. -E"

INT. EVA'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

KATE ENTERS EVA'S APARTMENT. IT'S SUPER MODERN AND CLEAN. IT
ALMOST DOESN'T LOOKED LIVED IN. MORE LIKE A DISPLAY. THERE'S
ARTWORK FRAMED, BUT THERE'S NO PICTURES OF PEOPLE.

KATE

Um... hello...? Eva.

EVA ENTERS. SHE'S IN A BATHROBE. KATE SMILES WIDE.

KATE (CONT'D)

Good morning.

EVA
(whispering)

No, no. Please. No talking yet. Just
make a pot of coffee and have a seat.

KATE GOES TO RESPOND, BUT EVA MOTIONS FOR HER SILENCE.

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

KATE MAKES A CUP OF COFFEE. EVA IS GETTING READY SOMEWHERE.
KATE SNOOPS A BIT. ALL OF EVA'S STUFF IS JUST SO, NOT ONLY
IMMACULATE AND ORDERLY BUT LABELED. THERE'S A DAY PLANNER ON
THE COUNTER. KATE THUMBS IT OPEN. EVERY HOUR IS PLANNED.

EVA ENTERS AND KATE QUICKLY CLOSES THE DAY PLANNER. EVA POURS
HERSELF A CUP OF COFFEE AND PULLS SOME BERRIES FROM THE
FRIDGE. THERE IS NO SOUND EXCEPT THE TICKING OF A CLOCK.

FINALLY...

EVA

So what's your story?

KATE

Oh me? Well... what do you mean?

EVA

I knew Frank did this kind of thing.

But you're working with him now?

KATE

Just helping out.

EVA NODS.

EVA

You sleeping with him?

KATE LAUGHS.

KATE

No.

EVA STARES.

KATE (CONT'D)

Well, one time, but we were drunk, and
ya know.

EVA SIPS HER COFFEE.

EVA

No good?

KATE

It's not that. He's just not who I
picture myself with.

EVA

Who do you picture?

KATE SHRUGS.

KATE

Someone a little less...

EVA

Stoned? Frumpy? Short? More lawyer-
ish?

KATE

God no. I hate lawyers.

EVA

Everyone does. And yet people still
want to be one or marry one.

KATE

Yeah. I guess I did too. Once upon
time before I was a paralegal.

A BEAT.

EVA CONSIDERS.

EVA

That's a good job. Good money. Why do
you need this kind of side work?

KATE

I don't **need** it, really. I'm just...
trying something new. It's just... I
don't like my job.

EVA

Nobody likes their job.

KATE

Why do you think that is?

EVA

Because the government puts fluoride
in our water which creates a plaque on
our pineal gland messing with our
natural brain chemicals.

KATE GIVES A NERVOUS SMILE. SECONDS PASS.

EVA LEANS IN.

EVA (CONT'D)

I'm joking.

KATE LAUGHS.

EVA (CONT'D)

But seriously. It's a possibility.

KATE GOES FOR THE COFFEE POT TO POUR EVA MORE. EVA WAVES IT OFF.

EVA (CONT'D)

Why do you think people hate their
jobs?

A BEAT.

KATE

I have no idea. People are nuts. I'm
nuts. And we all have to pretend
otherwise or we wouldn't get work or
laid, or anything. But it's hard to
keep it up.

KATE WAITS.

EVA

That's not bad.

KATE

Really? I just made it up. Right now.

EVA

They say happiness is contagious. But
unhappiness spreads a lot quicker. You
know why people think I have my shit
together?

KATE

Because... you do?

EVA

No. Well, yes. But also no. I keep the curtain closed. No one gets to see behind it. Because when you look behind the curtain, you see what sad, lonely messes everyone is. Behind people's plastic Instagram posts are damaged wrecks. You wanna help people? You have no idea what you're getting yourself into. Frank clearly doesn't understand that. Do you?

KATE CONSIDERS. EVA RETREATS TO LOOKING AT HER PHONE.

INT. FRANK'S APARTMENT - DAY

IT'S NEAR NOON AND FRANK IS STILL IN BED. SOMEONE IS KNOCKING AT HIS DOOR. GROGGY, HE ANSWERS HIS DOOR IN HIS BOXERS.

IT'S KATE. SHE'S EXCITED.

KATE

Gross, Frank. Either do crunches from time to time or wear a shirt when you answer the door.

FRANK FINDS A T-SHIRT ON THE COUCH, PUTS IT ON.

FRANK

Coffee?

KATE

I had some at Eva's. I'm already jacked. Get ready, I have an idea.

FRANK

Uh oh.

KATE

The Eva appointment went awesome. I mean it went okay, but it felt like... like when you see a movie with Nicholas Cage and it's surprisingly good.

KATE PACES THE ROOM.

KATE (CONT'D)

She wants me to do it again and she's already paid for another week. And she gave me some other woman's number.

FRANK

You lost me at a good movie with Nicholas Cage.

KATE

Lets go to a bar.

FRANK

Your idea is to go to the bar?

KATE

No! I'll tell you the idea at the bar.

FRANK

It's not even noon. You're supposed to be at work.

KATE

I called in sick.

FRANK

You? You don't call in sick.

KATE

I know. That's why I want to go to a
bar.

HE RUNS HIS HAND THROUGH HIS HAIR.

FRANK

Alright. Can I bring Bob?

INT. MCANELLY'S PUB

A PRETTY IRISH WOMAN WIPES DOWN THE BAR. A YOUNG MEXICAN KID
MOPS THE FLOOR. FRANK, KATE AND BOB ARE SITTING AT A HIGHTOP
WITH A PITCHER OF BEER AND A ROUND OF SHOTS. NO ONE ELSE IN
THE BAR.

THEY KNOCK BACK THE SHOTS AND SIP THEIR BEER.

BOB

I haven't had booze before noon
since...

FRANK

Last Friday. I was there.

BOB

Oh right. That was awesome!

THEY HIGH-FIVE.

FRANK LOOKS TO KATE WHO'S JUST GRINNING.

FRANK

I think she's already hammered.

KATE

No. It just feels so good not being at
work.

BOB

You're under appreciated and
overworked, Kate. Unlike Frank here
who's the opposite.

FRANK

What?!

KATE

Yeah. I've only even been there a few
years, but feels more like forever.
Then I spend an hour with Eva today
and I'm totally energized.

FRANK

What did you guys talk about?

KATE

We didn't talk a lot.

FRANK NODS. BOB LAUGHS.

BOB

Yeah, right. Two women not talking.
And what was after that, two guys not
lying?

NO ONE LAUGHS.

FRANK

So you just sat there?

KATE

Well we talked a little. Drank our
coffee, listened to music. It was
nice, especially after my week.

FRANK

I'm happy for you.

KATE

I'm happy for us.

BOB INTERRUPTS.

BOB

You really didn't think that was funny
with the two women not talking and the
two guys not lying?

KATE SHRUGS.

KATE

Seemed kind of like nineties comedy.

FRANK

Doesn't mean you're not funny, pal.

BOB

You're saying that because I pay you.

FRANK

No, I really like your jokes! I
wouldn't fake laugh!

KATE

He wouldn't, Bob. But also, Frank's an
easy audience.

FRANK

I knew I should have never told you I
like "The Big Bang Theory."

KATE

Bob, I have a question.

BOB

Yes. I have killed a guy.

KATE

What?

BOB

That wasn't your question? That's usually everyone's question.

KATE

As a client of Frank's...

BOB

I don't really consider myself a client of Frank's.

KATE

Whatever. But it's good for you, yes? You enjoy the time spent and also feel good compensating Frank for his time?

BOB THINKS.

FRANK

Dude, it's a yes or no question.

BOB

I know. I was trying to think of a good joke to redeem myself. But I'm blanking.

KATE

I want to do more of this. I think we could start a business.

FRANK LAUGHS.

FRANK

This is the idea you were talking
about?

SHE NODS.

FRANK (CONT'D)

This is why you shouldn't drink in the
morning.

KATE

There's a lot of people out there who
would hire us.

FRANK

How do you know?

KATE

Well we have four clients already and
we haven't even advertised. We can do
this. I know it. I even have a name
picked out: Imaginary Friends.

FRANK MAKES A "NOT BAD" FACE. BUT...

FRANK

I'm not a corporate guy. I play the
guitar.

KATE

I'll tell you what. We'll work around
your "gigs."

FRANK

It doesn't feel right. A "fake
friends" company is weird.

KATE

It's not fake. It's symbiotic.

BOB

Nice word, egghead.

KATE

No. Certain fish have symbiotic relationships with sharks. They swim with them, and eat bacteria or plankton off of the shark. In turn, the shark doesn't eat them and they get protection and meals, and the shark gets cleaned.

FRANK

So, are we the sharks or the fish in this analogy?

BOB

I want to be the shark. Can I be the shark? Seriously. Make me a shark. I'm the shark.

KATE

Neither. It doesn't matter. This is a good idea, Frank. If we help people, and make money, that's a win-win.

FRANK SIPS HIS BEER.

FRANK

And us being friends and all, it could really screw all that up.

KATE

I won't let that happen.

FRANK

What do you think, Bob?

BOB

I still can't believe you don't like that joke. That's solid stuff. Plus it's clean. I could do that on television.

KATE

Are you even listening to us?

BOB

No, I've been watching that creep over there. He's been eyeing Kate since we got in.

FRANK AND KATE LOOK OVER THEIR SHOULDERS. INDEED THERE IS A CREEP OVER THERE WATCHING KATE.

BOB (CONT'D)

You never stop being a cop. That's why **I'm the shark.** I'm about to rough that guy up, tell him no one looks at our lesbian like that.

KATE

I'm not a lesbian.

BOB

Are you sure? I've never seen you with a guy.

KATE

Have you ever seen me with a girl?

BOB CONSIDERS.

BOB

I guess not. I've only ever really
seen you with Frank... which only
added to my suspicion that you are a
lesbian.

KATE AND BOB LAUGH. FRANK LAUGHS TOO.

FRANK

I don't know why I'm laughing. I don't
understand the joke.

INT. FRANK'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

KATE AND FRANK STUMBLE OUT.

FRANK

Oh shit. I forgot Mrs. Wilson's
laundry ticket.

KATE HOLDS IT UP.

FRANK (CONT'D)

Oh right.

KATE

See, this is why we make a good team.

FRANK

No, this is why we shouldn't run
errands drunk.

KATE

Taking the moral high ground now?

FRANK

Nah, just this one time I was running errands drunk and I had to pee really bad, so I was peeing in an alley and got a ticket for public indecency.

Kate makes a face.

FRANK (CONT'D)

That's why I usually run errands high now. You don't have to empty your bladder as much.

KATE LAUGHS.

FRANK (CONT'D)

See, I know you're drunk because you would not have laughed at that sober.

KATE

That obvious?

FRANK

Oh calm down. This is New York City. Everyone is drunk.

HE HANDS HER A PACK OF GUM.

FRANK (CONT'D)

Use some of these.

SHE PUTS THREE PIECES IN HER MOUTH.

FRANK (CONT'D)

You ready?

KATE

Yeah, yeah.

CUT TO:

EXT. MRS. WILSON'S APARTMENT - DAY

KATE AND FRANK STAND AT THE APARTMENT DOOR. FRANK IS HOLDING A BAG OF LAUNDRY. THEY BOTH LOOK SOMEWHAT DISHEVELED.

KATE SMELLS HER ARMPIT.

FRANK

You really are a delicate flower?

KATE

Shutup.

MRS. WILSON ANSWERS THE DOOR.

MRS. WILSON

Hi, Frank!

HER FACE GOES SOUR.

FRANK

Hi, Mrs. Wilson! This is Kate.

MRS. WILSON

Hi Kate, you're the girl who's always leaving early and coming home late.

KATE

That's me. Workaholic.

MRS. WILSON

What's with the gum? You drunk?

KATE'S STUNNED.

EXT. STREET - DAY

KATE AND FRANK WALK DOWN THE STREET.

FRANK

That wasn't too bad, was it?

KATE TOUCHES HER STOMACH.

KATE

I think I had like eight cookies.

FRANK

You reminded her of the daughter she
lost.

KATE

I didn't know what to do when she
started to tear up.

FRANK

Just sitting there with her was
enough.

KATE

Maybe we should check in with her
later.

FRANK

(smiling)

Look at you, thinking of others.

KATE

I know weird, right?

SHE STOPS. HE STOPS.

KATE (CONT'D)

I have this warm feeling in my gut,
like... like...

FRANK

Kate... it's called empathy.

KATE BENDS OVER AND VOMITS IN THE STREET. SHE WIPES HER MOUTH, STRAIGHTENS, SMILES.

KATE

Today has been a good day.

INT. OFFICE - THE NEXT DAY

KATE WALKS TO HER DESK, SETS HER PURSE AND STARBUCKS DOWN, DROPS INTO HER SEAT. SHE SIPS HER COFFEE, GAZES AROUND THE OFFICE. EVERYONE IS MOVING. WORK IS IN FULL EFFECT.

FOR SOME REASON IT'S NOT AS BAD TODAY. NOT AS BAD, UNTIL...

DAVID

Did you forget my Vanilla latte?

KATE LOOKS AROUND ON HER DESK, SHRUGS.

KATE

I guess I did. I'm sorry, Dean.

DAVID

It's David.

SHE POINTS AT HIM.

KATE

Of course.

KATE REACHES IN HER POCKET AND PULLS OUT A FIVE DOLLAR BILL.

KATE (CONT'D)

Go grab one for yourself when you have
time.

DAVID IS STUNNED. HE OPENS HIS MOUTH TO RESPOND, BUT THE CONFIDENT LOOK ON KATE'S FACE STOPS HIM. HE SIMPLY WALKS AWAY.

SHE SMILES AND BEGINS HER WORK.

INT. APARTMENT BUILDING

FRANK MAKES HIS WAY DOWN THE HALL CARRYING A VERY HEAVY AIR CONDITIONER. HE STUMBLES INTO THE RIGHT WALL, RIGHTS HIMSELF, THEN...

FRANK

Son of a...

HE STUMBLES INTO THE LEFT WALL. HE TRIPS, ALMOST FALLS. HE SOMEHOW MAKES IT TO THE ELEVATOR. HE TRIES TO PUSH THE UP BUTTON, BUT HIS HANDS ARE COMPROMISED.

HE TURNS AROUND AND TRIES TO HIS IT WITH HIS BUTT, BUT HE CAN'T, TRIES AGAIN. NOTHING.

FRANK (CONT'D)

God-dog-it!

HE RESTS THE AIR CONDITIONER ON HIS KNEE AND SLAPS THE BUTTON.

INT. APARTMENT BUILDING

FRANK EXITS THE ELEVATOR. HE MOVES DOWN THE HALLWAY, THE AIR CONDITIONER SLIPPING FROM HIS HANDS.

FRANK

Almost there! Almost there!

HE'S ALMOST THERE, THEN HIS PHONE RINGS, SCARING HIM AND HE DROPS THE CONDITIONER AND TUMBLES TO THE CARPET. A TENANT EXITS THEIR APARTMENT AND ALMOST FALLS OVER FRANK.

THE PHONE STILL RINGS.

TENANT

What are you doing, Frank?

FRANK

Just helping out.

HE STEPS OVER FRANK.

TENANT

If you say so.

FRANK CHECKS THE PHONE SEES IT'S KATE. HE GRINS, ANSWERS THE PHONE.

FRANK

Yeah....

INT. OFFICE

KATE SHRUGS ON HER COAT, OTHER EMPLOYEES HEAD TO THE ELEVATORS.

KATE

Frank, you're part of a company now.

You can't be answering the phone like that.

FRANK

Isn't it ironic that we have a company that provides company?

SHE GRABS HER BAG. SEES THE CLEANING MAN WITH A BUCKET OF CLEANING PRODUCTS. HE GIVES HER A THUMBS UP FOR LEAVING EARLY. SHE GIVES HIM ONE BACK.

KATE

Please don't say that to any of our clients, it sounds really stupid. What are you doing right now?

FRANK

I'm on the floor in the hallway, I dropped on AC unit.

KATE

Sounds like you could use a big strong woman to help you.

FADE TO BLACK.