

JAKE AND AMIR

Written by

Jake Hurwitz
&
Amir Blumenfeld

and

Michael Lisbe
&
Nate Reger

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FADE IN: *

INT. CULTUREMUNCH OFFICES - DAY *

A brightly colored bullpen with an open floor plan. A large sign reads **CultureMunch**. At one end are a circle of bean bag chairs around a TV with an X-Box. There are Razor Scooters, Nerf Guns and other toys scattered around. *

Jake and Amir sit across from one another, working. *

AMIR
Long day, huh, Jake? *

JAKE
It's 9:15. Work just started. *

AMIR
I don't know about you but I find it hard to get any work DRONE around here. *

Suddenly a small drone rises behind Jake. Jake ducks. *

JAKE
Dumb pun. *

The drone buzzes towards Jake's head. He ducks. Other people in the office look concerned. Papers blow around. Amir and Jake have to speak loudly above the noise. *

JAKE (CONT'D)
Wow, super loud. *

AMIR
Small price to pay for the world's first live streaming, periscoping office drone! *

JAKE
Jesus Amir, that thing has blades! *

AMIR
Don't fear technology! *

The drone, now more out of control, buzzes around the office. From the POV OF THE DRONE, co-workers DODGE and DUCK. *

AMIR (CONT'D)
This is just the beginning. Wake up man! The revolution has officially- *

The drone smacks Jake in the forehead. Jake falls out of frame. The drone lands on his desk. *

AMIR (CONT'D) *
 ...and you've broke my drone. Take me *
 to dinner and we'll call it even... *
 (no response) *
 Jake? *

CUT TO: *

OPENING TITLES: JAKE & AMIR *

INT. CULTUREMUNCH - DESK AREA - MORNING

Jake works on his laptop as Amir tries to fix his drone with a screwdriver. *

AMIR *
 Why are you giving me the silent *
 treatment? Your face broke my drone. *

JAKE *
 It's not the silent treatment every *
 time I don't talk to you for five *
 seconds. It's just silence. *

AMIR *
 Apology accepted. *

JAKE *
 Just be quiet so I can post this *
 article before the meeting. *

AMIR *
 (off Jake's computer) *
 Top Ten Epic Tinder Fails. These are *
 all screen shots from your account. *

JAKE *
 No they're not! *
 (confidentially to Amir) *
 I'll Photoshop my name out. *

AMIR *
 You should really just have today off. *
 It's a pretty special day for you. *

JAKE *
 What are you talking about? *

AMIR *
 It's your half birthday! 29 years ago *
 today, a six month old was born. *

JAKE *
 Not possible. Please relax. *

AMIR

I am relaxed.

JAKE

You're sweating and practically crying.

AMIR

I'm a little glad for you!

JAKE

Look, I appreciate the sentiment, but people don't celebrate their half birthdays. So please don't make a big deal out of it.

They head for the conference room. Jake goes in but as Amir is about to enter he's blocked by a supply cart, being pushed by **ROBERTA "BERTIE" BEDNARZYCK** (32, a confident oddball). She wears Heelys so she can roll as she pushes the cart.

BERTIE

(trying to sound sexy)

Hey Amir, we just got the new Bic RollerMate 1.4's. Clear Barrel.

She seductively puts a pen in her mouth.

AMIR

You have ink on your tongue.

BERTIE

(sexy)

I know.

Amir tries to move the cart, but Bertie holds it firm. Amir tries to squeeze between the cart and the door. It's too tight. As he CLIMBS UP ONTO HER CART AND OVER IT, Bertie takes a selfie next to Amir's crotch.

BERTIE (CONT'D)

Good day, sir.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Amir enters. It's more of a lounge than a conference room. There are couches and bean bag chairs, a TV on the wall. Already seated are **LOGAN PITT** (27, frat guy in a woman's body); and **"SICK" PAT FLEMING** (29, a quick to panic hypochondriac). Amir approaches Pat, who's next to Jake.

AMIR

Pat, scoot over. Now.

SICK PAT

Not now, please. I was up all night plugging a data leak on the server, I've got an ear migraine, and my carpal tunnel is literally spreading to my lungs-

Amir squeezes in between Pat and Jake, wiggling fiercely.

SICK PAT (CONT'D)

Gentler! Gentler!

As Amir sits, Logan shows Jake something on her phone.

LOGAN

Jake, check out this creep shot.

Logan shows Jake her phone (we can't see it).

JAKE

Oh, God. Who is this naked guy?

LOGAN

Just some gargoyle I picked up at Target last night. I called him an Uber while we were boning.

Logan goes for a fist bump. Jake taps it with one finger. **RICK FOX** (44, nice to a fault, three-time NBA champion starting a new career) enters, hi-fiving everyone.

RICK FOX

It's official, CultureMunch just passed one million Facebook likes! Turns out I'm good at basketball and social media. Pat, chest bump!

SICK PAT

Can't! Brittle sternum.

PHIL ROONEY (50, out of touch), enters. He sees all that's left are bean bag chairs.

ROONEY

No regular people chairs. So I have to sit on a bag full of beans?

He awkwardly sits on a bean bag. Logan makes a fart noise.

ROONEY (CONT'D)

Very funny. That wasn't me. Logan made that noise, artificially.

Rooney shifts to get comfortable, and actually farts.

ROONEY (CONT'D)

That was the chair.

The founder of CultureMunch and everyone's boss, **DICKY VAN DOREN** (35, a super positive name dropper with ADD) APPEARS ON A FLAT SCREEN ON THE WALL.

DICKY (ON TV)

Okay peeps. I know I was supposed to be back from Davos today, but I ran into some of the Twitter guys and we're going heli-skiing tomorrow. I'll be back by Thursday, or at the latest two Wednesdays from now.

JAKE

Huge window.

DICKY (ON TV)

Secondly-

HAYLEY MEYERS (26, insensitive and self-involved) enters and obliviously talks over Dicky. Jake perks up - he's into her.

HAYLEY

Show of hands, who here thinks it would be smart to dump me?

Logan and Rooney raise their hands.

RICK FOX

Hayley, we're in the middle of a meeting.

HAYLEY

(ignoring)

I just don't get Bogdan. Amir, you were right. He doesn't need a girlfriend, he needs a mother.

AMIR

That's what you get for dating a child. They play games.

DICKY (ON TV)

So the good news is, thanks to Rick Fox, we're crushing it on Facebook likes, Twitter mentions and a new metric I just invented called 'The Whazzup Rating'.

RICK FOX

I love it. Sounds like 'what's up'.

DICKY (ON TV)

The bad news is the ComScore numbers just came in and they kinda suck. We need to double our traffic by the end of the month or we're gonna lose our funding.

*
*
*
*
*

ROONEY

What happened to the five million dollars we got in August?

*
*
*

DICKY (ON TV)

Spent it on an app idea I had: You squeeze your phone and it charges.

*
*
*

JAKE

Is that possible?

*
*

DICKY (ON TV)

No. Anyway, I'm counting on you guys to crush it this week. Logan: more fail videos. Jake and Amir: post articles, quizzes, lists... It doesn't have to be good, it just has to be online.

*
*
*
*
*
*
*

SICK PAT

I have a question about our health insurance. What's the maximum?

*
*
*

DICKY

Chopper's here, gotta bounce. Keep crushing it, gang!

*
*
*

Dicky is gone.

*

JAKE

How the hell do we double our traffic in six days?

*
*
*

RICK FOX

Determination. Teamwork. Rebounding.

*
*

JAKE

The last one sounded like it was exclusively about basketball.

*
*
*

AMIR

All right guys, you heard Dicky. Let's get back to work...

*
*

INT. DESK AREA - CONTINUOUS

They emerge from the conference room. The desk area is decorated for a party. A banner reads **HAPPY HALF-BIRTHDAY, JAKE!** There's a sundae bar; a DJ blasts music. *

AMIR
...right after we celebrate my best friend's half birthday! *

JAKE
Oh God. *

AMIR
(arm around Jake)
I know! Jake Hurwitz, this is your life! A seven hundred dollar sundae bar and a kick ass DJ who commands a hundred dollars an hour plus gas. Also these. *

Amir holds up two tickets. *

JAKE
Two tickets to see Ed Sheeran? *

AMIR
Concert of the year. Five hundred dollars, face. *

JAKE
Stop telling me how much things cost. *

AMIR
(to everyone)
Dig in! Courtesy of Jake and Amir! *

JAKE
Just Amir! *

Nobody pays attention as they excitedly head for the bar.

RICK FOX
(to Amir)
Sundae bar on a Monday? High five.

They high five. Jake turns to Amir. *

JAKE
I told you not to make a big deal out of this. *

AMIR
This isn't a big deal. This is a huge
fucking deal! *

JAKE
Shh! Shh! Yelling in the office,
cursing in the office. *

Rooney, looking over the sundae bar, nears them. *

ROONEY
This better not have come out of petty
cash. *

(then, noticing) *

Oh wow, I love wet nuts! *

Logan, next to him, has been holding up her smart phone. *

LOGAN
Got it. *

Logan plays back Rooney saying "I love wet nuts". She laughs
and walks away from a frustrated Rooney. *

ROONEY
That was taken without my consent.
It's illegal to use! *

Jake notices Hayley pick up a tub of ice cream and walk off. *

JAKE
(getting an idea; to Amir) *

You know if you really want to make
today special, talk me up to Hayley.
I don't know why but she trusts you.

AMIR
It's because I'm the only guy in this
office who doesn't hit on her. Unlike
most people here, I don't shit where I
eat.

JAKE
You took nachos into the bathroom
yesterday. *

AMIR
Metaphorically! Metaphorically I
don't shit where I eat. *

JAKE
Come on, you know she's never single
for long. I just need your help
laying a little groundwork. *

AMIR

Trust me, you do not want to be with Hayley right now. After this whole Bogdan thing, all she's looking for is a purely sexual rebound.

Jake shakes his head, incredulous.

AMIR (CONT'D)

Best case scenario, you two have six months of unadulterated, no-strings-attached deep-sea boning. I'm talking that don't-tell-grandma-about-it shit, that-

Jake's gone. We see him power walking towards Hayley's desk.

INT. DESK AREA - CONTINUOUS

Hayley (eating ice cream) is on a call as Jake approaches.

HAYLEY

(into phone)

That's right, Mickey, the skin launches today. But what about those branded videos you said you'd buy? I took you bowling, Mickey. I was your beard at your nephew's Bar Mitzvah. Ok, now we're talking.

Jake smiles and sits on the edge of her desk. The desk immediately tips and all of Hayley's things slide off, including the phone.

JAKE

Whoa, what's with the slippery desk, Wayne Gretzky?

HAYLEY

What are you doing?

Jake tries to pick up her desk and set everything back up. Hayley's cell phone starts to ring.

JAKE

It's an ice hockey joke. I just came by to see how you're-

HAYLEY

(re: phone)

Bogdan again.

She shows Jake Bogdan's CALLER PHOTO: A shirtless Slavic man in tight jeans doing perfect Van Damme splits.

HAYLEY (CONT'D)

He wants me back and I don't blame him.

JAKE

Some guys just don't get it. Hey, you want to get a drink tonight? You plus me equals mojitos? Neato!

Hayley eyes him suspiciously.

JAKE (CONT'D)

Just two work buds hanging out.

HAYLEY

One drink. Half hour. You leave and keep your tab open.

JAKE

Two drinks. One hour. I'll leave the card but a hundred dollars max.

HAYLEY

Forty five minutes, two hundred max.

JAKE

Deal! Pick you up from your place at eight.

HAYLEY

We'll leave from work at six.

Jake does a double peace sign with his hands, realizes it's very awkward, and with nowhere to go with it...

JAKE

(Nixon impression)

I am not a crook.

Hayley just stares. Jake turns to go, not seeing the phone cord around his leg, and RIPS the phone off her desk again.

INT. DESK AREA - SAME TIME

Logan stands between Rick Fox and Sick Pat's desks showing them something on her phone.

LOGAN

Hey Rooney, do you like it when your testicles sweat in the summer?

*
*

Logan presses a button on her phone.

*

ROONEY (ON LOGAN'S PHONE)

I love wet nuts!

*
*

Everyone cracks up.

ROONEY (CONT'D)
You only asked that question so you
could press the button!

*
*
*

RICK FOX
Amusing but unprofessional. Low five.

*

Rick holds his hand out low for Logan. Jake approaches.

JAKE
Do we have to declare office romances
to HR? Because I am pretty much going
steady with Hayley at this point.

*
*

Amir walks up.

AMIR
And I'd like to declare that this
party's about to get a lot more...
magician!

*
*

JAKE
Weird set up. Bad grammar. Please
tell me you didn't-

*
*

A SMOKE BOMB goes off. Heart's "Magic Man" begins. When the
smoke clears, a MAGICIAN, wearing a tux and a cape is there.

*
*

JAKE (CONT'D)
-get me a magician.

*
*

MAGICIAN
Alright, alright, alriiigh! Who's the
little half-birthday bitch? Kidding!

*
*

Amir puts his arm around Jake, who is very annoyed.

AMIR
He's right here!

MAGICIAN
Tell me, Mr. Twenty Nine and a Half--
is this your card?

A Birthday card appears in the Magician's hand. It reads,
Happy Half Birthday Jack! Everyone applauds.

*

JAKE
That's not my name.

*

MAGICIAN
Sure it is.

*
*

The magician launches into a series of tricks:

-He chokes and spits out an intact cupcake, then regurgitates a full birthday candle. He blows and the candle ignites. He offers the cupcake to Sick Pat, who vehemently refuses. *

-He makes a bouquet of flowers appear and flirtatiously gives them to Bertie. She weeps. He does a bad cartwheel. *

-He lifts up a sheet and drops it, instantly changing into a woman's gown. He does that again and is fully naked. Does it again and back to his regular clothes. Amir is loving it. *

MAGICIAN (CONT'D)

And now ladies and gentle-hens for my final chick. *

Music builds as the magician gesticulates theatrically. Suddenly, a CLOUD OF SMOKE. *

SICK PAT

I can't breathe. Even more so than usual! *

As the smoke clears, the magician has vanished.

LOGAN

Dude, where the fart did he go? *

AMIR

He disappeared! *

Hayley looks at her desk, concerned. *

HAYLEY

Um, my laptop is missing.

SICK PAT

Mine's gone too.

JAKE

(looking around office)
All of our laptops are gone. *

Amir starts to slow clap.

AMIR

... Brava! Amazing. Magic is REAL.

Jake glares at Amir and everyone looks concerned. *

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

INT. DESK AREA - CONTINUOUS

Everyone stands in stunned silence amongst computer-less desks.*

JAKE

So that guy just robbed us.

AMIR

Why would a magician steal laptops? *

He has magic. *

In the background everyone is looking through cabinets and in closets for the magician, or their computers.

RICK FOX

It's official, all our laptops are gone. Very low five for this.

AMIR

Jesus.

(then)

What a trick!

Amir starts to slow clap again.

JAKE

Stop doing that.

HAYLEY

First I get dumped, then I get robbed. *

Why do bad things only happen to me?

ROONEY

I told Dicky portable computers were a waste of money. Say what you want *

about my Compaq Presario, at least it's still here. *

Rooney taps a giant tower desktop computer. The CD-Rom tray opens revealing *Strip Poker with Jenna Jameson*. He shamefully pushes the disc back in.

LOGAN

So all our laptops got stolen because this scissor sister wanted to celebrate his half birthday?

HAYLEY

What kind of self-involved loser celebrates his half-birthday, anyway?

JAKE

I didn't. Amir did. He's the scissor
sister.

*
*

RICK FOX

Guys, this is serious. Like Shaquille
O'Neal got his arm stuck in the
Powerade machine again serious.

*
*
*
*

AMIR

Everybody relax. Magic takes time.
Did Sir David Blaine stay in an ice
cube above Times Square for a week
straight in two minutes? I don't
think so.

*

*

SICK PAT

We have to call Dicky.

*
*

RICK FOX

I'll take the fall. I'll call Dicky
and tell him I lost the laptops.

*
*

JAKE

That's crazy.

AMIR

That's perfect.

JAKE

Selfless as always, Rick Fox. But
this is Amir's problem. He'll call-

*
*

AMIR

Nobody's calling Dicky. I hired the
magician, I'll find him and tell him
to wrap it up.

*

*

LOGAN

Do it now. I can't post videos of
dumbasses getting struck by lightning
if I don't have a laptop.

*
*
*
*

Everyone is freaking out and begins to turn on Jake and Amir.

*

HAYLEY

And if my pre-rolls don't run, my
advertisers are gonna lose their shit.

*
*

SICK PAT

And if we lose our advertisers we'll
go out of business and I'll lose my
health insurance! Then I'll die.

*
*
*

RICK FOX

No one's dying, Pat. At least not
today. Amir, we'll give you two hours.

*
*

AMIR

Co-workers, you have nothing to worry about. I am on this.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. OFFICE - A LITTLE LATER

Amir is fast asleep at his desk, snoring. We PULL BACK TO REVEAL Bertie straddling one of Amir's legs staring at him while he sleeps. She touches his hair. Amir shoots awake.

AMIR

Ah! What are you doing?

BERTIE

Just touching your face and hair. Any luck with the laptops?

AMIR

The what tops?

BERTIE

I'm just scared that if you don't find those computers, we'll lose our jobs and we won't get to hang out anymore.

AMIR

Oh my God, what would Jake do without me? I have to find them!

Bertie watches Amir go as she playfully puts an uncapped Sharpie in her mouth.

INT. DESK AREA - LATER

Rick Fox is at his desk, looking frustrated.

RICK FOX

I'm running out of things to tweet about. This is really gonna hurt our Wazzup rating.

ANGLE ON: Sick Pat and Logan at their desks.

SICK PAT

If the website crashes and I go to the ER with another panic attack, my aunt is gonna kill me.

LOGAN

What do you think, Rooney?

Logan presses a button on her phone.

ROONEY (ON LOGAN'S PHONE) *
I love wet nuts! *

ROONEY (CONT'D) *
I do. On iced cream! Not ashamed. *

ANGLE ON: Hayley at her desk, talking on the phone to a client. She looks frustrated.

HAYLEY *
I know I said your banners would be up today but we're having computer issues... yeah, a virus.

Jake walks up with a wave.

JAKE
Hey, Lee! Get it? Hay-ley?

HAYLEY
(re: Jake)
A really annoying virus. We'll fix it.

Hayley hangs up.

JAKE
I hate being robbed. I think that drink tonight may need to be a shot. Or a wine. What's your poison?

HAYLEY
Yeah, that's not happening. Thanks to your stupid magician my day just got ten times harder. I already have like the most thankless job in this office.

As she says this, an OLD FEMALE JANITOR picks up Hayley's trash can. Hayley obliviously spits her gum next to it. *

JAKE
Okay, no drink. Let's stay in. I'll come to your place with junk food and we'll just veg out. *

HAYLEY
Leave.

JAKE
But I already kinda told people!

Hayley glares at Jake. Frustrated, he hits his fist against his hand then makes a peace sign.

JAKE (CONT'D)

Rock, paper... deuces. I'm out.

INT. DESK AREA - LATER

Quick cuts of Amir on the phone at his desk, next to Bertie.

AMIR

911, hey. Amir, again. I'd like to report a disappearing magician. Yup, he just vanished without a trace. Hello?

*

CUT TO:

AMIR (CONT'D)

I just need to know if you have a magician in your ER. I don't know his name but I have his email. It's noreply4902106344@craigslist.org. Hello?

*

CUT TO:

AMIR (CONT'D)

Operator. I'd like the number for Milk. I'm looking to print a face on every skim carton in the city by sundown yesterday. Hello? Bertie, you have to do something about these dropped calls.

As Amir picks up the phone again, Jake storms up to him.

JAKE

Hey good work bud, because of you, Hayley cancelled our date tonight. Happy half-birthday to me.

AMIR

Good! You just dodged a tantric six month bangfest-shaped bullet.

*

(off Jake's glare, softening)

Tell you what, even though I'm on the verge of cracking this magician case wide open, I'm gonna help you, since it's your halfie. Have no fear, Amir is present.

JAKE

It's like you went to great lengths to avoid a rhyme. Promise me you won't talk to Hayley. You've already screwed up enough for me today.

AMIR
Fine, I won't talk to Harley.

JAKE
Who?

AMIR
Hayley!

JAKE
Say the whole sentence. All the words together.

AMIR
I won't stalk to Dolly.

JAKE
Getting further away from it.

AMIR
I'd love to continue this dialogue but I have to go talk to Hayley. Sucker! I never said the whole sentence together! As a piece.

Amir scampers off as Rick Fox SHOOTs a crumpled paper toward a trash can. Amir JUMPS up and VIOLENTLY REJECTS it. Rick Fox looks bummed. Jake turns back to his desk to work.

JAKE
Annnnd I don't have a laptop.

INT. DESK AREA - A LITTLE LATER

Amir sits with Hayley, massaging her foot.

AMIR
H, you're too hot to be sad.

HAYLEY
I love you, Amir. You're the only one who tells it to me like it is.

In the background, Bertie, who hears this, gives Hayley a death stare and accidentally CRASHES her cart into a wall.

AMIR
Go out with Jake tonight. You need a steady diet of alcohol and compliments.

HAYLEY
I guess it would make Bogdan jealous...

AMIR

Perfect! You guys are going to have a great time. Jake's a nice guy, just looking to lay a little pipe. *

HAYLEY

What?

AMIR

(oblivious)

His words, not mine. Let's just say he wouldn't be against a six month bangfest.

HAYLEY

Oh really? Where's Jake right now?

AMIR

Kitchen.

Hayley heads off. Amir calls after.

AMIR (CONT'D)

Tell him congrats on having the best best friend ever!

INT. KITCHEN - SECONDS LATER

Jake gets a cup of jelly beans from a dispenser. He turns around just as Hayley storms up to him and SMACKS the cup out of his hand. *

JAKE

My jellies! *

HAYLEY

I hear you're looking to lay a little pipe. *

JAKE

(mouth full of jelly beans)
Huh?

HAYLEY

Amir told me everything. Don't ask me out for drinks pretending to be 'work buds' when all you really want to do is nail me.

JAKE

(mouth full of jelly beans)
I wasn't! I didn't!

HAYLEY

Little tip Jake: you have to lay a
little groundwork before you lay pipe.

Hayley turns to go.

JAKE

(mouth full of jelly beans)
I know! I said!

Hayley passes Sick Pat on her way out.

HAYLEY

You want to lay some pipe too, Sick
Pat?

SICK PAT

(to Jake, hurt)
Do people call me 'Sick Pat'?

INT. DESK AREA - CONTINUOUS

*

Amir is asleep at his desk.

JAKE

Hey asshole. Wake up!

AMIR

(quickly, muffled)
Assholewakeup! I'm up. I'm up.

JAKE

How can you fall asleep so quickly!?

AMIR

Six months NAVY SEAL training.

JAKE

Liar.

AMIR

Say that to my face!

JAKE

I just did. Why on earth did you tell
Hayley I was looking to "lay pipe?"

*

AMIR

(biting into a pear)
Your words, not mine.

*

JAKE

I said "lay groundwork"! You know
what? I'm done.

*

(MORE)

JAKE (CONT'D)

Don't throw me parties. Don't talk to girls I like. Just stay out of my life entirely!

AMIR

Well I'm sorry for trying to celebrate my best friend on his half-birthday. Now if you'll excuse me I have a Farmville to raise.

*

Amir takes out his phone. Jake SMACKS it out of his hand.

JAKE

You're supposed to be finding our laptops!

AMIR

You break my phone, I take yours.

*

Amir and Jake WRESTLE awkwardly for ten seconds. Until Amir PUNCHES Jake too hard in the throat. Jake starts choking.

*

AMIR (CONT'D)

(looking at his hands)
My stupid training...

JAKE

You were never a NAVY SEAL! I'm moving desks. As far away from you as possible.

*

*

Jake packs up his desk and brings his stuff to a desk ten feet away from Amir.

*

JAKE (CONT'D)

Which is... right here. Don't even think about talking to me.

*

AMIR

Starting when?
(no response)
STARTING WHEN!?

*

*

*

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

INT. DESK AREA - A LITTLE LATER

Sam Smith's "Stay With Me" plays as Amir sits at his desk, wistfully looking at photos of he and Jake on his cracked cell phone. He swipes and finds an old video. He plays it. *

JAKE (ON VIDEO)
Stop filming me.

Amir hugs his phone. Rick Fox walks up to Amir.

AMIR
Rick Fox, what would you do if someone you loved hated you?

RICK FOX
Nobody hates me. I'm Rick Fox.
(a beat)
Listen Amir, this place is falling apart without computers. I know you tried, but there's two minutes left in the fourth quarter and you're down infinity. We have to call Dicky. *

AMIR
Well I already lost my best friend. I might as well lose my job too. *

Rick looks at Amir, whose bottom lip begins to quiver. *

RICK FOX
Tell you what, if you want to show someone you love them, you have to stop thinking about what you want, and start thinking about what they want. *

AMIR
Are you suggesting I partake in some sort of... truly selfless act?

RICK FOX
Bullseye.

AMIR
That's it! I'm going to fix everything with Jake and save this office. Don't call Dicky til I get back. *

Amir hops on a Razor scooter and immediately crashes into a wall. Amir gets up, gives Rick a thumbs up, and sprints off. *

INT. KITCHEN - LATER

Hayley approaches Jake, who is getting jelly beans again. She hugs Jake and the jelly beans again spill everywhere. *

HAYLEY *

I love you!

JAKE

Why?

HAYLEY

(duh)

Because you got me front row tickets to see Ed Sheeran. *

JAKE

You're goddamn right I did. *

HAYLEY

And the thing you wrote in your note about how if you want to show someone you love them, you have to stop thinking about what you want and start thinking about what they want? Super deep. *

JAKE

I am super deep. *

HAYLEY

And it was so sweet of you to say that even though you like me, I should be with Bogdan. *

JAKE

Wait, what? *

Bogdan enters. *

BOGDAN *

Who's ready to do some 'thinking out loud' with Mr. Edward Sheeran? *

HAYLEY *

Bogdan!

Hayley and Bogdan make out in front of/on top of Jake. Then Bogdan grabs Jake's face and kisses him on the lips. *

BOGDAN *

And here he is! The man who saved my relationship. A thousand years of fish for your family. *

JAKE

Is that a blessing or a curse? *

BOGDAN

Look how funny this guy! I can see why you have a work crush on him.

Hayley playfully pushes Bogdan as Jake lights up, then quickly tries to play it cool.

HAYLEY

Thanks, Jake. *

Hayley gives Jake a peck on the cheek and starts to leave with Bogdan, who puts his hand on her butt. Jake holds his cheek smiling. Hayley then turns back. *

HAYLEY (CONT'D)

Oh, Amir says congrats on having the best best friend ever. *

As Hayley and Bogdan exit, Jake realizes this might be true. *

INT. DESK AREA - LATER

Sick Pat goes up to Rick Fox.

SICK PAT

I can't take this anymore. I already have an ulcer. I'm calling Dicky.

Sick Pat reaches for the phone. Rick Fox boxes him out.

RICK FOX

I'm sorry Pat, I gave Amir my word. *

Amir enters pushing a dolly with something under a sheet. *

AMIR

Listen up y'all! Our laptops are gone, we're lost, scared, and tragically some of us are even questioning the existence of magic. But what do you guys think would fix everything? *

Jake enters.

SICK PAT

New laptops for everyone?

AMIR

Wrong as usual, Sick Pat!

SICK PAT
So people do call me that.

Amir unveils the box. It's:

RICK FOX
A dart board?

AMIR
Bullseye.

Amir winks at Rick Fox, who shakes his head.

AMIR (CONT'D)
(off everyone's silence)
Stunned? I'm not surprised. You are feasting your eyes on an Arrowhead 18-inch aluminum composite bristled cork competition grade dart board. All-in? \$79.95, but this Jew got it for half price after threatening to sue the cashier for sexual harassment! U-S-A... U-S-A... U-S-A! U-S-A!

More silence.

AMIR (CONT'D)
Why is everybody not flipping their shit right now in celebration? This baby will fix all our problems minus the laptop thing.

SICK PAT
The laptop thing was the only problem.

RICK FOX
I'm disappointed in you, Amir. Low five. Scratch that. No five. *

There is a collective gasp.

SICK PAT
Who wants a dart board? We need our computers back! *

LOGAN
We haven't posted anything all day! *

A ball of paper WHIZZES past Amir's head. The room has turned on Amir.

ROONEY
Let's get him! *

Jake positions himself next to Amir. *

JAKE

Enough! Look, I know we're all mad at Amir for getting our laptops stolen, putting our jobs in jeopardy, and just generally being a dickling and a nuisance. *

AMIR

But what. *

JAKE

But even though he creates more problems than he solves, his heart is in the right place. He actually borderline got me frenched just now. So I'm going to stand with my best friend- *

AMIR

Best best friend. *

JAKE

-with my friend, in front of the entire office and say: I love this dart board. It solves all our problems. *

Jake picks up the dart board. Amir smiles and gives Jake a hammer. As Jake hammers, he accidentally breaks open a hole in the wall. There is a face in it. IT'S THE MAGICIAN.

AMIR

It's the magician! And he's dead!

JAKE

He's not dead.

Jake pulls away the dry wall REVEALING THE MAGICIAN, COVERED IN DUST AND DRYWALL, HOLDING A SACK OF LAPTOPS.

MAGICIAN

The prestige! *

Silence. Amir starts a slow clap as Jake grabs the laptops.

JAKE

Pat, call the police. *

MAGICIAN

How can you call the police on someone who was never here?!

He sets off a smoke bomb and tries to flee but SLAMS into the door frame and collapses. Logan recorded this on her phone. *

LOGAN
Got it. *

JAKE
That is one crappy magician. *

AMIR
Disagree! *

INT. DESK AREA - LATER *

Jake is moving his stuff back across from Amir, who puts the photo of them from the opening titles back on Jake's desk.

AMIR
I don't know how your three quarters birthday is going to top today, but if anyone can pull it off, it's us.

JAKE
We lost an entire day of work.

LOGAN
(passing by)
Bro's, did you hear? "Magician KO's himself" just passed a million views. Dicky's about to cream his jeans. *

AMIR
You know, I think my favorite memory of today was when the magician made our friendship reappear. *

JAKE
He was a robber.

AMIR
Then why were the laptops in a bag?

JAKE
Because he was a robber.

AMIR
Then explain the bag!

As the debate continues... *

FADE TO BLACK.

END OF SHOW

TAG TO COME *