

Rooney

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.

#1

1/8

Hand

ROONEY (CONT'D)
That was the chair.

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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.

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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.

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JAKE
Huge window.

DICKY (ON TV)
Secondly-

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

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

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*
*

Logan and Rooney raise their hands.

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

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*

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

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*

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'.

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*

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

2/8

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.

#2 →

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.

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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.

(Reader)

ROONEY (ON LOGAN'S PHONE)

I love wet nuts!

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*
*

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Everyone cracks up.

ROONEY (CONT'D)

You only asked that question so you could press the button!

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*
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RICK FOX

Amusing but unprofessional. Low five.

1-end

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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.

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Amir walks up.

AMIR

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

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*

JAKE

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

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*

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

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*

JAKE (CONT'D)

-get me a magician.

*
*

MAGICIAN

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

*
*

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.

5/8

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

INT. DESK AREA - CONTINUOUS

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

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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?

6/8

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.

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

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

1 end

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.

8/8