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Role of Jen

START →

TM FA

JEN
(through gritted teeth)
Good. Fine. No problem. Help me!

Roy jumps up to help her.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - MINUTES LATER

TEN LAWYERS sit around the table talking as Jen and Roy pass out the food.

ROY
Okay, who ordered the chicken tikka? Chicken tikka?

The lawyers do not respond to him.

Jen sets a salad in front of DAVIS (early 30's, African-American, gorgeous, confident)

DAVIS
Thank you. I'm Davis, by the way. I'm new here.

JEN
Oh, hi. I'm Jen. I think I saw you yesterday.

DAVIS
You mean when I asked you to hold the elevator but you didn't?

JEN
Yes. I'm so sorry about that. I, uh...had an emergency. I had to go downstairs and--

DAVIS
Scream the F-word? I heard you when the elevator doors closed. Don't worry, I was going downstairs to do the same thing.

She smiles at him GOOFILY and LINGERS.

FRANK (O.S.)
Jen! Do I have to get my own food?

She RUSHES OVER and puts Frank's lunch in front of him.

JEN
(quietly)
Hey, um.
(MORE)

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JEN (CONT'D)

If you have a minute today, I need to talk to you about something I'm pretty excited about--

FRANK

Where's my dressing?

JEN

What?

FRANK

The dressing. For my salad. Where is it?

JEN

(pointing to the stains on her blouse)

Here. Here. And all the way down the hallway. They don't use lids. Just foil.

ROY

Chicken tikka, anyone? Come on, guys. Don't really have time for this. Paralegal. Lots of research to do.

Roy is still ignored.

JEN

(to Frank)

Well, there's always extra dressing in the kitchen. I'll go get you some.

FRANK

I don't want the dressing in the kitchen. I want the dressing that goes with this salad.

DAVIS

Hey, Frank. I ordered the same thing. Why don't you take my dressing?

FRANK

Well then you wouldn't have any. You'd have a dry salad. No one wants a dry salad. Jen will just go back to the restaurant.

JEN

You want me to go all the way back there for one dressing?

FRANK

For my dressing. Do you have a problem with that?

JEN

No, absolutely not. Happy to do it. It's just that it's twelve o'clock now and it'll be crazy there and you wanted me to make those deposition appointments before one, so...

(playfully passive aggressive)

Aagh, if only there was a way we could make do with the dressing we already have here.

Frank stares at her.

JEN (CONT'D)

(clenched smile)

Back to the restaurant it is.

END

She starts TO EXIT. One of the lawyers stops her.

RANDOM LAWYER

While you're there, could you get me a chicken tikka? They forgot mine.

Roy rolls his eyes and puts the chicken tikka in front of him. As he tries to make eye contact with Jen, he notices Davis STARING at her.

INT. HALLWAY - SECONDS LATER

Jen stomps down the hall and passes BUD (late 60s, befuddled) who stands there looking lost.

BUD

(to Jen as she passes)

Where the hell is Denny? I can't turn my computer on.

JEN

Diarrhea.

CU OF A COMPUTER SCREEN.

"To My Future Assistant: I promise never to order Indian food...or embarrass you in front of the hot new lawyer."

END OF ACT ONE

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MAGDA

(snapping)

No, I need that, Roy. I'm talking about you using my office shower. That is not okay.

ROY

Oh, my God. I didn't use it. I would never.

MAGDA

Well, there's an insane amount of body hair in there. So if it's not you, it must be the janitor. He's the only other Iranian in the building.

ROY

I'm not Iranian.

MAGDA

Oh, good. Then it will be easier for you to fire him.

CU OF A COMPUTER SCREEN.

"To My Future Assistant: I will not ask you to do my dirty work or...be a racist."

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

Frank is walking quickly down the hallway. He passes by Claire who STRUGGLES HAPPILY to push an ENORMOUS file cabinet on a dolly. Jen enters carrying a small container of dressing, and hurries to get in step with Frank.

JEN

Hi. Got it. Got your dressing.

FRANK

Oh. I threw that out. Had a peanut butter sandwich instead.

JEN

Oh, good.
(re: dressing)
Then this is completely unnecessary as are the other two that spilled in my purse.

FRANK

Did you set up the appointments?

ROLE OF JEN

→
START

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JEN

Yes. Absolutely. For sure. All done except for the last...ten.

FRANK

So none of them?

JEN

Yes, that's a more clear way to say that. But I did get the dressing you don't want so...the day's not a complete loss.

FRANK

Didn't you want to talk to me about something?

JEN

Now? Oh, I don't know if this is the best time. I'd like to have on a clean shirt or have done something right.

They come to the elevator. Frank presses the button

FRANK

Well, I have a minute, so you better take advantage of it.

JEN

Okay. Do you remember when I first started working here, and--

The elevator door opens, Frank sticks his hand in to hold it.

FRANK

Yes?

JEN

Oh God, that's all the time I get? I passed the bar, Frank, and you said that if I ever did you would consider me for an associate lawyer position.

FRANK

Oh right, I remember that.

JEN

Oh, that's such a relief. I was afraid you wouldn't.

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FRANK

So I guess I'll have to decide
between you and Claire.

JEN

Wait...what?

FRANK

Claire passed the bar too. So
she's up for the position as well.
Always nice to have a little
competition, right?

JEN

Uh, sure. But is it really
competition when one person is so
suited for the job and the other
person is a little...weird.

FRANK

You're not that weird.

JEN

No, not me! Claire.

He gets in the elevator.

FRANK

Oh, by the way. I need you to work
late tonight. Is that okay?

Before she can answer, the elevator doors start to close.
They are almost completely closed...

JEN

(softly)

No. It's really not okay.

FRANK (V.O.)

What?

JEN

(so he can hear)

Good, it's all good!

END

She leans against the elevator doors and sighs.

INT. ASSISTANT BREAK ROOM - DAY

Denny and Roy are there, mid conversation.

DENNY

Why in the world would you have to
fire Anjad?

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Role of Jen

→
START

JEN
Congratulations for what?

CLAIRE
They made me the new associate lawyer.

Jen is speechless. Denny takes her gently by the shoulders and starts to lead her out.

DENNY
(to Jen)
Come on, Honey, let's get you out of here. It's going to be okay.

INT. FRANK'S OFFICE - MINUTES LATER

Frank sits at his desk, Jen barges in.

JEN
(forceful)
Hey, you have a minute?

FRANK
No, I do not.

JEN
Well, this won't take long. I quit!

FRANK
May I ask why?

JEN
Why?! You promoted Claire! After everything I've done for you. All the hours I put in! Believe me, I could have lost it like Claire did, but that's not who I am. But if that's how you get ahead in this company, get ready for the mother of all fits.

She struggles to get up on Frank's desk in her heels and skirt but can't.

FRANK
Can I give you a hand?

JEN
No! I'll just have my fit here. Get ready, it's coming...

She gently taps over a PICTURE FRAME that sits on his desk. And then quickly rights it.

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JEN (CONT'D)

I'm sorry. That was out of line.
I'll pay for any damages.

FRANK

I think we're good.

JEN

Can you just tell me why? Why did you pick Claire over me?

FRANK

Because Claire is a hard worker.

JEN

I'm a hard worker.

FRANK

Yeah, but Claire goes the extra mile. She comes in early, stays late, ~~does all the stuff that no one else wants to do. And yes, she blew up yesterday, but frankly if she hadn't I would have thought she was a robot. Normally, she has a fantastic attitude.~~

JEN

So do I.

FRANK

Really? ~~You think I don't hear you slamming things down on your desk or stomping down the hallway?~~
You seem to think that everything I ask you to do is a slight or beneath you.

JEN

I don't think it's beneath me, but I don't think I should have to go get you salad dressing or buy your kids birthday presents for you.

FRANK

Yes you should actually, because I don't have time to. And that's what I hired you for. When I interviewed you, I told you that this is the kind of stuff you're going to have to do. As well as the law work. And you were like, "fine, great, no problem." Do you remember that?

(MORE)

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FRANK (CONT'D)

~~Or do you just remember that I said if you passed the bar, there might be a place for you here?~~

JEN

(small)

All I really remember is that I wore my plaid suit that I bought to look professional, and you said I looked like a sofa cushion.

FRANK

Look, we all have to do things we don't want to do. It's part of the job. Why do you think I'm rushing down the hall all the time? Because I have a boss too.

JEN

(creeped out)

You mean, God?

FRANK

I don't give a rat's ass about God. I'm talking about Jeremy Moore. When he wants me to come to his office on the twenty fifth floor, I drop everything and scoot my butt right up there. And if I gave him an ounce of attitude, I'd be out on the street so fast my head would spin. So, do I agree with everything he asks me to do? No, I don't. Do I question his ethics at times? Sure. Do I think he makes way too big a deal about his own birthday? Absolutely. ~~It's insane.~~ But I shut up about it and I do my job.

JEN

I'm sorry, I just wanted it so bad.

FRANK

I know you do. But you have to earn it. You're a very bright girl, Jen. And another position may open up here, but it's not a gift. We don't get everything we want.

We see this land with Jen.

END