

ODDS OF WINNING

April 24, 2009

INT. LAWLER INVESTMENT BANK - DAY

Inside a busy office. The day is just beginning as people bustle to their cubicles from the doorways and coffee stations.

A SECRETARY places coffee cups onto a small tray.

FOLLOW the tray as she carries it into:

INT. BOARD ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The room buzzes with conversation as the tray is set down on the long board room table.

VOICE (O.S.)
Should we tell them?

VOICE 2 (O.S.)
The media's got it already. We have no choice.

FOLLOW the secretary as she returns to:

INT. OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

As she passes him we STAY with CARTER, mid-twenties, exceedingly average, wearing a grin. He sits in his sparsely decorated cubicle waiting for his computer to fire up. He pins a picture of him and a woman, Angelina, on his cork board. Leans back in his chair and looks across the hall.

CARTER
Hey Mike? You there?

MIKE, late twenties, skinny and nerdy, leans out of his own cubicle adjacent to Carter's.

MIKE
Gooood moorning, Carter.

CARTER
Scoot over here. Wanna show you something.

Mike pushes off his desk with his feet and rolls his chair into Carter's cubicle. He examines the computer screen.

MIKE
Wow, she is a pretty one. You thinking about it?

CARTER
I already made the call.

MIKE
Really? Think you can handle it?

CARTER
Oh yeah. You know how big my bonus
is this year?

Passing by is JAMES, your typical vapid office douche, mid-thirties. He notices the real estate web-site on Carter's screen.

JAMES
You two ladies looking for a place
in Brooklyn?

CARTER
Is that the suit you wore Friday?
Your mom forget to do your laundry
this weekend?

Mike and Carter pound fists. James looks embarrassed, but hangs around. Points to the PICTURE on Carter's cork board.

JAMES
That your girlfriend?

CARTER
Yes it is.

Carter points to the TOWNHOUSE displayed on screen.

CARTER (CONT'D)
And this is the house I'm buying
for us.

JAMES
I've seen her somewhere before. Is
she an actress?

CARTER
No, she's a nurse. Now please
leave. You're ruining my moment.

James lingers annoyingly.

MIKE
Seriously, you can go. There are
five office staplers you haven't
stolen yet.

James scowls and walks away.

CARTER
What's with that guy?

MIKE
Beats me. So, you tell her yet?

CARTER
Waiting til Friday. I'll cook
dinner or something, make it
special.

MIKE
Very nice. How much this place
gonna set you back?

Carter grins.

CARTER
No price too big for love, Mike. No
price.

Carter closes his internet browser and fires up his
accounting software.

CARTER (CONT'D)
Weird. I can't log in.

MIKE
Let me try.

Mike wheels back across the hallway. After a moment:

MIKE (CONT'D)
Me neither.

CARTER
I'll call I.T.

As Carter picks up the phone he notices FOUR BUSINESS MEN in
expensive suits marching through the main hallway. They enter
one of the corner offices. The door SLAMS SHUT behind them.

Mike rises. HEADS appear above other cubicles.

MIKE
That can't be good.

Carter cradles the phone as he stands. In the corner of the
office is a MOUNTED PLASMA TV tuned to WNYS. In big red
letters it reads: "DISASTER ON WALL STREET". A beautiful
FEMALE REPORTER talks about the disaster.

CARTER
Oh man!

Mike turns to the TV.

MIKE

Isn't that the chick you fantasize about while you're doing your Angelina?

CARTER

Dude, look at the headline.

One of the suits emerges from the office.

MIKE

Is that Emerson Lawler?

CARTER

Shit, man.

EMERSON LAWLER.

(nervous)

OK. Everyone gather around. I have news.

CARTER

Shit, shit, shit.

Carter and Mike LOCK EYES:

CUT TO:

EXT. LAWLER INVESTMENTS - DAY

Mike and Carter slouch outside the building where they worked until 20 minutes ago. Both hold a cardboard box full of their stuff. People leave the building carrying similar boxes. Carter stares into space, shell-shocked.

MIKE

Could've been worse. Feds could've locked the place tight. We're lucky we got our stuff back.

CARTER

Well, thank God for that. What would I do without my Get Fuzzy calendar?

The pair head for the street corner.

MIKE

What are you gonna do now?

CARTER

The house is out of the question now. I have to tell Angelina before she hears the news. What about you?

MIKE

I dunno ... Go back to Hoboken, work for my dad at the jewelry store. Contemplate hanging myself.

Mike manages a smile.

MIKE (CONT'D)

At least you got Angelina, man. A good woman is worth ten of these shitty jobs. You take care of yourself, OK?

CARTER

Thanks, man. See you around.

MIKE

Look me up if you're ever in Jersey.

Carter forces a half-smile.

CARTER

Will do.

They shake hands and part ways.

INT. APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY

Carter approaches a door. He hears COMMOTION inside. Concerned, he unlocks and opens the door to reveal ...

INT. ANGELINA'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Over Carter's shoulder we see the top half of ANGELINA (mid-twenties) on the couch. She's wearing a YANKEE'S JERSEY half open with nothing underneath. Her face is taught with pleasure.

ANGELINA

What the hell, Carter? Why are you here?!

Angelina scrambles to cover up. She reaches over to the laptop on the coffee table and makes a few clicks.