Just Shoot Me!

"Elliott The Geek"
(a.k.a. "Wake Me When it's Over")

Episode #210

Written By
Marsh McCall

Directed By
Pamela Fryman

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JUST SHOOT ME

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(a.k.a. "Wake Me When it's Over")

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CAST

MAYA GALLO.................................................. LAURA SAN GIACCOMO
JACK GALLO.................................................. GEORGE SEGAL
DENNIS FINCH.............................................. DAVID SPADE
NINA VAN HORN............................................. WENDIE MALICK
ELLIOTT DiMAURO......................................... ENRICO COLANTONI
DEKE WILLIAMS............................................. PAUL PARDUCCI
PRINCIPAL.................................................. PAT CRONIN
MODEL....................................................... TBD
MODEL....................................................... TBD

SETS

INT. BULLPEN.............................................. DAY
INT. JACK'S OFFICE...................................... DAY
INT. ELLIOTT'S STUDIO HALLWAY..................... DAY
INT. ELLIOTT'S STUDIO.................................. DAY
INT. HAWTHORNE HIGH CAFETORIUM.................. NIGHT
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JUST SHOOT ME

"Elliott The Geek"

(a.k.a. "Wake Me When it's Over")

TEASER

INT. ELLIOTT'S STUDIO - DAY (DAY 1)
(Elliott, Finch, Jack, Models)

ELLIOTT IS SHOOTING A COUPLE OF MODELS IN LINGERIE
BEFORE A STYLISH BACKDROP. FINCH ENTERS AND SNEAKS
A GOOD LOOK.

ELLIOTT

Yes?

FINCH

Uh... phone call for you.

ELLIOTT

Not now.

FINCH EXITS. A BEAT. FINCH ENTERS AGAIN AND OGLES
THE MODELS.

ELLIOTT (CONT'D)

Yes?
FINCH
Hey, dude, we got more of those muffins you like.

ELLIOTT
I'm busy, Finch.

FINCH
Right, sorry.

FINCH EXITs. A BEAT. FINCH ENTERs AGAIN.

FINCH (CONT'D)
Did I leave my keys in here?

ELLIOTT
Alright, that's it. I'm fed up with these ridiculous excuses to come in here and gawk. It's infantile and pathetic. Now get out, and go tell everyone else that during lingerie shoots, my studio is off limits!

FINCH (CHASTISED)
Fine.

FINCH EXITs. A BEAT. JACK ENTERs.

JACK
(BRIGHTLY) Hey, dude, we got more of those muffins you like.

OFF ELLIOTT'S REACTION, WE...

DISSOLVE TO:
INT. BULLPEN - MORNING (DAY 1)  
(Maya, Elliott, Finch, Models, Atmosphere)

MAYA IS SORTING THROUGH MAIL. SHE NOTICES ELLIOTT INTENTLY WATCHING THE TWO LINGERIE MODELS CHATTING NEARBY.

MAYA

What are you doing?

ELLIOTT

I can't decide which one to take to the Hamptons. Lynn has perfect legs, but Crissy has perfect breasts. This is killing me.

MAYA

The Lord is a cruel prankster.

FINCH ENTERS, HOLDING PAPERS, IN TIME TO SEE MAYA MAKE AN ANNOYED FACE AT ELLIOTT.
FINCH
Good morning. (SNIFFS) Hmm, tension in the air. Let me guess. Mr. Love Machine made some yappety-yap about gettin' it on with the ladies, and Mother Superior was all, "You're a pig," and you were all, "But me likey the womens," and she was all, "Boo-hoo-hoo, what about our brains?" Am I warm?

MAYA
Finch, do you want to get smacked?

FINCH
Kinda. I'm not proud of it. (HANDS PAPERS TO ELLIOTT) Here, your mom sent more faxes. Keep 'em coming -- we wouldn't want a business letter to sneak through.

FINCH CROSSES OFF. ELLIOTT LOOKS AT A FAX.

ELLIOTT
Oh wow -- Mr. Farrell died. (READING) "A memorial service hosted by the Class of '81 will be held at the Hawthorne High Cafetorium."

MAYA
Who's Mr. Farrell?
ELLIO T
My high school history teacher.
Otherwise known as "Farrell the Ferret."

MAYA
Why'd you call him that?

ELLIO T
You know, 'cause he was a big man.

MAYA
Ferrets aren't big.

ELLIO T
It was just a nickname.

MAYA
Why didn't you call him "Farrell the Barrel?"

ELLIO T
(BEAT) People weren't that clever in my town. When the train went by, everyone would clap.

MAYA
So, are you gonna go?

ELLIO T
Are you kidding? I had to miss my ten year reunion. This will finally be my triumphant return. A chance to let everyone revel in my success.

(MORE)
ELLIOIT (CONT'D)

It is time for Elliott DiMauro to descend from the clouds.

MAYA

I'll leave you alone with your grief.

AND WE...

FADE OUT.
FADE IN:

BLUSH COVER: GAMES MEN PLAY: LEARN TO WIN!

INT. BULLPEN/JACK'S OFFICE - LATER (DAY 1)
(Nina, Finch, Jack, Atmosphere)

FINCH IS AT HIS STATION AS NINA ENTERS.

NINA

Finch, I'm having an antique mirror delivered to my office tomorrow. Here's the bill.

NINA HANDS FINCH A BILL AND STARTS TO LEAVE.

FINCH

Whoa, whoa. You can't charge this to the magazine.

NINA

Why not?

FINCH

Because it's for your personal use.

NINA

How do you know?
FINCH
Because it's a mirror.

NINA
So?

FINCH
I can't explain it any better than that.

NINA
As Fashion Editor, it's my job to look good. As a Keebler elf, it's your job to make delicious little cookies.

NINA CROSSES OFF.

FINCH
Don't be surprised if the mirror talks back, you witch.

JACK (O.S.)
Dennis? Got a minute?

FINCH CROSSES INTO JACK'S OFFICE.

INT. JACK'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

JACK SITS AT HIS DESK. FINCH ENTERS.

FINCH
Yes?

JACK
So... I heard all that with Nina.
FINCH

(PROUDLY) What'd you think of the witch line?

JACK

Dennis, I see this magazine as my castle. And you are, for lack of a better word, my gargoyle.

FINCH

So far today I've been called an elf and a gargoyle. I'm going home.

JACK

What I'm trying to say is you have to make the staff respect you the way they respect me.

FINCH

Of course Nina respects you. You're the boss, and she's two paychecks away from lapdancing at a Mexican truck stop.

JACK

Being the boss doesn't win me respect. It's winning respect that made me the boss.

FINCH

Ah, I see. (TAKES THE BOTTLE OF SCOTCH OFF THE BAR) No more for you.

JACK RISES AND BEGINS STROLLING AS HE SPEAKS.
JACK
What if I taught you how to intimidate people without them ever knowing it?

FINCH
Is this about the way I stand at the urinal?

JACK
Dennis, forty years in the trenches have taught me a few tricks. Tricks I've never shared with anyone.

FINCH
Okay, like what?

A BEAT WHILE JACK CLOSES THE DOOR.

JACK
How to use perception and position. Light and shadow. You want the advantage? Sit higher than your adversary. Or keep the sun at your back. Or speak in a whisper to make them come to you.

FINCH
Oh, I don't know.

JACK TURNS AND GAZES OUT HIS WINDOW.

JACK
It's all about psychology.

(MORE)
What people want. What they fear.
What makes them vulnerable.

FINCH
Look, I appreciate the advice. But if you're saying these little mind games can change how people think, I say no way.

JACK TURNS AROUND -- HE'S WEARING SHADES. FINCH DOESN'T APPEAR TO NOTICE.

FINCH (CONT'D)
Of course anything's possible.

AND WE...

DISSOLVE TO:
BLUSH COVER: LEAVING THE OLD YOU BEHIND

INT. BULLPEN - DAY (DAY 1)  
(Elliott, Nina, Maya, Finch, Jack, Atmosphere)

ELLIOTT APPROACHES NINA.

ELLIOTT

Nina, help me find a suit for this memorial service.

NINA

Well, well, well.

ELLIOTT

What.

NINA

So, now, after all the taunting, after all the cheap shots, now you need my help.

ELLIOTT

That's right.

NINA

Now, suddenly, you want me to do you a personal favor.
ELLIOTT
Sure.

NINA
Ha! I want everyone here to bear
witness that today --

ELLIOTT
Okay, forget it.

ELLIOTT STARTS TO WALK AWAY. NINA GRABS HIM.

NINA
Wait, I'm sorry. Let me help. Please!
(HE NODS) Okay, what do you want this
suit to say?

MAYA ENTERS IN TIME TO HEAR:

ELLIOTT
It's for a memorial service. I want
it to be respectful, yet arrogant. It
should say, "I'll be sad for an hour,
then, on the way back to town, I'm
having sex in a limó."

NINA
Hugo Boss, double breasted, no pleats,
charcoal gray.

NINA EXITS WITH GREAT PURPOSE. MAYA APPROACHES
ELLIOTT.

MAYA
Elliott, a new suit isn't going to
impress anyone.
ELLIOIT
You're right, I'll bring a date.
(REACHING FOR PHONE) Who looks hotter
in black, Frederique or Stephanie
Seymour?

MAYA
Well, how much did you love this
teacher? Maybe you could bring them
both.

ELLIOIT
What's your point?

MAYA
Why are you trying so hard?

ELLIOIT
Because I care. Ever since grade
school, I've always been the trend­
setter in that town -- the guy destined
for greatness. I never sought the
attention, but I guess people just
need something to clap at besides a
train.

MAYA
How about the flatbed truck arriving
with your giant head?

FINCH APPROACHES, HOLDING FAXES.
ELLIO T

Hey, The Ferret would expect this of me. I was the artist. I had a certain joie de vivre.

FINCH

From the looks of your yearbook picture, you also had a certain joie de acne.

ELLIO T

What?

FINCH

Your mom faxed it over. (CROSSES HIS FINGERS) Delores and I are like this.

ELLIO T

Give me that!

ELLIO T TRIES TO GRAB THE FAX, BUT FINCH ELUDES HIM.

MAYA

Finch, give him a break. Everyone's yearbook picture is embarrass-- (SEES HIS PHOTO) Oh my god, you're a little fatty.

ELLIO T

That was a bulky sweater.

FINCH

(READING) Member - Model Train Club.

(.LAUGHS) Co-manager - Chess Team.

(_LAUGHS)
MAYA

I'm surprised you weren't in the
marching band.

FINCH STOPS LAUGHING UPON HEARING THE WORDS "MARCHING
BAND."

FINCH

(TO MAYA) You ever been to the Gator
Bowl? Then shut up.

FINCH CROSSES OFF.

MAYA

So, the truth comes out: the legendary
Elliott DiMauro was once a nerd.

ELLIOTT

That was a long time ago. The guy in
that picture doesn't exist anymore.

MAYA

(PLAYFULLY) Nerd.

ELLIOTT

That's very funny.

MAYA

(PLAYFULLY) Nerd.

ELLIOTT

That's not funny.

MAYA

(PLAYFULLY) Nerd, nerd, nerd.
ELLIOTT
Oh yeah? Would a nerd bring a supermodel to a funeral in a stretch limo with four hundred roses shaped into a giant tear?

MAYA
Hey, if the Spock ears fit...

MAYA CROSSES OFF.

ANGLE ON:
FINCH IS SITTING AT HIS WORKSTATION. NINA CROSSES THROUGH TOWARD THE ELEVATOR.

FINCH
Nina -- a moment, please?

NINA
Look, why don't we skip the part where you tell me to pay for the mirror, and get right to me ignoring you.

JACK IS CROSSING UPSTAGE. HE STOPS TO WATCH.

FINCH
Nina, how can I convince you it would be best if you paid for the mirror?

NINA
You can't.

FINCH COVERTLY REACHES FOR A LEVER AND HIS CHAIR BEGINS TO RISE. NINA DOESN'T APPEAR TO NOTICE.

NINA (CONT'D)
I repeat, you most likely can't.

THE CHAIR CONTINUES TO RISE.
NINA (CONT'D)

I'll get my checkbook.

FINCH HANDS HER THE BILL. NINA EXITS TO HER OFFICE. FINCH CAN'T BELIEVE IT WORKED. JACK WANDERS OVER AND SMILES.

JACK

Welcome to the varsity team, Dennis.

JACK HEADS INTO HIS OFFICE.

FINCH

Can you teach me more? Can you show me the way?

JACK'S DOOR CLOSES.

FINCH (CONT'D)

Can you help me down?

AS FINCH STRUGGLES TO GET DOWN, WE...

DISSOLVE TO:
BLUSH COVER: THE MALE SUBCONSCIOUS: STARTLING NEW FACTS!

INT. BULLPEN - THE NEXT DAY (DAY 2)
(Jack, Elliott, Maya, Finch, Nina, Atmosphere)

MAYA, FINCH AND JACK ARE AT THE CONFERENCE TABLE. ELLIOTT ENTERS FROM THE ELEVATOR, HOLDING A HANDKERCHIEF OVER HIS FACE. HE TRIES TO SNEAK BY UNNOTICED, BUT:

JACK

Elliott, there you are. Let's get this meeting started.

ELLIOTT WALKS OVER AND SITS DOWN, ALL WITHOUT REMOVING HIS HANDKERCHIEF.

JACK (CONT'D)

You know, those things are designed to be removed after you sneeze.

ELLIOTT

(LAUGHING) Yeah, that's a good one.

A BEAT. ELLIOTT KEEPS THE HANDKERCHIEF AT HIS NOSE.

JACK

What are you hiding?
ELLIOTT
Nothing.

JACK
Then lose it.

ELLIOETT LOWERS THE HANKERCHIEF, REVEALING THE MOTHER OF ALL PIMPLES ON THE TIP OF HIS NOSE. THEY ALL RECOIL.

MAYA
Whoa. Krakatoa.

ELLIOETT
It's just a little blemish.

JACK
(FASCINATED) It's like an escape hatch for your brain.

ELLIOETT
Can we move on?

FINCH
Yes, let's. Item One: Santa called.

It's a foggy night and he wants to borrow Elliott.

NINA ENTERS.

NINA
(GRAVELY) Sorry I'm late. I was watching the news. They were showing the saddest footage of these flood victims who --

NINA NOTICES ELLIOETT'S ZIT AND STARTS LAUGHING.

ELLIOETT
That's it. I'm out of here.
NINA

Wait. You have to pick a shot you like.

SHE HANDS SOME PHOTOS TO ELLIOTT. ELLIOTT HOLDS ONE AT A VARIETY OF DISTANCES IN AN ATTEMPT TO SEE IT. HE LOOKS UP TO SEE EVERYBODY STARING AT HIM.

ELLIOITT

What? I lost my contacts this morning.

I'll do it later.

NINA

It can't wait.

ELLIOITT

Fine.

ELLIOITT PULLS OUT A PAIR OF OLD, HORNED-RIM, TAPED GLASSES WITH THICK LENSES AND PUTS THEM ON. HE POINTS TO A PHOTO.

ELLIOITT (CONT'D)

That one.

FINCH

Moving on. Item Two: NASA called.

(RE: ELLIOITT) They want their telescopes back.

EVERYBODY BUT ELLIOITT LAUGHS.

ELLIOITT

Okay, enough. So I have a little zit and I have to wear my old glasses. Big deal.

ELLIOITT PULLS AN ASTHMA INHALER FROM HIS POCKET AND BREATHES DEEPLY.
ELLIOTT (CONT'D)

What? I'm just a little wheezy. I think maybe I'll go lie down.

ELLIOTT GETS UP AND TURNS AROUND, ONLY TO STAND FACE-TO-FACE WITH A WORKER WHO IS CARRYING A BIG ANTIQUE MIRROR.

ELLIOTT (CONT'D)

(HORRIFIED) Oh god, look at me. I...

I'm a nerd!

AND WE...

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT ONE
ACT TWO

FADE IN:

BLUSH COVER: MEN WHO USE WOMEN AND THE WOMEN WHO LET THEM

INT. BULLPEN/JACK'S OFFICE - LATER THAT DAY (DAY 2)
(Finch, Nina, Maya, Jack, Atmosphere)

FINCH IS AT HIS STATION, LOOKING THROUGH SOME PAPERS,
BUT OBVIOUSLY WAITING FOR NINA. SHE ENTERS FROM
THE ELEVATOR.

FINCH

Nina, Jack needs all these ad contracts filed.

FINCH HANDS HER A STACK OF FILES.

NINA

Isn't that your job?

FINCH

It's my job to see that it gets done.

FINCH CLAPS TWICE. A BRIGHT LIGHT FROM UNDERNEATH HIS COUNTER ILLUMINATES HIM, CASTING AN INTIMIDATING SHADOW ON THE WALL BEHIND HIM.
FINCH (CONT'D)

We all have to pitch in. I know you won't disappoint me.

NINA

Okay.

NINA TAKES THE RECEIPTS AND WALKS OFF. MAYA CROSSES THROUGH EN ROUTE TO JACK'S OFFICE.

RESET TO:

INT. JACK'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

MAYA ENTERS. JACK IS AT HIS DESK, EXAMINING PHOTOS.

MAYA

You wanted to see me?

JACK

Maya, what's up with Elliott?

MAYA

Beats me. He's been locked in his studio all afternoon cranking Led Zeppelin.

JACK

Well, what do you plan to do about it?

MAYA

Me? Why me?

JACK

Maya, I heard all about you calling him a nerd.

MAYA

It was a joke.
JACK
Elliott's work is all about confidence. He makes models love him, and it shows on the page. But when you made fun of him, that confidence was shattered.

MAYA
He'll get over it.

JACK
He's supposed to be doing a big shoot right now. We've got models waiting. I need the old Elliott back. So go talk to him.

MAYA
Look, I feel bad for him, but you're his boss. You talk to him.

JACK NONCHALANTLY SLIPS ON SHADES AND STARES AT HER.

JACK
Won't you reconsider?

MAYA
Oh, stop it. Those stupid things haven't worked since I was four.

AS MAYA EXITS, WE...

CUT TO:
BLUSH COVER: HOW TO GET YOUR MAN TO OPEN UP

INT. ELLIOTT'S STUDIO HALLWAY/ELLIOTT'S STUDIO - LATER (DAY 2)
(Maya, Elliott)

FROM BEHIND THE STUDIO DOOR WE HEAR THE MUFFLED STRAINS OF HARD ROCK MUSIC. MAYA KNOCKS.

MAYA

Elliott?

A BEAT. NO RESPONSE. SHE TRIES THE DOOR -- LOCKED.

MAYA (CONT'D)

Elliott!

ELLIOIT (O.S.)

(YELLS) What?

MAYA

Open the door.

A PAINFUL SCRATCHING SOUND AS A RECORD NEEDLE IS YANKED OFF.

ELLIOIT (O.S.)

Go away.
MAYA
Elliott, there are models out here waiting for you.

ELLIOTT (O.S.)
They'll laugh at me.

MAYA
No, they won't. They're too busy making out with each other.

ELLIOTT OPENS THE DOOR A CRACK. WE SEE HIS EYE PEERING OUT FOR A PEEK. MAYA PUSHES HER WAY INTO THE ROOM.

RESET TO:

INT. ELLIOTT'S STUDIO - CONTINUOUS

MAYA ENTERS.

MAYA (CONT'D)
Alright, enough of this.

ELLIOTT
That was uncool.

MAYA
Look, when I called you a nerd I was just kidding. So stop being such a dork.

ELLIOTT
I'm not a dork, dork.

MAYA
Point well taken. (THEN) Elliott, this is nuts. You're the same person you were yesterday.
ELLIO T
And the day before that, and the day
before that, all the way back to ninth
grade.

MAYA
That was a long time ago. You've
changed.

ELLIO T
I've pretended to change. But I've
only been fooling myself.

MAYA
Come on, everyone worries about fitting
in. It's no big deal. You're gonna
be fine, okay? Okay. (CLAPS HANDS)
Now let's take some pictures.

SHE STARTS TO LEAVE.

ELLIO T
I can't.

MAYA
Elliott, I'm going to tell you something
I never thought I would. When I first
met you, I thought to myself, now that's
a man. Sexy, talented, sophisticated...

ELLIO T TAKES A LOUD HIT OFF HIS INHALER.
MAYA (CONT'D)

Uh... could you lose that while I'm trying to make this point? (HE DOES)
And zip up your pants. (HE DOES) And blow your nose.

AS HE BLOWS HIS NOSE:

MAYA (CONT'D)

Anyway, where was I? Sophisticated, talented...

SHE POINTS TO ONE OF SEVERAL PHOTOS LINED UP ON THE COUNTER SO THE AUDIENCE CAN SEE THEM.

MAYA (CONT'D)

I mean, look at this. Look at that vibrance, that style. It screams out Elliott DiMauro.

ELLIOTT

Coincidentally, so did that model.

HE SMILES SLIGHTLY.

MAYA

Ewww. (TURNS) I mean, there you go! You're the king.

ELLIOTT

(CHEERING UP) She screamed that, too.

MAYA

Okay, time to move on.

ELLIOTT

That's what I said the next morning.
MAYA TAKES THIS IN FOR A BEAT AND THEN:

MAYA
My point is, you're living the dream.
I'll bet every guy at that memorial
service would trade places with you in
a heartbeat. You're the man.

ELLIOTT
I am the man!

MAYA
So what do you say we get those models
in here and start shooting?

ELLIOTT
Can't. I got a speech to write.

MAYA
What?

ELLIOTT
I'm going to that memorial service to
notify the citizens of Loserville, New
Jersey, that their top export is no
longer medical waste containers, it's
Elliot DiMauro.

ELLIOTT GRABS HIS COAT.

MAYA
That's not what I meant.

HE HEADS FOR THE DOOR, THEN STOPS.
ELLIOTT

Oh, I know what you meant. And by the way, that stuff about the first day we met? I knew you wanted me.

HE LAUGHS, WHICH TURNS INTO A WHEEZE. AS ELLIOTT BREAThes LIFE FROM HIS INHALER, WE...

DISSOLVE TO:
INT. JACK'S OFFICE - LATER THAT DAY (DAY 2)  
(Finch, Jack, Nina)

JACK IS AT HIS DESK WITH A COCKTAIL. FINCH ENTERS  
AND SHUTS THE DOOR.

FINCH

Yes?

JACK

Dennis, I'm very disappointed in you.

FINCH

What do you mean?

JACK

Don't play innocent with me. Nina is doing your job!

FINCH

Come on, you're exaggerating.

JACK OPENS HIS DOOR REVEALING NINA AT FINCH'S STATION  
AS SHE ANSWERS THE PHONE.

NINA

(BRIGHTLY) Jack Gallo's office, may I help you?
JACK SLAMS THE DOOR SHUT.

FINCH

Hey, what's the harm?

JACK

I trusted you with my secret power tips, and now you're using them for evil.

FINCH

Evil in whose eyes?

JACK

I'm cutting you off from training and I forbid you to use my knowledge.

FINCH

Perhaps it's too late.

FINCH SITS DOWN IN FRONT OF JACK'S DESK.

FINCH (CONT'D)

Perhaps the student has outgrown the master. I speak hypothetically, of course.

FINCH NONCHALANTLY SWINGS HIS FEET UP ON JACK'S DESK.

JACK

Of course.

JACK PUTS A BIG CIGAR IN HIS MOUTH.

JACK (CONT'D)

Cigar?

JACK OFFERS THE CIGAR BOX TO FINCH.
FINCH

Don't mind if I do.

FINCH PULLS OUT A VERY SMALL CIGAR.

FINCH (CONT'D)

Ah yes, the tiny cigar trick. Saw it coming.

DURING THE FOLLOWING SPEECH, FINCH CASUALLY ANGLES HIS WATCH SO THAT A PATCH OF REFLECTED SUNLIGHT SHINES PAINFULLY IN JACK'S FACE.

FINCH (CONT'D)

You disappoint me. I expected more from the man they call Gallo.

JACK RISES AND GOES TO THE BAR TO ESCAPE THE LIGHT.

JACK

Hmm... maybe you're right. Maybe the winds are shifting. May I pour you one?

FINCH

I insist.

JACK

I insist.

JACK POURS FINCH A DRINK, MOMENTARILY TURNING HIS BACK ON FINCH.

JACK (CONT'D)

I hope you enjoy my scotch.

FINCH

I'm sure I will.
THEY CLINK GLASSES. FINCH TRIES TO DRINK BUT HIS GLASS IS A "DRIBBLE" GLASS AND LEAKS ALL OVER HIM.

FINCH (CONT'D)

(RATTLED) My new shirt! Oh man, this stuff is gonna stain... (FIGURES IT OUT) The dribble glass.

JACK

You should've seen it coming.

JACK PATS FINCH ON THE SHOULDER, DOWNS HIS DRINK, THEN MAKES A STARTLED FACE.

JACK (CONT'D)

Hey, this tastes weird.

FINCH

Maybe it's the chili sauce I poured in it. Ha! Face!

JACK

But... you can't do that.

FINCH

But I did.

JACK LEANS AGAINST HIS DESK, LOOKING PANICKED.

JACK

No, I'm severely allergic to chili peppers. My throat closes off completely.

FINCH

(THROWN) What!?

JACK TUGS AT HIS SHIRT COLLAR.
JACK

(COUGH) I feel dizzy.

FINCH

I'm so sorry.

JACK

Antihistamines.

FINCH

(TOTALLY PANICKED) I'll go to the drugstore. I'll run. Please don't die!

FINCH TEARS OUT. AS SOON AS HE'S OUT OF THE ROOM, JACK LEANS BACK, SMILES AND TAKES A SIP OF HIS SCOTCH. AND WE...

DISSOLVE TO:
BLUSH COVER: WHEN YOU'VE GOT IT, FLAUNT IT!

INT. HAWTHORNE HIGH CAFETORIUM - NIGHT (NIGHT 2)
(Maya, Elliott, Deke, Principal, Atmosphere)

MEN AND WOMEN ELLIOTT'S AGE MILL AROUND. ON THE STAGE
IS A PODIUM AND A MEMORIAL AREA WITH FLOWERS AND A
PHOTO DISPLAY. ELLIOTT ENTERS. HE TAKES THE PLACE
IN. AFTER A BEAT, MAYA ENTERS BEHIND HIM.

MAYA

There you are.

ELLIOIT

What are you doing here?

MAYA

Elliott, you're making a huge mistake.
You don't want to get up there and
make some dumb self-serving speech.

ELLIOIT

Oh, yeah? (POINTS) See that guy?
That's Deke Williams. When I was
fourteen he pulled my jacket over my
head, yanked my pants down and pushed
me into the girls' locker room.
MAYA
Kids do stupid things.

ELLIOTT
Another time he cornered me in this very Cafetorium, dumped mashed potatoes on my head, pulled my pants down and pushed me into the girls' locker room. Another time at Career Day -- well, you know how it ends.

MAYA
That's awful.

ELLIOTT
Every morning for four years I didn't want to get out of bed because I knew when I got to school someone, somehow, was going to remind me that I didn't fit in, that I was nobody.

MAYA
I'm so sorry.

ELLIOTT
That's why I'm here. That's why I want to rub their faces in it. I don't expect you to understand.

MAYA
Well, I do.

(MORE)
MAYA (CONT'D)
I know what it's like to be bullied
and made fun of just because you were
a little clumsy... or a little heavy...
or maybe you wore corrective shoes...
(THEN) You know what the kids used to
call me? Crisco. Because I was "fat
in the can." Get it? Pretty funny,
huh? That's the kind of thing that
warps you for life. Well, who's fat
now, Gina?

ELLIOTT
Calm down, Maya. This is about me.
(NOTICING) Well, well, look who's
coming. (CALLING) Yo, Deke!

MAYA
Start your bragging.

DEKE, THIRTYISH, EX-JOCK, APPROACHES.

DEKE
Elliott? Is it really you?

ELLIOTT
It's really me.

DEKE
So who's your friend?

ELLIOTT
Oh, this is Maya Gallo.
DEKE

No, I mean the one on your nose.

DEKE GUFFAWS. MAYA SCOWLS.

DEKE (CONT'D)

Just kidding, just kidding. Hey guys, remember Elliott DiMoron?

TWO DEKE-LIKE GUYS APPROACH. MAYA JABS ELLIOTT AS IF TO SAY "LET HIM HAVE IT." DEKE PUTS HIS ARM AROUND ELLIOTT.

DEKE (CONT'D)

You're looking great. You've lost weight. Especially from the scalp area. (GUFFAWS) Just kidding, just kidding.

MAYA

Yeah? Well you've got a lazy eye.

DEKE

What?

ELLIOTT

Shh.

DEKE

So, what are you doing these days, DiMoron?

ELLIOTT

Well, Deke my man, I'm glad you asked.

(MORE)
ELLIOTT (CONT'D)

Remember how The Ferret would tell you
that if you believed in yourself, you'd
end up a winner?

DEKE

No.

DEKE LOOKS TO THE OTHERS. THEY ALL SHAKE THEIR
HEADS "NO."

ELLIOTT

Come on, remember how he used to pull
you into his office and say you were
capable of doing anything? That you
were special?

DEKE

No. He threw a pen at me once.

ELLIOTT

Oh.

ELLIOTT LOOKS OVER TO THE SMILING PORTRAIT OF MR.
FARRELL, THEN LOOKS BACK AT DEKE.

MAYA

(SOTTO) Go on, let him have it.

ELLIOTT

Good to see you, Deke.

TO MAYA'S SURPRISE, ELLIOTT PATS DEKE'S SHOULDER
AND WALKS OFF. MAYA FOLLOWS.

MAYA

Why didn't you rub his face in it?
ELLIOTT

I didn't have to.

ANGLE ON:

A MIDDLE-AGED PRINCIPAL AT THE PODIUM.

PRINCIPAL

Welcome, friends and former students!

EVERYONE IS SEATED. MAYA AND ELLIOTT FIND THEMSELVES NEAR DEKE.

PRINCIPAL (CONT'D)

We are here today to celebrate the
life of Jasper Farrell. His good friend
Stan Hayden, our statistics teacher,
tells us Jasper not only embraced life,
but also lived twelve hundred and sixty-four days past the national average.

ANGLE ON:

ELLIOTT AND MAYA.

MAYA

I can't believe you. At least do your speech.

ELLIOTT

No.

PRINCIPAL (O.S.)

At this time, would any of you like to share any special thoughts?

MAYA JERKS ELLIOTT'S HAND UP.

MAYA

Right here, special thoughts!
PRINCIPAL
Do you wish to speak?

ELLIOTT
Uh... sure.

ELLIOTT CROSSES TO THE STAGE. DEKE SQUIRMS CLOSE TO MAYA.

DEKE
(TO MAYA) Hey, why don't you dump DiMoron and step up to the Deke. Just kidding. But not really.

ANGLE ON:

ELLIOTT AT THE PODIUM.

ELLIOTT
I'm Elliott DiMauro, and I'd just like to say that Mr. Farrell was a wonderful man and an inspiring teacher.

MAYA
(CALLS OUT) Say, what do you do for a living?

ELLIOTT
A teacher who taught me how to be the bigger man. A teacher who taught me the value of self-confidence.

MAYA
Ever date a supermodel?
ELLIOTT

(HEARTFELT) Anyway, I will always appreciate the way he singled me out and made me feel special. I'll miss him — actually, I'm just realizing how much I'll miss him — and I feel bad for those who will never have the privilege of knowing him.

MAYA

Like Cindy Crawford?

ELLIOTT

Oh, shut up!

DEKE

(TO MAYA) Hey, I love crazy chicks. Just kidding.

ELLIOTT STEPS DOWN.

PRINCIPAL

Thank you very much. Would anyone else like to speak?

MAYA

(CALLING OUT) Deke!

DEKE

What? Um, okay.

DEKE APPROACHES THE STAGE. ELLIOTT SITS DOWN NEXT TO MAYA.

ANGLE ON:

DEKE ONSTAGE.
DEKE (CONT'D)

I'm not much of a speaker, I'm more of a doer. (WINKS AT MAYA) Just kidding. But Farrell was a good guy. His quizzes were hard, but they prepared us for the hardest test of all -- life.

ANGLE ON:

ELLIOTT.

ELLIOIT

(TO MAYA) Do you believe this guy?

HE TURNS TO FIND THAT MAYA IS GONE.

ANGLE ON:

DEKE

But you gotta be tough. Like at the hardware store, if I see someone slacking off, I kick a little butt, you know what I'm saying?

THERE'S MOVEMENT IN THE CURTAIN BEHIND DEKE.

DEKE (CONT'D)

'Cause that's me. That's the Dekester.

MAYA'S ARMS POKE THROUGH THE CURTAIN AND STEALTHILY MOVE TOWARD DEKE.

DEKE (CONT'D)

What you see is what you get.

DEKE GUFFAWS. MAYA'S HANDS REACH UP AND YANK DEKE'S PANTS DOWN TO HIS ANKLES.
DEKE IS WEARING SMALL ORANGE UNDERPANTS. THE CROWD HOOTS.

MAYA (O.S.)

Just kidding.

ANGLE ON:

ELLIOTT, ENJOYING THIS DESPITE HIMSELF. AND WE...

FADE OUT.

END OF SHOW