

**THE NEW V.I.P.'S**

"Pilot"

Written by Steve Dildarian

June 08, 2015

**EXT. NEW YORK CITY, 45TH & PARK**

Open on a modern glass building that towers over mid-town.

A sign up top reads "RESOURCES INTERNATIONAL" in huge neon letters.

Below it, a smaller sign reads "A family company."

**INT. CORPORATE AUDITORIUM**

All 1,000 employees have gathered.

The HR Director FRAN (40, pant suit, full bodied) walks on stage and speaks into a microphone.

FRAN

Thanks for coming, gang. We've gathered you here for two reasons. First, someone has written "Fran can suck my dong" in the men's room.

She projects an image of the graffiti on the screen.

FRAN (CONT'D)

Not only is this disrespectful, but my mouth can not open that wide so it's anatomically incorrect. I want a confession by 5pm or you all have to work on Columbus Day.

General grumbling.

FRAN (CONT'D)

Moving on. We know morale has been low around here.

She clicks on the next slide which says "MORALE," with a bar graph trending downward.

FRAN (CONT'D)

We had the layoffs, the embezzlement scandal, and the unfortunate murder/suicide by the coffee kiosk. So your CEO would like to speak to you directly. Here he is via satellite from his office upstairs. Conrad Jones.

She claps enthusiastically. No one else does.

The screen cuts to a live feed of CONRAD JONES (black, 50's, distinguished) sitting in his office addressing camera.

CONRAD JONES

Morning, troops. I know times are tough but our stock price is lagging. So I ask for your understanding as we implement the following cost cutting measures.

(clears throat)

As of today the medical plan no longer covers children, coffee is no longer free, and we restructured the company as a foreign entity, so we'll need to start paying you in pesos. Any questions?

Our main character BUD (30's, normal guy) stands up.

BUD

Aren't there better solutions, like cutting back on executive travel, or bonuses?

The CEO just stares blankly at the camera.

FRAN

He can't hear you, Bud. It's a one way feed.

BUD

So why did he ask if there are any questions?!

FRAN

It's a figure of speech.  
(to the group)  
Any more questions?

No one raises their hand.

Fran clicks off the video feed.

FRAN (CONT'D)

Okay gang, enjoy the free churros and have a great weekend!

Fran claps enthusiastically but no one else does.

**INT. MAIN FLOOR - CUBICLES**

Bud paces as his friend LENNY (baggy suit, disheveled, 30's,) sits in his cubicle eating a churro.

BUD

This place is evil. How can they get away with this stuff?

LENNY

I actually like the peso idea.  
Feels like we're on vacation.

A nearby older woman named MYRTLE (60's, droll) chimes in.

MYRTLE

Yeah Bud, why do you get so worked  
up sweetheart?

BUD

I'll tell you why, Myrtle. My dad  
worked for a company like this for  
30 years, and you know what they  
did at his retirement party? They  
laid him off. With a tear rolling  
down his cheek, he said "What about  
my pension?" And you know what his  
boss said?

MYRTLE

What?

BUD

"I've got your pension right here."  
Then he unzipped his pants and  
pissed on my father's retirement  
cake until the candles went out.

Lenny and Myrtle look at each other, then back at Bud.

LENNY

That story sounds embellished on  
many levels.

BUD

It was a poorly organized party, I  
know that much.

Bud stands on a chair and addresses everyone in the area.

BUD (CONT'D)

Listen, I don't know about you  
guys, but I can't stand for this  
treatment any more. Corporate  
America is running amok.

CO-WORKERS

Yeah. / Totally agree. / What does  
amok mean?

BUD

I say we march upstairs and give  
Conrad Jones a piece of our mind.  
An uprising of the people.

CO-WORKERS

Yeah. / You tell 'em Bud.

BUD

Just like the American Revolution.  
Or the storming of the Bastille.

CO-WORKERS

Exactly. / Rise up.

BUD

Or Occupy Wall Street!

CO-WORKERS

(deflated groan)

He has clearly lost the crowd.

LENNY

They just kind of sat around  
drinking Starbucks.

MYRTLE

It was pretty relaxing as far as  
uprisings go.

Everyone gets back to work and ignores Bud.

**INT. DEE'S DESK**

Bud and Lenny approach DEE (30's), who is wearing a tight red dress that's inappropriate for the workplace. She has a loud Long Island accent but talks in an overly professional manner, like she desperately wants to do a good job.

BUD

Dee, we need a favor.

DEE

Bud, I'm an Executive Assistant  
now, not unlike Melanie Griffith in  
Working Girl. I can not commiserate  
at work.

BUD

I've known you five years, I've  
never heard you use the word  
commiserate.

DEE

Up here we talk smart. We use words like commiserate, incremental and arugula.

LENNY

Those aren't really big words-

BUD

We just need to see Mr. Jones for five minutes.

DEE

Sorry. He's in back-to-back meetings all day.

BUD

That's a lie and you know it.

DEE

I never lie. I'm a good person.

Conrad Jones talks from across the hall, as he enters the Executive Men's Room wearing athletic clothes.

CONRAD JONES

Dee, I'm playing squash with Trump, then getting drinks with the new Asian intern.

DEE

Okay sir. Back-to-back meetings. Got it.

He enters the Executive Men's Room. Bud just stares at Dee.

DEE (CONT'D)

He *makes* me lie. And he makes me wear body glitter. He's a terrible man.

BUD

Can we at least get a bathroom meeting?

DEE

Fine. But you did NOT get this from me.

(then)

And only one of you can go.

Bud and Lenny look at each other, as Dee holds up the key.

LENNY

I'm not sure what you think's  
happening here, but I'm fine  
sitting this one out.

**INT. EXECUTIVE MEN'S ROOM**

Classical music plays as Conrad Jones stands at the urinal.  
Bud enters and seems in awe of the marble and glass.

BUD

My God, it's like paradise in here.

CONRAD JONES

Can I help you, son? This is the  
Executive Men's Room.

BUD

I just need a minute, sir. I was  
hoping to discuss a few things.

CONRAD JONES

Oh, in that case step in. I didn't  
realize you needed to discuss a few  
things.

BUD

Thanks, I really appreciate-

As Bud steps closer, Conrad Jones turns around and starts  
urinating on him.

BUD (CONT'D)

Aghhh! Why!!!!

CONRAD JONES

Get out.

Bud tries to dodge the urine.

BUD

Sir, this is very unprofessional.

CONRAD JONES

I said out!

BUD

Make it stop!

Bud starts slapping the guy's penis, which has no effect.

CUT outside, to Lenny and Dee listening.

CONRAD JONES

(O.C)

Stop slapping my penis!

BUD

(O.C.)

Stop peeing on my leg!

LENNY

That doesn't sound like it's going well at all.

CUT back inside where Bud has Conrad Jones' arms pinned behind his back.

CONRAD JONES

Get this animal off me. Dee!

BUD

Leave Dee out of this.

CONRAD JONES

Dee, call secur- Call sec-- Call...

The CEO clutches his chest, stumbles, and falls to the ground. Bud freezes.

BUD

That's not good.

Dee rushes in, with Lenny looking over her shoulder.

DEE

Everything okay sir?

(then)

Aghhhhh! Why-is-my-boss-dead-and-laying-in-a-pool-of-his-own-urine?

BUD

Dee calm down. It was an accident.

DEE

We need to call 911.

BUD

No, we could all get blamed. You just gave me his personal bathroom key, Lenny was lurking suspiciously, and my fingerprints are all over the guy's penis.

LENNY

Lurking seems like the lesser of the three crimes.

BUD  
Let's just go back to our desks  
like we were never here.

DEE  
What if people ask why you're  
drenched in urine?

Angle on Bud's soaking wet pants.

LENNY  
He's done stranger things, I don't  
think it's an issue.

**INT. BUD AND LENNY'S CUBICLES**

Bud and Lenny sit at their desks trying to act nonchalant.  
They make small talk so everyone can hear them.

BUD  
How's your day Lenny?

LENNY  
Pretty uneventful. You?

BUD  
Uneventful as well. Great talking  
to you.

Bud starts whistling loudly.

A guy with sloped shoulders known as COMBOVER CHARLIE (50's)  
walks up.

COMBOVER CHARLIE  
Bud, we need to talk.

BUD  
Not a good time, CC.

COMBOVER CHARLIE  
Everyone knows you wrote the dong  
graffiti. Now fess up before Fran  
makes us work on Columbus Day.

BUD  
Wasn't me. I don't use the word  
dong and I don't carry Sharpies in  
the bathroom.

COMBOVER CHARLIE  
You think this is a joke? I've got  
a good mind to rat you out, Bud.

Bud gives him his full attention.

BUD

CC, what do you have against me?

COMBOVER CHARLIE

Five years ago you coined the phrase Combover Charlie, and people have been calling me CC ever since. Now no one takes me seriously at work, and I can't get laid to save my life.

BUD

Because of the nickname?

COMBOVER CHARLIE

It doesn't help.

BUD

CC, we have four Charlies here: Tall Charlie, Female Charlie, Lebanese Charlie, and you. We need the nicknames for clarity.

Charlie is stumped.

COMBOVER CHARLIE

You think life is one big parade because you've got a full head of hair, don't you.

BUD

I don't even know how to respond to that.

COMBOVER CHARLIE

I'm taking you down, Bud. Watch your back.

Charlie combs his hair slowly, then exits the area.

LENNY

Bud, we need to get back upstairs.

BUD

Why? No one knows what happened but us.

LENNY

Have you never seen CSI? You left a trail of urine footprints from his office to yours. David Caruso would chuckle at this. He would chuckle.

BUD

Okay maybe you're right. We're a good team, Len.

LENNY

Team? My involvement is tangential at best.

**INT. EXECUTIVE WASH ROOM**

Bud, Lenny and Dee rush in. The CEO is in the same position as they left him, pants at his ankles.

BUD

Okay, with fresh eyes this is kind of disrespectful.

DEE

I can't lose my job over this, Bud. I'm the first one in my family to not get paid in cash.

BUD

We just need to clear our tracks. Dee, go rent a carpet shampoo machine. Lenny, pick up case of Febreze. I'm gonna go get a coffee and muffin so no one suspects-

There's a knock at the door. Everyone freezes.

CLARENCE

Security. We got a call about a disturbance.

BUD

What kind of disturbance?

CLARENCE

Yelling, wrestling, and the phrase "Stop slapping my penis."

BUD

No, I'd remember that. Thanks for swinging by.

CLARENCE

I just need to do a quick sweep of the area. Don't mind me.

CLARENCE (50's, black) lets himself in and finds them hovered around the dead, half naked CEO.

CLARENCE (CONT'D)  
What in the name of Jesus!

He pulls out his pistol and waves it around like a man who has never held a gun.

BUD  
Calm down, it's not what you think.

CLARENCE  
I am trained and certified to discharge my weapon.

He waves the gun around some more.

LENNY  
Clarence, put the gun down.

CLARENCE  
I am not scared. I repeat, NOT SCARED. I trained my whole life for-  
(then)  
Oh great. I crapped my pants.

He freezes and closes his eyes. Bud lunges for the gun.

There's a struggle, and Clarence fires a shot into the toilet. Water sprays everywhere. The room goes silent.

BUD  
Clarence, give me the gun.

CLARENCE  
Promise not to tell anyone what just happened? In the security biz this is known as a Shoot n' Shit. It's pretty much a career ender.

Clarence hands him the gun.

#### **INT. CEO'S OFFICE**

They huddle around the CEO's desk.

BUD  
Okay, I feel like this is starting to get away from us.

DEE  
Before we do anything, we need to say a prayer.

BUD  
Nice. I like that.

DEE

(closes eyes)

Lord, please look after our beloved boss. Sure he abused us, and made us feel inferior with his racist, sexist and homophobic rants. And sure he requested blow jobs from 90% of the interns, and settled the lawsuits out of court-

BUD

You know what, scrap the prayer. It's not working.

CLARENCE

I gotta be honest, I'm glad he's dead. Sonofabitch called me Mini-Me. I'm one inch shorter than him.

Clarence lowers his voice and does an impersonation.

CLARENCE (CONT'D)

*"Look at you Clarence, you're like a poor, less handsome version of me. Tell me I'm funny Clarence, or you're fired."*

LENNY

Great impression. Do Danny Glover.

CLARENCE

*"I'm getting too old for this nonsense."*

LENNY

Terrible. Should've quit while you were ahead.

Bud sits up in his seat.

BUD

Wait, Clarence. You just gave me the idea of a lifetime.

LENNY

Stop having ideas, please.

Everyone looks at Bud, as we snap zoom in on his face.

BUD

What if... instead of reporting his death, we dispose of his body, have Clarence undergo reconstructive surgery to look exactly like him, and seize control of the company.

We pan across their faces one by one.

LENNY

That's actually pretty good.

DEE

I don't see any logic flaws.

CLARENCE

You want me to get a fucking face transplant?

BUD

Think about it. You'll be the CEO of a Fortune 500 company. With that kind of power you can affect people's lives. Make business a force for good.

CLARENCE

I don't care about that stuff.

BUD

You'll make ten million a year plus bonuses.

Clarence is intrigued. He thinks for some time.

CLARENCE

I don't know. This is my *face* we're talking about. The face my momma gave me.

BUD

Then ask yourself a question. Would you rather be an unemployed security guard with the face your momma gave you... or a millionaire with the face of an asshole.

Everyone waits for Clarence's answer.

LENNY

Two solid options.

**INT. MAIL ROOM**

Fran addresses a group of employees.

FRAN

Okay people, the situation has escalated. Someone has created an elaborate woodcut of me performing fellatio on a donkey.

She reveals the artwork on the wall. It's impressive.

FRAN (CONT'D)

Since this occurred in the mail room, we are now dealing with a federal offense.

GROUP

I don't think that's accurate. / That doesn't sound right at all.

FRAN

I have called in the Postmaster General of New York to explain the gravity of the situation.

A weary official steps forward and addresses the group.

POSTMASTER

Um, this is kind of a waste of time for someone like me, but I guess in theory it could be considered a crime. If you know who did it, shoot us an e-mail. If not, have a good day and please check out our new line of commemorative stamps celebrating obscure Hispanic Jazz Musicians.

He steps back and Fran stands in front of him.

FRAN

You heard him. This is TOP priority. If you have any leads, please see me in private.

COMBOVER CHARLIE

I know who did it, Fran. It was Bud. Let's frog march him out of here.

FRAN

Okay CC. What proof do you have?

COMBOVER CHARLIE

Proof?

FRAN

Yes, proof.

COMBOVER CHARLIE

Just... that thick, lush head of hair. The way he combs it, and plays with it. He can't be trusted! He's gotta be stopped!

Everyone looks around awkwardly.

POSTMASTER

(to Fran)

At the Post Office, he's what we call a "high risk" employee.

**EXT. TOWN CAR**

A black Town Car barrels down FDR Drive.

**INT. TOWN CAR**

Bud and Lenny ride in the back seat, nervous.

DRIVER

So, what's in the trunk?

BUD

Sorry sir, we can't chat right now.

DRIVER

Too bad. I became a driver for three reasons: The freedom, the flexible hours, and the non-stop chatting.

BUD

Seriously we're very busy.

DRIVER

Everyone's so busy these days. Always with the-

Bud rolls up the partition.

DRIVER (CONT'D)

Oh come on, not the partition. Anything but the par-

It cuts him off, as Bud sits back in his seat.

LENNY

Bud, do you have any idea how to dispose of a body?

BUD

Of course. I grew up in New York.

LENNY

What does that mean? Plus, you grew up in Jersey.

BUD

The whole tri-state area counts as New York. Stop nitpicking.

LENNY

Okay, so what's your plan?

BUD

Easy. Dump him in the East River. Body dump capital of the world.

HARD CUT TO:

**EXT. EAST RIVER WATERFRONT**

They stand on the landscaped promenade with the body bag.

LENNY

This is the body dump capital?

BUD

I guess they cleaned it up a little.

It's super nice. People are exercising, having lunch and pushing strollers.

BUD (CONT'D)

Let's just be quick. New Yorkers don't pay attention.

Bud drags the body bag towards the water, when a woman with a yoga mat confronts him.

YOGA WOMAN

Excuse me. We have this space reserved from 2 - 4pm.

BUD

Don't mind us. We'll be fast.

YOGA WOMAN

Are you dumping compost here? You can get fined for that.

BUD

It's biodegradable, let it go.

A woman with a baby stroller stops and points at the bag.

STROLLER WOMAN

Oh my God. Is that a dead body?

YOGA WOMAN

Someone call the police. Yoga is cancelled!!!

The yoga class scatters in every direction.

LENNY

Bud we need to leave, now.

BUD

I think you're right.

Bud starts dragging the body bag back to the car.

BUD (CONT'D)

You people are ruining the city. In the New York I know, you could dump a body and no one cared. You could get a hand job in Port Authority and people would clap. Freakin' Giuliani. Ruined everything.

**INT. PLASTIC SURGEON'S OFFICE**

Dee and Clarence sit in the lobby of a high-end doctor's office, watching a promotional video.

VIDEO

*If you're like most people, you look in the mirror each day and say "What a terrible face. What kind of nose is that? And what's up with my chin." Fact is, 90% of Americans are unappealing to look at-*

Clarence turns to Dee.

CLARENCE

Dee, I'm not so sure I thought this through.

DEE

Why?

CLARENCE

I just heard "10 mil." I mean, I don't know anything about business. I hate wearing suits. And I'm gonna have to live with the boss' 22-year-old wife from Arizona State. I can't make small talk with someone like that.

DEE

Well you can't change your mind now. You already signed in at reception.

CLARENCE

That's not a legally binding agreement, Dee.

DEE

It is. It's a signature.

CLARENCE

I'm a security guard. You know how many people sign in as Mickey Mouse? 50%.

DEE

You're just nervous. The doctor will put you at ease.

The doctor walks out, abnormally tan and wearing sunglasses.

DOCTOR

Ah Clarence. My sweet, sweet Clarence.

CLARENCE

(aside)

That's not helping.

DOCTOR

I understand we're doing a lookalike job. What's your goal here. Are you a celebrity impersonator? Gay stalker?

CLARENCE

Just put down gay stalker.

DEE

Listen, if you have a moral issue with this we can go elsewhere.

DOCTOR

Moral issue, no. I just gave a 12-year-old a boob job.

A young girl with enormous breasts stumbles out of the back room.

YOUNG GIRL

Mommy I can't stand. Catch me!

The girl topples forward and lands face first on the couch.

The doctor returns his attention to Dee and Clarence.

DOCTOR

My main concern is whether or not you can pay.

DEE

We have the corporate card.

Dee holds up a platinum credit card.

DOCTOR

Okay then, as we say in the biz... let's start slicing up your face and see what happens.

The doctor claps his hands with a big smile.

CLARENCE

Terrible expression. Doesn't even rhyme.

**INT. TOWN CAR**

Lenny and Bud ride in the back seat. The driver is staring at them as he drives.

DRIVER

How's the temperature back there? Can I get anyone a bottled water?

BUD

Seriously sir, we can't chat today.

DRIVER

That doesn't count as "chatting," these are pertinent questions about hydration and warmth-

Bud raises the partition and cuts him off.

DRIVER (CONT'D)

(O.C.)

Oh come on, not again!

LENNY

Bud, we need to pull the plug on this. We're in over our heads.

BUD

I've got it under control.

LENNY

You don't. You need to stop thinking like Bud, and start thinking like someone successful. Like Conrad Jones.

BUD

I like that. What would Conrad Jones do?

LENNY

He wouldn't be doing this.

BUD

Exactly. He'd delegate like a weasel so he'd have someone to blame it on.

LENNY

How are we going to delegate? We're the bottom of the food chain.

BUD

Yes, but we've got his contact list. We can pull favors. And he knows everyone.

Bud pulls out Mr. Jones' phone and scrolls down the list.

BUD (CONT'D)

Oprah. Lionel Richie. Ernie Anastos. The Winklevoss Twins.

LENNY

How can these people help us?

BUD

You're right, we need mob connections.

He scrolls some more, then suddenly stops in his tracks.

BUD (CONT'D)  
Bingo. All our prayers have been answered.

HARD CUT TO:

**INT. LIVING ROOM**

Lenny and Bud sit on a couch across from actor Ray Liotta.

BUD  
Ray Liotta, pleasure to meet you.

Lenny is shaking his head in disbelief.

RAY LIOTTA  
So you fellas work with Conrad? I haven't talked to that guy in ten years.

BUD  
Well, he appreciates you taking the meeting.

RAY LIOTTA  
How exactly can I help? Charity luncheon? Autograph session?

BUD  
Actually, a situation has developed and he, um, you know, kind of needs a body to disappear.

RAY LIOTTA  
What?

BUD  
A body. A dead body.

RAY LIOTTA  
And he wants *me* to do it?

BUD  
He figured you were in Goodfellas, you must know more than most people.

RAY LIOTTA  
Conrad Jones said that.

BUD  
You were on his short list, right above Joe Pesci and the kid who got shot in the foot.

Ray thinks about it.

LENNY

Listen, I'm really sorry if we  
wasted your time. Forget we ever-

RAY LIOTTA

No, no no. I love the idea.

LENNY

You do?

RAY LIOTTA

Ever since I was snubbed for the  
Oscar for Goodfellas, I've wanted  
to prove to the world that I'm the  
real deal.

BUD

You ARE the real deal. You're Ray  
freaking Liotta.

RAY LIOTTA

I am, aren't I?

They lean across the coffee table and high five.

LENNY

Listen, I hate to be the buzzkill  
here, but do you have any idea how  
to go about this kind of thing?

RAY LIOTTA

Of course. We pour him two concrete  
shoes, drive him out to Jersey and  
before you can say take the  
cannolis he'll be swimming with the  
fishes. Fuggedaboutit.

LENNY

You just rattled off like, every  
generic mobster phrase.

BUD

It sounded authentic to me. I'm  
feeling good about this.

**INT. PLASTIC SURGEON'S OFFICE**

The doctor operates on Clarence, as Dee walks in.

DOCTOR

I'm in surgery, ma'am. Please wait  
outside.

DEE

I just have a few requests. As a rising executive, I like to think outside the box.

DOCTOR

Okay.

DEE

Mr. Jones had some distinguishing marks on his body I think we should replicate. Just for authenticity. Which means real.

DOCTOR

What type of marks.

DEE

Well, he had a tattoo on his back of a serpent eating a rat. A scar from being stabbed by the janitor. And I noticed this morning his penis was surprisingly small.

DOCTOR

In car terms, are we talking mid-size, compact or economy?

DEE

Mid-size, I guess.

DOCTOR

So what you're telling me is, he had the Hyundai Sonata of penises.

DEE

Great analogy. That means comparison.

DOCTOR

Okay I'll see what I can do.

DEE

Thank you. I wish people at work were this open to my ideas. I love the collaboration.

She leaves, and the doctor gets back to surgery.

#### **INT. CONFERENCE ROOM**

Charlie makes a presentation to Fran and some top executives.

COMBOVER CHARLIE

Members of the board, I spent the morning rifling through everyone's desks and trash cans, and I found some shocking information.

He begins a slide show.

COMBOVER CHARLIE (CONT'D)

Allow me to begin a slide show entitled "Who Keeps Drawing Graffiti of Fran Sucking Dongs, both Human and Beast."

The title is made with an elaborate font.

FRAN

We don't need a title. Move on.

Charlie begins showing slides on the screen.

COMBOVER CHARLIE

Okay. Observe the letter D from dong in this graffiti sample. And compare it to the W-9 form of our very own Bud. The D's are identical.

There is an audible gasp. Charlie switches to another slide.

COMBOVER CHARLIE (CONT'D)

Now observe this smiley face Bud drew on a birthday card. And compare it to this smiling face where Fran is about to deep throat a donkey.

FRAN

I think that's all the proof we need. Thank you, CC.

COMBOVER CHARLIE

I have forty more slides if you'd like to see them.

EXECUTIVES

Sure. / Why not. / Let's take a look.

He rattles off images of Fran in compromising positions.

FRAN

That won't be necessary. Great job. Meeting adjourned.

Fran turns on the lights and knocks the projector off the table.

**INT. PLASTIC SURGEON'S OPERATING ROOM**

The job is done and Clarence's head is wrapped in bandages.

DOCTOR

Leave the bandages on for a bit,  
but I think you'll be very pleased  
with the results.

DEE

Thank you, this is exciting.

DOCTOR

The bill comes to \$180,000, and  
since you were such good customers,  
I'm going to throw in the wiener  
reduction for free.

CLARENCE

Come again.

DOCTOR

The wiener reduction. Dee gave it  
the green light.

Clarence tries to look at Dee though the bandages.

DEE

I thought you'd appreciate the  
attention to detail.

CLARENCE

Wait. You made my penis shorter  
without asking?

DOCTOR

Like 10 - 15%. Not even worth  
talking about.

DEE

Clarence, we're going for an exact  
match here. His wife would notice.  
The interns would notice.

CLARENCE

Just seems like something you might  
sign a waiver for, no?

DOCTOR

Regulation in this industry is  
surprisingly lax.

Clarence does not look happy.

He hops off the table and stumbles to gain his balance.

CLARENCE

You know what, I knew this was a bad idea. Tell Bud I'm out.

DEE

You can't quit now, Clarence. They already swiped the credit card.

CLARENCE

Some of us have morals, Dee. I didn't mind disfiguring my face, or abandoning my family. But I draw the line at making my dick 10 - 15% shorter. I'm outta here.

He storms out.

DOCTOR

I'm not completely following his moral code.

**EXT. HOBOKEN WATERFRONT**

Bud and Lenny stand on the NJ waterfront, with the Manhattan skyline in the distance. Ray Liotta crouches over a bag of Quikrete cement mix.

RAY LIOTTA

(reads instructions)

*In a large mortar tub, mix concrete powder with water using a standard garden hoe-*

LENNY

Bud, he has NO IDEA what he's doing.

BUD

Give him time. He's our only hope.

A group of women spot him from a distance.

WOMAN

Oh my God, is that Ray Liotta disposing of a dead body?!

RAY LIOTTA

It sure is.

Bud and Lenny look at each other like it's a disaster.

WOMAN 2

We have to get a picture. My  
husband will never believe this!

They scurry over and she hands her phone to Bud.

WOMAN

Do you mind? Try to get the body  
bag and the Statue of Liberty in  
the shot.

Ray poses with them, as Bud reluctantly frames the shot.

BUD

Say Liotta.

GROUP

Liotta!

Bud snaps the photo.

WOMAN

Thank you so much. You're a doll.  
My husband's going to love this!

They leave, as Ray gets back to mixing the concrete.

LENNY

Bud, he's jeopardizing the whole  
job.

BUD

I know. This is bad.

LENNY

We only have one choice now.

BUD

I agree.

LENNY

Turn ourselves in.

BUD

Whack Ray Liotta.

LENNY

What? We are not whacking Ray  
Liotta.

BUD

We have no choice. Now since I'm  
doing all the strategizing, it's  
only fair that you pitch in and do  
the whacking.

Bud hands Lenny the garden hoe.

LENNY

How did this day possibly build to  
this moment?

BUD

Just do it fast. For Ray's sake.

Lenny thinks for a while.

LENNY

Without a sound track this stuff is  
not exciting at all.

Lenny closes his eyes and hits Ray Liotta in the back of the  
head with the hoe. Ray falls face first into the river, as  
Lenny drops the hoe and runs.

Bud shoves the body bag into the water, then runs as well.

The driver watches from a distance.

DRIVER

Even with my extensive  
eavesdropping, I have no idea  
what's going on here.

**EXT. UNDERGROUND PARKING GARAGE**

Dee paces by the VIP parking area, as Bud and Lenny return  
and hop out of the Town Car.

BUD

We did it. It wasn't easy, but we  
did it! What a team.

LENNY

How'd you guys make out?  
(then)  
Where is he?

They look around. Dee takes a deep breath.

DEE

I've got bad news. Clarence bailed.

BUD

He bailed?

DEE

It's my fault. I got power hungry  
and greenlit a wiener reduction.

Dee starts to sob.

BUD  
He can't bail. The whole plan  
revolves around him.

LENNY  
So this was all for nothing? We  
just dumped our boss in the river.  
And whacked Ray Liotta.

DEE  
We're all going to jail.

LENNY  
We're all going to hell.

BUD  
No one's going anywhere. We're the  
only ones who know what happened.  
(then)  
Uh oh.

His phone rings. Bud answers and puts it on speaker phone.

BUD (CONT'D)  
Hi Fran. Sorry, I took a long lunch-

FRAN  
I need to see you in my office,  
Bud. I know everything.

BUD  
You do?

FRAN  
I do. You left quite a trail. This  
is not going to end well.

Bud dejectedly hangs up and looks at the others.

LENNY  
I knew the urine tracks would be  
our undoing.

BUD  
I'll take the fall. This whole  
thing was my idea.

LENNY  
No. I'm going down with you.

DEE  
Me too. We're all in this together.  
Like an arugula, pear and goat  
cheese salad.

They lean in for a group hug.

DRIVER

I know I'm technically not part of the group, but I'd like to go too.

Everyone looks at him strangely.

DRIVER (CONT'D)

Even with the limited chatting, I feel like I know you guys.

**INT. CLARENCE'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS**

Clarence is on the couch with his head wrapped in bandages. His kids and wife are by his side. They are all weeping.

GIRL

What happened to daddy's face?

BOY

What's a wiener reduction? I don't understand what's going on!

He pulls them up on his lap.

CLARENCE

Kids, daddy did a terrible thing. The CEO died today and someone convinced me to get plastic surgery to pretend I'm him. The plan was for me take his job and move in with his trophy wife. I was blinded by greed. All because I wanted 10 mil a year. I'm sorry.

Long silence.

WIFE

Wait, how much?

CLARENCE

10 million, plus bonuses.

WIFE

You didn't mention that, Clar. You just said they shortened your dick.

GIRL

Nickel in the swear jar!

CLARENCE

Honey, you can't put a price on your husband. I'd have to move out and live with his trophy wife.

She puts a hand on Clarence's knee and talks in a soft voice.

WIFE

Baby I love you, but let's face it. You're a security guard who sits on the couch all weekend drinking vodka tonics and eating Cool Ranch Doritos. That loses to 10 mil every time, baby. Every time.

BOY

We want the 10 mil daddy!

GIRL

Go live with the boss' trophy wife. Please!!!

Clarence shakes his head as the kids tug at his sleeves.

**INT. FRAN'S OFFICE**

Bud, Lenny, Dee and the driver sit across from Fran. Charlie stands directly over her shoulder.

FRAN

Why are you all here? I need to speak to Bud.

COMBOVER CHARLIE

Yeah, she needs to speak to Bud.

LENNY

Listen, we were all involved, Fran. We should go down as a group.

FRAN

It took four of you to do that?

BUD

It's harder than it looks. And for the record, we didn't kill him, we just disposed of the body.

FRAN

What are you talking about?

COMBOVER CHARLIE

Yeah, what are you talking about.

DEE

Mr. Jones. We didn't murder him.  
We're not capable of that.

Fran looks confused.

FRAN

Of course you didn't. I just saw  
him in his office five minutes ago.

BUD

You did?

Everyone looks at each other, confused.

**INT. CEO'S OFFICE**

They walk in and look at the back of the chair.

FRAN

Sir?

The chair swivels around and it's Clarence drinking a vodka  
tonic. He looks and sounds exactly like Conrad Jones.

CLARENCE/CONRAD

How's my favorite HR lady?

Everyone's eyes go wide. Fran looks at him strangely.

FRAN

Are you okay, sir? You look  
different.

CLARENCE/CONRAD

Umm...

DEE

He got a haircut. And Donald Trump  
punched him in the face when he  
lost at squash.

CLARENCE/CONRAD

Thank you Dee. Now what is it,  
Fran?

FRAN

I'd like to terminate Bud. I called  
for a work stoppage today to  
conduct an investigation, and we  
found out Bud wrote the graffiti.

CLARENCE/CONRAD

You spent all day doing that?

COMBOVER CHARLIE

We called it Dong Gate. It was very exciting.

CLARENCE/CONRAD

Fran, guys like Bud are the future of this firm. Leave him be. Better yet, on Monday let's talk about promoting all three of these folks.

FRAN

Are you sure that's a good idea sir-

CLARENCE/CONRAD

I am. Now get a rag and clean up that graffiti. Our cleaning crews work hard enough.

FRAN

Absolutely sir. On it.

She turns and leaves. Charlie combs his hair and follows.

Dee closes the door as they gather to marvel at Clarence's new face.

BUD

What made you change your mind?

CLARENCE

My integrity got the best of me. I just couldn't let you guys down.

BUD

This is exciting. The four of us are going to do great things.

DRIVER

Technically five of us, but whatever.

Bud turns to the window and looks out on the rooftops of Manhattan. The rest do the same.

DEE

No one can stop us now.

A young assistant knocks on the door.

ASSISTANT

Mr. Jones? Sorry to interrupt, but you had a few messages while I was covering Dee's desk.

CLARENCE/CONRAD

Can it wait?

ASSISTANT

I don't think so.

(reads from pad)

Donald Trump wants to know why you stood him up for squash, Clarence the security guard has gone missing, and Golden Globe nominee Ray Liotta is stumbling through the lobby dripping wet, demanding to speak to you.

All eyes go to Clarence. He doesn't know what to say.

CLARENCE/CONRAD

Umm...

DEE

Tell everyone he's in back-to-back meetings.

BUD

Yeah, we'll deal with this Monday.

Off their worried looks we CUT to black.

**END OF EPISODE**