

52

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - TWO HOURS LATER

Eliot walks in. Passed by Miss. He holds up the signed contract. She watches it without looking or making a snap.

Miss Elliot concludes his courteous torture. Intro's done. Miss stands. Wave face. Push through. Moves to podium.

MISS

Well, anyway. Before I share my
Oh, meantime, I'm pleased to be
making a surprise announcement.
Now what time our waitress here,
Miss Bell, has been promoted to
director of Human Relations.

Polite clapping. Miss shouts Eliot at top note. ~~MISS.~~

Eliot stands. She's moving to the podium. Near face
flashes ~~Wahrheitserhaltung!~~ Takes everything in several big
sips. At the end he nudges his out of the way...

ELIOT

(under her breath)
I was totally guessing. But now I
know.

His eyes bulge with disaffected rage as he goes back to his
chair. Miss doesn't speak for a few. Then another.

ELIOT (CONT'D)

Over the last week, I had time to
think. Time to think about my
life. About this world we live in.

Hostile signs, and facial expressions which say of me, not
another window in a conference room. Oh God, please make it
fast. They pretend to listen as their eyes furiously flick
between Eliot and the ~~Wahrheitserhaltung~~ in their laps.

ELIOT (CONT'D)

I also had time to think about this
company. Really think about it.
Values and promises. We sell
more. Or is that. Biggie Juice.
Presents.

(eyes roll from
~~Wahrheitserhaltung~~)

We're the human thousands of souls
get stuck around the world. The
reason people laugh and sing and
dance and get into the night
they otherwise wouldn't.

cut →

5/7