

SC2

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - TWO MINUTES LATER

Ellen walks in. Passes by Moss. He holds up the signed contract. She snatches it without looking or missing a step.

Human Ambien concludes his monotone torture, intro's Moss. Moss stands. Brave face. Push through. Moves to podium.

MOSS

Hello everyone. Before I share my HR overview, I'm pleased to be making a surprise announcement. None other than our survivor here, Ellen Bell, has been promoted to Director of Human Resources.

Polite clapping. Moss shoots Ellen an ugly smile. BITCH.

Ellen stands. She's moving to the podium. Moss' face flashes *Whatthefuckyoudoing?* Takes everything to conceal his rage. As she nudges him out of the way...

ELLEN

(under her breath)

I was totally guessing. But now I know.

His eyes bulge with dumbfounded rage as he goes back to his chair. Ellen doesn't speak for a beat. Then another.

Start →

ELLEN (CONT'D)

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

Audible sighs. And facial expressions which say *oh no, not another windbag in a conference room. Oh God, please make it fast.* They pretend to listen as their eyes furtively flick between Ellen and the Blackberries in their laps.

ELLEN (CONT'D)

I also had time to think about this company. Really think about it. Ladies and gentlemen, we sell booze. Do it fluid. Giggle juice. Firewater.

(eyes raise from Blackberries)

We're the reason thousands of deals get made around the world, the reason people laugh and sing and dance and get laid on the nights they otherwise wouldn't.

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Suits lean forward, attitude and posture shift - wait, what?
Ellen gathers steam with each new line...

ELLEN (CONT'D)

I used to come here and want to control the employees, make them toe the line, and keep them down. Now, I want to celebrate them. I want to build a well-lubricated army of workers who live and breathe Nichols & Quaff and spread the consumption of our products all across the globe.

LEGAL TEXT FADES UP BOTTOM SCREEN - the kind we see on every TV Alcohol Ad:

ALWAYS DRINK RESPONSIBLY

This text appears in the series whenever the content / comedy calls for it.

ELLEN (CONT'D)

Do not get me wrong, I'm aware there are people with alcohol issues, who need help, and I respect that. We need to make an extra effort to help them. In fact, we will help them. But, is there hatred for donuts when some gluttonous scale-breaker goes morbidly obese on Bavarian creams and chocolate Eclairs? No. And let us not forget that people who abuse alcohol and draw attention to themselves are in the minority. The rest of us, the majority of drinkers, we don't get press. I don't see any headlines saying 'Jane Smith got home safe after having wine with dinner' or 'Bob felt better after an ice cold beer' or 'Carol and her husband fucked like bunnies after a couple of dry martinis' or 'Steve came out of the closet after two shots of Tequila.'

Somebody claps. Someone else does. A few more. It's almost involuntary. Ellen raises her hand - doesn't want applause. Moss stares at Ellen like a stupefied mannequin. Jonathan Quaff watches her like he's on the verge of a stroke.

ELLEN (CONT'D)

I ask you this: when we look outside, is it not painfully clear that we need a drink now more than ever? It sucks out there!

(MORE)

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ELLEN (CONT'D)

Have you read the news lately? And who in the hell killed the three martini lunch!? We want our booze back!

LOUD APPLAUSE. Ellen has to raise her voice to be heard.

ELLEN (CONT'D)

Let me close with this: the way to a higher stock price and fat bonuses is not through firing hard working people, it's taking the people we employ and empowering them to get the finest booze available to mankind into the hands of each and every human being old enough to belly up to a bar!

The room erupts in applause. A MALE EXEC's hand shoots up.

ELLEN (CONT'D)

Yes?

MALE EXEC

(over applause)

I know you've been promoted to Director of HR, but are you open to advising other departments?

ELLEN

Absolutely.

Quick cut to Markus on that, eyeballing her. A FEMALE EXEC's hand shoots up.

FEMALE EXEC

What about the watch dog groups and all the limitations they put on us?

Murmurs of assent and "good question" etc.

ELLEN

Find out who they are and hire them for more money.

Jonathan Quaff looks like he wants to speak. He raises a finger - it's all he needs to silence the room.

ELLEN (CONT'D)

Yes, Mr. Quaff?

He narrows his eyes at Ellen. Hold this.

JONATHAN QUAFF

What did you say your name was?

end

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