

THE INTERN

BECKY

Jules looks up and sees her perennially overwrought YOUNG ASSISTANT, BECKY -- just out of college and a little nervous around Jules. Becky is an incredibly hard worker but unfortunately has no ability to prioritize or organize.

START = 7

JULES (cont'd)

(rises)

I know, I'm late for something.

BECKY

Yeah. Everything.

JULES

But you see why I take customer service calls? This is so good. Learn so much. What's up? What's going on?

As Becky reads from a Post-It, Jules climbs onto a nearby bike, starts to peddle through the office. Becky tries to keep up, talks fast.

BECKY

Okay. Candice was waiting for you but had another meeting, she said she'll be back at Two. Your 11:00 is in the conference room, so is your 11:10, finance needs you and I guess you e-mailed a bunch of people at 4 a.m. about something?

JULES

-- Oh, good! I forgot about that. I want to figure out a way for girlfriends to shop together on line...make it less of an alone thing. E-mail me that idea, will ya?

BECKY

Yeah, I like that.
(writing quickly, takes out Phone)

Is now a good time to call your Mother back?

JULES

(What?)

Dude, I'm on a bike...

= 7 END

A small Group sings Happy Birthday to a co-worker. They hope Jules will stop by but she just waves instead as she pedals past.

Jules passes by an EMPTY CUBICLE which everyone uses to store their crap. It's filled with files, shoe boxes, hangers, computer cords. An eye sore. Jules squints at the mess as she rides by.

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JASON
Nice. To...?

BEN
Jules... Ostin

LEWIS
(shakes his head, then to himself)
Unfortunate.

Jason crosses to Ben, leans over, bugs him, goes back to his desk.

PING. Ben gets another email.

Hi Ben. I have secured an appointment for you to meet Jules Ostin today at 3:55 pm. Please be prompt as Jules has another meeting at 4 pm. Thanks! Becky Scott.

BEN reacts to that. A five minute meeting. Wow.

DAVIS
(rises)
Goin' to Merchandising.

BEN
Beautiful.

Davis offers Ben his fist. Ben pounds it. Awkwardly. Ben notices a Young Woman has come to get Doris. Ben glances around the office, no one is idle. He spots Jules in her Conference Room talking to a large group.

Ben's eyes go to his CLOCK. It's 10:02. It's a long time 'til 3:55. As CAMERA PULLS UP AND AWAY, we see everyone on the floor is busy while Ben waits patiently to meet the Boss.

CLOSE - BECKY - 3:54 P.M.

Becky's desk is overloaded with work, her half eaten lunch still sits on her desk.

BECKY
(frazzled, into headset)
- I'll try to have her there at five. Oh, wait, I booked her with a Vendor at 4:45. Let me work on this.
(takes an Advil, chokes on it)
Call you back.
(looks up to Ben)
Yes? Hello.

START =>

BEN

Hi. I'm Ben.
 (doesn't ring a bell)
 Whittaker. I have a 3:55
 appointment with Miss Ostin.

BECKY

(scans computer)
 3:55? I thought she was meeting
 with her new intern.

BEN

That's me.
 (Becky turns to him)
 How ya doin'?

BECKY

~~I'm sorry,~~ but how are you an
 intern?

BEN

It's a Senior Intern Program. Just
 started today.

BECKY

~~Oh my god.~~ How's that going to
 work?

(whispers)
 How old are you?

BEN

Seventy. You?

BECKY

Twenty four. I know I look older.
 It's the job. It ages you, which
 won't be great in your case. Sorry.

BEN

I actually thought you looked
 younger.

BECKY

Yeah, right.

BEN

Any tips before I go in?

BECKY

-- Just talk fast, she hates slow
 talkers. Or maybe that's just when
 I talk slow. Just don't dawdle, in
 any way. Keep it moving and don't
 forget to blink.

(Ben reacts. Blink?)

She hates when people don't blink.
 It weirds her out. It's 3:57, this

(MORE)

BEN
 I dunno ←

315

BECKY (cont'd)
meeting she's in just ate up 2 of
your five--

The Conference Room DOOR OPENS and Ben watches a group exit.

BECKY (cont'd)
You're up! Go!

= 7 END

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM

~~Jules is typing on her laptop, her hair thrown up in a pony
tail. Ben arrives in the doorway, waits for her to
acknowledge him. She doesn't.~~

BEN
Hi Jules... I'm Ben.
(Jules looks up)
Your new "intern".

JULES
I'm glad you also see the humor in
this.

BEN
Be hard not to.
(BLINKS!)

JULES
So, Ben I was going to say what's a
nice guy like you doing in a place
like this but Candice gave me the
drill so can I just be honest with
you?

BEN
Please.

JULES
I'm not going to have a lot for you
to do.
(Ben's surprised)
That's the truth. And, you being
assigned to me is kind of just for
me to, you know, set an example for
the rest of the team. If you ask
me, I think you'd probably be much
better off working in creative or
marketing. It's a little slower
pace. Maybe a little easier to
grasp. If you requested a transfer,
we could make that happen. Okay?

BEN
If that's what you prefer.

JULES (cont'd)
My intern sure keeps busy.

CANDICE
Mr. Congeniality. Big hit. Everyone
loves him.

Jules washes her hands again with Purell.

CANDICE (cont'd)
You just did that. You're going to
wash the skin off your hands.

Candice hands Jules a print out as Jules pauses at the cubicle that's been turned into the community junk pile. It so clearly annoys her, and to make things worse, someone drops a case of water on the chair.

JULES
Okay? Seriously?

LATER - BEN TAKES A SEAT IN HIS CUBICLE

clicks on his e-mail, leans forward - shocked. He actually has one. Subject - NEED YOU!

BECKY'S DESK

Ben awaits his orders. As always, Becky is on her headset, overwhelmed, juggling a zillion things.

START =>
BECKY
(to Ben)
-- Jules spilled soy sauce on her Stella McCartney jacket, can you take it to the photo studio, they have all kinds of cleaners and stuff in there.

BEN
Sure. Where's the jacket?

BECKY
(duh?)
She's wearing it!
(Ben hesitates)
Go in and get it!
(into headset)
I'm sorry. You need the proofs back by when?

=> END