

MALE SIDES COMEDY - NATE

INT. ULTRA MAX CONFERENCE ROOM - AFTERNOON

A video plays. A FEMALE SOLDIER returns home. A GERMAN SHEPHERD waits by the door. Will he remember? She steps out of the car. A beat. The dog takes off! He jumps, stands on his hind paws. The soldier and dog hug, reunited.

A stick of WOMEN'S ANTIPERSPIRANT appears over the video.

V.O.

Women's Ultra Max antiperspirant.
The scent he'll never forget.

A room of MARKETING EXECUTIVES and their boss, JAMESON, stare blankly at Nate and Phoebe at the front of the room. Momentarily emotional, Nate collects himself.

NATE

We feel this approach represents a modern woman and her--

Nate catches himself.

NATE (CONT'D)

Actually, Phoebe, why don't you walk them through it.

The Marketing Execs exchange glances. Before she speaks--

NATE (CONT'D)

Phoebe can speak to the female experience.

Execs stare blankly.

NATE (CONT'D)

Not that there's only one experience. It's diverse. And Phoebe can speak to that because she is diverse.

PHOEBE

Thank you, Nate. So what we--

NATE

Not because you're black.

PHOEBE

Uh, I'm biracial, actually. But--

NATE

Even better! Not better. I don't mean being part white is better than none white. It's all the same.

PHOEBE

Well, it's not all the same. But what matters is how the spot--

NATE

I mean in worth. Not that you can put a price tag on people. We're not for sale.

He can't stop talking.

NATE (CONT'D)

Slavery has ended. We are free.

One Marketing Exec silently shakes his head.

MALE SIDES DRAMA - AMIR OR JAVIER

INT. FLORIDA NEW TIMES - DAY

CLOSE on the cover of today's Florida New Times "Palm Beach Family Terrorist Sympathizers?" Peter's army photo next to an old photo of Allison, Ross, Isabel, and Brooks at a gala.

AMIR JAT (O.S.)
We have a responsibility---

Amir spills coffee over the paper. He hasn't slept, but is bursting with fervor. He hurriedly cleans up spill. His editor, JAVIER, annoyed, stands, brushes off his pants.

JAVIER
I'm not green-lighting a story based on a conspiracy theory.

Javier takes off for the bull pen. Amir rushes to keep pace.

AMIR JAT
I have a source.

JAVIER
Who can prove that Peter Elkins didn't die in Eastern Afghanistan?

AMIR JAT
Not exactly, not yet but---

Javier tosses a stack of red lined papers on a writer's desk.

JAVIER	AMIR JAT (CONT'D)
Not exactly.	My source says---
(to another writer)	
Great copy Rosemary!	

AMIR JAT (CONT'D)
(to Rosemary)
Hi, Rosemary.
(to Javier)
My source says Elkins wasn't deployed to Jalalabad.

JAVIER
This source, you found him in a Dungeons and Dragons chat room?

AMIR JAT
(annoyed)
4chan.

Javier scoffs. Amir follows him to the break room.

AMIR JAT (CONT'D)

He's a solid source with ties to the military. He says he has proof the Elkins' tape isn't real.

JAVIER

He'll go on the record?

AMIR JAT

(hesitates)

No.

Javier pours himself coffee. Amir pushes.

AMIR JAT (CONT'D)

Right-wing royalty, war hero, Peter Elkins is a terrorist? Come on Javier, tell me this doesn't stink?

JAVIER

It's fuckin' nuts, but this isn't Breitbart, we don't print under-researched stories with disregard for journalistic integrity.

Amir drops the coffee stained paper in front of Javier.

AMIR JAT

Sure we do.

Javier stares at Amir, he should fire him, but he knows there is a little truth in his accusation.

JAVIER

Allison Elkins thinks all brown people should be deported. You really want to help these people?

AMIR JAT

I want the truth.

He takes a sip of coffee. Finally, begrudgingly, he concedes.

JAVIER

Three sources, proof the tape is a fake and a comment from the family.

Javier leaves. Amir excitedly gestures, then fumbles to catch a series of items he's knocked over.