

THE INTERNS - EPISODE 101

Written by

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Based on a Story by

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Two men and two women sit in an office cubicle, files and paper surrounding them.

RICK, mid-twenties, well built, short blonde hair, is arguing with MICHAEL, also mid-twenties with long dark hair. Michael wears a Nirvana t-shirt, a kind of grunge look about him.

MAXINE, early-twenties, curly brown hair, sits opposite them, phone glued to her hand, continuously swiping her finger left on the screen. Maxine is neither pretty, not ugly, but she has huge breasts.

LUCY, also early-twenties, gorgeous model type, a perfect ten, sits concentrated on her computer screen. She scrolls up and down reading current affairs on the CNN web site.

RICK

How can you go against Arnold Schwarzenegger?

MICHAEL

Because he's not Mark Wahlberg.

RICK

Pfft. Schwarzenegger is like ten times the size of Wahlberg.

MICHAEL

(raising his eyebrows)

Have you seen the size of Wahlberg in *Boogie Nights*?

RICK

It was a prosthetic!

Lucy rolls her eyes, but Maxine just carries on swiping.

MICHAEL

And the nanny Schwarzenegger knocked up? She wouldn't even get a two on the player scale. Wahlberg hits solid numbers every time.

At this, Lucy stops whatever she was looking at and turns to face them.

LUCY

Do you guys ever shut up?

Rick stares at her, a condescending smile etching across his face.

RICK

Why don't you leave the serious conversation to the men.

LUCY
You call that a serious
conversation?

RICK
A lot more serious than
(mocking in a whiny voice)
Darfur or Ukraine.

Michael and Rick laugh. Lucy doesn't share their enthusiasm.
She's about to answer back when Maxine lets out an excited,
girly scream.

MAXINE
Oh. My. God. This hottie just
messed me on Tinder.

LUCY
Maxine, open your eyes. These guys
are just using you.

MAXINE
Yea, but he's being up front about
it.
(quoting from the phone)
You look hot in your profile
picture. Send me a topless photo?

Maxine unhooks her bra and hands it to Lucy. Michael and Rick
stare at her, jaws wide open.

LUCY
(aghast)
What are you doing?

MAXINE
Tit pic. Duh.

Maxine gets up and makes her way around the cubicle.

RICK
You know, I used to be a
photographer. I could really bring
a touch of class to those bad boys.

Maxine disappears.

MAXINE O.S.
In your dreams, pig.

Footsteps from around the corner. The three of them
straighten up.

ESTRELLA LOPEZ, their boss, late-forties and out of shape,
appears with four scripts in one hand, her phone in the
other.

She doesn't so much as look at them, before dropping the scripts on the floor and leaving.

Lucy gets up and goes after her, hurriedly.

2 INT. OFFICE HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

2

The office has an old style about it. There are little cubicles everywhere, and walking through it is like navigating a maze.

LUCY
Miss. Lopez.

Estrella doesn't break her stride, her eyes focused on the phone screen.

ESTRELLA
Jess right?

LUCY
Lucy.

ESTRELLA
Right, I'm not going to remember that. How about I call you
(thinking)
Two.

LUCY
Why not one?

ESTRELLA
One's my husband.

LUCY
As in the Spanish name, *Juan*, or the number?

Lucy's attempt at humour has failed miserably.

3 INT. MISS. LOPEZ OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

3

They enter Estrella's office, pushing the big glass door open.

The office is grand and very neat. Shaped like a rectangle, there is a mix of modern and contemporary art hanging on the walls, though none worth bragging about. A glass desk rests at the back, in front of a huge window, which gives a great view of the city. A stack of scripts, a computer monitor and a picture frame lie on top of the desk.

Estrella walks round and sits on a brown leather desk chair.

ESTRELLA

What can I do for you, two?

Lucy takes a seat, but Estrella tuts indicating that she wasn't supposed to.

Lucy stands.

LUCY

Well, I've been interning here for six months now and I was hoping that this would turn into something more permanent.

Estrella looks at her, not a hint of sympathy in her eyes. Lucy's thrown off a little

LUCY (CONT'D)

It's just.

(pause)

I feel that I've been doing a great job and could be a valuable member of the team if I...

Estrella cuts her off, pressing a button on her telephone. Immediately, a voice sounds on the other end, echoing around the room.

ASSISTANT O.S.

Yes, Miss. Lopez?

ESTRELLA

Send two, three and four in here please.

ASSISTANT O.S.

Yes, Miss. Lopez.

LUCY

(smiling)

But, I'm two.

ESTRELLA

You're five now.

(condescending)

Look you're very pretty. Like stunning actually, but in order to survive in this industry, you need some sort of a brain.

Lucy looks annoyed. This isn't the first time she's been judged purely on her appearance.

LUCY

I went to Yale.

ESTRELLA

For a photo shoot no doubt.

Lucy doesn't have time to retort. Maxine, Rick and Michael walk in.

Rick extends his hand to Estrella.

RICK
Miss. Lopez, Rick Jones. It's a pleasure.

Estrella is unimpressed.

ESTRELLA
Relax two, I've been given more pleasure from breast-feeding.

RICK
(pointing at her breasts)
Well they still look fabulous if I may say so.

An awkward beat.

ESTRELLA
(rolling her eyes)
Listen. Five here has expressed to me that she's hoping this internship will lead to permanent employment. Frankly, I feel that your generation has a sense of entitlement about them, and you should be grateful we're paying you what we do to sit around and do nothing.

LUCY
You're not paying us.

ESTRELLA
Well why would we? You're doing nothing. The point is, I'm feeling somewhat chipper this morning, so whichever two hand in the best script coverage will find themselves with a job at Mark Pictures.

All four of them look at each other with expressions of excitement. Then it sets in that they'll be competing with one another and their demeanor changes.

ESTRELLA (CONT'D)
You have till tomorrow.

4 INT. OFFICE COMMUNAL ROOM - DAY

4

Michael and Rick sit opposite each other, a pad of paper lies in the center. We see a table sketched out: WAHLBERG VS. SCHWARZENEGGER with numerous categories.

RICK

He's not an expendable.

MICHAEL

A sign that Wahlberg's career is still alive.

RICK

Arnie was the Governor of California.

MICHAEL

Tell me one thing he did?

They both sigh, giving up on the argument for now.

RICK

Lets not kid ourselves here, Michael. Lucy's smart, which means that there's really only one position up for grabs.

MICHAEL

Agreed.

RICK

We should team up. Two heads are better than one.

Michael nods in agreement.

MICHAEL

So we work on both coverages at the same time?

RICK

There has to be another way.

MICHAEL

Work one coverage at a time?

RICK

No. Another way that doesn't include work.

Rick thinks hard, his brow furrowed.

MICHAEL

We could make her --

Michael looks over one shoulder, then the other.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
(hushed)
-- Disappear?

A 'faux' sinister smile comes across Rick's face.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
We'd have to make it look like an
accident. Write a suicide letter or
something.

RICK
Too dramatic. Too much effort. What
if we just pushed her down some
stairs.
(thinking)
That would kill someone right?

MICHAEL
Too risky. She might survive to
tell the tale.

Rick bolts upright, a light bulb has gone off in his brain.

RICK
I got it!

MICHAEL
What?

Rick winks at Michael.

RICK
We're going to need a room.

5 INT. OFFICE CUBICLE - DAY

5

Lucy reads through her script at a furious pace. Maxine,
however, continues to play on her phone.

MAXINE
Look, he just sent me a picture of
his "Goliath" on Snapchat.

Maxine thrusts the phone in Lucy's face.

LUCY
(laughs)
You cannot go on a date with a guy
that calls his.
(pause)
Thing, Goliath. Max, this guys
clearly a bum.

Maxine brings the phone back. She ignores Lucy's protests.

LUCY (CONT'D)
You should really get a move on
with your script.

MAXINE
Priorities.

Lucy flashes her a disapproving look. Maxine acknowledges and puts her phone down.

She picks up her script and begins to read.

A PING! sound emanates from the phone. Maxine glances over the top of her script.

LUCY
Don't do it. Goliath can wait.

A second ping, then a third, then a fourth and Maxine can no longer bear it.

She throws her script to the ground and violently grabs the phone, opening the app.

Maxine's face lights up.

MAXINE
He wants to see me tonight.

LUCY
Which means I'll wake up to condoms
on the living room floor.

MAXINE
Crap.

Lucy looks up at Maxine.

LUCY
Your bedroom isn't enough?

MAXINE
Not that. He's got a friend with
him. They want to double date.

LUCY
Why's that a problem? Just call one
of your floozy friends.

MAXINE
I don't have any floozy friends.

Lucy anticipates the question before it comes out of Maxine's mouth.

LUCY
No.

MAXINE

No what? I didn't say anything.

LUCY

You were about to.

MAXINE

(begging)

Come on. Please, please. This guy's the one.

LUCY

The one?

MAXINE

The only one responding to me right now.

Lucy lets out a long, frustrated groan. She's cracking.

LUCY

What time?

Maxine giggles.

MAXINE

Hold on, let me ask.

Maxine types, hits send. She waits. A moment passes, then a PING!

MAXINE (CONT'D)

Seven.

Lucy gives in, but doesn't look happy about it.

LUCY

Fine, but no more distractions. I need to focus.

MAXINE

Thank you! Thank you!

Maxine hugs Lucy. Lucy resists at first, but eventually succumbs.

6

INT. CASTING STUDIO ROOM - DAY

6

Rick and Michael sit at the back of a shabby casting studio room behind a table. There are three chairs, the two they sit on, and one on the opposite side of the table.

RICK

Seventeen Ivy Leaguers responded.

MICHAEL

You sure we should do this?

RICK
Aren't you?

MICHAEL
I don't know. Maybe we should just do the coverage ourselves.

RICK
Do you want this job?

MICHAEL
I want it, but I want to say I got it without cheating.

Rick puts his hand on Michael's shoulder, comforting him.

RICK
Lucy's the one that's cheating. How is it our fault that she's smarter and better educated than us? She probably slept with the admissions guy to get in.
(Almost like a team talk)
I could've done that. But I didn't. You know why? Because I have too much self respect for myself. And so do you. We don't sell ourselves to dudes for brains. We're just levelling the playing field.

He slaps Michael round the face. Michael howls in pain.

RICK (CONT'D)
(shouting)
Now are you ready?

MICHAEL
(psyched up)
Yeah.

And with that, Rick snaps back to his normal self.

RICK
Ok great. Lets bring them in.

Michael reaches down into his bag, pulling out a sheet of paper with some questions jotted down.

Rick gives him an inquisitive stare.

MICHAEL
Standard questions. Nothing out of the ordinary.

START SERIES OF SHOTS:

- In this sequence, many men come into the room. They can either **look like Rick and Michael, or they are Rick and Michael, but wearing bad, easily distinguishable disguises e.g. Fake moustache.**

A) MAN 1 enters, *super dorky, horn-rimmed glasses*, but before he can sit down, Rick points for him to go right back out.

B) MAN 2 enters and sits.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

If we're sitting here a year from now celebrating what a great year it's been for you in this role, what did we achieve together?

Rick nods, but Man 2 has a vacant expression glazed over his face.

MAN 2

I thought this was a one time kind of thing?

RICK

If we're going to get these jobs, you'll be starting full time.

MAN 2

Well I guess.
(pause)
Um.

Rick gives a gladiatorial thumb down and Man 2 gets up and leaves.

C) MAN 3 sits in front of them.

RICK

Who is your role model, and why?

MAN 3

Easy. F. Scott Fitzgerald.

Rick and Michael are puzzled. Man 3 notices.

MAN 3 (CONT'D)

The author?

RICK

Oh.
(pause)
Yeah. That's the guy who.
(changing the topic)
What about Miranda Kerr?

MAN 3

Who's that?

Rick's disdain shows through his expression. He shakes his head disappointedly.

D) MAN 4 is now in the hot seat. Michael and Rick are looking happy with themselves - this is the one.

MICHAEL
We think you'd be perfect for the role.

MAN 4
Awesome. I'm very excited to start.

RICK
Just one more question.

MAN 4
Shoot.

RICK
Schwarzenegger.

MICHAEL
Or Wahlberg?

MAN 4
Well, they're both great, but I'm more of a Ryan Reynolds fan myself.

Rick clenches his fists in frustration. Michael's head falls into his hands.

RICK
(through gritted teeth)
Get out.

MAN 4
What? But...

RICK
(shouting)
Get out.

Man 4 hurriedly leaves.

END SERIES OF SHOTS.

Rick and Michael are packing up their things, an unsuccessful afternoon.

MICHAEL
We're screwed. What do we do now?

RICK
We'll figure it out.

They open the door and exit.

7 INT. CASTING STUDIO HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

7

Rick and Michael walk towards the door when they notice two men sitting in the waiting room.

GUY BLACK, late-twenties, black, and muscle-bound. RODRIGO HERRERO, also late-twenties, hispanic and muscle-bound.

Guy is reading a script, while Rodrigo is avidly playing on his phone, swiping his finger across the screen or taking selfies.

Rick nudges Michael.

RICK
Look at those guys.

Michael clocks Rodrigo and Guy.

MICHAEL
What about them?

RICK
(revelation)
They look just like us.

Michael clearly doesn't see the resemblance.

MICHAEL
Rick, I don't --

Rick approaches Guy and Rodrigo. Guy looks up, notices.

RICK
Hi guys.

GUY
Um, hey.

Rick shakes Guy's hand.

RICK
Rick Jones.
(pointing to Michael)
That's Michael Lincoln.

Guy shakes Michael's hand.

GUY
Guy Black.
(pointing at Rodrigo)
Rodrigo Herrero.

Rodrigo looks up at the mention of his name. He smiles at them.

RICK

How would you guys like to make
some cash?

Guy and Rodrigo turn to each other, then back to the other
two who are smiling creepily.

GUY

What's the catch?

8

INT. LUCY AND MAXINE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

8

Lucy lies, lazily, on her sofa, typing at a rapid pace. She
wears a loose-fitting T-shirt and grey jeans. She still looks
a ten.

Maxine enters, looking glamorous in a tight LBD that shows
off her best assets.

MAXINE

Lucy, we have to go.

Lucy continues typing like she hasn't heard. Maxine fumbles
around looking for something.

MAXINE (CONT'D)

(muttering to herself)

Where the hell is it.

She finds it - her purse. Maxine turns to Lucy.

MAXINE (CONT'D)

(whiney)

Luce!

Lucy snaps out of her transfixed state.

MAXINE (CONT'D)

We have to go.

LUCY

I'm not even halfway through. What
time is it?

MAXINE

Six forty-five.

Lucy puts her hands on her head, she's stressed.

Lucy saves her document, gets up and puts a pair of converses
on.

LUCY

Ok, lets go.

Maxine looks her up and down, horrified.

MAXINE
You can't go like that.

LUCY
Why not?

MAXINE
The friend has to like you,
otherwise I won't get any.

LUCY
Max, I'm not going to sleep with
this guy.

Maxine throws a mini-tantrum.

LUCY (CONT'D)
You look amazing, that's the
important thing. They won't even
notice I'm there.

Maxine grins. They embrace.

LUCY (CONT'D)
(ushering)
Come on. Lets go.

Maxine looks at her phone.

MAXINE
Six Fifty. Crap.

9 INT. SPANISH RESTAURANT - NIGHT

9

Lucy and Maxine sit opposite Guy and Rodrigo in a crowded Spanish restaurant. The place is buzzing. Tapas plates fill the wooden table, so that we barely get a glimpse of a surface.

Rodrigo and Guy are gawking at Lucy, unable to take their eyes off of her. Maxine plays with her food.

LUCY
It's really not hard to imagine a
scenario unfolding whereby, Putin
will send the Russian army across
the frontier.

Rodrigo and Guy nod their heads.

LUCY (CONT'D)

And given Putin's track record,
both at home and abroad, of
grabbing as much power as possible
for himself, betting on his
goodwill is not a very good
guarantee of Ukraine's continued
territorial integrity.

She takes her fork and spears a piece of lamb, eating it
ravenously.

LUCY (CONT'D)

So what do you guys do?

RODRIGO

We're actors, but my real dream is
to be a Putin.

Lucy raises her eyebrows.

GUY

That's bull. I wanted to be the
Putin.

LUCY

You do know who Putin is right?

Guy and Rodrigo nod their heads in unison.

Lucy glances over at Maxine.

LUCY (CONT'D)

Another drink?

MAXINE

Yes!

Lucy gets up and goes to the bar. Rodrigo and Guy start to
argue.

Maxine shuffles her dress around a little bit, making sure
her cleavage is partially out.

She starts acting seductively, trying to get their attention,
but fails.

Lucy returns with two mimosa's.

GUY

Hey, we missed you.

Lucy snorts.

RODRIGO

Can you tell us more about the
Putin?

LUCY

If you'd like. So Viktor Yanukovych disappeared and Putin announced surprise military exercises in the Black Sea and along Russia's western border --

While Lucy talks, Maxine tries to block Rodrigo and Guy's view with her breasts.

Guy notices and pushes her gently back to her seat.

RODRIGO

(gently)

Your boobs are really nice, but right now, we want to hear more about the Putin.

Maxine looks defeated. Lucy notices and tries to change the topic.

LUCY

No guys. No more Putin. Why don't you tell *both of us*, but more her as you might actually have a shot, about what you're working on at the moment?

Maxine perks up a little. The guys look disappointed.

RODRIGO

Well, we were at this audition earlier, and these two guys came up out of nowhere, and offered us jobs.

Maxine and Lucy are interested.

MAXINE

That's cool. What's the role?

GUY

No, it wasn't an acting job. Basically, they work at a film production company and they hired us to write script coverage for them.

Maxine and Lucy look at one another, stunned. They turn back to the men.

MAXINE

Hold on, two compact white boys, one blonde, other a nirvana tee?

RODRIGO

That's them, Rick and Matthew.

LUCY
Michael?

RODRIGO
Yeah, Michael.
(beat)
Wait. How did you know that?

Lucy looks to Maxine and licks her lips. She has a plan.

LUCY
How would you like to go on a
second date?

Rodrigo and Guy are surprised.

GUY
Will it lead to sex?

Guy looks at Maxine, then back to Lucy.

GUY (CONT'D)
With you, though.

LUCY
No, but if you do me a favor, you
can tell people we slept together.

GUY Done! RODRIGO Done!

10 INT. OFFICE COMMUNAL ROOM - DAY

10

Michael sits at his desk listening to music reading his coverage over.

Rick is looking at pictures of escorts on the internet.

RICK
Look at this one. Seven hundred an
hour. Two hour minimum. Have they
never heard of competitive pricing?

Michael glances at the screen.

MICHAEL
Worth it just for those sweet lips.

RICK
First thing I'm doing once I cash
my paycheck.

MICHAEL
I wouldn't hold my breath on that
one.

Rick doesn't like the sound of that.

RICK

What? Why?

MICHAEL

These coverages are garbage. There's no way these guys went to college. I doubt they even passed English class. I knew this was a bad idea.

Rick snatches the coverage out of Michael's hand and scans it.

RICK

What are you talking about, it's fine.

MICHAEL

It's not fine Rick. Rodrigo doesn't know basic punctuation. The whole coverage is a two page sentence. On top of that, I have no idea why they keep referencing Putin, as a verb.

RICK

Relax. Estrella probably won't even read these. We'll hand them in and I'll sweet talk our way into those jobs.

(off Michael's downcast expression)

Trust me.

They're disrupted by Lucy and Maxine entering the room. Lucy sees the escort page on Rick's computer.

LUCY

You're disgusting.

RICK

You finish your coverage?

LUCY

Nope.

Rick and Michael look at Lucy, suspiciously.

MICHAEL

No?

MAXINE

Me neither.

RICK

Yeah, but you were never a threat.

Maxine smiles, despite the insult.

RICK (CONT'D)
So you've got nothing?

LUCY
Nada. Zilch. Zero.

RICK
(laughing)
And I thought this was going to be
a challenge!

LUCY
We'll see.

Before Rick or Michael can say anything else, Estrella's
voice rings out from her office.

ESTRELLA O.S.
(shouting)
Three, four, five and six. Get in
here.

The four of them get up. Rick and Michael pick up their
coverages and exit.

RICK
Time to get paid.

11 INT. MISS. LOPEZ OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

11

They all enter Estrella's office. Her assistant, GEORGE, late
fifties, stands there.

The gang look at each other, confused as to why George is
there. Estrella looks up, spots George.

ESTRELLA
What are you doing here?

George's turn to look confused now.

GEORGE
(timidly)
You. You called for six.

ESTRELLA
Oh. You're no longer six.

A look of delight crosses George's face.

GEORGE
(timidly)
Am I two?

ESTRELLA
No. You're fired. Clear your desk.

George looks devastated. He stands for a moment, unsure of what to do.

ESTRELLA (CONT'D)

Go on.
(like shooing a dog)
Off you go.

George leaves the room. Estrella stares at Lucy, Rick, Maxine and Michael.

ESTRELLA (CONT'D)

Time to hand in.

Rick and Michael hand Estrella their work and then look to Lucy and Maxine for a response.

ESTRELLA (CONT'D)

And you two?

MAXINE

There's a problem.

Rick and Michael look like they've just had their favourite toys taken away from them.

ESTRELLA

Problem?

LUCY

They cheated.

The boys have been caught out.

RICK

(defensive)
What are you talking about?

LUCY

We both know you paid someone to write those for you.

RICK

(clarity)
Oh I see what's going on here.
You're jealous.

LUCY

(disbelief)
Jealous?
(laughs mockingly)
Jealous of what?

RICK

Jealous that once I get this job,
the first thing I'm gonna do is
fire you.

Estrella whistles loudly and the room goes quiet.

ESTRELLA

I. Don't. Care. I have two coverages in my hand. Unless you can prove they cheated, they're getting the jobs.

Rick has a smug look on his face. Michael doesn't say a word.

A knock at the door causes them to wheel round. Guy and Rodrigo stand at the entrance. Rick and Michael are astonished.

RICK

Guy Black? Rodrigo? What are you guys doing here?

Michael breaks down.

MICHAEL

It was all his fault, Miss. Lopez. He forced me to cheat.

Lucy and Maxine smile - they've won.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

(begging)

Please don't fire me. Please.

RICK

Mike, shut up.

Estrella claps her hands together.

ESTRELLA

Enough. You two are disqualified.

Rick slumps his shoulders, defeated. Lucy strikes.

LUCY

So we get the jobs?

ESTRELLA

Do you have your coverage?

LUCY

No, but --

ESTRELLA

Then you don't.

The girls can't believe it.

MAXINE

Miss. Lopez. We would've done our coverage, but we thought, because they cheated, we would automatically win.

ESTRELLA

You thought wrong. The only coverages I have in my hand are from those two.

Rodrigo and Guy look rather pleased with themselves.

ESTRELLA (CONT'D)

He's also black and we have quotas to fill.

LUCY

(pointing at Rodrigo)
What about him?

Estrella growls at Rodrigo. He blows her a kiss.

ESTRELLA

Well he's just a scrumptious Latin stud.

She walks over to the men and shakes their hands.

ESTRELLA (CONT'D)

Welcome to Mark Pictures.
(to the others)
I suggest you four go back to work.

The gang leave, a sucker-punch.

12

EXT. OFFICE HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

12

As the four exit the office, we see Guy settling in at George's old desk. Through the glass door, we see Estrella flirting with Rodrigo, in a very hands on sort of way.

FADE TO: BLACK