

WOLFIN' IT

Written by

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"Pilot"

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CHYRON:

IN HONOR OF THE G.O.A.T. - ALEX TREBEK

SFX OVER BLACK: HOOWWWLLLL!

ALL THE WAY RAY (O.S.)  
(zany announcer voice)  
Now who's ready to CHASE! THE!  
WOLF?!

MONTAGE OF EARTHLINGS ALL OVER THE WORLD WATCHING THEIR FAVORITE "LIVE" MORNING GAME SHOW ON TV:

- GRANDMA watches as she sips whiskey and claps excitedly.
- OLD FIREMEN watch in the fire house, pulling out cash to wager on the show's games.
- OLD BAR PATRONS watch around the bar during "first call". A BARTENDER lines up shot glasses - a sign behind her reads: "\$1 shots for WINNING \$1 bids on CHASE THE WOLF."
- OLD PRISON INMATES stop brawling to gather around the cell block TV to watch the game show. One of them "HOWLS!".
- ELDER MUSLIM MEN watch on an old TV in their mosque.
- FRATERNITY BROTHERS watch in their frat as they smoke pot.

FRAT BOY  
This blue-hair is still alive?  
Change the channel.

FRAT BOY #2  
Wait, Wolf might finally die on  
live TV today.

FRAT BOY #3  
People might tune in for that.

FRAT BOY  
I can see his nuts in his sock.

EXT. MAJOR TV STUDIO - STAGE

An ancient limo SKIDS to a halt and a MAN hops out.

This man, this myth, this legend is --

**CLINT WOLF** (60s), a silver-haired Hollywood icon, a sharped-tongued, steel trap in a silk suit. The Hollywood version of "The Most Interesting Man in the World."

WOLF  
(to driver)  
Thanks, Bash!

BASH  
(Boston accent)  
Late-ah, Mr. Wolf.

WOLF runs to a sound stage barking into his FLIP PHONE --

WOLF  
It's Wolf, put me through to him!

But Wolf stops... thinks. Yep. He runs back to the limo, opens the door to lean in and kiss a REDHEADED WOMAN (40s) dressed for a night out - last night.

WOLF (CONT'D)  
And a bigger thanks to you,  
Tiffany.

WOMAN  
Teresa.

WOLF  
"Teresa!" How could I forget? For I have sinned. You made me see God last night, you saintess.

She head-shakes but smiles: offended but charmed.

Wolf slams the door and runs to the stage --

AGENT ASSISTANT (O.S. PHONE)  
I'm sorry, Mr. Wolf, but I don't have him.

WOLF  
(into phone)  
Still don't have him! Well tell him to call me back! Again! Pronto!

He's late, but still high-fives TWO GRIPS as he runs in --

WOLF (CONT'D)  
Hey, Marty, you're back! How's fatherhood?

MARTY THE GRIP  
Killin' it, Wolf! Still no  
abductions!  
(ALT: Still no SIDS!)

WOLF  
Haha! You're a natural!

INT. MAJOR TV STUDIO - SAME

Wolf runs past an EXECUTIVE in a killer designer outfit.

This WOMAN is **FATIMA FARHEEN MIRZA** (late 20s, ambitious, an iron fist in a velvet glove.)

She watches Wolf run in and checks her watch in disbelief.

FATIMA  
You fucking kidding me, Wolf?!

WOLF  
(runs by)  
Not now, Fatima, I'm late.

FATIMA  
I can change that!

WOLF  
You just got here, Fat!

FATIMA  
A month ago! And my name's not  
"Fat," Old!

Fatima fumes. Then catches Marty the Grip looking at her.

FATIMA (CONT'D)  
You wanna go with him when I burn  
this shit show down?!

MARTY THE GRIP  
(pfft)  
Lady. Wolf's my man, but this  
show's been shit since Lewinsky.

Marty goes back to work. Off Fatima happy to hear it --

INT. MAJOR TV STUDIO - HALLWAYS - MOMENTS LATER

**SAMANTHA**, (30s) Wolf's producer, greets Wolf as he rushes in. She's a gay, pink/blue-haired punk rocking gambling addict, glasses, mousy behind the scenes, but when the show is a go, she's all biz. And now she's all biz - and stress.

As she approaches Wolf she quickly places a bet on the Draft Kings gambling app on her phone.

WOLF  
There's Waldo!

SAMANTHA  
(tada! & fuck you)  
In the *fleshlight*!

WOLF  
The what? What's a "fleshlight?"

SAMANTHA  
It's called "livestock" where  
you're from.

WOLF  
(heritage proud)  
Part Choctaw, all redneck.

Wolf and Samantha walk with purpose.

SAMANTHA  
You gotta watch it these days,  
boss.

WOLF  
Watch what?

SAMANTHA  
Your hairy tongue.

WOLF  
It's silver.

SAMANTHA  
Once upon a time, but now it's  
scaring the contestants.

WOLF  
I'm flirting.

SAMANTHA  
I know, but it's not the 19-Sexist  
anymore and you're not a Mad Men or  
Rat Packer.

Wolf eye-rolls *whatever*. Moving on --

WOLF  
How's the A.M. crowd?

SAMANTHA  
(lying)  
Fired up.

WOLF  
Why do you lie to me?

SAMANTHA  
I'm not. Those that are here are  
fired up.

WOLF  
So the few that are here?

SAMANTHA  
You're talent, and should worry  
about performance, not logistics.

WOLF  
(slight slurring)  
Logistics are fans who are a direct  
reflection of my performance.

SAMANTHA  
It's not *Hot Tourist Summer*. And  
stop slurring, stew. You sound like  
Herschel Walker.

She hands him a coffee.

SAMANTHA (CONT'D)  
Oh, and watch your commercial  
breaks because you're leading into  
them a little early lately.

WOLF  
I've been at this awhile, Sam.

SAMANTHA  
America heard you fart yesterday.

WOLF  
The sound of fair and balanced.

SAMANTHA  
Fair is finally getting me bumped  
up to Supervising Producer.

WOLF

Don't sweat it, I'll get you there.  
For your bookie's sake.

SAMANTHA

I'm a full football season clean.

WOLF

Really?

(points at her phone)

Bring up your bank balance.

SAMANTHA

(busted)

I'm not showing you my banking.

WOLF

Then your Draft Kings...

Sam hides her phone and we see she actually had Draft Kings open (*it's an online gambling app/site*).

WOLF (CONT'D)

Hahah!! You get what you get  
because you do what you do.

Shameful *Pfft/Kettle Black* from Sam.

SAMANTHA

Why are you so mean to me?

WOLF

Because I love you. Laughing at you  
is my love language.

Wolf downs the coffee and hands it back to her. Showtime!

"CHASE THE WOLF" THEME MUSIC rises.

SAMANTHA

Five, four, three, two...

SFX: HOWL!!!

INT. TV STUDIO - "CHASE THE WOLF" STAGE - CONTINUOUS

Wolf struts on stage to the ROAR of HOPEFUL CONTESTANTS and a crew of shirtless DRUNK FRAT BOYS on **Chase the Wolf!**

**"All the Way RAY"** (60s), a portly pervert, is Wolf's sidekick and announcer, sits in his booth. Think Tom Arnold.

ALL THE WAY RAY  
 (announcing)  
 And here's your friend and mine...  
 Clint Wolf!

Wolf takes a bow.

WOLF  
 Thank you, ladies and gentlemen!  
 Thank you. Give it up for my man,  
 "All the Way Ray!"

Wolf points to Ray. The crowd claps for Ray, who shoots a wink to a COLLEGE GIRL. Creepy.

ALL THE WAY RAY  
 You're lookin' good, people! Are  
 you feelin' lucky?!

CROWD  
Yes!

WOLF  
 Who's hungry?!

CROWD  
 We are!

WOLF  
 Alright, alright! Welcome to "Chase the Wolf!" America's last and only live television game show! That's right, us wolves are on the extinction list but we ain't dead yet!

HOWL!! As "All The Way Ray" hits the SFX button. THE CROWD HOWLS ALONG.

WOLF (CONT'D)  
 I'm your pal and host, Clint Wolf.  
 But, you can just call me Wolf.  
 I've got a question... Who feels like feasting today?!

CROWD  
We do!

WOLF  
Then let's Chase the Wolf and get that red meat!  
 (to Ray)  
 Tell us who's gonna be on my tail today, Ray.

ALL THE WAY RAY  
 I sure will, Wolf! Let's start the  
 chase with: Alyssa Mendell, Hawley  
 Van Wyke, and Lucy Napier. Go chase  
 that wolf!

The crowd goes wild as the chosen **CONTESTANTS** podium rush.

WOLF  
 This looks like a lively bunch.  
 Tell me something people... who  
 wants to win... a new car!?

Everyone goes wild. The main stage curtain lifts to reveal  
**SHEILA** posing with a shiny PRIUS.

WOLF (CONT'D)  
 A Prius and the lovely Sheila,  
 ladies and gentleman. Guess which  
 one has more mileage...?

Scattered laughs & groans from the crowd as Sheila shoots  
 Wolf stink-eye, then back to her showcase smile.

IN THE CONTROL ROOM -- as Samantha clocks Fatima's smirk at  
 Wolf's faux paux, so she covers for him --

SAMANTHA  
 I doubt anyone at home noticed.

FATIMA  
 I doubt anyone at home is watching.

Ouch.

BACK ON STAGE, as Ray wraps up the Prius intro --

ALL THE WAY RAY (O.S.)  
 ... That's one clean green machine  
 and it can be yours on Chase the  
 Wolf if you can catch the Wolf!

WOLF  
 Thank you, Ray! Now, I'm gonna over  
 bid on that Prius and which ever  
 contestant guesses closest to the  
 actual retail or eBay price  
 wins!... I'm gonna say that car  
 costs \$30,000. Now, let's meet our  
 wonderful contestants and get their  
 bids.

Wolf approaches the panel of **CONTESTANTS**.

WOLF (CONT'D)  
 (slurs to #1)  
 Conmesstant number one, tell us a  
 lil about yourself and make your  
 bid.

ON SAMANTHA IN THE CONTROL ROOM --

SAMANTHA  
 (disbelief)  
 "Conmesstant?"

BACK ON STAGE --

CONTESTANT #1/HAWLEY  
 I'm Hawley Van Wyke, I'm from  
 Poolsville, Maryland...

WOLF  
 (slurs)  
 Oooh, Poolsthsville... sounds wet.

Weird/gross splashy/moisty SFX from All The Way Ray.

ON SAMANTHA IN THE CONTROL ROOM shaking her head. Fatima  
 watches in the background. Smiling.

BACK ON STAGE --

WOLF (CONT'D)  
 What else, Pauly?  
 (wrong)

CONTESTANT #1/HAWLEY  
 And I'm an office manager at a  
 software company.

WOLF  
 I bet you turn thighs into slip n'  
 slides with that opening on Ladies  
 Nights. Bid on that Prius, Pauly.

The Crowd SCREAMS out prices. Hawley nervously thinks.

CONTESTANT #1/HAWLEY  
 One dollar! I'll bid one dollar.

WOLF  
 One dollar for a car? Big spender.  
 Moving onto Contestant number two.  
 Rank and serial number, please.

CONTESTANT #2/ALYSSA

Ummmm, I'm Alyssa Mendell, I'm from  
Venice Beach and I go to UCLA. Go  
Bruins!

WOLF

What are you studying over there at  
UCLA?

CONTESTANT #2/ALYSSA

Women's Health.

WOLF

Yes you are. Have you met *Pauly*  
over here?

(eyes her thighs)

Keep 'em closed. He's in *hardware*.

HOWL!! As "All The Way Ray" does his SFX thing for the pretty  
girl, who frowns - weirdos.

WOLF (CONT'D)

Bid on that Prius, Contestant 2,  
before "All The Way Ray" shoots a  
number three and the FCC shuts us  
down.

ON SAMANTHA: can't believe he just said that.

Alyssa eyes the Crowd for help as they SCREAM out prices.

CONTESTANT #2/ALYSSA

\$12,500.

WOLF

Best of luck.

Wolf approaches Contestant #3 (late teens, mixed race).

WOLF (CONT'D)

Contestant number three, tell us a  
little about yourself and bid on  
that car.

CONTESTANT #3/LUCY

My name is Lucy Napier. I'm from  
Boulder, Colorado and I'm your  
daughter.

WOLF

And I'm your daddy.

The Crowd LAUGHS.

WOLF (CONT'D)  
Now make a bid, kid.

Wolf's in control here.

CONTESTANT #3/LUCY  
It's true. I'm your daughter.

A hush falls over the crowd. Wolf exhales in annoyance.

LUCY  
You, McClintock Wolf, mated with my mom. My black mom, which is why I look like a modern TV cast member of a show about--  
(peppy promo pitch)  
*four very different millennial friends living in the big city, and struggling to find their vibe!*  
(back to flat; and Mom)  
Then she died. Here's her death certificate. In case you're about to call me a liar on live TV.

Lucy holds up a death certificate picture on her phone. Wolf's eyes widen. Loss for words. No more control.

Samantha barks into her headset at Wolf --

SAMANTHA  
Toss to commercial, Wolf! Toss to commercial!

WOLF  
(dazed)  
We'll be right back after these daughters.

Wolf stares at Lucy.

LUCY  
(smiles)  
Do I still get to bid on the Prius?

Sparse applause. Except for a DRUNK FRAT BOY who yells:

DRUNK FRAT BOY  
I wanna bust slops with your smoke daughter, Wolf!

INT. MAJOR TV STUDIO - HALLWAY - LATER

Wolf huffs down the hall on his phone.

AGENT ASSISTANT (O.S.)  
I'm sorry, Mr. Wolf, but I don't  
have him.

WOLF  
Are you fucking with me, punk? I  
know you think you'll be running  
this town some day, hard-on, but if  
that cunt doesn't call me back I'll  
burn it down before you get off  
that desk! Slainte!

Click. Wolf prowls on, pushes a water cooler over.

WOLF (CONT'D)  
I ain't goin' out to pasture! This  
dog's gonna hunt!

INT. MAJOR TV STUDIO - FATIMA'S OFFICE - LATER THAT DAY

Fatima talks on the phone while perusing the book The Game: Master the Art of Attraction while a **CARPET GUY** lays new carpeting in her office.

A single EMMY AWARD displays prominently on her desk. Not behind her desk on a windowsill or shelf. On her desk.

FATIMA  
(into phone)  
... uh, it was ok. We went to  
Nobu... Her body was karate but her  
face looked like a box of frogs.  
Fucking Feeld app filters.

The CARPET HAMMERING distracts Fatima.

FATIMA (CONT'D)  
(into phone)  
Let me ring you back, Hasan.

Hangs up. Points at the carpet and says to Carpet Guy --

FATIMA (CONT'D)  
Is that Raw Umber?

CARPET GUY  
Huh?

FATIMA  
The carpet. Is it Raw Umber?

CARPET GUY  
It looks tan.

FATIMA

I know what it looks like. It looks like Raw Umber and I specifically requested Sepia.

The Carpet Guy retrieves a printed copy of the order.

CARPET GUY

(reading order)

It says light brown on here.

FATIMA

Well, light brown isn't Sepia. Sepia is Sepia. Go back to your Rug n' Tug or wherever, and get my Sepia carpet.

Wolf plows in --

WOLF

What?

FATIMA

Sit down, Wolf.

Wolf doesn't.

FATIMA (CONT'D)

(to Carpet Guy)

Leave us.

Wolf & Carpet Guy share an "asshole" look as he exits.

WOLF

(uber sarcastic)

How's it going, Fatima?

FATIMA

We're gonna start this meeting off with my questions.

WOLF

You have questions?

FATIMA

When did we become the Maury Povich Show?

WOLF

Fatima...

FATIMA

Because if our viewing audience wants to see "Who's My Baby Daddy," they can watch the Maury fucking Povich Show!

WOLF

Do you think I had any idea that broad was gonna make that type of Public Service Announcement?

FATIMA

I know you weren't thinking, just drinking - by the way, just a guess but I'm assuming you've been a problem drinker for what? Half a century or so?

WOLF

Maybe. But it's only gotten bad the last 50 years.

FATIMA

Hilarious. Well when the Ghost of One Night Stands Past shows up on my set and scares the shit out of me and the rest of America, I've got a fucking problem. A live one.

WOLF

What the fuck does that mean?

FATIMA

If you can't control your show then I will.

WOLF

By doing what?

FATIMA

Switch to taped or just kill it all together if you can't make it the same without it.

WOLF

TAPED?! Taped "Chase the Wolf?!"

FATIMA

Taped *something*. Look, live TV is a liability, and at this point just dated and dumb. Especially with you at the helm.

WOLF

Live is our lifeline!

FATIMA

More like our flatline, lately at least.

WOLF

And how are you going to kill it? I have a contract.

FATIMA

A contract written on a martini napkin a hundred years ago by some white, male, mechanical suit in a medicated smile.

WOLF

That's racist-- sexist.. or something--

FATIMA

The old, white male reign is over, Wolf. I'll keep you on the air for a few more weeks or so, and let your spiral do the rest.

WOLF

I'm an institution, you nubian...

FATIMA

Please say "princess." Please. I beg of you. I got the booty for it.

Wolf's got nothing.

WOLF

I was going for a blanket insult.

FATIMA

Is that blanket brown, you fossilized bigot?

WOLF

It's not bigotry, it's generational.

FATIMA

Ha! Your kind is going extinct.

WOLF

I'm an institution. *Princess*.

FATIMA

Then I'm the federal government.  
*Jester.* And if I want to cut  
funding or veto policy - I do it.

WOLF

And replace me with what?

Fatima points to her wall holding a SHOW PITCH BOARD:

FATIMA

"Dancing with Dogs," "OCD Dating,"  
"Sit and Spin," "Wake Up With  
Wayne"--

WOLF

Brady?! You fucker.

Fatima drops the stack on her desk with a THUD.

FATIMA

Dancing, dating, game show, no game  
show, TV has changed and it wants  
your time slot, Wolf.

WOLF

My fans will keel over.

FATIMA

Your fans have.

WOLF

No one's sold more Clorox and  
Levitra for this network than me,  
Fat.

FATIMA

Not my name. And they're all  
leaving for our streaming service.

Wolf steams.

FATIMA (CONT'D)

But there's hope. For you. A  
*liveline* we'll call it.

Fatima tosses him another folder: MARKET RESEARCH. Wolf eyes  
it - worried.

FATIMA (CONT'D)

We landed an important new  
sponsor...

Fatima tosses him a can of STALLION ENERGY DRINK.

FATIMA (CONT'D)  
Sling it on-air and don't fuck it  
up. Or do. I don't care.

Wolf eyes the obnoxious branding on the can --

WOLF  
"Stallion?" Jesus. How's this horse  
dick taste?

FATIMA  
(coy/scheming?)  
Not bad actually.

WOLF  
Thought dick wasn't your schtick,  
Fatty?

Fatima stink-eye/puckers: *Hilarious*.

FATIMA  
Kinda tastes like cheap booze so  
you'll love it.

Wolf's intrigued. As he exits he eyes the carpet --

WOLF  
Love the new Sepia.

FATIMA  
Get fucked.

Fatima eyes the carpet. Fuck. Fucker.

EXT. FATIMA'S OFFICE - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Wolf exits to a waiting Lucy.

WOLF  
Let's go, stranger.

LUCY  
You get fired?

WOLF  
(terse)  
No.  
(then sotto)  
Yet.

Off Lucy following and taking him in --

INT. DOCTOR'S OFFICE - WAITING ROOM - DAY

Wolf and Lucy wait. Awkwardly.

WOLF  
I'm sorry to hear about your  
mother.

Lucy nods: Yep.

WOLF (CONT'D)  
How'd she pass away?

LUCY  
Cancer.

Now Wolf nods: Ah.

WOLF  
Cancer is a... bad... thing.

LUCY  
It was sudden. Not much suffering.  
Ate her up pretty quick.

WOLF  
Oh good. Good. Like a snack.

Oof - uncomfortable. Recovering --

WOLF (CONT'D)  
So, who was your mother again?

LUCY  
Remember "Crazy Girls?"

WOLF  
Which one?

LUCY  
"Crazy Girls," the Hollywood strip  
club?

WOLF  
I know. Which crazy girl from  
"Crazy Girls?"

LUCY  
Oh. Elizabeth.

Wolf thinks... Nothing.

LUCY (CONT'D)  
"Misty..."

WOLF  
(thinks hard)  
Misty, Misty, oh... Misty.

TITLE CARD: 18 YEARS AGO

FLASHBACK EXT. CRAZY GIRLS - PARKING LOT - SAME NIGHT

Wolf escorts **MISTY** (24, Black) to his parked LIMO, the same one from our Open but shinier... moments later the limo starts to rock. Wolf HOWLS!

INT. DOCTOR'S OFFICE - WAITING ROOM - PRESENT

Wolf and Lucy continue to wait. Still awkward.

WOLF  
Yup. There was a Misty. But it was only that one night and--

**DR. ELI GOLD** (60s) approaches holding paperwork.

DR. ELI GOLD  
Congratulations, Clint. It's a girl.

Off Lucy's big smile and "Tada!" arms winged out, and Wolf's "fuck me" face --

EXT. DOCTOR'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Wolf and Lucy walk, then --

WOLF  
Here.

Wolf hands her an envelope.

LUCY  
What's this?

WOLF  
A go-away gift.

She opens it and we see a check and the amount: \$100,000.

LUCY  
You can't buy a girl dinner first?

Off Wolf's eye-roll --

INT. DINER - LATER THAT DAY

Wolf and Lucy eat lunch - exactly alike and like, well, wolves devouring their prey. Wolf whips out his own balsamic vinegar bottle and douses his burger.

Lucy whips out her own hot sauce and savagely attacks a rack of ribs, her face caked in sauce. A milkshake arrives for her. Wolf takes her in with curiosity...

WOLF

So, what do you do, Lucy?

LUCY

When?

WOLF

Maybe you are mine. What are you into, mighty-mouth?

LUCY

(slow/seductive)

I'm into skinny boarding..  
Intersectional feminism.. UFC on  
PCP.. and--

WOLF

(ewww)

Cut the shit. I mean, do you like school and... recess?

LUCY

(offended)

I'm not eleven.

WOLF

How old are you?

LUCY

Twenty-one.

Skeptical beat.

WOLF

What year were you born?

She stumbles to think...

WOLF (CONT'D)

How old are you?

LUCY

(busted)

Seventeen.

Wolf notices her red, sleepy eyes.

WOLF

What's up with your eyes? What are you on?

LUCY

I have various health issues which I take medication for.

WOLF

Like what?

LUCY

Klonopin for anxiety, Zoloft for depression, sodium oxybate for narcolepsy, and Ambien and trazodone for insomnia.

WOLF

And grass for stupidity?

She laughs like a stoner and slops up her shake.

WOLF (CONT'D)

Jeezus, how stoned are you?

LUCY

I could eat.

More laughing. Wolf head-shakes but suppresses a laugh.

WOLF

Why aren't you in school?

LUCY

I am. School of life.

WOLF

You're a kid, should be in school.

LUCY

School just interferes with my auditions.

WOLF

You're an actress, are you?

LUCY

"Actor." And yes I am. Every day. It's what I've always wanted, and I always get what I want.

WOLF  
Jesus Christ.

LUCY  
No - "Lucy Napier."

WOLF  
And a comedian? Listen: every parent prays that none of their children want to be artists.

LUCY  
Did your parents pray?

WOLF  
To Father Jameson and St. Cabernet.

Lucy: Huh?

WOLF (CONT'D)  
Well, get used to it.

LUCY  
Get used to what?

WOLF  
Rejection. And the word "no."  
Because it's all you're gonna hear as an "actor," Shirley Temple.

LUCY  
Shirley-huh?-- I can take it.

Wolf 'good luck' grunts, as he's heard it all before.

WOLF  
Where you are staying?

LUCY  
The Saharan on Sunset.

WOLF  
Now you got money to upgrade.

LUCY  
I'm not looking for any handouts.

Wolf looks down at her empty plate and saucy face.

WOLF  
Then I guess you'd pass on something to go?

STRAW-SLURP! As Lucy guiltily finishes her milkshake.

EXT. DINER - DAY - MOMENTS LATER

Wolf and Lucy approach Wolf's PRIZE '64 CHEVY CONVERTIBLE IMPALA. She carries a big CARRY OUT BAG.

LUCY  
I'll just get my GED online.

WOLF  
Kids should be in school interacting with kids. Not working 14 hour days like an adult with adults. It makes you weird and insufferable.

LUCY  
Or mature.

WOLF  
You think Britney Lohan is mature?

LUCY  
Misunderstood. And it's Spears. Lohan's dead.

WOLF  
Look, I was miserable for years trying to make it in this town. You don't know what it's like.

LUCY  
I don't need to be a piece of shit to know what one smells like.

WOLF  
(taken aback)  
Gross.

Lucy smiles proudly and curtseys.

LUCY  
Are you always this grumpy?

WOLF  
My life is about to change. For the worse.

LUCY  
I won't be a bother.

WOLF  
I know you won't-- but it's not you. My professional life.  
(MORE)

WOLF (CONT'D)

This wolf is about to be thrown to  
the wolves.

LUCY

Why?

WOLF

You wouldn't understand.

LUCY

That you're an old dog about to be  
eaten alive by your young pack?

WOLF

Maybe you would.

Wolf's flip phone rings, he flips it open, looks at it, flips it shut. Lucy takes in the flip phone oddly --

LUCY

(re flip phone)

There's your first problem.

WOLF

What?

LUCY

That... what is that?

WOLF

You sure you don't wanna stay in  
school? It's a cell phone.

LUCY

Maybe at some point in history. But  
now it's a symbol of your history.  
How do you run your social with  
that?

WOLF

It's a phone. I call people to  
socialize.

LUCY

Your social media, not socializing.  
How do you run your social media  
with that?

WOLF

Oh fuck all that social media shit.

OLD FAN (O.S.)

Hey, Wolf!

Wolf & Lucy turn to ELDERLY COUPLE FANS who approach.

WOLF  
Hey!

OLD HUSBAND FAN  
Huge fans. Can we get a picture?

WOLF  
Of course! Lucy, you mind..?

Old Wife Fan hands Lucy her SLR film camera.

OLD WIFE FAN  
Make sure it's in focus.

Lucy takes in the camera oddly.

LUCY  
Ready - 1, 2, 3 --

WOLF & FANS  
HOWL!!!

Lucy jolts back at the yell, then snaps the photo. She clumsily hands the clunky camera back to Old Fans.

FANS  
Thanks, Wolf!

WOLF  
You're welcome, folks! Stay hungry!

They walk away excited.

WOLF (CONT'D)  
See? Social media.

LUCY  
Archival footage.

Wolf waves her off.

LUCY (CONT'D)  
Also - "folks?"

WOLF  
Yeah. That's what they are. You know? "People."

LUCY  
What do you call your fans?

WOLF  
Fans.

LUCY  
Lady Gaga has her "Little Monsters"  
and you have your... "fans?"  
"Folks?"

WOLF  
What am I supposed to call em?

Off Lucy's head shake --

INT. MAJOR TV STUDIO - HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Wolf and Samantha strut.

WOLF  
Call my agent. We gotta keep "Wolf"  
live. And alive.

SAMANTHA  
Me?

WOLF  
Yes you, Sam.

SAMANTHA  
I'm your producer. Not your...  
whoever calls your agent.

Pregnant beat.

WOLF  
(defeated/humbled)  
He's not taking my calls.

SAMANTHA  
As a vicious MAnimal once said to  
me as a lowly P.A.: *If you're  
looking for sympathy it's somewhere  
in the dictionary between shit and  
syphilis.*

WOLF  
Sam--

SAMANTHA  
Then be your own agent, boss.  
Wasn't there a time centuries ago  
when you ran your own hustle? Shit,  
how'd you ever get to the top of  
the Hollywood food chain?

Wolf's silent.

SAMANTHA (CONT'D)  
I'll tell you how - you were a man  
of action, delayed by thought. You  
acted and took and hunted for what  
you wanted.

Wolf slumps navel-gazing.

WOLF  
I want to die on that stage, Sam.  
My stage. Irrelevance will not be  
my death.

SAMANTHA  
(tough love)  
Maybe. Thing's change. And what's  
wrong with retiring? You've had one  
of the all-time greatest Hollywood  
runs. Shit, you've lived your life  
like a Jimmy Buffett song.

Wolf isn't listening, lost in his sorrow.

WOLF  
The worst feeling isn't being  
forgotten. It's being forgotten by  
something I could never forget.

Sam eye-rolls. Gives him a sympathetic beat...

SAMANTHA  
How's my Supervising Producer  
promotion looking?

WOLF  
Jesus, I can't do shit if I'm dead!

A pissed Sam huffs off, leaving the sad puppy.

INT. "CHASE THE WOLF" STAGE - SECOND TAPING

**CONTESTANTS #4** and **#5** are at the SHOWCASE. Contestant #4 has  
already bid and #5 is ready and waiting...

CONTESTANT #5  
I'll say \$28,000!

Wolf's in a daze. Already wiped from the day. Dead air.

IN CONTROL ROOM --

SAMANTHA  
What's he doing?

BACK ON STAGE --

ALL THE WAY RAY  
Hey now, Wolf! So, who's gonna win  
this thing?

Wolf snaps out of it, but his performance lacks life.

WOLF  
(to Contestant #4)  
The actual retail price of your  
showcase is \$29,850.

DEFEATING BUZZER.

WOLF (CONT'D)  
Sorry, you're over. You lose.  
(to Contestant #5)  
And the actual retail price of your  
showcase is \$31,500. You're our big  
winner.

VICTORY BELLS RING.

Contestant #5 jumps for joy and is joined by **FRIENDS** on stage. They jump around an old fashioned popcorn machine, a home theatre, two Segways, and a promo for a trip to Disney World. Wolf could care less.

WOLF (CONT'D)  
(to camera)  
That's all the time we have today.  
But, I'll see you tomorrow on...

CROWD  
Chase the Wolf!

WOLF  
(somber)  
Stay hungry, America.

Wolf HOWLS weakly. The crowd CHEERS. Wolf exits stage.

IN CONTROL ROOM --

SAMANTHA  
(to Technical Director)  
Switch over to Ray and the crowd.

**TYLER** (29, burn-out Technical Director, who switches cameras and cuts to commercials) stares at FACEBOOK on his phone.

SAMANTHA (CONT'D)  
Tyler! Stop Facestalking and do  
your job!... And who still  
Facebooks, dork!?

Tyler snaps out of it and switches cameras just in time to catch Ray giving a Girl the creepy "call me" sign.

INT. MAJOR TV STUDIO - WOLF'S DRESSING ROOM - LATER

Wolf pours himself a whiskey. He unloads on his sofa.

KNOCK KNOCK:

WOLF  
Go away.

Samantha enters.

WOLF (CONT'D)  
Let me guess, English isn't your  
first language.

SAMANTHA  
It's my fourth, you philistine.

Wolf would normally bite back, but instead pouts.

SAMANTHA (CONT'D)  
You ok, captain?

WOLF  
I got a lot on my plate and Karma's  
in the kitchen cookin'.

Wolf downs his drink.

EXT. HOLLYWOOD BILLIARDS - NIGHT

PRE-LAP: CRACK!

WOLF (O.S.)  
I'm a two fistin', too Irish,  
roadhouse journeyman, man! And  
still Hollywood-hotter than goddam  
donut grease!

INT. HOLLYWOOD BILLIARDS - CONTINUOUS

Wolf plays 9 Ball with WES TOONCHES (60s, Head/Chairman of Viacom/CBS). Wolf lines up a shot and...

WES TOONCHES  
She's a diversity hire.

Shoots and misses--

WOLF  
Shit!-- A what?

WES TOONCHES  
She's non-white and non-male--  
Jesus, guy, have you been stuck in  
a well the last decade or just  
still don't read the trades?

WOLF  
If the trades are still  
masturbatorial industry porn, then  
no.

WES TOONCHES  
Well, I've had to start hiring  
people like Fatima due to mankind's  
woke awakening against manhood.

WOLF  
What does she think about it?

WES TOONCHES  
Clueless as a face tattoo decision.  
Like all Ivy Leaguers she thinks  
she's owed it.

WOLF  
Diversity hire?

Wes's turn so he lines up his shot...

WES TOONCHES  
Just a diversity hire. With no  
bite.

And sinks it.

WOLF  
Just a pain in my ass with a big  
bark, Wes, and is trying to take me  
down.

WES TOONCHES  
It's my network, my show, my world  
my decision, but you gotta up your  
game, hoss. Your ratings are  
packing to take the morning train  
home.

Wes quickly sinks 2 balls/shots.

WOLF  
You gonna cancel me?!

WES TOONCHES  
You shoulda been cancelled a long  
time ago, you old bird-dog, but no  
not you, just your show.

WOLF  
Seriously?!

WES TOONCHES  
You had a great run! Almost half a  
century. Be grateful, man.

Wolf downs his scotch.

WES TOONCHES (CONT'D)  
And maybe hop on the wagon for a  
ride.

WOLF  
Why would I hop on the wagon?

WES TOONCHES  
Because you're being dragged behind  
it.

This hits Wolf.

WES TOONCHES (CONT'D)  
I have bosses too - thousands of  
them who want their portfolios  
fattened. But your immediate worry  
is Fatima and your ratings.

WOLF  
I know you're still the tallest hog  
at the trough, but she makes me  
madder than a pissed-on chicken.

Wes sinks another ball. And another.

WES TOONCHES  
Just find her weakness, figure her  
out and gain leverage.

WOLF  
All I've figured so far is that  
she's an enigma wrapped in a cleft  
asshole, but she's still a broad...  
(MORE)

WOLF (CONT'D)  
I'll find something in her  
underworld.

WES TOONCHES  
Maybe balls longer than yours.

Wes sinks another.

WOLF  
What's our score this year? Break  
out the bible.

Wes pulls out an old notebook and flips thru pages.

WES TOONCHES  
Year 42... 3,019 to 3,022.

WOLF  
Who?

WES TOONCHES  
Me.

WOLF  
Manure you're up on me.

WES TOONCHES  
Weep...

Wes tosses him the notebook/bible to prove the score, and  
sinks another ball.

WOLF  
Only because you're sober.

WES TOONCHES  
Like I said, you should look into  
it, blotto. Instead of boozin' like  
you're grabbing death by the  
dangles. You're in a race to the  
face of the brain stem, brother.

WOLF  
Moderation is for the meek.

WES TOONCHES  
When absurdity is accepted,  
insanity ensues.

WOLF  
Anything worth doing is worth over-  
doing.

They share smirks at their stupid back'n forth.

WOLF (CONT'D)

But if I'm going down, I'm going  
down on my stage on my terms. Live.  
Drinking or diversity be damned.

WES TOONCHES

Preferably during sweeps, please.

They laugh. Wes banks the 8 ball into the 9 ball, so...

WES TOONCHES (CONT'D)

Rack 'em, redneck.

WOLF

Along with my manhood.

EXT. THE DRESDEN - NIGHT

An old skool Hollywood watering hole.

INT. THE DRESDEN - CONTINUOUS

MARTY & ELLEN (both 80s, Dresden/Hollywood legends) play piano and sing the classics in this dark icon of a bar.

Sitting in "his booth" Wolf and All The Way Ray teeter over their drinks. Buzzed and beaten. More drinks arrive. They clink glasses and swill. Wolf unloads --

WOLF

Fuck today. Tomorrow can have it back yesterday.

ALL THE WAY RAY

*Shalom-selah*, today can kiss my ass.

WOLF

Today can lick my ass.

ALL THE WAY RAY

Today can fuck my ass.

Weird beat.

ALL THE WAY RAY (CONT'D)

I used to really love days like today.

They laugh. Ray scans the room, sees a woman and moves towards her.

TIME CUT:

Wolf chats up a REDHEAD (40s) in his booth, as he wraps up a story --

WOLF

... after handing the cop my license he asks, "*Have you been drinking tonight, sir?*" Uh oh. But it's none of his biz, right? So I lip back, "*Why? Is your wife in my car?*"

She cracks up - Wolf is a good time.

REDHEAD

I gotta ask - why do you look so familiar?

WOLF

Maybe you met me in your sleep.

She chuckles.

REDHEAD

No, seriously, you look familiar but I don't know why.

WOLF

You seriously don't know who I am?

REDHEAD

I feel like I should but I can't-- guess you have one of those faces. Anyway. Whatever, moving on.

Wolf's shocked, and a bit hurt by this, but back to biz --

WOLF

It's 'Shannon', right?

REDHEAD

Yes, Shannon.

WOLF

Like the river.

SHANNON

River?

WOLF  
In Ireland. The River Shannon.

SHANNON  
Oh.

WOLF  
Ever seen it?

SHANNON  
No.

WOLF  
Oh, you should. The Shannon's  
beautiful.

She blushes.

WOLF (CONT'D)  
A little dirty though...

She laughs and swats him. He smiles. And leans in for the  
kill --

WOLF (CONT'D)  
You are both hell fire and holy  
water, honey. God was bragging when  
he created you.

As Wolf puckers up her smile dies and she pulls back --

SHANNON  
"Honey?"

Uh oh.

WOLF  
(panicked)  
Uhh-- Professor. Doctor? Madam  
President!

A sweaty, suffering beat.

SHANNON  
C-E-O. Bitch.

Wolf nod-bows respectfully: Of course.

SHANNON (CONT'D)  
And I may have a been a bit  
disrespectful too... *Clint Wolf*.

Wolf smiles - and salivates. He knew it. She smiles back.

SHANNON (CONT'D)  
 (eyes his...)  
 And just curious - what size shoe  
 are you?

WOLF  
 Extra balls.

She laughs.

EXT. WOLF'S DEN - LATER THAT NIGHT

Wolf's LIMO skids up to a beautiful but beat down Beverly Hills mansion as the horny couple laugh it up.

WOLF (O.S.)  
 Stuck the landing, Bash!

INT. WOLF'S DEN - FOYER/LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Wolf stumbles in with Shannon.

WOLF  
 (slurs to Shannon)  
 Thank God for dwiverers, because  
 the Dres is like 3 DUIs from here.

Lucy pops up from the couch in short-shorts and tank top.

LUCY  
 (Russian accent)  
 I sorry, Mr. Wolf. I just turn on  
 TV for minute-- Who she?

WOLF  
 Oh, shit.

What's Lucy doing here?

LUCY  
 (accent; pleading)  
 You no happy with me? I go back and  
 live in attic. I live in basement.  
 Just don't send back to Ukraine me!

Lucy grovels at Wolf's feet.

SHANNON  
 If this is "chasing the wolf" then  
 I'm not into it. I don't do  
 chicks... anymore. And never kids.

WOLF  
No, she's my--

LUCY  
(Russian accent)  
Mailbox Bride. But I play niece  
when authority here.

SHANNON  
(to Wolf)  
You can chase your own wolf,  
weirdo. I'm out.

WOLF  
Of course you are.

Shannon splits as he calls back to her --

WOLF (CONT'D)  
Sapiosexual my ass!

Wolf stink-eyes a smiling Lucy.

LUCY  
(takes a bow)  
Acting!

WOLF  
Like a jerk. I was about to make it  
happen.

LUCY  
By the smell of you, the only thing  
you would've made happen is paying  
that hooker in puke.

WOLF  
You think I have to pay for it?!  
I'm Wol--

Wolf trips onto the couch. Lucy laughs.

WOLF (CONT'D)  
--drunk as a boiled owl!

And keeps laughing. Wolf sniffs the air.

WOLF (CONT'D)  
Were you smoking grass?

LUCY  
Grass?  
(laughs)  
Shit, you're old.

WOLF

Go to your room! You're landed!

LUCY

You mean "grounded?"

WOLF

That too. Hold on- what're you doing here? How'd you get it?

LUCY

Star Maps. And internet sleuthing. And this dump is so old that your windows just open. I coulda Charles Manson'd your ass.

WOLF

I need Dobermans. Well, you can't stay here, I have a lifestyle to live and you're a kid.

LUCY

Your kid.

WOLF

What happened to The Sahara and gettin' your ged.

LUCY

"G-E-D."

WOLF

ConGRADuations. Bash will take you back.

Wolf pulls a wad of cash out and goes to give it to her but she rejects it.

LUCY

Uh uh, superguy, I'm old and wise enough to know that this town is all about who you know and I know you and you know everyone, so I'm gonna use you like you used my mom and every other woman you've ever met in this town, so... professional payback is our plan, papa.

WOLF

(impressed)

Damn.

LUCY  
(surprised it worked)  
Thank you.

WOLF  
Mainly on the alliteration. Now go  
to bed, daughter.

LUCY  
But the Gameshow Network is playing  
a "Jeopardy" marathon.

WOLF  
Ah shit, you're a "*Trebekie?!*"

CUT TO:

Wolf and Lucy chat on the couch as an ad plays on TV.

LUCY  
Once a week!?

WOLF  
You'll learn the industry and meet  
folks to network with. Casting  
agents, producers, directors--

LUCY  
But only once a week?!

WOLF  
Just until you graduate. College.

LUCY  
College too!?

WOLF  
And no yelling. Or grass.

Ugh. Shit. Lucy takes him in.

LUCY  
Then no drinking.

WOLF  
Of course, you're under-age.

LUCY  
Not me, stew.

Ugh. Shit. Wolf takes her in.

WOLF  
Deal.

LUCY  
Deal.

They shake on it.

WOLF  
Starting tomorrow.

Lucy eye-rolls and head-shakes him: Fine.

WOLF (CONT'D)  
(chuckles)  
"Stew?"

LUCY  
What? I know it's an old timey  
maxim but I read a lot.

WOLF  
(sotto)  
"Maxim?"

Back from commercial they settle in as an old "Jeopardy" re-run returns from commercial break. (NOTE: This is real footage we found on YouTube.)

ALEX TREBEK (O.S.)  
(reads question)  
*"This term for a long-handled  
gardening tool can also mean an  
immoral pleasure seeker."*

SFX: CONTESTANT'S ANSWER BEEP

ALEX TREBEK (V.O.)  
Ken.

CONTESTANT KEN (O.S.)  
What's a hoe?

ALEX TREBEK (O.S.)  
No.

Crowd laughs.

ALEX TREBEK (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
Woah!! They teach you that in  
school in Utah, huh?

Crowd laughs. Wolf gags, "corny." SFX: CONTESTANT'S BEEP

ALEX TREBEK (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
Al.

CONTESTANT AL (O.S.)  
What's a rake?

ALEX TREBEK (O.S.)  
A rake is right!

WOLF  
(pfft)  
And you knew it all along cause  
you're sooo smart. Asshole.

Wolf tears up watching his old friend.

WOLF (CONT'D)  
(sincere/sad)  
Legend.

Lucy falls into his shoulder - asleep. Jesus. But ok. Wolf pulls a blanket on her and settles in for more Jeopardy with his daughter. He smiles. Content.

INT. LIBRARY ROOM - WOLF'S MANSION - MOMENTS LATER

Scotch bottle in hand, Wolf enters his library. It's dark, dank and looks unused and un-entered for decades.

It also looks like a shrine to a Hollywood legend - as Wolf takes it all in:

- His many Emmy Awards.
- Photos of him with generations of Hollywood legends.
- A photo of him with Frank Sinatra, together in Las Vegas during one of the first live tapings of "Chasing Wolf".
- Wolf's hands in the cement of his Walk of Fame ceremony when he was a much younger man.
- Wolf takes in four wedding day photos perched side by side of all four of his WIVES over the years. And they're all redheads. Even the black one. Then a happy photo of him with his 8 GROWN SONS under a "Happy New Year 2012!" banner.

Finally - Wolf stops on a **picture of a TEENAGE GIRL** about Lucy's age with a slight resemblance as well. Her hair and clothes are 1980s-styled and "**RIP, My Heart**" is etched at the bottom of the frame. He stares at it, eyes watering, before bucking up and moving on to --

An old filing cabinet. He pulls on a drawer - which doesn't open. He pulls harder - nothing. Pulls harder. Harder-- BOOM! The drawer busts open, sending dusty old papers everywhere.

Wolf ughs, sits on the floor, pours himself a triple and begrudgingly and randomly begins sifting thru the papers, searching for something...

INT. MAJOR TV STUDIO - BACK STAGE - MORNING

A hung over Wolf enters. Fatima grimaces at Wolf's hangover.

FATIMA

Jesus, Wolf. You look like who did it and ran. What time you'd go to sleep?

WOLF

Today.

FATIMA

Great.

Wolf moves past her, but Fatima blocks him.

FATIMA (CONT'D)

Where you going?

WOLF

My stage. My show.

FATIMA

Not in your condition.

WOLF

What condition?

FATIMA

Inebriated.

WOLF

I'm straight as an eight, mate.

FATIMA

You can't go on.

WOLF

But I can. And I will.

Wolf waves dusty, old CONTRACT papers from the night before.

WOLF (CONT'D)

Check my contract - as Talent, I'm under the Frank Sinatra Clause, meaning if I'm standing I'm performing. Vegas rules.

(MORE)

WOLF (CONT'D)  
You won't recall because you  
weren't born yet but this show  
started in Vegas first - at Caesars  
Palace. Live.

FATIMA  
Bullshit.

WOLF  
Fullshit.

Fatima steams.

FATIMA  
Don't fuck with me, Wolf. You have  
no idea who I am.

WOLF  
I don't need to be a piece of shit  
to know what one smells like.

FATIMA  
Wolf, this is--!

As Lucy struts up looking professional and 10 years older,  
Fatima balks. She hands Wolf a **new iPHONE and takes his old**  
**FLIP PHONE**.

LUCY  
This is called an iPhone. The app  
is open and you're live. Now write  
something not gross or Trumpy?

WOLF  
And be funny?

LUCY  
Be normal.

Lucy stands there stoic. Wolf stares at her...

WOLF  
Credit card..?

Shit. She hands it over. He chuckles.

FATIMA  
(re Lucy)  
And who's this future Hollywood  
titan?

WOLF

This is Lucy Napier. Our new intern. One day a week - after school.

A beat -- until realizing --

FATIMA

Oh, are you...

WOLF

My daughter.

Fatima tightens. And may be smitten, but not knowing her age.

FATIMA

Hi, Lucy, I'm Fatima Shaheen Mirza - President of Production for the studio.

This is when Lucy shows her real acting chops --

LUCY

Nice to meet you, Ms. Mirza. Are you my father's boss?

FATIMA

Yes.

WOLF

No.

Stalemate.

LUCY

(looks around studio)  
Can you show me how all this works, Ms. Mirza?

FATIMA

"Fatima," please. And of course.

Fatima escorts her away.

FATIMA (CONT'D)

So what do you want to accomplish here in Hollywood, Lucy?

LUCY

I want to be an actor.

FATIMA

Oh, no you don't.

LUCY

I don't?

FATIMA

No. You want to be me.

LUCY

I do? Why?

FATIMA

So you spit "NOs" not swallow em...

Wolf shares a conspiratorial smile with Lucy who smiles back, until giving her the 2 finger "I'm watching you" gesture.

FATIMA (CONT'D)

Especially from men like your dad.

This hits Lucy as she takes in Wolf, who...

Holds his new iPhone like an "old", and we see **twitter** app up. He steals and types: **Stay hungry, folks!** Stares at it. Then he deletes "folks" and thinks... **"Wolf Pack!"** Smiles.

Then he types 4 letters we don't see. Then his thumb holds down the "!" button, hits SEND and we hear the SFX:

HOWL!!!!!!

Off a satisfied Wolf as a CHYRON pops up on-screen of hundreds of thousands of twitter "followers" immediately racking up, unbeknownst to him --

INT. MAJOR TV STUDIO - "CHASE THE WOLF" STAGE - LATER

**CONTESTANT #6** is excited to spin "WOLF'S WHEEL-TAIL"...

WOLF

Anyone you wanna say "hi" to at home, James?

CONTESTANT #6

Yeah! I'd like to say hello to my wife and three kids: Dayja, Mercedes and Eric...

WOLF

That's great. How long you been married?

CONTESTANT #6

Six months.

WOLF

Modern love. Spin that wheel, James!

James spins the wheel.

WOLF (CONT'D)  
 Oooh, so sorry. Looks like you bit  
 the hand that feeds you, sir.  
 Thanks for playing.  
 (to camera)  
 That's all the time we have for  
 today, America. I want to thank you  
 here and at home. And a special  
 thanks to our new special sponsor:  
 "Stallion Energy Drink!"

Wolf holds up a CAN of "STALLION ENERGY DRINK", pops it and sips. It's gross and it shows on his face, but he holds it in for a few beats...

SAMANTHA (O.S.)  
 (panicked)  
 Cut to commercial, Tyler.

Wolf gags, holding it in...

SAMANTHA (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
 Tyler!!

Until Wolf SPITS it out on-stage! On live TV! Uh oh.

IN THE CONTROL ROOM --

SAMANTHA (CONT'D)  
 Come on, Wolf! Dead air!

FATIMA  
 (smirks)  
 More like dead man. How's my horse  
 dick taste, Wolf?

SAMANTHA  
 (to Tyler)  
 Get off Facefuck and cut to  
 commercial, you cunt!

FATIMA  
 Strike two, Wolf.

HASAN (O.S.)  
 Interesting crew, cousin.

Samantha turns to a PRETTY YOUNG MAN in a slim, stylish suit - this is **HASAN KHAN**, 30, a Seacrest clone with a much smoother, deeper, hypnotic voice and the poise and charm of a Common/Clooney. (Hasan Minaj?)

SAMANTHA  
Who the hell are you?

HASAN  
Hasan Khan.

Fatima nods towards the monitor displaying Wolf --

FATIMA  
The next him.

Fatima & Hasan share a smirk.

FATIMA (CONT'D)  
But for now just your next boss as  
my new Supervising Producer.

SAMANTHA  
(shock)  
Supervising--? Oh. Cool.

Hasan extends his hand for a shake.

SAMANTHA (CONT'D)  
(eat me)  
I don't shake since the plague.

Hasan's suspect but accepts. Moving on --

HASAN  
(to Fatima)  
Oh, are we still lunching at Polo  
Lounge to discuss new prize guys?

FATIMA  
And girls!

They fist/hip bump like power suits.

HASAN  
Oh, did you hear the bad-good  
news...?

FATIMA  
What?

Hasan opens "The Hollywood Reporter" app on his phone and shows her the headline: "VIACOM/CBS CHAIRMAN WES TOONCHES PASSES AWAY FROM HEART ATTACK."

Fatima smiles. A panicked Samantha darts out of the room and dials up Wolf's AGENT --

AGENT ASSISTANT (O.S.)  
Josh Goldsilver's office.

SAMANTHA  
Clint Wolf calling for Josh...

AGENT ASSISTANT (O.S.)  
I'm sorry but I don't have--

SAMANTHA  
Put me the fuck through!!

SMASH TO BLACK