

NEWS

Written by

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EXT. OFFICE BUILDING - 9:50 A.M.

The TV studio is located inside of an office building in Allentown, PA.

INT. TV STUDIO NEWSROOM - CONTINUOUS

A FEW MEN and WOMEN sit at various computers, typing on them. Some yawn. They have COFFEE and BREAKFAST FOOD in front of them.

GIULIA, a woman in her late-twenties, wears business attire, sits at a computer, and frustratedly types.

A BAGEL is placed beside her. She looks up.

BLAKE, a man in his late-twenties wears a sports jacket and a loose tie while eating a bagel, and sits next to her.

GIULIA
Hello, hello!

BLAKE
Your lightly toasted, cinnamon
raisin bagel with the low-fat cream
cheese awaits.

GIULIA
The strawberry kind?

BLAKE
Why do you even have to ask?

CANDACE, a woman in her mid-thirties who looks like she hasn't slept in weeks, also sits at a computer.

CANDACE
Hey, when one of you gets the
chance, could you-

ASHER (O.S.)
Eh, Candy Cane!

ASHER, a burly man in his early-forties, with an aura of evil surrounding him, enters the room and sits next to Candace.

CANDACE
I *told* you not to call me that.

ASHER
Whatever, I need you to write
something about that Sweden thing.

CANDACE
What? You mean Syria?

ASHER
No, Sweden. Y'know the crisis. In Sweden. The civil war. You know. That stuff. Write about it for the show today.

Candace stares at him blankly. Giulia and Blake stare at him blankly.

CANDACE
You're *joking*, right?

ASHER
Joking about what?

As she speaks, she gets more and more angry.

CANDACE
I think I'm going to have to quit.

ASHER
Why?

CANDACE
Because you are the biggest idiot I have ever met in my entire life.

ASHER
Excuse me?

CANDACE
You are a *fucking* moron. You don't know the difference between Sweden and Syria. You have no respect for anyone or anything. I'd call you sexist, but you're horrible to everyone. You're... you're... you're everyone-ist!

ASHER
I-

CANDACE
And guess what? I'm done with it. So say goodbye to your little slave.

(she starts to walk away,
then turns around)

(MORE)

CANDACE (CONT'D)

And if you have any questions about the difference between Syria and Sweden, don't coming crawling back to me.

She walks out. A few beats. A door is heard slamming. A few more beats.

ASHER

WHERE ARE MY AP'S?

BLAKE

(whispering to Giulia)

Maybe, if we sit really still, he won't know we're here.

Asher gestures towards Giulia and Blake.

ASHER

One of you two will be my next EP.

They jump up.

GIULIA & BLAKE

What?!?!

ASHER

Each of you write me a script. Whoever makes the best one becomes the EP. Rough draft due at 3:30. Final due at 5:30. Go crazy.

He storms out of the room, leaving Giulia and Blake standing there awkwardly.

BLAKE

Well, this is-

GIULIA

Bad?

BLAKE

I was gonna go with 'not good,' but, yeah, bad works, too.

GIULIA

What the hell are we gonna do, Blake? We can't even play Candy Land without a blood bath!

BLAKE

Hey, I won that game back in October!

GIULIA
Dude, focus!

BLAKE
Sorry.
(beat; he sticks out his
hand)
Hey, may the best man win.

GIULIA
(she takes his hand)
May the best woman win-

ASHER
Will one of you *imbeciles* get me my
coffee?!?!

Giulia jumps at the sudden yelling.

BLAKE
I'll get the coffee, you go write.

She nods, sits back down, opens a new rundown and Internet Explorer, and starts doing research.

As she starts working, she realizes she doesn't have her headphones, and goes to the lobby to get them.

EXT. ASHER'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

As Giulia hurries towards the lobby, she runs into Blake, who is handing the CUP OF COFFEE over to Asher. The coffee spills all over Blake, with about three drops getting on Asher.

ASHER
What the crap?!

GIULIA
Oh my gosh, Asher, I am so sorry!
I'll get you another one.

Asher goes disgustedly into his office. As Giulia turns to leave, she sees that Asher has scalding hot coffee all over him.

GIULIA (CONT'D)
Oh my God, Blake, I am so sorry.
What can I do for you? Do you want
me to get you a new shirt? Or even
just napkins-

BLAKE

Hey, don't worry about it.

(beat)

But be careful, people might start thinking you're trying to sabotage me.

GIULIA

Oh God, no-

BLAKE

Hey, I'm totally kidding.

(his face softens from
suspicious to sorry)

Now, get his coffee before he freaks out more.

Giulia nods and walks towards the lobby.

INT. LOBBY - CONTINUOUS

She sees the KEURIG sitting on a table, then looks outside and sees a Starbucks across the street. She hesitates, grabs her keys and wallet, and walks out.

INT. LOBBY - 10:24 A.M.

Giulia re-enters the lobby, Starbucks in hand.

EXT. ASHER'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

She heads towards Asher's office with the coffee, and as she's about to knock on the door, she is interrupted by Blake.

BLAKE

Starbucks?

GIULIA

What?

BLAKE

You got him Starbucks?

GIULIA

Well, he asked for coffee-

BLAKE

Yeah, and you got him the Bohemian Rhapsody of coffees-

GIULIA

It's not that great of a song, when you really think about it.

BLAKE

-“An accident”? Accident my ass.

Giulia's eyes lower at the accusation. She can't believe this is happening.

GIULIA

You're kidding, right?

BLAKE

Well, you don't seem to be!

GIULIA

(completely offended)

I can't believe you would accuse me of- Y'know what Blake? You're right. There are no accidents. This. Is. War.

INT. NEWSROOM - 11:50 A.M.

Giulia and Blake sit side by side at computers, furiously typing. They simultaneously sip their coffee.

Asher enters holding his STARBUCKS CUP.

ASHER

Hansel! Gretel!

Giulia and Blake do not respond to this. Asher is annoyed.

ASHER (CONT'D)

Eh! You two!

They both turn around. Blake stands and salutes him.

BLAKE

At your service!

Giulia stands, too, rolling her eyes at Blake's behavior.

ASHER

I need something else. I gotta be updated on the latest news so I can tweet it out as soon as it happens. So just... figure something out.

Asher exits back into his office.

Giulia and Blake sit back down in their chairs. Blake immediately begins typing. Giulia looks at her screen in distress.

She looks at him typing furiously. She casually leans over to look at his screen. He notices. She casually turns back, sipping her coffee. She puts her head in her hands.

Suddenly, a lightbulb goes off in her brain.

EXT. ASHER'S OFFICE - 12:40 P.M.

Giulia hesitates in front of the door, holding a stack of papers, and eventually knocks.

Asher opens the door.

ASHER

Oh, Giavanna, what brings you here?

GIULIA

It's actually... never mind. But I found a great program that'll update you on the news! It does it automatically if you just-

ASHER

Will I have to go onto the CNN website?

GIULIA

-log on to the- What?

ASHER

Will I have to use the CNN website? I hate that one.

GIULIA

Um, no, it's a computer program; I just have to download it onto your computer through the Associated Press-

ASHER

Oh, alright. If it has nothing to do with CNN, do it. You know how I feel about fake news.

GIULIA

Uh, yeah. So, great! So I can go into your office and-

ASHER
Just do whatever you want.

GIULIA
Oh, awesome! Thanks!

INT. ASHER'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

ASHER
Wait!

As Giulia walks into his office, Asher runs in front of her.

ASHER (CONT'D)
Do NOT look at this.
(he rapidly clicks on
things on the computer;
it lasts longer than it
should)
OK. Now do whatever the hell you
want, I don't care.

As Asher exits, Giulia hesitantly sits down in front of the monitor, afraid of what she may see.

Luckily, nothing inappropriate is there, so she brushes it off and, referring to the sheet in front of her, starts diligently working to download the program.

As she works, she hears voices coming from outside the door.

BLAKE (O.S.)
But Asher, if I email you breaking
news updates every half hour,
there's no reason why-

ASHER (O.S.)
I already told you, she's
downloading something automatic
onto the computer. But, hey, A for
effort, Brock.

Giulia smiles to herself just as the door opens a tad to reveal a scowling Blake.

BLAKE
You may have won the battle, but
you haven't won the war.

He slams the door. Giulia continues working.

INT. NEWSROOM - 3:28 P.M.

Giulia is rapidly putting the final touches on her rough draft. Just as she saves it, she turns to see that Blake has just finished printing his.

He turns to her, raises his eyebrows at her, and walks towards Asher's office.

Giulia looks at her watch. One minute until the deadline. She presses the 'print' button, but gets an error message on the screen. She presses 'print' again, but gets the same message.

Panicked, Giulia stands and starts looking around the computer. She runs over to the printer, and looks at the wires behind it.

She then follows the wire that should go from the printer to her computer, and ends up at a frayed end.

She looks up and sees Blake, holding a pair of scissors, and handing over his rough draft to Asher.

As their eyes meet, Blake smiles at her maniacally, snipping the scissors through the air.

Giulia gets up, and runs over to Asher and Blake. She is at a loss for words.

ASHER

Is your script ready, Gabriella?

GIULIA

(looking at Asher)

It's gonna be a little late.

ASHER

Well, it already is late. Get it in
now.

GIULIA

Yes, sir.

Asher walks away.

Blake raises her eyebrows at Giulia and smiles.

INT. TV STUDIO - VARIOUS LOCATIONS

MONTAGE as Giulia and Blake try to make each other's lives miserable.

Sporadically throughout, shots of different clocks are shown to represent the passage of time. We also see Asher observing their behavior throughout, though they don't know he is.

As Blake is working on editing his script in the newsroom, Giulia "accidentally" knocks over a bottle of water, smearing his notes and edits everywhere.

When Giulia leaves to go get a snack, Blake approaches her open bag in the lobby, and pours a bag of greasy potato chips in it. Giulia returns to grease-stained notes - and grease-stained everything else.

When Blake turns around to ask one of the interns a question, Giulia unplugs Blake's computer from the wall. He turns back and has to restart it.

Giulia drops her pen on the ground, and when she squats under the desk to pick it up, Blake places a whoopee cushion under her desk. She sits back down to a large fart, and the amusement of the rest of the newsroom.

The moment Blake leaves to go to the bathroom, Giulia runs down to the vending machine, buys a chocolate bar, opens it, and smears it all over Blake's seat in the newsroom.

INT. NEWSROOM - 5:29 P.M.

END MONTAGE as she hides the candy bar, and elbows AN INTERN.

GIULIA

Looks like Blake can't seem to hold
anything in anymore, amirite?

Just as Blake re-enters and sees what Giulia has done, there is yelling from another room.

ASHER (O.S.)

Tweedledee! Tweedledum! In my
office! NOW!

Disheveled, Giulia and Blake both walk towards Asher's office.

BLAKE

Hey, you put in a good effort
today.

GIULIA

Oh, you really think you're going
to get that job?

BLAKE
Oh, I really do!

ASHER
Oh, will the two of you *idiots*
please, for the love of God and
everything that is holy, SHUT UP?!

They are silenced.

INT. ASHER'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

ASHER
It is 5:32 P.M. You have had all
day to work on a final script and
what have I gotten from the both of
you?

He slams down both of their ruined rough drafts in front of
them. Neither of them have touched them in hours.

ASHER (CONT'D)
Now, I'm not sure if either of you
mediocre, immature, moronic pieces
of crap know this, but sucking up
to the boss is not going to do
anything.
(he gestures towards
Giulia)
You, bringing me Starbucks - as
much as I love that Unicorn
Frappuccino - is not going to make
you the Executive Producer of a
news show in the two hundred and
twenty seventh largest city in
America!

Blake scoffs.

ASHER (CONT'D)
You're not off the hook either, Mr.
Whoopee Cushion. If you thought
that sending me emails every thirty
minutes, or playing your little
pranks like it's the goddamn 1990's
would get you that job, you got
another guess coming.

They both look down, ashamed.

ASHER (CONT'D)
Now apologize to me.

GIULIA
Sorry, Asher.

BLAKE
Sorry, sir.

ASHER
Good, now. Here's the good news.

Both of their faces light up.

ASHER (CONT'D)
I spoke to Candace, and she's
decided to come back and work for
me again.

BLAKE
What?!

GIULIA
What?!

Candace enters the office. Though she has been gone for less than eight hours, she looks like she has been on vacation for months.

CANDACE
I'm sure the both of you are asking
yourselves: WHAT... in God's name
is Candace doing back here?

She puts her arms around the both of their shoulders.

CANDACE (CONT'D)
Well, let me tell ya kids -
unemployment is scary.

BLAKE
You were out of a job for seven and
a half hours.

CANDACE
You don't get to appreciate the
little things until you don't have
a steady income.

GIULIA
You've literally never been
unemployed.

CANDACE
But let me tell ya, when you come
back to that one place - that place
you think of as your home - you
just know it all fits.

BLAKE
(to Giulia)
Are you confused?

GIULIA
Very.

CANDACE
Asher told me that you two've been fighting today; I thought better of you both. But since I've been reinstated as the executive producer-

BLAKE
Excuse me, what?

CANDACE
-you two'll have a lot of time to learn how to act like *adults*.

Candace exits the room. Beat.

GIULIA
She was kidding, right? You didn't give her her job back after that outburst she had this morning?

ASHER
Of course I did. I couldn't give it to one of you two. And she was obviously joking.

BLAKE
But you-

ASHER
I think she is right about one thing - you two definitely need to mature. Now, apologize... to each other.

They look at each other. A few beats.

GIULIA
Blake, I- I really am sorry. I don't know what came over me today. I just thought that maybe, if I was EP of the show... well, I'd have a better income. Maybe I could afford my own Unicorn Frappuccino.

Blake laughs.

BLAKE

I'm sorry, too. This whole thing just got out of hand. I didn't know how much I wanted it until it was right there in front of me.

GIULIA

Let's make a deal - no more competitions, OK? We're a team from now on. Deal?

She holds out a hand for him to shake. He takes it.

BLAKE

Deal.

They shake for a while, and it turns into a hug.

ASHER

That's what I like to see. Now get outta here. The show starts in twelve minutes.

EXT. ASHER'S OFFICE - 5:48 P.M.

BLAKE

Hey, do you wanna get Chipotle after this?

GIULIA

Why do you even have to ask?

They both laugh. They walk into the newsroom.

INT. NEWSROOM - CONTINUOUS

BLAKE

Hey, I didn't even tell you what happened to me yesterday after work. So I'm-

CANDACE (O.S.)

Hey, you two!

Giulia and Blake turn around and see Candace staring at them.

CANDACE (CONT'D)

My director's sick, I need one of you to direct tonight. Just like flip a coin or something.

They nod.

CANDACE (CONT'D)

But, if you do a good job, you
might land yourself a permanent
position.

(beat)

Good luck!

They look at Candace as she walks away. They slowly turn to
each other, a look of fierceness in their eyes.

CUT TO BLACK.