

INT. BRAD'S OFFICE - DAY

Brad is seated behind his desk, reading a document. Lester sits across from him, smiling.

BRAD

(reads)

"...my job consists of basically masking my contempt for the assholes in charge, and, at least once a day, retiring to the men's room so I can jerk off, while I fantasize about a life that doesn't so closely resemble hell."

(looks up at Lester)

Well, you obviously have no interest in saving yourself.

LESTER

(laughs)

Brad, for fourteen years I've been a whore for the advertising industry. The only way I could save myself now is if I start firebombing.

BRAD

Whatever. Management wants you gone by the end of the day.

LESTER

Well, just what sort of severance package is "management" prepared to offer me?

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

50.

CONTINUED:

LESTER (CONT'D)

Considering the information I have about our editorial director buying pussy with company money.

A beat.

LESTER (CONT'D)

Which I'm sure would interest the I.R.S., since it technically constitutes fraud. And I'm sure that some of our advertisers and rival publications might like to know about it as well. Not to mention, Craig's wife.

Brad sighs.

BRAD

What do you want?

LESTER

One year's salary, with benefits.

BRAD

That's not going to happen.

LESTER

Well, what do you say I throw in a little sexual harassment charge to boot?

Brad LAUGHS.

BRAD

Against who?

LESTER

Against you.

Brad stops laughing.

LESTER (CONT'D)

Can you prove you didn't offer to save my job if I'd let you blow me?

Brad leans back in his chair, studying Lester.

BRAD

Man. You are one twisted fuck.

LESTER

(standing)

Nope. I'm just an ordinary guy with nothing to lose.