

INT. OFFICE D - DAY

Race is back with Angela chatting. They have tea. Race nibbles on a carrot.

RACE
These things are irresistible.

ANGELA
You don't know the half of it.

Race takes a bite.

RACE
Third one today. Delicious.

ANGELA
Are you starting to find your way around here?

RACE
I think so.

ANGELA
What about the sales team? They're a piece of work.

RACE
Out on the road. First meeting is tomorrow.

RICKY (25-35, Male, good looking and well dressed, pompous) walks by the doorway. Angela notices him.

ANGELA
Hey Ricky.

Ricky pops his head back in.

RICKY
Yeah...

ANGELA
This is Race. He's working here now. In sales with you.

Ricky eyes him, thinking he's a new salesman.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

RICKY

Yeah? Don't expect any leads pips-
quick.

Race looks at him, a suspicious squint in his eyes.

RICKY

What do they have you in charge of?
Itty bitty scallopini? Baby Egg plant?
HAHAHHA

He cackles to himself, proud of the short jokes he's made at
Race's expense. Angela diffuses the situation.

ANGELA

All right that's enough out of you.
Get out of here.

RICKY

Take it easy sweet cheeks.

Ricky leaves. Angela rolls her eyes.

ANGELA

Ricky....believe it or not he's your
top salesman.

INT. MALONE HEADQUARTERS MEETING ROOM - DAY

Tommy makes his way to the front of the room. Race waits
nervously outside of the door. Malone's SALES STAFF (7-8
males, various ages, a couple good looking while others are
dweeby, aging and stereotypical) sit littered around the
meeting room. They toss paper balls and rouse each other,
cracking jokes and making noise. One salesman, Ricky, slaps
his butt in the direction of another salesman who responds by
shouting, "Yeah right Johnson. You wish!" Tommy calls
attention at the head of the room.

TOMMY

All right you knuckleheads settle
down. Settle down. Ricky sit down,
nobody cares about your butt.

RICKY

Not what your Mom said. She cares.
Cares plenty.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

The crowd riles with oohs and aahs at Ricky's insult. They look around with wide eyes not believing their ears. Ricky stands with one foot on his chair, holding his hands out, palms facing up. He looks around with a shit-eating grin, proud of his insubordination.

TOMMY

Enough, enough...sit down.

Ricky sits down and a few of his fellow salesman congratulate him with pats on the back or finger pointing in his direction.

(CONTINUED)