

Dirty Salsa: The Movie

Story & Screenplay
by
Debdoot Das

Property of:

Digifilm Inc.
28-08 35th St. Ste. 1J
Astoria, NY 11103
tel: 718.274.6987
fax: 718.726.0117
email: digifilm@digifilm.com
[http:// www.digifilm.com](http://www.digifilm.com)

FADE IN:

INT. JAPANESE SPA STEAM ROOM -- NIGHT

On screen, it reads "Tokyo, Japan"

A group of old, naked Japanese men sit in a steam room at night, mid-conversation. They speak in Japanese, and SUBTITLES appear on the screen.

SUMO EURO

I understand what you are saying,
but the Euro just seems to be getting
stronger and stronger.

As he finishes talking, HIROKI TAKAHASHI, a Japanese man in his mid-forties, enters the steam room and sits with the rest of them.

SUMO DUMP STOCK

Ah, Takahashi-san.

TAKAHASHI

Sorry I'm late. I must apologize
that in the last ten minutes we have
lost a billion dollars.

A deep groan emanates.

TAKAHASHI (CONT'D)

The American market has plummeted
again. However it could have been
much worse. We saved three billion
at the same time.

Mild sound of approval.

SUMO DUMP STOCK

Did you dump all of our internet
stock?

TAKAHASHI

Not all. Just enough to keep the
whole enterprise safe. But we need
to discuss the future of our internet
holdings.

SUMO EURO

Is the American economy officially
in a recession?

TAKAHASHI

According to the Bush Administration
the American economy is booming.

Everybody laughs.

SUMO EURO

Why don't we just dump everything internet-related in America and start investing in the Euro?

There are some short GRUMBLINGS from the rest.

TAKAHASHI

We might just have to do that. However, our friends in America would not appreciate that. It would crash the American economy.

SUMO DUMP STOCK

Are you suggesting that we keep our money exactly where it is?

TAKAHASHI

Quite to the contrary, we should get the hell out of there. However we must pace ourselves.

SUMO BOSS

Never scratch a wild elephant with a short stick. Though we need to re-deploy our investments, we must keep in mind that the Republicans are running wild. In times like this, the Sumo must perform kabuki. Big noise, little money and much smoke.

A man from over in the CORNER speaks.

SUMO HIGH PROFILE

Takahashi-san. Make little but high-profile investments in small American internet companies. This way, we save our money and save our face.

A man from the OTHER CORNER speaks.

SUMO SELL

We must be selective however. Money is not to be thrown away on companies that do not know how to make money. We should invest in companies that know how to sell.

SUMO BOSS

Yes. We will invest in small, but high-profile companies where everyone does sales.

INT. JAPANESE SPA LOCKER ROOM -- CONTINUOUS

A fully-suited male junior partner, MAKOTO, is standing at attention.

TAKAHASHI

Never scratch a short elephant with a wild stick. Re-deploy our internet holdings. Phase out all previous internet-related investments. Initiate new investment in small but high-profile internet start-ups that are strong in sales. Go to New York. You have three weeks.

The junior partner nods and then exits the locker room and dials a number.

MAKOTO

Short scratching elephants that's gone wild. Re-deploy internet holdings. Cancel previous investment. Sumo Ventures will fund internet start-ups that done sales. I come to New York in three week.

FULL SHOT NEWS SEGMENT -- DAY

Graphic of the TERROR ALERT SCALE is seen. The alert elevates to YELLOW status.

Karen Ryan, a news anchor, delivers today's breaking news. She speaks in a Southern accent.

KAREN RYAN

In response to today's dire events, the Department of Homeland Security has raised the terror threat level to yellow. Only an hour ago, authorities shut down all flights leaving from La Guardia Airport due to a serious terrorist threat. Police have just released chilling information. Apparently, a frightening security breach occurred at Gate 18 when someone on the United States "No-Fly List" almost made it through security and onto an aircraft. Fortunately, the suspect has since been apprehended and is currently in police custody. The government has frozen his assets, as well. We have located Elizabeth Kennedy, a family member of the alleged terrorist.

EXT. LA GUARDIA AIRPORT -- CONTINUOUS

ELIZABETH KENNEDY stands outside the airport. Karen Ryan interviews her via satellite feed.

KAREN RYAN

Mrs. Kennedy, why did your son refuse the polygraph test that our producers offered?

ELIZABETH KENNEDY

Are you retarded? My son is 6 months old. He weighs 15 pounds, and he just peed on himself.

KAREN RYAN

(Stuttering)

Then how can you explain his point score being so high on the No-Fly List?

ELIZABETH KENNEDY

Can you explain it? I have no idea!
Can you explain it?

A BABY in the stroller next to Elizabeth makes NOISE.

ELIZABETH KENNEDY (CONT'D)

(to the Baby)

Ted, stop it.

INT. JACK'S APARTMENT -- CONTINUOUS

Camera Pulls OUT. A WOMAN is gathering various items. She finishes, picks up the box, and heads for the front door.

She opens the door, and JACK MILLER is right there, holding luggage. Both are startled.

JACK

What are you doing here, Jackie?

JACKIE

What are you doing here? I thought you were flying to San Francisco today.

JACK

My flight was canceled because of a terror threat. You didn't answer my question. What are you doing here?

Jack puts down his luggage and stretches out back. He is clearly in pain.

JACKIE
Just picking up the rest of my things.
Look, Jack, I didn't come here to
fight. You weren't supposed to be
here.

JACK
Yeah. Can I have my key back?

She hands him the KEY.

He holds the door open and gestures toward the hallway. He
grabs one of her suitcases and puts it in the hall. She
leaves the apartment.

JACKIE
You know, you don't have to be so
hostile.

JACK
I'm not being hostile.

He shuts the door in her face. Jackie knocks continuously.

Jack turns around and realizes that Jackie had another
suitcase. He attempts to pick it up and strains his back.
Instead, he drags it to the door.

He re-opens the door and pushes the suitcase into the hallway.

JACKIE
You need therapy, you know that?

JACK
I don't need therapy. I need a regime
change!

He slams the door again. Dog barks.

He looks at the television. A news segment comes on.

KAREN RYAN
Now we'll take you to the White House.
Let's see what the president has to
say...

JACK
Oh no.

He runs full-speed to the television and turns it off.

JACK (CONT'D)
(sighs)
That was close.

EXT. JACK'S APARTMENT -- MOMENTS LATER

Jack looks at the newspaper as he walks down the sidewalk. He opens to page 2 and sees a picture of George W. Bush. He quickly runs into an alley next to his apartment.

EXT. ALLEY -- CONTINUOUS

Jack stops in the middle of the alley and VOMITS.

LITTLE GIRL

Daddy, that man threw up on Bubbles.

BIG DUDE

Hey! That's my Bichon! You're dead!

The big dude chases Jack out of the alley.

EXT. CITY STREET JACK'S APARTMENT -- MOMENTS LATER

The big dude chases Jack onto the street, where Jack is hit by a CAB. He rolls over the car and lands on the street. The big dude walks away suspiciously.

The CABBIE immediately gets out of the car and kneels down by Jack. A few WITNESSES gather around.

In the background, the big dude is trying to clean the vomit off of his Bichon.

COLLISION CABBIE

Are you okay?

JACK

My back!

COLLISION CABBIE

I am so sorry! Do you need help?!

WITNESS

I saw it, I saw it! It was the cabbie's fault! Get his insurance information! Don't let him leave!

Jack stands and stretches out.

JACK

(amazed)

No, it's okay. I'm fine.

COLLISION CABBIE

Are you sure? I can take you to the hospital.

JACK
No, really. I'm actually fine.

WITNESS
I got his license plate number! I
got it!

Jack extends his hand for a handshake. The CABBIE reluctantly shakes Jack's hand.

INT. INTERVLOG OFFICE -- MORNING

Jack opens a door that says "InterVlog." There are no partitions separating the employees from one another.

EMILY, CRAIG, ALEX, YUKI, AHMED, and FLORENS sit at their computers, working.

EMILY
(smiling)
You look like you've been hit by a
car.

JACK
Yeah, and strangely my back feels
better.

We SEE that Jack's clothes are completely messed up. He reaches the back of the office and puts on a janitor's jumpsuit. He leaves the office.

Two MEN in suits enter the office, look around, and approach ALEX, the most presentable-looking of the bunch, who sits at a big desk in the back of the office.

They take out their badges.

GERALD WILLIAMS
My name is Gerald Williams, and this
is my associate, Frank Sarver. We're
with the Department of Homeland
Security. Can we speak to you in
private?

They hand him a CARD.

ALEX
Homeland Security? What did I do?

He motions for them to sit down. They sit, obviously not in private.

Jack re-enters holding a MOP and BUCKET and begins mopping the floor.

The agents take a moment to gather their thoughts.

FRANK SARVER

These are troublesome times. And accordingly, it is every American's responsibility to do what he can to ensure the safety and security of his fellow citizens, Mr. Miller.

ALEX

Mr. Miller? You must be looking for Jack.

GERALD WILLIAMS

Yes, Jack Miller. The CEO. Aren't you Jack?

Alex points to Jack, who is struggling with a stubborn stain on the floor.

JACK

(very serious)

Alright, who spilled a mango smoothie?

The agents look at each other and shrug. They walk over to Jack and flash their badges.

FRANK SARVER

Homeland Security.

JACK

Homeland Security. How can I help you?

FRANK SARVER

These are troublesome times, Mr Miller.

JACK

These are EXTREMELY troublesome times, Mr....

FRANK SARVER

Sarver. And accordingly, it is every American's responsibility to do what he can to ensure the safety and security of his fellow citizens.

JACK

Absolutely. Speaking of, would you gentlemen like anything to drink? Coffee, tea, mango smoothie?

GERALD WILLIAMS
No, thank you. We're fine.

Pause.

JACK
You were saying, about safety and security.

FRANK SARVER
Yes. We are at war, Mr. Miller.

JACK
Yes. The War on Terror, I mean the war of terror. What are we calling it these days?

FRANK SARVER
The Long War. So you already understand the severity of the current crisis. And we must...

JACK
...stay the course.

FRANK SARVER
Yes. So we need access to the records of all of your subscribers and their communications.

JACK
That should be easy because we only have a few thousand beta-testers. We haven't even launched our site really. How would you like them?

GERALD WILLIAMS
Huh?

JACK
Would you like the records in binary or hex? We prefer binary ...to spread democracy.

GERALD WILLIAMS
Yes. Democracy.

FRANK SARVER
Democracy is...

JACK
...the only way to combat terrorism.

FRANK SARVER

Precisely.

JACK

And so what if we Americans have to make a few sacrifices to ensure the spread of democracy, right?

FRANK SARVER

Right.

JACK

I mean, democracy is, after all, a finite resource, like oil. The world can only contain so much democracy at any given moment. So if we want Iraq to have democracy, then we have to give them some of ours by suspending our civil liberties and torturing others.

A few beats.

FRANK SARVER

We decided we'll take the records in binary.

Jack smiles.

JACK

Fantastic. Oh, just one more thing. You have a warrant, right?

FRANK SARVER

Mr. Miller, in times like these, we don't need a warrant.

JACK

Well I can't argue with that logic. However, as you can see, I only work here. This is a corporation. I'll have to consult with our lawyers first.

FRANK SARVER

Are refusing to cooperate with the Department of Homeland Security?

JACK

On the contrary. I just don't want any of us to get into trouble for violating the Constitution of the United States.

FRANK SARVER
You'll be hearing from us, Mr. Miller.

They storm out under the close scrutiny of the Intervlog staff.

JACK
Seriously, who spilled the smoothie?

EXT. ED RICH'S HOUSE -- LATER

Jack's OLD RICKETY CAR pulls into the driveway of his lawyer, Edward Rich's, beautiful Long Island mansion. Jack parks next to a LUXURY VEHICLE.

CUT TO:

INT. ED RICH'S STUDY -- MOMENTS LATER

Pool table.

ED
You know, Jack, the winds have changed course over the last few weeks. This whole data privacy issue, this could be a real problem. I mean, it's not like I'm defending OJ Simpson. That's child's play. You are messing with the Department of Homeland Security.

JACK
And how did you know that?

ED
They called to ask me whether I was still your lawyer.

JACK
What did you say?

ED
Well...

Pause.

JACK
No you did not. Who was right the last time? The Red Sox in 2004...Greece in 2004. That bookie almost had a heart attack.

ED
What about that Snapple fiasco.

JACK

I said buy Apple. You heard Snapple.
Point is, I'm right. Most of the
time.

ED

What are we looking at?

JACK

A month or two, at the most.

ED

A month or two of what?

JACK

This administration will go bust in
the coming elections, guaranteed.

ED

Others don't seem to think so.

JACK

Well the others also believe in WMD's,
the Easter Bunny, and Santa Claus.
However, what's important is not
what they see, but what they don't
see.

ED

So, what do you see that they don't?

JACK

The corporate world is not exactly
renowned for their social courage,
so I'm sure that the phone companies
and internet carriers are bending
over backwards to help the government
spy on their customers, which is a
violation of the Fourth Amendment.

ED

And...?

JACK

The day the courts rule that what
they are doing is illegal and
unconstitutional, it will expose
these corporations to humongous civil
and criminal lawsuits. Their stock
prices will plummet.

ED

And *your* stock will rise.

JACK
You will look good.

ED
And if we short the telecom stocks
and buy some of yours...

JACK
Then there's a small fortune to be
made.

A few beats.

ED
I told them I am still your lawyer.

Jack smiles.

ED (CONT'D)
But defying Homeland Security is
risky. Things can mysteriously start
going wrong.

JACK
Okay.

CUT TO:

INT. INTERVLOG OFFICE -- NEXT MORNING

CRAIG sits at his desk, reading a newspaper and drinking
coffee.

Suddenly, a HAND with a BANDAGED FINGER slams a STACK OF
CHECKS down on his desk and scares the crap out of him. The
coffee mug rattles.

He looks up, and the hand belongs to MAGDA, the landlady.

CRAIG
What is wrong with you?!

MAGDA
All of the checks I wrote this week
bounced! Do you know why all my
checks bounced?

CRAIG
Because your account is empty?

MAGDA
That is correct.

CRAIG

Bummer.

MAGDA

Do you know why my account is empty?

CRAIG

Magda, I couldn't possibly guess.

MAGDA

Because YOUR rent check bounced!

Pause.

CRAIG

Really? Let me check.

He pulls out a chair for Magda and then pulls up the bank's website.

CRAIG (CONT'D)

Florens, what's the bank password?

Florens walks over and types in the password. Craig logs into Intervlog's bank account.

CRAIG (CONT'D)

Ah, I see, I see. It might have been a bank error. Let me check. Wait here for a second, please.

Craig walks to Jack's desk.

CRAIG (CONT'D)

(quietly)

Our rent check bounced, and our account has been locked out. You have to entertain Magda while I go call the bank and find out what happened.

Jack nods, stands, and walks over to Magda while Craig steps out of the office to make the phone call.

JACK

Hello Magda... can I get you some coffee?

MAGDA

I'd love some, thank you.

(Beat.)

Your check bounced.

JACK

I heard. It's just awesome--awful that the check bounced. Do you still take goat's milk and honey with your coffee?

MAGDA

(impressed)

Yes, thank you for remembering. I still prefer goat's milk and honey.

He makes her coffee while they converse.

JACK

How is Lily?

MAGDA

(showing her bandaged
finger)

Cute, cuddly, adorable. She bit me this morning.

JACK

How nice-- I mean, how terrible. I'm sorry to hear that.

MAGDA

Yeah. I just hope she isn't rabid.

From the doorway, CRAIG silently calls Jack over. Jack hands Magda the coffee.

JACK

Excuse me for a moment.

He walks over to Craig. Florens follows him out.

JACK (CONT'D)

Find anything out?

CRAIG

Yeah. Tapper completely emptied the account yesterday.

FLORENS

(holding a letter)

The IRS wants to audit us.

JACK

(loudly)

We have no money, and the IRS wants to audit us?!

MAGDA (O.S.)
I heard that! And this is not goat's
milk.

CUT TO:

INT. TAPPER OFFICE -- MOMENTS LATER

A large, dim video conference room.

TOM TAPPER, a venture capitalist, who is leading a four-way video conference. On the video chat screens are various military personnel, American and Israeli alike, and their respective geographical locations.

TOM TAPPER
Good morning, General Headsworth.
Good afternoon, Commander Hadar.
Good evening, Mr. Kabir.

They greet each other on the screen.

TOM TAPPER (CONT'D)
I would like to update you all about
the incredible progress on the
Religion detection Suite. As you
know, religion detection is very
complex, so we had some cost overruns.

GENERAL
So the Muslim thing isn't ready.
How's the Arab thing going?

TOM TAPPER
You mean the ethnicity and accent
detection module?

KABIR
It's ready. I will demonstrate it
for you now.

TOM TAPPER
One minute, Kabir. General, one
minor detail. The initial budget of
\$100 million is not sufficient to
complete this project. We would
need an additional \$600 million.
Please begin, Kabir.

KABIR
General, would you please authorize
the the interceptions to the IP
address I sent you.

The General pushes some buttons. A few NOISES are made.

GENERAL
Authorized.

KABIR
Thank you, General.

The computer screen shows a list of all the conversations

KABIR (CONT'D)
Our algorithm analyzes the dialect,
lexical components, prosody, and
grammar of the recording, detecting
the primary and secondary provenance
of the speaker. From Swahili to
Icelandic, from Hindi to Hebrew, it
does it all.

Sounds of approval.

KABIR (CONT'D)
Initiating intercept 1.

ARNOLD (O.S.)
I want to give the money back to the
teachers and the nurses... after I
kick their asses, those girly men.

KABIR
The accent has two influences.
Austrian and Venice Beach, California.

He double clicks.

KABIR (CONT'D)
Initiating intercept 2.

GEORGE ALLEN (O.S.)
Let's give a welcome to Macaca here.
Welcome to America and the real world
of Virginia.

KABIR
California, Virginia, with traces
of Yiddish. General, could we now
try a live intercept from outside
the U.S.?

GENERAL
Authorized.

KABIR
Initiating live intercept 1.

MAKOTO (O.S.)

Short scratching elephants that's gone wild. Re-deploy internet holdings. Cancel previous investment. Sumo Ventures will fund internet start-ups that done sales. I come to New York.

KABIR

Japanese with a hint of Long Island, NY.

GENERAL

That message doesn't make any sense.

KABIR

Yet. With our new 64-bit American Patriot module, the software will translate an accented English statement into neutral American and then print it. Watch.

He pushes some buttons, and the translated version prints. The General takes the sheet and reads it.

GENERAL

Short scratching elephants have gone wild. Re-deploy our internet holdings. Cancel all previous investments. Sumo Ventures will fund internet start-ups that dance Salsa. I am coming to New York.

TOM TAPPER

Wow. To be honest, I don't quite get the elephant thing, but why would Sumo want to invest in companies that dance Salsa?

GENERAL

Please remember that this interception is highly classified. We have to decode this, but it sounds like they have gone crazy.

Some chuckles from the rest.

HADAR

Wait a minute. Salsa comes from Cuba, right?

They mumble in agreement.

HADAR (CONT'D)

This makes perfect sense! Sumo Ventures are trying to extend their influence over the American electoral system. They are targeting the most decisive block of votes in the United States, the Cubans. In 2000, the Cuban-Americans were the deciding factor in the presidential election in Florida. This is not just Japanese eccentricity. This is cold, calculated strategy.

TOM TAPPER

So how do we make money from it? Ah, that's a conversation for another day. General, Commander, what do you think?

GENERAL

Very impressive. I can speak for the entire NSA when I say that we are definitely interested. I will talk to the Appropriations Committee about your \$600 million.

HADAR

We actually already have something very similar in the works, but please keep us informed of any new progress.

TOM TAPPER

Absolutely. Good day, everyone. And thank you, Kabir.

Everyone signs out. The conversation is closed.

TAPPER turns on the light, turns around to put his things together, and sees Jack and Craig standing there. He screams.

TOM TAPPER (CONT'D)

You scared the hell out of me! How did you get in here?

JACK

Through that door over there. You emptied our bank account, Tom.

Pause.

TOM TAPPER

Alright, I'm not going to beat around the bush.

Jack gags and quickly recovers.

TOM TAPPER (CONT'D)
It's a metaphor, Jack! The only companies in our portfolio that are making money are security companies. And the only people who make money nowadays are people with government contracts.

Pause.

JACK
I'm still listening.

TOM TAPPER
I'm sorry, but the Board made the decision. Someone very high up suggested that a company so well-entrenched in their democratic principles might be counterproductive to our interests. So we decided to divest.

JACK
Are you trying to tell me that you're screwing us over because you got a call from someone at Homeland Security?

TOM TAPPER
I'll have to ignore that question. However, let me ask, how would one make money from a company which merely acts as a platform for free speech for the disenfranchised masses in the middle of a war on terror?

CRAIG
(to Jack)
Is that what we're doing?

JACK
Tom, I never knew you could speak like that. Are those your own words?

TOM TAPPER
You can't expect a contract from the government so that people could speak their mind, could you? We merely export democracy.

CRAIG
Isn't that a breach of our contract?

TOM TAPPER
(enthusiastically)
Yes! But there is a silver lining.
If there is a breach of contract,
the ownership of our shares reverts
back to you. Did you know that?
You now own 100% of your company.
So I'm not taking the funding away
from you. I'm giving the company
back to you. It's a gift.

A few beats.

JACK
Thank you for your kindness.

Jack and Craig start leaving.

TOM TAPPER
Wait, Jack. Remember, you were never
here. You didn't see or hear
anything. If you happened to stumble
upon useful information someplace,
what you do with it is your business.

EXT. TAXI CAB -- MOMENTS LATER

A cab passes the Empire State Building, which reads "Sumo
Ventures".

INT. TAXI CAB -- CONTINUOUS

Craig and Jack look out the window at the building.

CRAIG
Sumo Ventures is coming to NY to
invest in Salsa dancing internet
start-ups. That's too crazy to be
true.

Pause. Jack is looking out the window. He sees Jackie and
Max being affectionate on the street.

CRAIG (CONT'D)
Get over it already.

JACK
I am over it. Why would the Japanese
want companies to dance Salsa?

GUS THE CABBIE (O.S.)
Hot sex.

JACK

Pardon?

GUS THE CABBIE

The Japanese want hot sex. Everybody knows that.

CRAIG

That's such a racist thing to say.

GUS THE CABBIE

No. The Japanese population has been going down for years. Their government has a plan, man. It's called the Angel Plan. They're trying to get their women to have more babies. In other words, more sex.

JACK

What does that have to do with Salsa?

GUS THE CABBIE

Salsa comes from Cuba. There's been an embargo against Cuba for the last 44 years. So what do they have there? All they have are music, dancing, and sex. Have you ever slept with a Cuban man? They're unbelievable! That's \$12.50, gentlemen.

Jack reaches into pocket and finds nothing.

JACK

You got any cash?

Craig hands the Cabbie a \$20 bill.

JACK (CONT'D)

Thanks, dude. Keep the change.

Jack and Craig walk to their office building.

A few moments after they leave, GERALD WILLIAMS and FRANK SARVER jump into the cab. They flash their badges.

FRANK SARVER

Homeland Security. Your last fare, what were they talking about?

GUS THE CABBIE

Hot sex.

INT. INTERVLOG OFFICE -- MOMENTS LATER

Jack and Craig walk into their office, where they find several employees gathered around Ahmed's desk.

AHMED

It's done! The software is ready.
Check it out.

Jack and Craig walk over to Ahmed's desk. We SEE a demo on his computer screen.

AHMED (CONT'D)

You sign up. You take a little video,
log into your account, upload your
video, and bingo, you're ready to
share it with your friends. Simple
and effective.

Applause from the employees.

ALEX

Now, all we need to do is market the
hell out of it.

JACK

Everybody, listen up, this is
important. Craig and I just had a
meeting with Tom Tapper...

AHMED

Oh, the guy who gave us the foosball
table.

JACK

Yes, our investment partner, who, if
you remember, bought 51% of our
company. Well, we now own 100% of
our company. He took his money back.
So we're broke.

A few beats.

EMILY

Exactly how broke are we?

JACK

Flat broke.

ALEX

How are we gonna pay our salaries?

The interns videotape. Jack SEES them for the first time.

JACK

That's what I'm trying to figure out... Who are they? And why are they videotaping us.

FLORENS

They are our new interns from film school. You asked for them. Remember, we needed people to beta test the vlogging network.

JACK

(incredulously)

How are we going to pay them?

FLORENS

We don't have to give them money. We found them on Craigslist. They work for college credit.

ALEX

The interns are the least of our worries. How are we going to launch the website without a marketing budget? How will people know? I mean, our competition has millions of dollars at their disposal.

AHMED

We are working off of a test server and the reason we're getting by with that is because we only have a few thousand users. We need some beefy servers before we launch, otherwise, the site might collapse.

CRAIG

I don't think you comprehend the gravity of this situation. We can't even afford mango smoothies anymore. We're completely tapped out.

AHMED

(very upset)

No mango smoothies?

FLORENS

Well, what are our options?

AHMED

How about credit cards?

JACK
Even my personal credit cards are
maxed out.

YUKI
Bank loans?

FLORENS
We've been rejected by five different
banks.

ALEX
Tapper's not the only investor in
town, how about other venture
capitalists?

JACK
I've contacted everyone in my rolodex.
America is in a recession. Money
isn't exactly falling off
trees...They're not interested in
internet companies.

CRAIG
(cuts Jack off)
That's not necessarily true.

JACK
No, man, that's so unreliable.

EVERYBODY
(All together)
What...What are you guys talking
about? Tell us

CRAIG
Let me just tell them.

ALEX
What are you talking about, Craig?

CRAIG
If we can learn how to dance Salsa
in the next three weeks, we might be
okay.

JACK
The source is unreliable...

CRAIG
(Interrupts)
Let me finish.
(MORE)

CRAIG (CONT'D)

Sumo Ventures, the largest Japanese Venture Capitalist firm, wants to invest in Internet start-ups where everyone is a Salsa dancer. Now, they're coming to New York in three weeks, so if we can learn Salsa in three weeks we can get money.

Pause.

ALEX

You guys are making this shit up, right? That's the most ridiculous thing I've ever heard. Where'd you get this information?

JACK

U.S. Intelligence... I understand your skepticism, Alex.

FLORENS

As ridiculous as this sounds, let's suppose for a minute that it's true. Why would Sumo Ventures want to invest in companies that dances Salsa?

CRAIG

Hot sex!

JACK

(on Craig's heels)

Let me explain. There are a few theories. One is that the Japanese might be trying to influence the Cuban voting block in Florida.

CRAIG

There's also something called the Angel Plan. The Japanese government wants to increase the population of Japan, so they are doing everything they can to encourage their people to have more babies.

YUKI

Yes. That's why I got out of Japan. It's a lot of pressure on Japanese women.

FLORENS

What does it have to with Salsa?

CRAIG

The embargo. For the last 40 something years Cuba has had an embargo. So they have nothing. All they have there is dancing music, and Hot sex. And they are darned good at all of them. Have you ever had sex with a Cuban man?

JACK

(spontaneous)

Simply put, the Japanese want to invest in a dancing internet startup in America so that they can have sex with the Cubans.

AHMED

My brain hurts.

ALEX

You're out of your fucking mind.

JACK

That's a distinct possibility. It takes years to build structures and only minutes to tear them down. So we do have one last option. We could just dissolve the company and all find new jobs. Or we could and dance for money.

They reflect on this for a few moments.

EMILY

But, it costs money to take dance lessons. We need enough money to at least last until the Sumo meeting.

CRAIG

I have a little head room on my credit card. Just don't tell my wife.

FLORENS

I have some credit left too.

Pause. Everyone looks at Alex.

ALEX

What? Oh, alright. This better be worth it.

JACK

All in favor of Salsa.

Everyone raises a hand. Alex's is a half-ass raise.

ALEX
We're all nuts.

JACK
(to Craig)
Get a teacher. **Let's dance Salsa.**

SALSA MUSIC plays.

INT. INTERVLOG OFFICE - DAY

MILES BENEDICT turns the music off.

The employees of Intervlog sit around the office. All eyes are on Miles, their Salsa teacher, who is standing in the center of the room.

MILES
Good morning, everyone! I'm Miles Benedict, and this is my assistant, Betty. Welcome to the beginning of your Salsa life.

He begins to slowly walk around the room.

The INTERNS are videotaping the whole thing.

MILES (CONT'D)
What is Salsa? Well, that's simple. Salsa has 8 beats -- 1, 2, 3, 4... 5, 6, 7, 8. That's 1, 2, 3, 4... 5, 6, 7, 8. You're going to be dancing on 6 of the beats and pausing on 2 of them. 6 plus 2 is 8.

ALEX
(quietly)
No shit Sherlock

MILES
Lookin' good. Boys, a prerequisite to dancing is... *learning* how to ask a girl to dance. Imagine for a moment that you're in a club.

He stares at Emily while he talks.

MILES (CONT'D)
From across the dance floor, you spot a beautiful woman. She's happy, she's radiant and she's successful.
(MORE)

MILES (CONT'D)

When you approach her, it is crucial that you do it in a NON-THREATENING way. Trust me.

CRAIG

What are some of the threatening ways?

MILES

For just \$39.95, you can get my instructional DVD that will tell you how to approach women. I'm not asking you for your money. I'm asking you for your success.

FLORENS

(quietly)

Is he teaching us or just trying to sell us a DVD?

BETTY

Miles, how has Salsa brought you happiness and success?

MILES

I'm glad you asked that. And yes, I am very successful. There are days where I stand in awe of what I've created and how it has changed my life

CRAIG

(quietly)

This guy is a walking infomercial.

FLORENS

(quietly)

Okay, I've had enough.

Florens opens her cell phone and pretends to be on the phone.

FLORENS (CONT'D)

Uh huh. WHAT?! Bunbury was attacked? A shark? How bad is it? Dear lord. Yes, we'll be there as soon as we can.

JACK

Mr. Benedict, I'm sorry, but we have to take a rain check on this lesson. It seems that something has come up. Craig, give him his check.

CRAIG
I have it right here!

MILES
But I was just getting to the good
stuff!

Craig puts his arm around Miles, ostensibly in a friendly manner, but he is trying to push him out of the office. Betty follows.

CRAIG
We're very sorry about this, but I
think it's urgent. Thanks a lot.
Here's your check.

MILES
Wait! How are you going to know how
to dance in a club?

ALEX
To tell you the truth, that's not
really what we were interested in.

MILES
Then why would you want to learn
Salsa?

EMILY
Because Sumo V--

Ahmed covers her mouth with his hand and drags her away.

JACK
We just felt like it. Thanks for
everything, Mr. Benedict. So long.

Jack shuts the door.

INT. INTERVLOG HALLWAY -- CONTINUOUS

Miles and Betty walk down a flight of stairs.

MILES
(quietly)
Wait for me outside. I'll be there
in a few minutes.

She leaves cheerily. Miles tiptoes back up the stairs.

INT. INTERVLOG OFFICE -- CONTINUOUS

JACK

Emily, you can't blab to anyone about why we're learning Salsa. It's a secret. That goes for everyone. The last thing we need is every internet company in New York competing with us. I don't know about all of you, but I have no idea what just went on in there. Craig, where did you find that clown?

CRAIG

Craigslist. In the casual encounters section.

AHMED

What were you doing in the casual encounters section?

CRAIG

I just put a search, okay?

INT. INTERVLOG HALLWAY -- CONTINUOUS

Miles spies on them through a hallway window in LOW-DEF. The camera pans back to show the INTERNS videotaping Miles as he spies.

Miles hears a NOISE, gets freaked out, and tiptoes down the stairs and out of the building.

EXT. INTERVLOG OFFICE BUILDING -- MOMENTS LATER

Miles exits the building and finds Betty, who is playing hopscotch on the sidewalk by herself.

BETTY

Come play with me!

He plays with her.

MILES

They've got a secret. I knew it! What would learning Salsa be such a big deal?

BETTY

Oh, I know why they're learning Salsa! Emily told me in the bathroom.

She picks up the rock and throws it. She begins to skip.

MILES
You wanna tell me?

BETTY
Sumo Ventures

Pause. She starts playing again.

MILES
Go on.

BETTY
Is looking for...

She keeps playing.

MILES
Looking for...?

BETTY
A company where everyone dances Salsa.

She throws the rock again and skips. Pause.

MILES
Why?

BETTY
Because they want to give them lots
of money. Isn't that weird? So,
what do you think the secret is?
Miles? Miles?

Miles is already gone.

BETTY (CONT'D)
Yes! I love hide and seek!

She covers her eyes.

BETTY (CONT'D)
1, 2, 3...

EXT. CITY STREET BRYANT PARK -- CONTINUOUS

Craig parts ways with the rest of the group, holding a huge stack of papers. Florens, Ahmed, and Alex walk down a city street.

In the background, BETTY is still looking for Miles. She looks underneath cars, in trash cans, etc.

AHMED

That teacher was such a joke. How much did they pay him?

ALEX

The money's not even the issue. We're on a deadline here. If we don't find someone soon, we're all screwed.

AHMED

Hold on. Let me get some food. I'm starving.

They stop at a STREET VENDOR. Two UNDERCOVER COPS are standing about 15 feet behind them.

AHMED (CONT'D)

Falafel, please.

VENDOR

What do you want on it?

AHMED

Lots of hummus.

ROOKIE

(quietly)

Did you hear that?!

Suddenly, a FRAT BOY comes up from behind them, snatches Florens' purse, and runs.

FLORENS

Hey! He took my purse!

They all chase after the purse snatcher and follow him as he runs full-speed into Bryant Park.

EXT. BRYANT PARK -- MOMENTS LATER

The Park is full of people, including a group of RUEDA DANCERS.

Right when Alex, Ahmed, and Florens start running, the COPS run menacingly towards Ahmed. Ahmed and Alex split off from Florens to try to cut off the thief.

TERRORIST COP

Stop! Stop running!

Ahmed and Alex are gaining on the thief. They are about to catch him when suddenly, they are both grabbed from behind and stopped.

They turn around to see the undercover cops holding them.

ALEX
Why are you chasing us? Who are
you?

ROOKIE
Joint Terrorism Task Force.
(to Alex)
What's your name?

ALEX
Alex.

ROOKIE
(to Ahmed)
What's *your* name?

AHMED
Ahmed.

Pause. The COPS look at each other.

TERRORIST COP
Take him down!

COP 1 tackles AHMED to the ground and handcuffs him. Ahmed
does not resist.

TERRORIST COP (CONT'D)
(to Alex)
You, get outta here.
(to Agent 1)
Nice form, rookie.
(to Ahmed)
Thought you could get away with some
sneaky business, huh, Ach-med. Well
you were wrong. We heard you mention
Hamas over there by the meat stand.

AHMED
I said hummus.

TERRORIST COP
Malarchy! Now, rookie, if you're
apprehending a perp and he starts to
resist, jut your third knuckle out
like this, and give him a firm punch
to the neck.

He raises his hand and is about to punch Ahmed when he sees
the INTERNS videotaping the incident.

He freezes like a deer in headlights and then starts fixing Ahmed's hair and straightening his shirt. He helps him up to his feet and pats his back in a friendly manner.

TERRORIST COP (CONT'D)
There ya go, buddy. Sorry about that. You're free to go. We don't discriminate.

The agents vanish.

Meanwhile, Florens runs after the thief into the middle of Bryant Park amongst the crowd of people watching the dancers.

She gets pulled into the Rueda, along with the thief. Trapped, she has to dance. The PURSE is passed around as everyone dances.

Among the whirlwind of Rueda dancers are GIGI and NICK.

Florens quickly snatches her purse from whomever is holding it, takes out her cell phone, and dials.

FLORENS
(into cell phone)
I got it!

CUT TO:

INT. CRAIG'S CAR -- CONTINUOUS

CRAIG
(into cell phone)
What did you get? Oh, great! Listen, I'm almost home. Can I call you later? Okay, bye.

As Craig hangs up, he arrives at his house to find that his spot in the driveway has been taken by a Volvo with a bumper sticker that reads "Bennett for Senate".

He parks on the street. We SEE that Craig's car sports a Republican Party bumper sticker.

INT. CRAIG'S HOUSE -- MOMENTS LATER

Craig enters his home to find his wife, Helen, engrossed in conversation with WELLS BENNETT, a white-bread, parking-spot-stealing Republican.

Craig continues dancing around throughout the entire scene.

HELEN
Oh, honey, you're home early.

CRAIG

Yeah. Wells, what brings you here?

HELEN

Craig, you should listen to what Wells has to say. It's important.

WELLS

Thanks, Helen. Craig, I came here today to invite you to attend a fundraiser for my re-election campaign. Being a fellow Republican, I also came here to make sure I have your patriotic support for my platform. Now, as I'm sure you've become aware, the amount of illegal immigrants in this country is growing at a frightening speed. Our great country is quickly becoming a cult of multi-culturalism and is not far from forgetting its roots altogether.

We see people cleaning in the background.

Craig tries to interject.

WELLS (CONT'D)

Now, this is not to say that no one should be allowed to immigrate to our wonderful nation, but they should have to wait on line just like the rest of the world. What I'm proposing are forced labor camps for illegal immigrants where they help to build a wall along the US-Mexico border. It takes them off the streets, away from our children, and puts them to good use.

Pause.

CRAIG

Do you mind moving your car? It's in my spot.

WELLS

Oh, absolutely.

Wells leaves to move his car.

HELEN

Isn't he smart?

CRAIG

Sure.

HELEN

You know, he just invited us to go hunting with the Vice President next weekend for his fundraiser. It's only \$5000 a head.

CRAIG

\$5000?! Hunting? I don't even fish.

Wells re-enters.

WELLS

I'm sorry to hear that. But the fundraiser isn't just about the hunt. There will be a lot of influential people to meet there. By the way, I seem to have misplaced my car keys.

Looks around.

WELLS (CONT'D)

Helen told me that you've been looking for a career change. You must be looking for something new to invest in?

All three of them look for Wells' keys.

CRAIG

Why would I want to do that?

HELEN

Honey, Wells was telling me that there is no future in the internet.

WELLS

The future is in prisons, Craig. The internet's a dog. Now, I happen to know for a fact that there will be new opportunities coming up soon. I just had a chat with the governor. They have no more capacity. California is outsourcing their inmates.

HELEN

He is right, honey. What else do we have?

CRAIG

(smiling)
Salsa!

Craig gives Wells his keys.

EXT. INTERVLOG OFFICE BUILDING -- MORNING

MILES and BETTY walk cautiously up to the Intervlog office building, holding GEAR. They survey the premises to make sure that no one is watching them. Miles makes various military-like hand gestures, and Betty tries to pretend that she knows what he means.

Betty keeps trying to talk, and Miles silences her. They walk to the side of the building, find a little private nook, and put down their gear. They remain ultra-cautious. The entire conversation is spoken in a WHISPER.

MILES

Okay, team strategy. We enter the building at 0745 hours and immediately proceed up the stairs to Intervlog's floor. You have the supplies?

BETTY

Yes.

MILES

Chloroform?

BETTY

Check.

MILES

Smoke bombs?

BETTY

Check.

Miles takes a bug and receiver out of his bag.

MILES

Good.
Now this is what we're working with. This round piece is the bug. This square piece is the receiver. Check it out.

He puts the receiver up to her ear.

MILES (CONT'D)

(into the bug)
Salsa, salsa, 1,2,3... salsa, salsa,
1,2,3.

BETTY

I don't hear anything.

He looks at the bug.

MILES
They're not on.

He turns them on.

MILES (CONT'D)
Salsa, salsa, 1,2,3... salsa, salsa,
1,2,3.

BETTY
Oooo, it works.

He looks at his watch.

MILES
At 7:45 everyday, the landlady walks
the dog.

BETTY
Always at exactly 7:45?

MILES
Yes, she's German. And she gets
back between 8 and 8:05, so we must
be swift and catlike.

He looks at his watch again.

MILES (CONT'D)
Wait for it...

MAGDA leaves the building and walks her dog down the sidewalk.

MILES (CONT'D)
Ha! See?

They wait until Magda is out of sight and then pick up their gear. They synchronize their watches and look around to make sure the coast is clear. Miles gives an idiotic hand gesture, and they run over to the front door and enter the building.

INT. INTERVLOG LOBBY -- CONTINUOUS

Miles and Betty run through the lobby and up the stairs.

INT. INTERVLOG HALLWAY -- MOMENTS LATER

Miles peaks carefully into the hallway on Intervlog's floor, gives Betty a hand gesture and runs to the Intervlog office door.

He puts down his bag, opens it, and takes out a lock picking kit. He unzips the kit to reveal a wide array of tools and begins to examine the lock, trying to match the tools to the lock.

He fidgets around for a short while before Betty walks over and just opens the door and enters the office.

MILES
Dammit, Betty.

He gets up, grabs his stuff, and enters the office.

INT. INTERVLOG OFFICE -- CONTINUOUS

Miles and Betty look around for a bit. Miles quickly finds Jack's desk and affixes the bug underneath it.

MILES
Okay, now turn it on... mission accomplished!

BETTY
But--

MILES
We gotta get out of here!
Disguises... quickly!

They put on disguises, walk out of the office, and close the door behind them.

INT. INTERVLOG HALLWAY -- MOMENTS LATER

As Miles and Betty walk down the stairs, Jack leaves the bathroom and enters the office.

INT. INTERVLOG OFFICE -- MOMENTS LATER

Jack hears voices. He picks up the phone.

JACK
Hello, Intervlog. Hello?

He turns around and sees the interns.

JACK (CONT'D)
Do you hear voices?

The nod their head yes. Jack puts down the phone.

EXT. INTERVLOG OFFICE BUILDING -- MOMENTS LATER

Still in disguise, Miles and Betty walk down the sidewalk.

BETTY
Um, Miles, why did--

MILES
Let me tell you why we did what we just did, Betty. The plan is simple. Your friend Emily told you that those Intervlog peons think they are going to get money from Saganaki for learning how to dance Salsa.

BETTY
I have a friend named Emily?

MILES
The blonde receptionist... the one you talked to in the bathroom. Anyway, what they don't know is that I practically invented Salsa. And while they try to learn, I will be forming my own company of all Salsa dancers. No training necessary, we are already there. I've already set up an appointment with Sumo Ventures on the same day as Intervlog's appointment! And now, we can listen to what they're up to every step of the way. Let's see what they're doing right now.

He takes the bug out of his pocket and looks closely at it.

MILES (CONT'D)
Wait, this is the bug. Where is the receiver?

CUT TO:

INT. INTERVLOG OFFICE -- CONTINUOUS

The Jack and the INTERNS hold the receiver and listen. They can SEE Miles and Betty through the office WINDOW. Their voices comes through the receiver.

MILES (O.S.)
Crap. I put the wrong piece under the desk.

A cab passes.

INT. TAXI CAB -- MORNING

GUS THE CABBIE
I got a tip for you. You know Sumo
Ventures...

INT. INTERVLOG OFFICE -- DAY

The employees of Intervlog sit in a conference room. GIGI and NICK are standing in front of everyone. The INTERNS are videotaping.

GIGI
The best way to learn how to dance
is to actually go through the motions.
Everybody stand up.

Everybody stands up.

NICK
We'll dance without music for now.

They step while they talk.

GIGI
Okay, here we go. 1, 2, 3... 4, 5,
6... 1, 2, 3--

NICK
Stop. I hate it when you do that.
You can't just count the steps.
They're beginners. You have to count
the musical beats. You're dancing
on 1, 2, 3... 5, 6, 7.

GIGI
But there's no music.

NICK
I know, but it's still easier for
them to keep track of beats than
steps at this point.

Gigi gives him her patented "annoyed Latina look".

NICK (CONT'D)
Fine, whatever. Go ahead.

GIGI
Everybody, step with me. 1, 2, 3...
4, 5, 6... 1, 2, 3... 4, 5, 6... 1,
2, 3... 4, 5, 6. And switch to
sideways. 1, 2, 3... 4, 5, 6... 1,
2, 3... 4, 5, 6...

Everyone tries their best to keep up, but they suck. Some are offbeat. Some aren't even doing the right step pattern.

Everyone continues stepping as they talk.

YUKI

This is really hard.

NICK

The trick to dancing Salsa is very simple. It's exactly like walking, but with a pause. Look, this is the step.

He demonstrates the step.

NICK (CONT'D)

See? It's just walking with a pause. The best way to practice is to walk around like this at home. Left, right, left... right, left, right... left, right, left--

GIGI

Are you done? Pretty good for a white boy, huh? Folks, do what he says, but do it to Salsa music. There is no Salsa dancing without Salsa music. Musica!

Nick hits a STEREO, and MUSIC starts playing. Everyone does the Salsa step as Gigi and Nick make sure they are keeping the right pace.

MONTAGE - SALSA STEPPING

INT. MONTAGE SUPERMARKET -- AFTERNOON

EMILY Salsa steps around a supermarket. She puts way too much hip into it. As she moves around the store, she looks for eligible guys and watches to see what they are buying.

INT. MONTAGE GYM -- CONTINUOUS

FLORENS Salsa steps in front of a large mirror at the gym as she does some light weight training. She does bicep curls or shoulder presses, timed with the stepping.

INT. MONTAGE CRAIG'S HOUSE -- CONTINUOUS

CRAIG Salsa steps through the kitchen, snacking. His wife watches him disapprovingly.

INT. MONTAGE SHOWER -- CONTINUOUS

ALEX Salsa steps while showering. He shampoos his hair and steps.

INT. MONTAGE AHMED'S APARTMENT BUILDING -- CONTINUOUS

AHMED Salsa steps up the stairs and down the hall to his apartment. His NEIGHBOR sees him dancing and calls the TIPS Hotline to report potential terrorist activity.

INT. AHMED'S APARTMENT -- LATER

Ahmed is still dancing around his apartment. A KNOCK is HEARD. He opens the door to find two FEMALE FBI AGENTS. They flash their badges.

FEMALE AGENT
FBI. We need to ask you some questions, Mr. El Ezabi.

AHMED
About what?

FEMALE AGENT
Have you ever been to Florida?

AHMED
Yes.

They start scribbling on their pads.

FEMALE AGENT
And what were you doing there?

AHMED
Nothing really. I was on vacation.
Laid out on the beach mostly.

They scribble.

FEMALE AGENT
Uh huh. What have you been doing for the past hour?

AHMED
I've been practicing dancing.

They scribble some more.

FEMALE AGENT
Why were you doing that?

AHMED
Because I'm taking lessons.

FEMALE AGENT
Uh huh... have you ever taken *flying*
lessons?

INT. MILES BENEDICT STUDIO -- EVENING

A studio full of Miles' Salsa students. A real motley crew. So tacky it's hard to look at them. They have just finished their lesson, so additionally, they are tired and sweaty.

Miles stands in front of them.

MILES
Good class, everybody. Now, I have a very important announcement. I am starting a Salsa company.

They cheer.

MILES (CONT'D)
Yes, yes. Thank you. I know. It had to happen eventually, and I'm finally doing it. Now, I want to ask all of you just one question. Would you like to be a part of that success?

They cheer.

MILES (CONT'D)
That's what I thought. Millie, how would you like to be my dancing CFO?

MILLIE
Of course I would! What's a CFO?

MILES
Chief Financial Officer, Millie.
It's like a bookkeeper on steroids.

MILLIE
Bookkeepers take steroids?

He hands her a badge that says CFO, which she proudly fastens to her shirt.

MILES
Here, just take this. Billy, how do you feel about being my COO?

BILLY
I feel fantastic, Miles!

Miles hands him a badge that says COO, and Billy fastens it to his shirt.

Miles tosses the appropriate badges to people as he assigns them positions. They all catch the badges and put them on very proudly. Each person is goofier than the next.

MILES
CIO... CTO... CPO... and CEO!

He puts an extra special CEO badge on his own shirt.

MILES (CONT'D)
Oh, I forgot. We also need a janitor.
Any volunteers?

No one raises a hand. He waits.

MILES (CONT'D)
Did I say janitor? I meant Chief
Cleaning Officer. Who wants to be
the CCO?

Various hands shoot up.

MILES (CONT'D)
Jasper, my man, lookin' good!

INT. INTERVLOG OFFICE -- MORNING

The employees of Intervlog stand around the office, chatting amongst themselves and practicing the Salsa step.

Craig, Emily, and Alex are standing together, and Emily watches the men practice. CRAIG is a bit clumsy and offbeat. ALEX shows off his skills. They step throughout their conversation.

EMILY
Whoa, Alex, you're really good!

ALEX
Ha, thanks!

Alex does a SHINE.

EMILY
What was that?!

Craig tries to imitate the shine. He fails. Alex laughs at him.

ALEX
What the hell was that?

CRAIG
I don't know. I was trying to do
your move.

ALEX
I think you should keep on practicing
the regular step before you try
anything fancy. And you know, Craig,
a creative man is motivated by the
desire to outdo himself, not by the
desire to outdo others.

Alex does another shine. Craig shakes his head.

EMILY
I can't believe how good you are.

ALEX
I try.

She smiles. Craig does not.

GIGI and NICK enter and watch everyone step for a bit. Alex
does a shine, and Gigi notices. She and Nick whisper a bit.
Gigi goes over to Alex.

GIGI
Where did you learn that?

ALEX
This?

He does another shine.

GIGI
Yeah.

ALEX
I've been practicing a lot at home.
And I took a few lessons on the side.

GIGI
Listen up everybody, come here. I
want you to see something.

They all go over to her.

GIGI (CONT'D)
Watch Alex.
(to Alex)
Do it again.

Bursting with pride, Alex does a very enthusiastic shine.

GIGI (CONT'D)

I want you all to take a good look. That is exactly what you should NOT be doing. Partner dancing is not about showing off. It is about connecting with your partner. Thank you, Alex. Nothing personal. I just wanted to remind everyone that as a group we might be able to achieve more, faster. Let's give him a hand.

They all clap. Craig's applause lasts a bit longer than everyone else's.

NICK

Partner dancing is inherently an act of cooperation and not individualism.

ALEX

If you must propound the liberal perspective of some foo-foo philosophy I must add that "I work for my rational self-interest, with the achievement of my own happiness as the highest moral purpose of my life."

FLORENS

That's so Republican.

CRAIG

Whoa, that's not a Republican thing. I'm a Republican, and I would never say something like that. That's just plain selfish.

ALEX

It's a virtue to be selfish.

GIGI

No, Alex. Altruism is the fundamental property of human nature.

NICK

That's all irrelevant to what we are doing here. We cooperate with others because we are selfish, not because of altruism.

GIGI

Do you always have to disagree with me.

JACK

I see what Nick is saying. cooperation is often an act of self-preservation. How can we expect to be able to dance together in 2 weeks if we just focus on our personal agendas?

ALEX

Anyone who fights for the future, lives in it today.

AHMED

Okay, Alex, I want my Ayn Rand books back.

EMILY

Ayn Rand? I thought he was quoting the president.

ALEX

No. Bush is--

Jack gags violently but does not vomit. He looks up at Alex, eyes fixated, glaring right at him.

A few beats.

GIGI

So, you guys wanna dance or what?

Everyone agrees to it. It's like they just remembered that that's why they are here.

GIGI (CONT'D)

Everybody grab a partner. Before we go dancing at the club tonight, let's brush up on our basic partner dancing.

They all partner up. Emily dances with Craig. Nick turns on the MUSIC.

GIGI (CONT'D)

What?! No, play my song.

NICK

My song.

GIGI

My song.

NICK

My song.

GIGI
Your song.

NICK
Your song.

GIGI
Accepted. Thank you.

Nick changes the CD, and Gigi's SONG begins.

GIGI (CONT'D)
Guys, step forward on your right.
Girls, step backward on your left.
Ready, and go.

They start dancing the basic step.

GIGI (CONT'D)
Now, basic turn. And a cross-body
lead.

They do a basic turn. Upon executing the cross-body lead,
Craig accidentally steps on Emily's foot. She yelps loudly.

CRAIG
Sorry.

NICK
Guys, make sure to keep your steps
small. Your feet should not be
traveling far. And girls, watch
your elbows.

GIGI
Everybody switch partners. Just
move down one person.

The men move down one, and Craig winds up with Yuki. Jack
winds up with Florens.

Everyone steps as Gigi instructs.

GIGI (CONT'D)
Start again. Good, now a basic turn.
And a cross-body lead.

Craig steps on Yuki's foot. She smiles and moans quietly.

CRAIG
Sorry.

NICK
Craig, I saw that. Be careful.
(MORE)

NICK (CONT'D)
(to Yuki)
Are you alright?

YUKI
It's okay, I'm fine.

GIGI
Another turn. Good. And another
one.

FLORENS
You really need to practice the basic
step.

JACK
I know, I'm sorry. I've been so
busy with all this other crap that
I've hardly had time to practice.
Plus, my back is killing me.

Craig steps on Yuki's foot again. She moans and can't help
but smile.

CRAIG
I am such a klutz. Sorry about your
foot.

YUKI
(smiling)
I like it.

ED RICH, the lawyer, walks in and watches everyone dance for
a few seconds.

ED
So this is what I've been hearing so
much about. The grapevine's been
buzzing.

JACK
Ed! I didn't know they let you leave
the office during the day. What are
you doing here?

ED
Could we step outside for a minute?

JACK
Sure. Sorry, guys. Continue without
me.

Jack and Ed step out into the hallway.

INT. INTERVLOG HALLWAY -- CONTINUOUS

JACK

What's up?

ED

I'm concerned.

JACK

About what?

ED

These Homeland Security guys are kind of stubborn. They might play hardball.

JACK

(sarcastically)

Really?

ED

Jack, this is serious.

(Pause.)

As you know, the PATRIOT Act contains some pretty ambiguous language. Are you aware of a new crime category called "domestic terrorism".

JACK

I've heard of that.

ED

But do you know what it means? According to this Act, a domestic terrorist is anyone who engages in actions dangerous to human life. Technically, by not giving up the records of your users you could be perceived as active opposition to the government, which they would label as dangerous actions.

Jack begins to object, but Ed cuts him off.

ED (CONT'D)

There's more. The law states that you only have to *appear* to intend to take dangerous actions. They could interpret this however they like and lock you up indefinitely.

JACK

So, are they threatening to arrest me?

FLORENS (O.S.)
Ow! Dammit, Craig!

CRAIG (O.S.)
Sorry.

ED
Jack, the wording is so vague that they could even arrest Mother Theresa as a terrorist.

JACK
Mother Theresa is dead.

ED
That's a minor detail. They could dig her up and throw her in a secret prison somewhere in Eastern Europe and waterboard her until she confessed.

JACK
So you got any good news for me Ed?

ED
I thought you'd never ask. I did a little math, and there are at least 200 million people that will be affected by illegal domestic spying. Even if the damages are only \$1000 per head, we're talking about a \$200 billion lawsuit. My partners were rather amused by that idea... so keep it up.

Jack smiles, very satisfied.

ED (CONT'D)
By the way, Valerie is throwing a dinner party in our house next week, and you and any guests are cordially invited. Your ex-fiancee might be there with her current fiance. So just behave yourself.

Ed leaves.

Jack contemplates the new information for a bit while looking out a window. We SEE shots of the NYC SKYLINE.

He finally re-enters the office.

INT. INTERVLOG OFFICE -- CONTINUOUS

Everyone has just finished dancing and is packing up to leave.

GIGI

Jack, you missed my whole lesson.
If you do that again, I'll have to
spank you.

JACK

For free? Because normally I have
to pay for that.

YUKI

(excited)
Really?

Yuki smacks his ass a few times.

YUKI (CONT'D)

Add that to my paycheck.

They all leave the office.

INT. INTERVLOG HALLWAY -- CONTINUOUS

The Intervloggers all exit via the elevator except for Jack
and Florens, who stand together. Florens is on her cell
phone.

FLORENS

(into phone)
No, dad, I can't see you tonight...
because I'm busy... I'm seeing my
friend, Bunbury... uh huh... okay,
bye.

JACK

Who was that?

FLORENS

My father.

JACK

That's the second time I've heard
that name. Who's Bunbury?

FLORENS

Whenever I am uncomfortable or I
want to get out of something, I say
that I am going to see Bunbury, my
imaginary sick and invalid friend.
Works every time.

JACK

Ha.

FLORENS

Anyway, we're all going to a Salsa club tonight. If you need to practice the steps, I can help you.

JACK

Thanks, but my back is a little tight. I'll take you up on that another time. See you tonight.

She leaves.

EXT. INTERVLOG OFFICE BUILDING -- MOMENTS LATER

MILES and BETTY hide across the street from the office building. Betty holds a bag of supplies, and Miles peers at the building through binoculars.

A car passes by.

Betty sighs.

BETTY

Miles, we've been waiting here for over an hour.

MILES

It's all part of the plan, Betty.

BETTY

We have a plan?

MILES

Oh yes. Jack stands between me and success. Something needs to be done. Something bold, something ingenious. I thought day and night about how to take him down. And then it came to me. Remember how I had you hide that hundred dollar bill in those bushes?

BETTY

Yes.

MILES

Well, before you hid it, I tied a long piece of invisible string to it. Do you still have the other end of the string?

She shows him her hand.

BETTY

I tied it to my finger to make sure
I wouldn't lose it!

MILES

Good. Now when Jack leaves the
building, you pull the string a little
bit, and the bill will come out of
the bushes and onto the sidewalk.
When Jack sees it and tries to pick
it up, you pull it away from him
slowly. He'll follow it as it moves.
When a car comes down the street,
we'll time the movement of the bill
with the car, and when Jack follows
the bill into the street, he'll get
hit by the car. And then, I win!

BETTY

But Jack isn't stupid. Will that
work?

MILES

Betty, please, I almost minored in
psychology. I know exactly how Jack
thinks. He needs the money, so the
hundred dollars will blind him to
the fact that he's walking into the
middle of the street. It's textbook.

A beat.

BETTY

But what if he gets hit by a car?

MILES

Were you not just listening to me?
That's the point.

Jack exits the office building.

NSA agents, through another pair of binoculars, watch Miles
watching Jack.

AGENT (O.S.)

Alpha, Omega, Charlie. Subject Jack
leaving the building. Strange. The
subject is being observed by another
subject. Don't worry... we're keeping
an eye on all subjects.

MILES
There he is!

Miles puts his hand around Betty's and pulls the hundred dollar bill out of the bushes.

A car moves down the street.

Jack advances towards the bill.

MILES (CONT'D)
Okay, you know what to do. I'm outta here.

BETTY
Wait, where are you going?

MILES
I can't be here. If something happens to Jack, I would be an accomplice.

BETTY
What about me?

MILES
Don't worry. Statistics show that in this country, good looking people never get convicted of murder. And you're lookin' good.

Betty is suspicious. Miles runs away.

The car continues down the street.

Jack comes to the hundred dollar bill. He stops and looks at it.

Jack bends down and picks up the bill with no problem. Betty stands with her arms crossed, indignant.

Jack jumps up and down and runs around, celebrating the find. He winds up in the street.

JACK
Yes! A hundred dollars! Finally, my luck is turning around!

Jack gets nailed by the car. Miles hears the crash and turns around to see what happened. He raises his arms victoriously.

The CABBIE gets out of the car, and it turns out to be the same guy that hit Jack before. He is shaking. A FEMALE PASSENGER sits in the car, shocked.

Jack is still on the hood and windshield.

JACK (CONT'D)
Sorry about your car.

COLLISION CABBIE
I can't believe this. You again.

Jack turns and sees the CABBIE.

JACK
Oh, hey! How've you been?

COLLISION CABBIE
Fine. Are you okay? Do you need help?

JACK
Let me see.

Jack gets off the hood and stretches out to see if everything works. He does a deep back stretch.

JACK (CONT'D)
Whoa! This is best my back has felt in years.

The CABBIE looks on in disbelief.

We SEE the scene through the NSA agent's binoculars.

AGENT (O.S.)
Alpha, Omega, Charlie. Subject was hit by a moving taxi but appears to be unharmed.

INT. TAXI CAB -- CONTINUOUS

GOSSIP CABBIE 1
Freakin' newbies... cabbie hit somebody. Oh, so what I was saying is my friend told me that Sumo Ventures--

CUT TO:

INT. SALSA CLUB -- NIGHT

A reasonably crowded club. Salsa MUSIC plays.

The Intervloggers, sans Jack, stand around the dance floor, stepping to the music. They look around at the other dancers.

Miles and his team are dancing, and Miles keeps an eye on the Intervloggers the whole time. His team is quite good.

ALEX
(to the guys)
Let's do this.

The guys move onto the dance floor. All of them are snubbed.

An undercover Homeland Security agent watches everyone like a hawk from the bar. He sips a scotch.

AGENT (O.S.)
Alpha, Omega, Charlie. Subjects are currently getting rejected. It's pretty brutal. Maintaining a visual.

BASE (O.S.)
(from Agent's ear
piece)
Roger.

Craig asks MILLIE to dance, and she declines. He walks over to a LESS GORGEOUS WOMAN and asks her to dance. She accepts, and they begin to dance.

At first, he is clumsy and awkward, but suddenly, he starts dancing like a pro. Millie watches him, and they make sexy eye contact. She walks over to Craig and cuts in.

MILLIE
I didn't know you could dance like that.

She grabs him, and they dance spectacularly. All the other clubbers look on in awe.

She playfully touches Craig's shoulder, and he touches hers in return. She touches his face, and he touches hers. She sensually rubs his chest. He rubs hers.

Back to reality. Craig is rubbing the breasts of the less gorgeous woman. SNAPSHOTS are HEARD.

She slaps him in the face.

LESS GORGEOUS WOMAN
Pig!

The other dancers point and laugh. Craig leaves the dance floor. Jack is waiting for him.

JACK
Way to make a first impression, Craig.

CRAIG
I need a drink.

Craig walks to the bar and stands next to Miles, who wears a smug grin.

MILES
What's the matter? Where's your
fearless leader, Jack?

Jack taps Miles.

JACK
Hey Miles.

Miles jumps off his seat in terror and faints.

MILES
(as he faints)
Lookin' good.

CRAIG
What did you do?

JACK
I must have approached him in a
threatening manner.

Jack and Craig drink Miles' shots.

CRAIG
Let's get out of here.

AGENT (O.S.)
Subjects are leaving.

EXT. CITY STREET -- MOMENTS LATER

A hand calls over a cab.

PASSENGER 3
Taxi!

INT. TAXI CAB -- CONTINUOUS

GOSSIP CABBIE 2
Hey guy, trust me. You want action?
Sumo Ventures.

EXT. NEW YORK CITY

MONTAGE - Dancing on the streets INTERCUT with rumor spreading

The Intervloggers dance through the streets of New York. At night, during the day. Multiple locations. Gigi and Nick bicker. Craig doesn't step on feet. At the end, a cab passes by them.

EXT. ED RICH'S HOUSE -- EVENING

Jack and Craig pull up to Ed Rich's elegant Long Island mansion. They park their old car next to a long line of luxury vehicles.

They knock and are let in.

INT. ED RICH'S HOUSE -- CONTINUOUS

A large group of foppishly dressed people are conversing politely and drinking martinis. Your typical wealthy, high-brow socialites.

When Jack and Craig enter, everyone becomes SILENT. All eyes are on them for a moment. They quickly resume conversation.

ED and VALERIE, his wife, greet them at the door.

ED
Guys, welcome.

CRAIG
Nice abode.

ED
Thank you. You've all met before,
yeah?

JACK
Valerie, you look beautiful?

They laugh.

VALERIE
Please Jack, no politics tonight.

JACK
Who, me? What are you talking about?

VALERIE
Please, Jack.

JACK
I'll do my best.

VALERIE
I'll take it.

She walks away.

ED

Listen, there's someone here named Albert Denton. He's a bit of an oddball, but he's loaded.

JACK

What kind of an oddball?

ED

You'll see. He made his fortune in oil. Now he does venture capital.

JACK

We'll be on our best behavior. Craig, keep your hands to yourself.

Jack and Craig enter the actual party. Jack sees Jackie and Max, her new boyfriend, who are standing while sipping drinks. He and Craig walk over to them.

JACKIE

Jack.

Jack feigns a big smile.

JACK

Jackie! Let's get this over with and move along. You look much more prosperous than the last time I saw you.

MAX

Thank you. It looks like she made a good choice.

JACK

Or maybe just a momentary lapse of reason, Max.

JACKIE

Good seeing you Jack.

He walks past them and into the body of the party, which is organized into clusters of people, each cluster having its own conversation. Craig continues talking to Jackie.

Jack walks to the first cluster he sees. Everyone from the cluster greets him by name. They resume conversation with Jack now part of their cluster.

Jack watches them speak as if he is watching a tennis match. Back and forth.

BARBARA

So does this missile shield actually work?

ROBERT

Like everything, it does and it doesn't.

TERRENCE

Robert, are you saying that you're building a system that costs billions of dollars, and you're not even sure that it works?

ROBERT

Does it matter, Terrence. It pays for my mortgage.

CHESTER

But you're outsourcing almost all of your labor.

ROBERT

Oh, you should be one to talk, Chester. The Department of Defense outsources torture. I just outsource my programming.

JACK

Is there good money in torture?

VALERIE RICH brings a MAN over to Jack's cluster.

VALERIE

Everyone, this is Albert Denton. He is a venture capitalist.

Jack's eyes light up.

ALBERT

And an author.

TERRENCE

Oooo, anything I've heard of?

ALBERT

Saving The Gays.

CHESTER

Wow. My son is reading that right now. It's part of his curriculum at the Bob Jones University.

ALBERT

Happy to hear. A fine institution,
Just saw Senator McClain there the
other day

BARBARA

I notice that this gay issue somehow
comes up right before the elections
every year. What inspired you to
write the book?

ALBERT

It's this gay marriage business.
They are trying to desecrate our
society and our moral values. If we
allow gays to marry, what's next?
Are we supposed to allow people to
marry their dogs, too?

The cluster laughs.

ROBERT

I heard that in India, people marry
trees.

JACK

Are the trees gay?

ALBERT

How would I know? I'm not a tree.

The cluster laughs.

JACK

And you're not gay.

ALBERT

No. I wrote a book about how we can
save gay people.

JACK

So you were gay?

ALBERT

No! I've always been straight.
Three kids.

The rest of the cluster laughs throughout the conversation.

JACK

Oh, so you save gay people from
straight people.

ALBERT
No. I save gay people from
themselves.

JACK
You just said that you save gay people
from yourself.

Albert hesitates a bit.

ALBERT
Are you implying that I am gay?

JACK
Not at all. I am saying that you
are straight. And you seem to have
a problem with that.

ALBERT
No, I don't have a problem with that
because I am not gay.

JACK
Bravo, Albert! You are a brave man.
I never had the guts to say that.

ALBERT
Say what?

JACK
I think we all should follow your
example and for no rhyme or reason,
profess how not gay we are

Valerie senses trouble and runs over to the cluster.

Craig raises his hand.

CRAIG
I'm not gay.

Jack waits, but no one else responds.

JACK
So I guess we are all gay.

VALERIE
Glad we got that out of the way.
Jack, what's this I hear about you
and your company learning how to
dance Salsa?

MAX
That's so gay.

JACK
Oh, you heard about that. Hold on a
minute.

Jack walks over to Ed's daughter, KATE, an adorable eight-year-old. He takes an mp3 player out of his jacket pocket.

JACK (CONT'D)
Do you know how to plug this into
the stereo?

KATE
Of course.

JACK
Great. You can play any of the songs.
They're all good.

He hands her the mp3 player, and she runs off.

A few moments later, SALSA MUSIC plays. Jack walks to the center of the room.

JACK (CONT'D)
Shall we dance?

Jack begins to Salsa step through the party. He steps past Jackie and over toward an ATTRACTIVE WOMAN, who smiles at him.

He dances directly past the attractive woman and grabs Craig. They dance together, with Jack leading and Craig following. JACKIE giggles. MAX is disgusted.

They dance around for a little while and eventually find their way over to ALBERT. Jack offers Craig to Albert, who stares angrily at him.

JACK (CONT'D)
No? Okay then.

From another corner of the room, an undercover Homeland Security agent watches the dancing.

AGENT
Subject is dancing with another man.

BASE (O.S.)
(from Agent's earpiece)
Roger.

They dance over to VALERIE. Craig begins to dance with her. Jack gets everyone to dance and then grabs food from the dining room and exits the party through the back door.

EXT. ED RICH'S BACKYARD -- MOMENTS LATER

Jack stands alone in the backyard. He looks around the yard, admiring his surroundings. He breathes deeply.

KATE enters the backyard with her own plate of food and walks up to him. They sit in silence for a few beats.

KATE
Uncle Jack, why are you eating out here by yourself?

JACK
Sometimes grown-ups like to be alone.

KATE
Kids too.

Jack smiles. They eat in silence for a bit.

KATE (CONT'D)
Are you going to punch Max tonight?

JACK
No. Your mom asked me not to.

KATE
Mom's lying. She wants you to punch Max. He's a pompous ass.

JACK
Whoa. Where did that come from?

KATE
Oh, please. He stole your girlfriend.

JACK
He did not steal my girlfriend. We broke up.

KATE
Oh yeah right. Come on... look at your car, and look at his.

She points toward Jack's 1980 Honda Civic and Max's brand new Lamborghini.

JACK
Look, Jackie left me, but that was *her* choice.

KATE
That's because you puked on her.

JACK
I did? Really.

KATE
And you puked on her grandma, and
her sister. You puked on her whole
family. How could you forget?

JACK
Why am I defending myself to an eight
year old?

KATE
I can clearly see I am making you
uncomfortable, so why don't we just
talk about punching Max.

Jack takes a moment to collect his thoughts.

JACK
Why do you want me to punch Max so
much?

KATE
Just because he gets no-bid contracts
from the Department of Defense, he
thinks he's better than everyone
else.

JACK
I know what you mean. He's always
ordering everybody around. I hate
it.

KATE
And did you hear about the cluster
bombs?

JACK
No, what are you talking about?

KATE
He makes cluster bombs, and did you
know that cluster bombs kill kids
like me?

JACK
Alright, I'll punch him!

The door opens, and out walks ED.

ED
There you are. I was worried you
two ran away together.
(MORE)

ED (CONT'D)
(to Kate)
Your mom needs you.

KATE
(pumps her fist)
Okay. Remember what I said, Uncle Jack.

She goes inside.

ED
What do you think of Albert?

JACK
He's insane. Where did you find that guy?

ED
I'm a lawyer, Jack. I have clients that make Albert look like Mr. Rogers.

JACK
Yeah. Well, thanks anyway, but I don't think it's good business to take his money.

ED
Don't you think you're being a bit unrealistic? We're talking about your livelihood here.

JACK
Look Ed, we've already lost our money, I'd rather not lose our principles. Besides did you see Craig and I on the dance floor tonight. We're getting good. I think Sumo will be impressed.

ED
If you say so. Oh, by the way, I'm pretty sure you're being watched and your phones are tapped for sure.

Jack nods. They go inside.

INT. ED RICH'S HOUSE -- MOMENTS LATER

Jack and Ed have re-entered the party. The guests are chatting away.

Albert leads a conversation with Max and a few other guests. Jack and Ed walk over to listen.

MAX
(to Albert)
That's a great point. I completely agree.

ALBERT
Thank you. But I think we can even take it one step further. If we arm the teachers *and* the janitors, we could prevent these school shootings from happening in the first place.

MAX
The liberals would be all over that. They'll say that the government is promoting violence.

ALBERT
That's nonsense. The Constitution of the United States protects our right to bear arms no matter what the hippies have to say about it. And I'll tell you another thing. They should look at musicians like Marilyn Manson before they try to blame gun violence on President Bush.

Jack begins to gag.

Jackie stands in the next cluster but hears Albert.

JACKIE
Oh no.

MAX
Exactly! Bush--

Jack vomits all over Max. Kate claps and laughs hysterically.

MAX (O.S.) (CONT'D)
He did it on purpose! I know it!

JACKIE (O.S.)
No, he didn't. He has a problem. I warned you not to say that name in front of him.

Kate glows with excitement.

INT. CELL PHONE STORE -- EVENING

AHMED walks around the store, looking at various cell phones. He finds one that he likes. The white clerk, HANK HAWKINS, looks on.

AHMED

I like this one. Can I please have
8 of these?

EXT. SALSA CLUB -- NIGHT

The employees of Intervlog meet up with Nick and Gigi outside the club. Everyone is dressed in whatever he/she individually perceives as club-wear.

NICK

I got free passes for everyone. Is
everybody here?

ALEX

Ahmed is missing.

JACK

He's not missing. I sent him to get
us new cell phones. He should be
here soon.

NICK

Let's go in. He'll meet us inside.

ALEX

Why did you get us all new cell
phones?

JACK

I'll tell you later.

They go inside.

INT. SALSA CLUB -- MOMENTS LATER

The club is packed. There is a dance floor at one end and a bar at the other end, which has a television. Salsa MUSIC plays.

The Intervlog clan makes its way to the bar. They order drinks and watch the people on the dance floor. From the corner, MILES and BETTY watch the group.

NICK

Finish your drinks, and then get out
there and dance.

CUT to the Intervloggers on the dance floor. The girls are picked up quickly. CRAIG asks a woman to dance and is snubbed 3 times in a row. JACK and ALEX get 2 girls to dance with them.

EMILY walks to the bar, where Miles starts talking to her.

An INTERN slides Betty's drink down the bar, farther from Miles. She goes to take a sip, notices that her drink has moved, and just moves down the bar and sips the drink again.

A slick Latin man cuts in and takes Alex's girl away from him. Alex walks over to the interns frustrated, and they shrug their shoulders.

Just outside the dance floor, EMILY and MILES are chatting.

MILES
So Gigi and Nick are teaching you
guys now instead of me?

The INTERNS hear this, and one of them immediately finds NICK. He hands Nick a drink coupon, and Nick goes to bar, right behind Miles.

The intern squeezes Miles' ass, and then disappears. Miles turns around and sees Nick standing there.

MILES (CONT'D)
Very funny, Nick.

NICK
What?

MILES
Oh, don't act like you don't know
what I'm talking about.

NICK
Miles, you're crazy.

MILES
This is so typical of you. First,
you steal my clients. Then, you
mess with me.

One intern hands Alex a drink coupon and directs him to where Betty is sitting at the bar.

The other intern gives GIGI a drink coupon. Gigi goes to the bar and sees Nick and Miles having words. The altercation appears to be escalating.

GIGI
Miles, why do you always pick on
people who are smaller than you? I
should kick your ass.

MILES
Oh yeah?

Miles laughs. Gigi kicks him in the shin with her pointed-toe shoes. He grabs his shin and jumps up and down in pain.

Yuki approaches a lonely looking Craig, who is on the perimeter of the dance floor, having recently finished dancing with someone.

Jack is still dancing with the woman he started with. Alex and Betty are chatting away at the bar. They see Miles hopping around.

ALEX
What kind of dancing is that?

BETTY
I think he's playing hopscotch.

CUT to Craig and Yuki on the dance floor.

YUKI
You want to step on my feet again?

CRAIG
You're making fun of me.

She smiles. Craig and Yuki start dancing.

YUKI
Step on my foot.

CRAIG
No.

YUKI
Please.

He steps on her foot.

YUKI (CONT'D)
Harder.

He steps on her foot a little harder.

YUKI (CONT'D)
Harder! Like the time you did it during the lesson.

He stomps on her foot. She moans in his ear.

YUKI (CONT'D)
Thank you. It's just like the first time.

The interns get Jack's attention and urgently point at the television screen at the bar. Jack excuses himself, leaves the dance floor, and walks over to the TV.

There is a news segment on the TV.

KAREN RYAN

And now, we'll go to Judy Franks,
who is at the scene.

The news segment is titled "Phones of Mass Destruction".

JUDY

Thanks, Karen. I am standing outside
of Call-Mart, where a frightening
terrorist scare occurred just an
hour ago. Suspected Al-Qaeda
mastermind, Ahmed El Ezabi, attempted
to make a threatening purchase...

Ahmed's mug shot is shown on the screen. Jack immediately
borrows a phone and dials Ed on his cell phone.

JACK

(into cell phone)
Ed, I need you to take care of
something. Turn on the news right
now.
(Pause.)
I'll wait for your call.

He hangs up. Back to the segment.

JUDY

...but due to the vigilance and
patriotism of the store's employees,
tragedy was averted and the alleged
terrorist, who authorities believe
had plans to destroy the Metropolitan
Building, is now in police custody.

CUT to interview with Terror Expert Anthony Manelli.

ANTHONY MANELLI

We found a card with the Metropolitan
Building's address in Ahmed's
possession. It is a documented fact
that the phones that he attempted to
purchase can be used as detonation
devices, so naturally, we became
suspicious.

Back to Judy.

JUDY

Here with a firsthand account of tonight's events is Hank Hawkins, the cashier who saved the day.

CUT to Hank Hawkins on the camera and Judy behind the camera. Typical at-the-scene news interview.

JUDY (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Can you describe what happened?

HANK HAWKINS

I was standing behind the counter when an Arab came to the check-out and tried to buy eight cell phones.

JUDY (O.S.)

Did you say eight cell phones?

HANK HAWKINS

Yes, eight. Eight cell phones. Obviously, I found that pretty suspicious. I'm not ignorant, I knew that they could be used as phones of mass destruction. So I called the police.

JUDY (O.S.)

It takes a lot of guts to do the right thing when you're face to face with such danger. Would you consider yourself a hero?

HANK HAWKINS

Oh, no ma'am. I didn't do anything that any other red-blooded patriot wouldn't do. I was just looking out for my fellow employees and my fellow Americans.

Jack takes a shot.

JACK

(to Bartender)

What an asshole. You know that saying... patriotism is the last refuge of an asshole.

FLORENS

It's *scoundrel*, Jack, not asshole. Samuel Johnson is rolling over in his grave.

JACK
Two more tequilas, please.

FLORENS
That's enough Jack.

JACK
Oh, come on. Have you ever met Ahmed.
What do we have here. Japanese
internment camps again? Are there
any Japanese in here?

Yuki turns around.

JACK (CONT'D)
Watch your back.

FLORENS
You need to calm down

JACK
I'll drink to that. To McCarthyism
and blacklists.

Jack and Florens pick up their shot glasses.

GUY AT END OF BAR
Oh, shut up, this isn't McCarthyism

JACK
You're right.
(pause, then like a
revelation)
This is fascism, this is 1939. This
is Nazi Germany and no one is speaking
up. To Dr. Goebbels and Hitler "Back
to the Future".

They cheer and then clink and drink.

Craig and Yuki watch Jack and Florens as they cheer. They
both have drinks. In the background, Alex and Betty play
Patty-Cake while they drink.

CRAIG
Well, they all seem to be having a
good time.

YUKI
Don't change the subject. Why won't
you step on my feet anymore? I like
it.

CRAIG
Because I don't like doing it.

YUKI
But you're so good at it.

CRAIG
It doesn't feel right.

YUKI
It feels great.

Pause.

CRAIG
I'm married.

YUKI
So? Have you ever stepped on your
wife's foot?

CRAIG
No.

YUKI
See, it's totally unrelated to
marriage. Come on... just one time.

Craig steps on her foot. She yells/moans.

Gigi and Nick are dancing. Alex and Betty are still playing
Patty-Cake.

GIGI
We have to do something about Craig.
Even when he's not dancing, he steps
on people's feet.

CUT back to the Karen Ryan.

KAREN RYAN
Sorry Judy, but we have to interrupt
this interview for an update on
tonight's events. We've just received
word that the District Attorney has
dropped all charges against Ahmed El
Ezabi and he has been released due
to a complete absence of supporting
evidence. Mr. El Ezabi's attorney,
Edward Rich, is about to make a
statement outside of police
headquarters.

CUT to Ed outside police headquarters.

ED

I have only one thing to say. My client is guilty.

Everyone at the bar, shocked, looks at the TV.

ED (CONT'D)

He's guilty of breaking an unwritten law -- Shopping While Arab.

REPORTER AHMED

Mr. Rich, can you explain why Ahmed had a card with the Metropolitan Building's address on it?

ED

Because he lives there.

REPORTER AHMED

When our producers offered your client a polygraph test, you refused it. Care to explain your actions?

ED

Take one yourself, you--

We hear BLEEPs. The network cuts him off.

CUT back to Jack and Florens at the bar.

JACK

To racial profiling. To naked human pyramids, and Abu Ghraib. To two-bit network ratings whores!

They cheer and then clink and drink. Jack calls the bartender over, who is now talking to Emily.

Back to the segment.

KAREN RYAN

The United States Attorney General defended the cashier's actions.

ATTORNEY GENERAL

I don't know how many of you have ever gone to a store and purchased eight cell phones at a time. I would consider that somewhat unusual, and I think it would be perfectly legitimate to say, "Hey, is there something going on here?"

KAREN RYAN

The Department of Homeland Security
has raised the terror level to red
and reminds all American citizens
that we are still at extremely high
risk for attack.

Jack shakes his head. He calls over the bartender. Gigi
and Nick Salsa dance in the background.

BARTENDER

This one's on me.

He pours four shots. Jack, Florens, Emily, and the Bartender
all raise their glasses.

JACK

Color coded scare tactics!

They cheer and then clink and drink.

Nick and Gigi dance.

Jack and Florens are dancing together while they talk.

FLORENS

So why did you break up with Jackie?

JACK

I didn't. She broke up with me.

FLORENS

Well, why did she break up with you?

Jack thinks for a few moments.

JACK

I guess it all started in 2000.
Election Day. Gore had basically
won, so a bunch of us were celebrating
over a bottle of vodka. but after
a few hours, I started to get sick.
I was in the bathroom, hovering over
the toilet on the verge of vomiting,
when we heard that something happened
with the ballots and that character
had actually won the election. The
last thing I saw before I started
puking my guts out was his big stupid
face on the TV with his name
underneath it, and him saying that
he had won fair and square. Ever
since, I can't see his face or hear
his name without getting sick.

FLORENS

Okay. But that doesn't explain why she broke up with you.

JACK

I'm getting there. I had decent control over the problem for a while, but after 9/11, everything got so much worse. People were running scared of terrorists; His face was everywhere; there was no escape. So obviously, the frequency of my throwing up increased dramatically. And there was no controlling myself. I've thrown up on Jackie's grandmother, her 6-year-old niece, and pretty much everyone else in her family, at least once. I've thrown up on Thanksgiving, New Years, her birthday, our anniversary. I've thrown up in cars, planes, trains, and at one art gallery opening. Her favorite artist. I've ruined tablecloths, paintings. And anything made of suede, forget about it.

Florens laughs.

JACK (CONT'D)

She and her family tried to get me to go to therapy. I kept telling them that I don't need therapy; I need a regime change. They don't get it. It's not me; it's Bush.

DANCE MOVE.

FLORENS

You just said Bush.

Jack stops dancing.

JACK

I did. I said Bush.

He gags.

FLORENS

Keep dancing!

They start dancing again. Jack stops gagging.

JACK

Weird. Ha. I guess until we boot him from office, I need to keep dancing.

Nick and Gigi, Craig and Yuki, Jack and Florens, and Alex and Betty dance in pairs. They are in their own world on the dance floor.

INT. INTERVLOG OFFICE -- MORNING

A hung over Intervlog staff works slowly.

The INTERNS walk around dropping off packets of Korean hangover medicine on everyone's desk.

Craig is going through paperwork.

CRAIG

Hey Jack. Everybody's card is almost maxed out.

FLORENS

Well, at least we won't have much trouble with the IRS. Wait, when is the deadline for sending them our paperwork for the audit?

She looks through some papers on her desk.

FLORENS (CONT'D)

Craig! The deadline is today!

CRAIG

Oooooooh. Dammit, I left all the papers at home.

ALEX

Craig, isn't it the accountant's responsibility to keep track of the papers?

CRAIG

Yes, Alex. And thank you for the insightful commentary.

ALEX

Hey, I was just saying.

CRAIG

Sure. Alright, I'll go home and get them. I'll be back as soon as I can.

Craig grabs his coat and his keys and bolts out the door.

EXT. CRAIG'S HOUSE -- A BIT LATER

Craig pulls up to his house to find Wells Bennett's Volvo in his spot. He parks on the street and walks to his front door.

CRAIG
Man, that guy really needs to learn
where to park.

He opens the front door.

INT. CRAIG'S HOUSE -- CONTINUOUS

WELLS BENNETT and HELEN stand just inside the front door, making out.

They stop immediately when Craig enters.

CRAIG
What the hell is going on?!

Helen tries to respond, but Wells cuts her off.

WELLS
Well, Craig, why don't you tell us?

CRAIG
I'm not talking to you. Helen, what
is this man doing in my house?
(to Wells)
Get the fuck out.

HELEN
It's my house too.

CRAIG
What's he doing here?

WELLS
Let me answer that.

He takes a few pictures off a table.

WELLS (CONT'D)
I think the better question is, what
are you doing *here*?

The pictures are shots of Craig touching the overweight dancer's breasts.

HELEN
(on the verge of tears)
Our country is at war, and this is
what you are doing?!

CRAIG
Where did you get these?

WELLS
In times of war, we must be vigilant.

CRAIG
What does the war have to do with
any of this?

WELLS
Did you know that North Korea has
nuclear weapons?

CRAIG
What the hell are you talking about?!
That has nothing to do with you and
my wife having an affair.

WELLS
Affair? Now, that's not true. You
can't prove that.

CRAIG
I don't need to. I saw it with my
own eyes.

WELLS
You are not wearing your glasses,
Craig. You must not have seen
correctly.

CRAIG
You friggin' liar. You coward...

WELLS
You know, Craig, I thought we saw
eye to eye. Man to man. Republican
to Republican. We are under a Red
terror alert. You need to ask
yourself an important question...
what would a real patriot do under
these circumstances?

Pause. Craig punches Wells in the face. Wells topples to
the floor.

HELEN
You killed him.

Craig steps on Wells' fingers, and Wells shrieks. Helen kneels beside him.

CRAIG
Were you just playing dead?

HELEN
Oh Wells, are you okay? Craig, how could you do this?

CRAIG
How could you do what you did?

Wells scrambles to his feet and makes a break for the door.

WELLS
Well, I'd love to continue this conversation, but I've got an important meeting. Uh, listen Craig, I hope this doesn't affect your vote.

Wells runs out the door to his car.

HELEN
I want a divorce.

Craig is speechless. Awkward moment.

EXT. CRAIG'S HOUSE -- CONTINUOUS

Craig opens trunk of car and tosses duffel bag and stack of papers in it. Slams trunk closed. He peels the Republican Party bumper sticker off his car, gets in, and drives away.

INT. INTERVLOG OFFICE -- A BIT LATER

Craig enters the office with a purpose. He walks quickly and assertively.

He drops his duffel bag on the couch, drops the papers off at Florens' desk and then walks over to Yuki's desk. He steps on her foot aggressively. She moans excitedly. He walks to his desk, sits down, and takes a deep breath.

GIGI
He's hopeless.

Betty enters the office holding a basket of muffins. She puts them down on a desk. Everyone is flabbergasted.

ALEX
Hey! Come in!

Alex and Betty embrace. Jack and Craig look at each other, confused.

CRAIG
What is she doing here?

ALEX
She's my new dance partner. I got
tired of dancing with Nick.
(to Nick)
No offense.

NICK
Is it because I'm getting fat?

GIGI
Isn't she with Miles?

BETTY
(all smiles)
Not anymore!

Betty gives Alex a huge hug.

JACK
Alex, I need a word.

Jack gestures toward the hallway.

ALEX
Anything you have to say to me, you
can say in front of everyone.

JACK
She and Miles have been spying on
us.

ALEX
Oh, come on. Why on Earth would
they spy on us?

JACK
Because they are going for the Sumo
money too. They're our competition.

ALEX
You're being paranoid.

JACK
They tried to plant a bug in our
office.

ALEX
That's a ludicrous accusation! Betty,
did you put a bug in our office?

BETTY
No.

ALEX
See?

BETTY
We put the receiver under the desk
by mistake.

MUMBLES from everyone.

BETTY (CONT'D)
And Miles tried to have me kill Jack
too.

FLORENS
What?

ALEX
You're making this up.

BETTY
Nuh uh. Miles tied a string to a
hundred dollar bill to lure Jack
into the street so he'd get hit by a
car. But I wouldn't do it. Then,
Jack found the hundred dollars. He
got so excited he jumped into the
street and got hit by a cab. Remember
that, Jack?!

Jack cuts her off.

JACK
(quickly)
Okay Betty, that's enough, thank
you. You can stay.

Betty smiles huge and looks at Alex. Alex does an effeminate
celebratory gesture.

Jack stands in the center of the office. Throughout his
motivational speech, the staff watches Jack with awe and
admiration.

JACK (CONT'D)
This is it, everybody. The site is
ready. Our interns have already
uploaded some videos.

We SEE the interns' videos. There is a video that appears from an angle suggesting that the interns have wired cameras all over the place.

JACK (CONT'D)
What the hell?

Jack looks around and sees some small cameras suspended around the office.

JACK (CONT'D)
These guys have cameras everywhere!
(beat)
Look, we have all worked together to build this. Tomorrow, we will get a chance to raise the money we need, so we can market our website and make it a brilliant success. People don't know who we are... but they will. Before we get back to work, are there any questions?

Craig raises his hand.

JACK (CONT'D)
Craig.

CRAIG
Can I take the day off? I'll be back a little later. I need a few hours off. It's personal.

JACK
Sure, I guess.

ALEX
Can I take off also? It's personal too.

Jack walks over to Yuki.

JACK
Let me guess... you want to take off too?

YUKI
Can I?

JACK
Yeah, why not.

Craig and Yuki take off while Jack speaks.

JACK (CONT'D)

You know what? Tommorrow's the big day. We've got the meeting, the dinner party and then we launch, so anyone who wants to take off to relax, just do it. I do need someone though to stay and help me prepare the presentation?

From the hallway, we HEAR Yuki scream.

FLORENS

I'll stay

Interns are standing behind Florens.

JACK

Great, if nothing else, let's do it for the Gipper guys!

The others get their things together and prepare to leave for the day. Betty can't keep her hands off Alex.

They all take a phone from the box.

AHMED

I'll see you guys tommorrow?

JACK

Okay.

EMILY

Me too.

JACK

Have a ball.

They all leave. Only Jack, Florens, and the Interns remain.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. INTERVLOG OFFICE -- EVENING

Jack and Florens dance in the middle of the office. The INTERNS videotape the dancing. Craig is sleeping on the couch.

JACKIE enters. Craig's eyes open. Jack sees her and stops dancing. He walks over to her.

Florens steps back, dejected.

JACK

What are you doing here?

JACKIE

(coyly)

I wanted to talk to you about something important. Can we talk in private?

JACK

Wait a second, I want to show you something. Check this out.

He starts dancing with Florens again.

JACK (CONT'D)

George Bush is the worst President in the history of the United States. George Bush stole the elections. George Bush thinks he can scare everyone into keeping their mouths shut. Pretty Hot, huh?

JACKIE

That's incredible Jack. I never thought I'd see the day.

JACK

Florens, i'll be right back.

Jack and Jackie walk to private area of office.

JACKIE

I've recently realized that I still have feelings for you. I'm not sure I made the right decision.

JACK

What, Max has run out of money?

JACKIE

It was never about money. I'm so proud of you Jack. I never thought I'd see the day when you'd get over your puking problem. How did you do it?

JACK

As long as I'm dancing I don't throw up.

Jack takes Jackie's hand and starts dancing

JACKIE

I felt so tragic. I thought we'd never overcome this problem.

(MORE)

JACKIE (CONT'D)
I was so frustrated. Can you imagine
our relationship ended because I
could never say George Bush...

Jack vomits all over Jackie. Jackie shrieks

JACKIE (CONT'D)
Oooh, you did it again. I smell
like mangoes.

JACK
Oh, I'm sorry. I don't know how
this happened. Wait here, let me
get some napkins.

Jack walks back to main office

Jack notices that Florens is gone.

JACK (CONT'D)
Where did Florens go?

CRAIG
She said something about going to
visit the guy who got bit by the
shark in Arizona, uh, Bunberry.

Jack realizes what has happened.

JACK
Craig can you get Jackie some napkins.
I gotta go.

Jack runs out of the office frantically.

EXT. INTERVLOG OFFICE BUILDING -- MOMENTS LATER

Jack runs out of the building and looks around to see if he
can find Florens.

He spots her at a distance down the street and runs towards
her. Suddenly, he gets hit by a cab as he crosses the street.

Florens hears the accident and turns around.

Jack gets off the hood of the car and stretches out.

JACK
Hey! My back is healed!

The CABBIE gets out of the car, and yet again, it is the
same person as before. He is absolutely distraught.

COLLISION CABBIE

You again! I can't take this anymore!

JACK

Thanks, man. You are better than my
chiropractor!

He runs away from scene towards Florens.

The CABBIE has a mental breakdown right in the street. The PASSENGER, a pregnant woman, gets out of the cab to comfort him.

COLLISION CABBIE

(sobbing)

It's like God is playing this big
joke on me. All my life, I've been
such a careful driver. I've never
even gotten a speeding ticket. This
is Armageddon. The same guy three
times in one month. The world is
coming to an end. What's happening
to me? Oh God.

The PARAMEDICS arrive, and Jackie directs them to the accident. They survey the scene. They see a healthy, exuberant Jack and a sobbing CABBIE.

They walk over to the CABBIE and begin examining him. They put him on a stretcher and wheel him to the ambulance.

PREGNANT PASSENGER

(freaking out)

Wait! You have the wrong guy! He
was driving. The person who was hit
was okay, and he left.

We see this from the inside of an approaching cop car. Two COPS see the commotion and walk over.

PARAMEDIC

Ma'am, I'm going to have to ask you
to calm down.

PREGNANT PASSENGER

No, you don't understand. He doesn't
need to be on a stretcher. He's
just upset because this is the third
time he's hit someone this month.
Please, bring him back!

TASER COP

What's going on here?

PREGNANT PASSENGER
Officer, they took the wrong person
in the ambulance. You have to get
him out of there! They have the
wrong person!

TASER COP
Ma'am, please step back.

PREGNANT PASSENGER
No! What the fuck is wrong with you
people? Are you that incompetent?!
You have no idea--

The cop tasers her.

Jack and Florens stand facing each other on the sidewalk.

FLORENS
Are you okay?

JACK
Yeah, never better.

FLORENS
Jack, you just got hit by a car.

JACK
I'm used to it.

FLORENS
Do you want me to take you to the
hospital?

JACK
Don't be silly.

He takes out his cell phone and presses a button. SALSA
MUSIC plays from the phone.

JACK (CONT'D)
Dance with me!

FLORENS
(smiling)
What are you doing? This is crazy!

JACK
(as they dance)
George Bush is a War Monger.

FLORENS
What are you doing?

JACK
George Bush is a liar! A big fat
liar!

He turns Florens.

JACK (CONT'D)
George Bush is fucking the human
race!

FLORENS
What has gotten into you Jack?

JACK
When I dance with you...
(in background we see
pregnant woman getting
tasered. Sparks fly)
it feels like there's electricity in
the air. I've never felt like this
with anyone. I'm just so... not
queasy.

AGENT (O.S.)
Subject has recovered from the
accident and appears to be engaging
in suspicious activity with a female
accomplice behind a tree.

BASE (O.S.)
What is he doing?

AGENT (O.S.)
He appears to be threatening the
President of the United States.

Jack and Florens dance in the distance.

The CABBIE is strapped to a stretcher. The COP is still
tasering the PASSENGER. She bounces around.

FULL SHOT NEWS SEGMENT -- MORNING

KAREN RYAN interviews the COP and the CABBIE on a split
screen.

TASER COP
The woman was acting very suspicious.
She was shouting violently and
behaving like a terrorist. When we
saw the hump on her stomach, we
assumed she had a bomb strapped to
her body.

(MORE)

TASER COP (CONT'D)

So we took appropriate measures to ensure the safety of those in the area.

COLLISION CABBIE

You fucking idiot! You've never seen a pregnant woman before?

KAREN RYAN

Sir, please watch your language. At what point Lieutenant did you realize that the alleged terrorist posed a threat?

COLLISION CABBIE

Threat? She's in a coma you...bleep, bleep, bleep...

INT. SUMO VENTURES LOBBY -- CONTINUOUS

The television showing the news segment was in the lobby of the building that hosts the Sumo meetings.

The lobby is littered with Salsa dancers. They are all warming up. Some jog in place, some stretch out, some do jumping jacks, etc..

JACK

Whoa, looks like we have a lot of competition. How did the word get out so fast? Wasn't this classified?

The Intervloggers warm up.

MILES and his team enter and walk confidently past the Intervloggers. Miles stares Jack down. He sees Betty with Alex and shakes his head.

Team Miles disappears around a corner of the building. The INTERNS follow them. They find them practicing to their MUSIC, "Montuno Street". They SEE the CD cover.

The interns return to the Intervloggers and get to work on their laptops. They download "Montuno Street" and make several CD's of it with labels that read "Official Salsa Music".

They hand out copies of the CD to every other team, including Team Miles. Miles immediately pops the CD into his CD player, and the song comes on.

MILES

Hey! Is it our lucky day or what?
This is the song we were going to
use anyway!

KEIKO comes out and addresses the crowd.

KEIKO

Excuse me, ladies and gentlemen.
Due to an overwhelming amount of
appointments today and limited amount
of time, our schedule has shifted a
bit. We will call you in, so please
be ready when your name is called.

INT. SUMO VENTURES MEETING ROOM -- MOMENTS LATER

Three well-dressed Japanese businesspeople representing
Sumo, two men and Keiko, sit behind a desk. They periodically
take notes.

Various companies stand in front of the Sumo representatives,
making presentations. They dance when appropriate.

COMPANY "TERROR ALERT"

We have designed unique patent-pending
software that generates terror alerts
depending on how you want to change
a given politician's approval rating.
The Republican Party has been beta
testing our software very successfully
for the past six years.

COMPANY "Powdered Water" Salsa dances into the room and all
around before speaking.

COMPANY "POWDERED WATER"

Imagine... you're on a flight from
New York to Los Angeles, and because
of the terrorists, you have no water.
You're extremely thirsty. Not
anymore.

They pull out a pouch.

COMPANY "POWDERED WATER" (CONT'D)

Powdered water. This can be marketed
in airports all over the country.
Here, try it.

They hand the pouch of powdered water to one of the men.

The Sumo man tries the powdered water and gags. He coughs
and a burst of powder sprays from his mouth.

As COMPANY "DRM" enters, the Sumo man is still scraping bits of powdered water off of his tongue.

COMPANY "DRM"
Digital rights management. In other words, copy protection. Now I know what you're thinking. copy protection doesn't really work! Well, neither does ours.

He pulls out a sheet with a logo on it.

COMPANY "DRM" (CONT'D)
But check out this logo. Come on... just look at it. Heh... heh...

The Sumo representatives look at each other in disbelief.

COMPANY "Unburnable Flag" stands in front of the Sumo representatives. The person speaks in a Southern accent.

COMPANY "UNBURNABLE FLAG"
We've invented something that should have been invented a long time ago. It could have stopped flag burning from becoming an issue. The solution is not legislation. The solution is... unburnable flags!

He takes out a Confederate flag.

The Sumo representatives react.

COMPANY "Pocket Parachute" stands in front of the Sumo representatives.

COMPANY "POCKET PARACHUTE"
Tragedy could be avoided everyday if everyone were prepared with a...

He presents a wallet.

COMPANY "POCKET PARACHUTE" (CONT'D)
Pocket parachute! Think about how many buildings are in this country. Now think about how many planes are in this country. You do the math.

He makes a stupid gesture.

The Sumo representatives react. They speak in Japanese.

MAKOTO

Keiko, what is wrong with America?
Everything is terror and Salsa.
It's like a broken record, the same
thing over and over again. It's so
boring.

KEIKO

This is more strenuous than I thought
it would be. I need to go to the
bathroom.

Keiko and Mikiko leave the room.

INT. SUMO VENTURES BATHROOM -- MOMENTS LATER

From above we see Yuki sitting in stall on toilet.

Keiko and Mikiko enter bathroom, talking.

They converse in Japanese. We do not know what they are
saying. Yuki listens intently.

KEIKO

This is ridiculous. Why are they all
dancing Salsa?

MIKIKO

And have you noticed that none of
them are talking about their sales
abilities?

KEIKO

Not one of them has even mentioned
any sales figures or talked about
their internet profile.

MIKIKO

Could you believe that guy Ted
Stevens. What he said?

KEIKO

What did he say?

MIKIKO

He said that the internet was not a
big truck, but a series of tubes.

KEIKO

I've never felt so violent in my
life. The next person who comes
into that room and dances Salsa- I
might kill him.

MIKIKO
Relax Keiko, the day's almost over.

INT. SUMO VENTURES LOBBY -- MOMENTS LATER

Yuki runs frantically back to the rest of the Intervloggers.
She speaks quietly to Jack.

YUKI
I was in the bathroom, and I overheard
two of the Sumo representatives.
They sounded very irritated. They
said everyone has been dancing Salsa
for them, and they have no idea what's
going on. They're looking for a
company where everyone does *sales*,
not Salsa.

JACK
Are you sure?

YUKI
Yes. Positive.

Jack thinks for a few moments.

JACK
Everyone, follow me.

The Vloginators follow Jack outside.

EXT. SUMO VENTURES BUILDING -- MOMENTS LATER

Jack leads them to a grassy area in front of the building
where they are a bit more isolated than before.

JACK
There's been a slight change of plan.
Yuki just informed me that she
overheard a conversation between two
of the Sumo representatives when she
was in the bathroom. As it turns
out, they were never looking for a
company where everyone does Salsa.
They were looking for a company where
everyone does sales.

CRAIG
(friendly)
You're joking.

JACK
Wish I were.

CRAIG
American Intelligence fucks up again.
First, no WMDs. Now, no Salsa.

Alex gets angrier as the conversation progresses.

EMILY
What are we going to do?

ALEX
I just turned down a better job offer
for this, and you blame it on the
American Intelligence?!

JACK
Alex, chill out.

AHMED
And we had the whole celebration
dinner planned for tonight. All
that food!

JACK
There is still going to be a
celebration dinner.

ALEX
Oh yeah, Jack? What are we
celebrating? Bad Intelligence?

FLORENS
Relax.

ALEX
No! I don't want to relax. I told
you we shouldn't have done this
ridiculous Salsa thing from the very
beginning. I told you! I made a
very convincing case, and even despite
how fucking insane the idea was, you
all voted for it anyway. Now look
where we are.

Jack cuts him off.

JACK
Alex, shut up. People can hear you.
And you know we're being watched.

ALEX
I don't give a shit! We all used
our own credit cards to keep this
company running.

(MORE)

ALEX (CONT'D)

What am I supposed to do now? You
fucked us. You fucked us all.

Alex storms off. Jack hesitates. Everyone looks at him.
There's a short silence.

JACK

If you have faith as small as a
mustard seed, you can say to the
mountain, 'Move from here to there'
and it will move. I'm going to take
care of this. Go to the office and
prepare to celebrate... Florens,
find Alex.

EXT. CITY STREET ANGRY ALEX -- MOMENTS LATER

Two agents, Sarver and Williams watch him closely from nearby.
They approach Alex. Alex stops in his tracks.

FRANK SARVER

Excuse me, Mr. Burns. Remember us?

ALEX

Homeland Security.

FRANK SARVER

Yes, we heard you were looking for a
job.

INT. SUMO VENTURES MEETING ROOM -- MOMENTS LATER

MILES

From across the dance floor, you
spot a beautiful woman. She's happy,
she's radiant and she's successful.
When you approach her, it is crucial
that you do it in a NON-THREATENING
way.

Miles approaches Mikiko.

MILES (CONT'D)

Lookin' good.

INT. SUMO VENTURES HALLWAY -- MOMENTS LATER

We hear expletives from the Japanese executives being hurled
at Team Miles as they run out of office. Objects and liquids
are thrown out the door at them. The last one is the boom
box. They have clearly been the victims of some form of
attack. They run towards Jack in lobby.

INT. SUMO VENTURES LOBBY -- CONTINUOUS

Miles makes eye contact with Jack. Jack laughs.

MILES
You think this is funny?

JACK
Yeah.

MILES
Well, it's not. They ruined my
favorite pants. God damn Japs.

JAPPY GIRL
Who are you? You are like fully
anti-Semitic.

MILES
Sue me.

JAPPY GIRL
My dad will.

MILES
Listen, missy...

Miles and the Jappy Girl continue arguing.

We see Jack watching the television.

COMMENTATOR
(on TV)
And here's a good one for you
audience. The President recently
signed a bill that has effectively
suspended the Writ of Habeas Corpus.
Do you know what this means? They
could arrest anyone they felt like.
If they wanted, they could arrest
Mother Theresa and frog march her
all the way down to Guantanamo. And
not even the Pope could find out
where she was.
(trails off)

We hear Keiko. She yells out with irritation.

KEIKO
Intervlog?

Jack turns around.

JACK
Whoa, you sound like you had a rough
day.

Keiko takes a deep breath.

INT. SUMO VENTURES MEETING ROOM -- MOMENTS LATER

Broken items all over the place. The Sumo representatives
have objects ready to hurl in hand. They look fierce. Jack
cautiously proceeds to the center of the room.

JACK
With your permission, may I sit down?

MAKOTO
(cocking object in
hand)
Where's your boom box?

JACK
Oh, I apologize. Was I supposed to
bring one?

Makoto puts object down.

MIKIKO
Aren't you going to dance?

JACK
Was I supposed to? What kind of
dancing?

Sumo Executives laugh amongst themselves.

JACK (CONT'D)
May I start my presentation? Of
course, only with your permission.

Sumo Executives relax and smile. Jack gives them his card.
The executives reciprocate.

JACK (CONT'D)
I am Jack Miller, the President of
Intervlog.

KEIKO
Keiko Suzuki, Acquisitions Tokyo.

MIKIKO
Mikiko Tanaka, Acquisitions New York.

MAKOTO

Makoto Nakamura, Senior Vice President
Internet Division, Sumo Ventures
WorldWide. Mr. Miller, you have
already made quite an impression on
us just by not dancing.

JACK

Yes, well I have two left feet.

Mikiko and Makoto look at Keiko, confused.

KEIKO

It's a figure of speech in English.
It means he can't dance.

Sumo Executives and Jack laugh heartily.

MAKOTO

So, Mr. Miller why should we be
interested in Intervlog?

JACK

Intervlog is a revolution. Just
imagine world where news

MAKOTO

Mr. Miller. Strong sales potential
helps. But what we are looking for
is a company that is high profile.

JACK

What do you mean by high profile?

MAKOTO

A company that is in the News, a
company that people talk about, a
company that creates a buzz. You
know when your company is High
Profile.

JACK

You're right.

MIKIKO

We like you Mr. Miller. You're a
fine gentleman who doesn't dance.
And we believe your company has a
lot of potential. Why don't you
come back to us when you are a little
bit further along.

JACK

Thank you. I am very thankful for your kind offer and grateful for taking the time to meet with me. One last question, how long are you staying in New York?

KEIKO

We are flying back to Tokyo tomorrow night, but Mikiko is based in New York.

JACK

Thank you again. We'll be in touch.

KEIKO

The pleasure was all ours. Thanks again for not dancing. By default, that places you above everyone else.

Jack nods. He leaves.

EXT. SUMO VENTURES BUILDING -- MOMENTS LATER

Jack walks out of lobby onto street and there is Alex with the two interns. They make eye contact. Jack looks up and sees military plane flying over. We tilt back down and are at different location in New York.

EXT. NEW YORK CITY -- DAY

Five signs of the times shots. "If You See Something, Say Something" sign is one of the shots. As it progresses, it becomes evening. Last shot is off the 59th street bridge. City Landscape shot.

INT. INTERVLOG SUPPER -- EVENING

The Intervloggers stand around, talking amongst themselves. An impressive long buffet table has several metal food containers lined up.

Jack enters. The Intervloggers, gather around the long table, and become quiet. Jack walks over to them.

FLORENS

How did the meeting go?

AHMED

Jack, it was really difficult on such short notice but we have the servers and the bandwidth all set up.

JACK
Very well.

EMILY
Did we get the money?

JACK
Yeah. It's just not in the bank
yet.

YUKI
Really, we got it?

They cheer wildly. A menagerie of hoots and hollers.

CRAIG
Let's drink to that!

Jack pours from a large bottle of red wine. There are a few baskets of bread and plates of cheese on the table. Everyone starts to serve themselves.

When everyone has wine in their glasses. The gallery starts to hoot for a toast, "toast, toast, toast..." Jack raises his glass.

JACK
To Salsa!

Everyone goes wild, "Yeah!". Salsa music plays.

The Intervloggers are in a circle. They begin to dance Rueda beneath the jubilation of the celebration.

Alex leans over and kisses Jack on the cheek.

ALEX
No hard feelings.

Jack pats Alex's back in a friendly manner.

ALEX (CONT'D)
Excuse me.

Alex leaves the room.

INT. INTERVLOG HALLWAY -- MOMENTS LATER

Alex takes out his cell phone and business card and dials.

INT. HOMELAND SECURITY OFFICE -- CONTINUOUS

A phone rings. Frank Sarver answers.

ALEX

Alpha, Omega Charlie... This is prairie dog. This is your last chance to stop Jack Miller. You will find him in the Intervlog building.

FRANK SARVER

What is the subject about to do?

ALEX

Whatever he is about to do will justify Code Black.

Alex hangs up. Alex walks back to the party.

INT. ABC NEWS ROOM -- MOMENTS LATER

We see e-mail on computer screen, "Terror raid at Intervlog Office by the Joint Terrorism Task Force within the hour. Pay special attention to this or you'll lose your job." Anonymous tip. A MAIL ROOM KID holding a sheet of printed paper frantically runs to the office of his HIGHER-UP.

MAIL ROOM KID

I just got an anonymous email. You're not going to believe this.

INT. NBC NEWS ROOM -- CONTINUOUS

Someone runs down the hallway with a piece of paper.

EXT. NYC SKYLINE

We see News helicopter taking off and in the sky.

INT. INTERVLOG OFFICE BUILDING UPSTAIRS -- MOMENTS LATER

The RUEDA dance is going on.

Suddenly, the Joint Terrorism Task Force breaks into the room, guns in hand.

GERALD WILLIAMS

Get down everybody! Down on the ground! Now!

Ahmed puts his arms out, preparing to be handcuffed.

AHMED

Dammit. Not again.

The officers storm in, pointing guns at everyone and making hand gestures to each other.

The Intervloggers hit the floor quickly. Everyone is terrified.

Yuki holds Craig's hand.

FRANK SARVER

Jack!

AHMED

Huh?

Ahmed puts his arms down.

Jack stands with his arms outstretched and slightly above his head.

JACK

I'm Jack.

GERALD WILLIAMS

Keep your hands above your head!
Don't move! You're under arrest!

JACK

Mr. Sarver, I'm sure you brought a warrant this time.

Gerald Williams runs menacingly toward Jack and slams him down on the table. They handcuff him, put a black bag over his head, and generally rough him up.

Intercuts of the LOW-RES camera perspective from various angles.

The officers walk Jack out of the room.

INT. INTERVLOG OFFICE BUILDING -- MOMENTS LATER

The officers walk Jack to the front door. They open the door to take him out of the building.

Several cameras FLASH in their faces, and lights beam at them.

CUT TO:

FULL SHOT NEWS SEGMENT -- MOMENTS LATER

The ANCHOR sits at her desk.

KAREN RYAN

A terrorist that the Joint Terrorism
Task Force has described as a high-
(MORE)

KAREN RYAN (CONT'D)
value target has been apprehended in
a major operation in New York City.
Live at the scene is Judy Franks.

EXT. INTERVLOG OFFICE BUILDING -- CONTINUOUS

JUDY FRANKS, a reporter, stands outside the Intervlog office building.

JUDY
The target of the operation was Jack,
CEO of Intervlog.com, an internet
company. Due to the unprecedented
degree of danger, a new terror alert
level- Code Black - was issued
today...

INT. INTERVLOG OFFICE -- CONTINUOUS

Cut back from the television to SHOW the Intervloggers sitting around the TV, watching the news. Craig changes the channel.

REPORTER 1
Intervlog.com.

Craig changes the channel.

REPORTER 2
Jack Miller was...

Craig changes the channel.

REPORTER 3
An internet company called
Intervlog.com...

AHMED
That should bring us some traffic.
Are we still launching the site?

The clock strikes 12. An INTERN hands Ahmed an ENVELOPE.

Ahmed opens the envelope, and inside is a DISC. He reads aloud the instructions written on the disc.

AHMED (CONT'D)
At 12 o'clock, launch the site, put
this video on the homepage, and send
out the press release. What press
release?

The other INTERN hands him another DISC.

Ahmed goes to a computer and uploads everything. He plays Jack's vlog.

FULL SHOT JACK'S VLOG

Jack stands in front of a blue screen.

JACK

Big speech.

(If you have reached this far, I thank you for reading my script. Please email debdoot for the last scene.)