

INT. OFFICE BUILDING - OPEN "BULLPEN" SPACE - NIGHT

RICHARD is seen getting himself some more punch. His behavior has started being "off." In another corner SYLVIA stands watching DANIELLE flirt with two MID-LEVEL EXECS. Danielle turns from them and moves to Sylvia. As she does so the men exchange a quiet high-five.

SYLVIA

Well, if it isn't the Countess of Whorelandia.

DANIELLE

Well, if it isn't the Cuntess of Blandville.

SYLVIA

Wow. That was mean.

DANIELLE

Sorry. Have to balance out all the fake holiday cheer. Keep my Chi in balance.

SYLVIA

That's what my magic rabbit is for.

DANIELLE

Oh my god, you're a dirty little whore.

SYLVIA

I'm a grown woman, Danielle. With a grown up vagina. A lonely grown up vagina.

DANIELLE

Can I borrow it? You're rabbit not your --

SYLVIA

Okay first - No. And by no I mean disgusting. And second - I'm sorry - you've got all these guys. Do you really need that much action down there? Aren't you afraid you're going to wear it out?

DANIELLE

What - you think I actually give it up to any of these losers? Like the lady says, "put a ring on it."

SYLVIA

(a little too loud)

Gross! You pierced your vagina?

DANIELLE

(pulls her to the side)

What is wrong with you? My finger, idiot. Put a ring on my finger. And make sure you have six big figures before you even think about asking for this.

SYLVIA

Oh, shit. So you're telling me your vagina is a lonely wasteland too. Just waiting for some rugged, dangerous drifter to come through and bring moisture back to --

DANIELLE

Okay - stop. Here's a tip. Ditch the romance novels and look at porn like a normal sex-starved adult.

Something catches Danielle's eye.

DANIELLE (CONT'D)

Oh shit. If I've missed anything you're dead --

Danielle moves past Sylvia toward the main room as we see a group gathering around Richard who raises his cup in a toast.

SYLVIA

Oh, fuck me.

Sylvia moves toward the group.

RICHARD

...what? (looks at a balding, pudgy employee) ...forty percent?

BALD EMPLOYEE

Yes sir.

RICHARD

That's pretty impressive stuff if I do say so myself. And I do. Say so. Myself.

A few employees exchange looks.

RICHARD (CONT'D)

But what does this all mean? Hmm? I mean, come on? Am I right? Are you happier? Jenny?

NOEMI

Uh, it's Noemi, sir.

RICHARD

Okay that's a strange name.

NOEMI

Um, it's a German name sir. I'm German.

RICHARD

That makes a lot more sense. And don't worry. We love the Germans. Don't we love the Germans everyone?

GROUP

(ad libs)

Yes, sir. Uh, yeah. Absolutely.

RICHARD

See, you're among friends. Isn't that a nice feeling? (looking around) Not really my friends though, are they? Not their fault. I get it. Lonely at the top. Have to hire top dollar escorts.

MAN

Uh, sir...?

RICHARD

(conspiratorially)

Sshhh... want to know the definition of an escort?

MAN

Sir, maybe we should --

RICHARD

Whore with a six figure bank account.

(points around room)

More than you lot make. Except for Abrams.

(fake whispering)

Gotta pay the Jews more. Good for business. It's a fact. Look it up.