

INT. VICTOR'S CAR - MORNING

Open on VICTOR DILDARIAN driving through the New York City financial district in his Bentley. The curmudgeonly king-of-industry is 80-years-old, richer than God, and long since past the point of caring what others may think of him. As a result he is completely unedited--no thoughts go unexpressed no matter how random. Imagine Martin Short in old guy make-up; barely able to see over the dash.

He drives slowly and talks on his cell phone. Cabs honk at him angrily but he doesn't care. He has more important things on his mind.

VICTOR

There's a stain!

NASH

Uncle Victor?

VICTOR

On my upholstery.

INT. NASH ALGREN'S OFFICE - SAME TIME

Angle on NASH ALGREN, 30, as he rubs his forehead. He looks like a cross between James Spader and Dwight Shrute. Sort of an overbred prepster.

NASH

I'm terribly sorry, sir.

VICTOR

No explanation for it, didn't spill anything, no one drives the car but me, yet there it is.

NASH

It must be very difficult for you.

VICTOR

Nash, comedy is difficult. People starving to death is difficult. This is just a stain. I know what real adversity is...are you saying I'm out of touch with reality, Nash? Is that what you mean?

NASH

Not at all, sir.

VICTOR

I mean it's just a stain.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NASH

I'm sure it's no big deal, sir.

VICTOR

But it is a big deal to me! It's a new car and this is very irritating!

NASH

Very irritating, sir.

VICTOR

Quit agreeing with me.

NASH

Of course, sir...I mean, no. I mean...we're doing all we can.

VICTOR

I'm sorry. (sighs) You know, Nash, maybe what this whole thing's about is that my Mr. Dee's Soda is still in fifth place in the market. Maybe that's what's really bugging me.

NASH

Possibly, sir. Possibly. But the important thing is that we're doing something about that.

VICTOR

God I hope so.

NASH

The data on the new campaign are due any minute and if my instincts are right, we hit it out of the park.

VICTOR

Last night you said we were going for a touchdown.

NASH

Sir?

VICTOR

Be consistent with your sports metaphors, boy, that's all I ask of my Director of Advertising. (then) My upholstery!! I can't even look at it!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

NASH

Avert your eyes, sir.

VICTOR

I'm trying but...Ahhhh! I just accidentally looked.

Victor hangs up. We go full screen to

INT. NASH'S OFFICE - MORNING

As he pops an aspirin and looks out over the skyscrapers of New York.

NASH VO

It wasn't easy working for a man like Victor Dildarian. Sure he was the brilliant beverage industry visionary who gave the world Mr. Dee's Natural Grape Soda and a host of other popular carbonated drinks. And working around that sort of genius was a thrill. But he was also difficult. He could be as mercurial as...as...mercury, I guess would be the right word.

CUT TO:

EXT. GREENLAND - DAY

We see Nash and some other execs shivering on a glacier as Victor gives a business lecture.

NASH VO

There was the time he held a company retreat in Greenland because he thought the cold built character...

CUT TO:

INT. VICTOR'S BEDROOM - DAY

Now we see Nash and everyone gathered around the bed in his eclectically decorated bedroom.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NASH VO

There were the board meetings in his bedroom held on days he didn't feel like getting up...

CUT TO:

INT. THE OFFICE - DAY

We see that everyone is walking around with ridiculous-looking cowboy hats.

NASH VO

And of course, there was the dreaded bi-monthly Cowboy Hat Day.

We see Nash in a conference room trying to maintain some dignity while meeting with executives in his large black Stetson.

NASH VO (CONT'D)

You never knew what to expect. So I can hardly be blamed for not seeing the whole Mipham Wangpo situation coming...

CUT TO:

INT. PARKING GARAGE - MORNING

Angle on MIPHAM WANGPO, 27, a good-looking and likeable example of Bhutanian manhood. He is one of the most committed and enthusiastic parking attendants you'll ever meet. A perfectionist of the highest order. He has been in America for three years, and is still learning the culture and strange customs of American society. Not always easy for someone with his old world values and deeply held superstitions.

He is sitting in his valet booth with his nose buried in a book: "Triumph in the Material World, by Khan the Imperious."

Mipham glances at his watch and starts. He signals to his fellow parking attendants and best buddies SLAVA from Russia, MDINGO from Chad, and a guy from El Salvador who calls himself CHAD.

MIPHAM

It's almost time!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

(Note: Mipham and the other immigrants speak with a strong accents that are not reflected in the dialogue.)

Mipham races over to a table and the others help him assemble a perfectly arranged tray. We see a steaming mug of coffee, a toasted bagel, some fruit, and three different newspapers. Mipham makes some tiny last minute adjustments.

MIPHAM (CONT'D)

Mr. Victor might want to try that Ethiopian shmear. Mdingo? Did you visit that shop in Little Ethiopia?

Mdingo produces the requested shmear.

MDINGO

Here. Made in yak bladder.

MIPHAM

Ah, good.

But then.

MIPHAM (CONT'D)

Wait! This isn't the half-n-half! Mr. Victor, he likes the half-n-half.

CHAD

We were out. It's cream. Pretty close.

Mipham freezes Chad with a look honed in the rougher neighborhoods of Bhutan City.

MIPHAM

It's not the same!

Mipham takes off running down a ramp. We hear honking and tires squealing as he narrowly avoids being struck.

CUT TO:

INT. A NEARBY CONVENIENCE STORE - SECONDS LATER

A heavily breathing Mipham and the convenience store clerk JOSE are standing by the fridge.

MIPHAM

What do you mean out, Jose? You're killing Mipham.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CLERK

No half-and-half. What can I tell you?

MIPHAM

But Mr. Victor he likes the half-n-half! Everything must be right!

Mipham and the Clerk start jabbering angrily at each other in their native tongues. But after a moment of this, Mipham realizes it's time to improvise.

He bolts to the refrigerator. He grabs a carton of milk and a carton of cream. He creates his own mixture in the cream container and shakes like the wind, glaring at Jose all the while.

He races out of the store taking one last beat to exchange more angry jabbering.

CUT TO:

INT. PARKING GARAGE - SECONDS LATER

Mipham runs up to the valet area just in time. He pours the improvised half-n-half into the creamer just as Victor pulls up in his Bentley.

VICTOR

No coffee today, Mipham, thank you. I hit Starbucks.

MIPHAM

Of course, Mr. Victor. How are you today?

Victor hands Mipham his driving gloves and hat as he heads toward the door. Mipham walks with him, holding the tray as Victor selects the items that suit him.

VICTOR

Stain on my upholstery giving me the willies. I might have to sell this car. How's everyone back in Bhutan?

MIPHAM

Good news. Many of my family survived the recent landslide.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

VICTOR

That's a hearty brood you got back there. (then) Where did you find this shmear?

MIPHAM

I got it special for you. You like it?

VICTOR

(spitting it out) No, but dammit, I appreciate your efforts to broaden my palate.

MIPHAM

You're too kind, sir.

VICTOR

I always appreciate your effort, boy. You hustle. Remind me of myself when I came here from Albania in '64.

MIPHAM

(almost coming to tears) Sir.

VICTOR

And that's why I'd like you to do something for me, Mipham.

MIPHAM

Anything, sir.

VICTOR

I'd like you to take a shot at getting that stain out of my upholstery. The detailing shop is baffled.

MIPHAM

Sir, I will not let you down!

VICTOR

Five bucks is yours if you pull it off.

Mipham almost drops his tray.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MIPHAM

Mr. Victor, when I write to my relatives in Bhutan and tell them of the generous opportunity you have given Mipham, it will give them hope to recover from the most recent landslide.

Victor looks over Mipham. Is he being serious? Yes, he is.

VICTOR

Okay then.

He disappears into the elevator.

CHAD

Five bucks? For a billionaire he is pretty damn cheap.

INT. NASH'S OFFICE - LATER

Victor, Nash, and PILAR, 27, a beautiful Costa Rican ad agency account supervisor, are reviewing the latest feedback on the new campaign.

NASH VO

I have what we in the ad industry call a "golden gut." Remember "Before...Afrin?" That was mine. Well, I didn't actually write it, but I approved it. So you can imagine my disappointment when the numbers for the new campaign came in that morning.

PILAR

We got pretty good marks for the part that asked: "Do you find it irritating?" Almost 26% said "not that much."

NASH

Victor, this kind of data has to be taken with a grain of salt.

VICTOR

Likeability: 12%. Effectiveness: 6%...forget the salt I need to take this with bicarbonate of soda. Bada-boom! Joke! I still got it. Even under extreme duress. Yes!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NASH

Very funny, sir.

VICTOR

There's nothing funny about any of this!

NASH

Not at all.

VICTOR

Pilar, I want to see the entire agency creative team here at five o'clock and you better bring your big guns. Now if you'll excuse me, I'm going to storm out of the room in a dramatic fashion!

He does so.

PILAR

He's gonna fire the agency, isn't he?

NASH

Six agencies in three years. But don't worry about my uncle. He's mercurial. Like mercury. And who knows? Maybe you and I could put our heads together this morning and come up with something brilliant. Huh?

Pilar looks at him. We're dead meat.

PILAR

And here I just leased a brand new Kia...

Angle on Nash as he gazes upon Pilar's beautiful face.

NASH VO

Ah, Pilar, that smoldering Costa Rican beauty. How I yearned to take her in my arms and reassure her about her new Kia lease. How I longed to nudge our professional relationship into something much deeper. But I dared not act. What held me back? My insecurities, I guess. (beat) And the three sexual harassment reprimands on my record from times when I'd miscalculated in similar situations.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

NASH VO (CONT'D)

Which is weird because I've always considered myself a pretty good judge of people.

CUT TO:

INT. THE PARKING GARAGE - LATER

NASH VO

Meanwhile, in the parking garage, the fates and a certain unscrupulous Bhutanian were conspiring against me.

We see Mipham scrubbing furiously at the stain while Slava, Chad and Mdingo goof off nearby. Slava juggles tennis balls, Chad strums a battered old acoustic guitar and Mdingo throws darts. They're all eating Clark bars.

CHAD

Mipham, you been scrubbing for two hours. Why don't you take a break?

MDINGO

Relax. Have a Clark bar.

MIPHAM

It's no problem. I'm gonna get this stain!

SLAVA

In Russia we have a name for people like Mipham. (says Russian phrase)

CHAD

What's it mean?

SLAVA

It means "Guy from Bhutan who works really hard."

Just then Victor calls on the parking garage phone.

VICTOR

Any luck down there Mipham? The thought of that stain is making my skin crawl.

MIPHAM

Not yet, sir. But I'll think of something.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

VICTOR

I'm counting on you.

Suddenly, Mipham has an idea.

MIPHAM

I must go. You cover for Mipham.

He jumps on an old Schwinn and takes off down the ramp. Horns and tires squeal. Slava, Mdingo and Chad look at each other. Where's he going?

SLAVA

I guess that means I get Mipham's Clark bar.

CHAD

No! Not this time. This time we divide it three ways.

SLAVA

(reluctantly) Okay.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREETS OF NEW YORK - DAY

We see Mipham pedaling his bike furiously uptown. He weaves in and out of traffic, exchanging angry jabberings with cab drivers. Sweat pours from his brow.

CUT TO:

EXT. RESTAURANT - DAY

Nash, Pilar, MARTY, a hipster art director, and some ad agency types are dining on the sidewalk outside a nice restaurant. There's a brainstorming session in progress.

NASH

How about...um...like, something with, like, some dancing Eskimos?

MARTY

They're called Native Aleutians these days.

NASH

Whatever, Marty.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PILAR

Hey, what about a documentary-style campaign about the quality of the grapes and the grape growers? Sort of a Ken Burns-ish thing.

MARTY

Oh, that's good, Pilar. I like that

PILAR

Thanks, Marty.

She smiles at Marty. Nash burns.

Suddenly Mipham zips by the restaurant on his bike. To avoid traffic he has maneuvered onto the sidewalk. He weaves in and out of tables.

MIPHAM

Coming through!

EXT. CENTRAL PARK ZOO - DAY

We see Mipham and a zookeeper standing in front of the camel cage having an animated discussion. Mipham is gesturing toward the camel. Finally, they come to some sort of understanding and shake hands.

EXT. STREETS OF NEW YORK - MOMENTS LATER

Angle on Mipham pedaling furiously on his bike in the other direction. Sweat pours down his face. He has a package in the basket.

He zooms past Nash and Pilar's restaurant again. We cut to the sidewalk.

EXT. RESTAURANT - DAY

NASH

So do we all agree on what we're bringing to tonight's meeting?

MARTY

Well, I think we have some good stuff here. Thanks to Pilar.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PILAR

That's nice of you, Marty, but the whole team really formed the idea.

Nash leans into Pilar.

NASH

Hey, just a heads up on Marty.

PILAR

What?

NASH

Major drug problem.

Rubs his nose.

NASH (CONT'D)

Toot toot! I can tell.

PILAR

Really?

NASH

Oh yeah. And gay? Gay as a three dollar bill.

PILAR

I didn't know that. Thank you, Nash.

But clearly, she knows Nash is lying.

NASH VO

Don't ever let it be said that Nash Algren doesn't play a tenacious D.

INT. PARKING GARAGE - LATER

Victor has his head in the Bentley and is inspecting Mipham's work as he stands by triumphantly.

VICTOR

You did it! Son, I'm impressed I have to tell you.

MIPHAM

Thank you, sir.

VICTOR

I'd really like to know how you pulled it off.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MIPHAM

Cannot reveal old Bhutanian
secret, sir.

VICTOR

Mipham, you're a hustler. You
remind me of me when I first came
here, did I ever tell you that?

MIPHAM

You flatter me, sir.

VICTOR

Course I was taller then, I've
shrunk over five inches since '64.
Can you friggin' believe that? Who
knew people could shrink? Dammit
all!

MIPHAM

Unfair sir. But like my ancestor
Khan the Imperious says, "on the
field of battle a sharp mind
prevails over the sharpest sword."

VICTOR

Did you say, Khan the Imperious?

MIPHAM

My personal hero, sir. And a
fourth cousin once removed. I'm
reading his treatise on war right
now.

Victor looks at Mipham with new found respect.

VICTOR

He's my hero too. Built my company
on his principles. Mipham Wango?

MIPHAM

Sir?

VICTOR

(dramatically) Here's your five
dollars.

He spins on his heel and marches to the elevator.

SLAVA

How much did you pay for the camel
urine?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MIPHAM

Ten dollars.

SLAVA

You should have stayed and had a
Clark bar.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - LATER THAT NIGHT

It's late. Pan around the room to reveal take-out food
and exhausted faces. The agency is presenting yet another
campaign idea.

MARTY

And so the circus freak turns and
says "McDee's Grape Soda. It's
Grapalicious."

NASH

Good stuff, eh Victor?

VICTOR

Hate it.

Nash quickly changes his opinion.

NASH

Give us a break, Marty.

VICTOR

Here's the new drill. Instead of
saying I don't like something,
which is getting tiresome,
whenever I hear an idea I don't
like I'm just going to simulate
some form of suicide. I think that
will be better, don't you?

PILAR

Uh, whatever you're comfortable
with, Victor. Marty, show him the
next one.

Quick cuts of Victor pretending to die of hari-kari,
strangulation, gun in mouth, knife to head, etc.

Finally, Pilar helps him from the carpet after a feigned
jump off a bridge.

(CONTINUED)

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PILAR (CONT'D)

I'm not sure this is any better, Victor. And I'm worried you might hurt yourself.

VICTOR

Well, there's just a lot of stuff here. I don't know what I think.

NASH

Victor this demographic really...

VICTOR

Nash, I can't listen to you anymore tonight. There's a frequency in your voice or something right now? It's like...ehhhhh!! In my brain, you know? I want a different voice. I want someone who doesn't read marketing newsletters, someone who doesn't care what the New York Ad Club will think of them. I want someone pure, someone like me.

NASH VO

I know I said Victor was mercurial, but did I mention unpredictable? Like ...something unpredicatable.

CUT TO:

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - NIGHT

Mipham Wangpo is standing uncomfortably in the middle of the room with Victor. He is still dressed in his parking attire.

VICTOR

So what do you think, Mipham?

MIPHAM

Please, Mr. Victor, who cares what Mipham thinks?

VICTOR

Mipham! (quoting their hero Khan the Imperious) "Opportunities multiply as they are seized."

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MIPHAM

But for me? I only hoped for the opportunity to wash your car. This is too much!

VICTOR

Go for it son.

Mipham gathers himself. He gazes into the faces of the executives. Then he looks at all the storyboards again.

MIPHAM

When I worked in my father's food stand in Bhutan, sometimes we would sell donkey brains.

NASH

Victor...c'mon.

VICTOR

Ehhhhh!!! Go on, Mipham.

MIPHAM

And it was a tough sell. But my father would say to the mountain farmers that donkey brain enhanced virility in the thin mountain air. This was debateable at best. To prove it, he would demonstrate to farmers with our donkey Hhubto.

VICTOR

Ah, we call that the Unique Selling Proposition with a demo. Though I don't need details on your demo. Go on.

MIPHAM

Well, then to me it's clear. (he gestures to a particular storyboard) This one shows your triple distillation in a believable way. The others just talk about it.

Victor looks at the board closely.

VICTOR

Yes.

MIPHAM

Plus, it has a talking cow. A holy animal.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MIPHAM (CONT'D)

In Bhutan everyone knows when cows talk you really should listen.

VICTOR

I think so too. There it is people. That's the one. We run with it.

PILAR

So we're not fired?

VICTOR

Hell no. But Nash, you now have a new co-director of advertising. Welcome to the team, Mipham. I'm going home.

He puts on his jacket and walks toward the door.

Everyone stares at Mipham for an awkward moment. Nash can't believe what he just heard.

MIPHAM

Excuse me, please. I have to get Mr. Victor's car.

He bolts for the door.

ACT BREAK

INT. GLOBAL BEVERAGES INCORPORATED - DAY

As music plays under we see a montage of Mipham's first weeks on the job. Though he looks a bit befuddled and overwhelmed by this new world, we see him doing his best as Pilar and the agency go over storyboards and budgets with him. We see Mipham shaking hands and nodding at sales charts while Nash stews in the background.

NASH VO

I don't think I have to tell you, those next few weeks were difficult for me. Mipham Wangpo had a remarkable run of what I can only call beginner's luck. Mr. Dee's soda climbed from fifth to third in America as his new campaign broke. I don't even want to mention the ribbing I took at the Ad Club when it was known that I was forced to share my duties with a parking attendant. You know how those guys can be down there.

INT. VARIOUS LOCALES - DAY

We see Victor taking Mipham under his wing. He takes him to his country club, out to lunch, he fits him with a beautiful new cowboy hat.

NASH VO

But what really galled me was the personal interest Victor showed him. I should have seen it coming. He loved his odd little "projects." Anyway, it was clear that Global Beverages had a new fair-haired boy.

Mipham is trying on a new suit.

MIPHAM

No, Mr. Victor, it's too expensive.

VICTOR

(to the clerk) Put it on my account.

MIPHAM

I can't accept.

VICTOR

Mipham, let me tell you a story. When I came here from Albania in '64, I was lucky enough to find a mentor here in New York City. An older man who looked out for me, showed me how to dress, how to get around. It made a big difference in my life. I've always been grateful for that. A young man needs a mentor.

MIPHAM

What became of him?

VICTOR

Well, as it turned out, he also wanted me to dress up in leather, hang him from a hook and spank him, so we soon parted ways.

MIPHAM

I see.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

VICTOR

But I was always grateful for the other stuff.

INT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Mipham, Pilar, Victor, and Nash are having a power lunch.

NASH VO

Nash Algren has never shrunk from a challenge. I bided my time and looked for a weakness. But this guy was good, I had to give it to him. He had one trick after another...

VICTOR

Did I ever tell you all about my esophagus? It's narrow. Nar-row! I have to chew my food sixty percent more thoroughly than the average diner or I'll choke to death. But do I complain? No! Part of what gives me my edge.

NASH

So brave, sir.

VICTOR

When I stare down a meal, I'm thinkin' it's me or it's him. And when you're doing that three times a day it sharpens your instincts I can tell you. Good food, huh, Mipham?

MIPHAM

(downcast) Delicious. Thank you, Mr. Victor.

VICTOR

Something wrong? Did you get all the new spots together for the distributor presentation tomorrow?

MIPHAM

Oh, yes sir. I saw to it personally. Everything's perfect.

VICTOR

Well your campaign's gonna kill 'em. So celebrate. Let's have some fun. Eat up, boy!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PILAR

Have you tried the clams, Mipham?

She offers Mipham one of her clams. He eats it and smiles at her. Nash watches this little display from across the table.

NASH

I'll try one of those, Pilar.

But she doesn't hear him.

PILAR

You know, Mipham, with the success of your new campaign, you've really started something. I heard that Bevco just hired a Bhutanian to help with their advertising.

VICTOR

You're a trend, son.
Congratulations. (then) Hey, what are you doing there?

Victor notices that Mipham has been stashing sugar packets in his pocket.

MIPHAM

They are free, yes?

VICTOR

Well, sure they are but...what is this in your pocket...bread?

Angle on a large stash of bread in Mipham's pocket.

MIPHAM

My roommates and I will eat it later.

VICTOR

Mipham, how do I convince you that you don't have to worry about that anymore? You're an executive. With a salary. You can relax a little.

MIPHAM

And I thank you for that, Mr. Victor. But...it's difficult for me. In my country I am of the Hhtolu caste. Very lowly. We do donkey husbandry, maybe a little freelance foot washing on side, that's it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

PILAR

You're having a hard time dealing with your good fortune?

MIPHAM

I fear it displeases the gods. I can't sleep. I know this great luck means that I will be struck down at any moment.

PILAR

But you're in America now.

MIPHAM

When I came here I hoped to one day earn enough to open a fruit stand. Maybe send home a little money, that's all. I never dreamed of this.(then) Oh, they will get Mipham. You don't know these gods. They are petty, vindictive. One time my uncle, he found fifty rupies in the street. Next day, had his arm chopped off in some farm machinery! These are the kind of gods we're talking about.

Mipham stands up suddenly.

MIPHAM (CONT'D)

Mr. Victor, please fire Mipham.

VICTOR

No.

MIPHAM

I insist.

VICTOR

Can't do it, son. I need you.

MIPHAM

But you must.

VICTOR

Not gonna happen.

MIPHAM

Mr. Victor, with all due respect, you are a...poopy pants! You have the stink in the shorts. Your mother, she is a sex-maker to many mens!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

VICTOR

Nice try, Mipham. Ain't gonna work.

MIPHAM

No?

VICTOR

No.

MIPHAM

Then I will just await the thunderbolts of the gods.

VICTOR

Do you believe this knucklehead? Is this not the craziest Bhutonian you've ever met?! C'mon, lighten up, Wangpo!

He good-naturedly grabs Mipham and shakes him as Nash looks on in disgust.

But then, Victor starts choking on some food. Mipham gets behind him and performs the Heimlich.

VICTOR (CONT'D)

I'm okay! Cheated death again!

NASH VO

The old "fire me, I'm an unworthy member of the Hhutolo caste" bit. If I've seen it once I've seen it a hundred times. But Victor was falling for it. Hard. This guy was good.

EXT. THE STREET OUTSIDE THE RESTAURANT - NIGHT

The group mills about outside.

NASH

So, you want to go get a drink or something?

PILAR

Oh, I'd love to. But Victor is taking me to the Met.

NASH

Opera? Goodie. Uh...Uncle Victor? I'm free.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

VICTOR

Nash, don't be selfish. Mipham's never been.

NASH

Oh. Of course. Well, I'll catch you all tomorrow then.

Pilar slides into Victor's car next to Mipham. It pulls off into the night.

It starts to rain on Nash as we

DISSOLVE TO:

OPERA MUSIC

INT. THE OPERA HOUSE - NIGHT

A diva is onstage singing a dark and frightening song. Mipham whispers to Pilar.

MIPHAM

What's she singing about?

PILAR

Her lover has betrayed her to the Emperor to gain power. She's singing about the darkness that has corrupted his soul.

MIPHAM

Mmmmm. Like Kolai the Impaler back in Bhutan.

PILAR

Do you like the opera?

MIPHAM

It's very nice.

PILAR

You know, when I first came here from Costa Rica, I got a job as an usher just so I could listen for free. I used to stand in the back behind the curtain.

Mipham looks at her.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PILAR (CONT'D)
And now? I'm sitting in Victor
Dildarian's private box.

MIPHAM
It's a better seat.

PILAR
It is. And you know what?

MIPHAM
What?

PILAR
I've never once lost a limb in
some farm machinery.

Mipham smiles at her.

CUT TO:

INT. THE OFFICE - SAME TIME

The opera music continues under.

The office is empty as Nash furtively makes his way
toward Mipham's office. He takes out a key and slips
inside.

INT. MIPHAM'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

He skulks over to Mipham's desk and goes through a pile
of papers and discs.

NASH VO
Am I proud of what I did that
night? I'm a Dartmouth man, I
prepped at Exeter. I'm the
chairman of the Ad Club. I have a
"golden gut." But I had been
pushed too far.

Angle on Nash's face as he finds what he is looking for.
He switches one DVD for another.

NASH VO (CONT'D)
And when Nash Algren gets pushed,
he pushes back. (beat) And then
that person falls down. (beat) And
then that person gets mud on their
pants.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NASH VO (CONT'D)

(beat) And has to send them out to be dry cleaned. Which can be expensive...

FADE TO:

INT. PARKING GARAGE - NEXT DAY

While Slava, Mdingo, and Chad share the leftovers from the doggy bag, Mipham re-anacts the opera.

MIPHAM

And then, she took out a sword and she cut off his man-place.

MDINGO

No!

MIPHAM

Opera is violent. Was really great. Here, take my souvenir T-shirt.

MDINGO

You're giving it to me? Are you sure?

MIPHAM

Please. If I give away all my stuff maybe the gods won't strike down Mipham.

CHAD

Your religion, Mipham. It's rough.

MIPHAM

You don't know the half of it. But Miss Pilar, she convinced me that maybe all this good fortune is not so bad. Maybe the gods look away in America. But for sure I have to sacrifice a goat soon. Now how do I get a goat?

CHAD

I think my cousin could...

Pilar pulls up in her Kia.

PILAR

You ready?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MIPHAM

Yes. Pilar, do you think Mr. Victor would mind if my friends were to watch?

PILAR

For your moment of glory? I don't think he'd mind at all.

Slava, Mdingo and Chad bounce excitedly.

INT. THE BIG CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

The bi-annual distributors convention is being conducted in a large theater-like conference room somewhere in the bowels of Global Beverages Inc. Victor is at a podium on-stage. Mipham, Pilar, Chad, Mdingo and Slava watch from the back of the room.

VICTOR

It's been a rough couple of years for the company, I don't have to tell you all that. But things are changing. We have some new blood in the organization and it's already paying off. I think it's important for a company to renew itself now and again. We've always done that at Global Beverages, we've always done that in America. Now, with your permission, I'd like to show you all the fruits of our labor--the new Mr. Dee's advertising for '07. Roll it.

The lights go down. On a giant screen behind Victor an image appears.

ANGLE ON SCREEN

We see a three second loop of a weird monkey in a leprechan outfit dry-humping a vacuum cleaner. It plays over and over and over again.

Angle on Nash in his seat. He smiles.

VICTOR (CONT'D)

Uh...

The distributors don't know how to react. Some laugh. Most look mad.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DISTRIBUTOR ONE

Is this a joke, Victor?

DISTRIBUTOR TWO

It'd be a lot funnier if we weren't in last place.

VICTOR

Ah, this is not our new campaign. Turn the lights up.

We cut to the back of the room. Mipham looks horrified.

MIPHAM

This cannot be. I saw to this last night. Everything was perfect.

PILAR

Victor's going to be furious. My Kia...

MIPHAM

You see? These are the gods I was telling you about. Vindictive. I should have sacrificed a goat this morning when I thought of it.

VICTOR (O.S.)

Mipham?

Slava puts a reassuring hand on his shoulder.

SLAVA

It was a good run, Mipham. We're still proud of you.

CHAD

You'll still be the best parking attendant in the garage.

MDINGO

I guess this means no more free restaurant bread, huh? It's okay, Mipham...

VICTOR (O.S.)

Is Mipham Wangpo back there?

Mipham looks into Mdingo's eyes. A fallen hero. Then he looks into the faces of all his fellow immigrants. He can't let them down.

He steps forward.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MIPHAM

(to himself) Khan the Imperious,
be with me. (then, loudly) Here I
am, Victor.

All eyes turn to Mipham.

MIPHAM (CONT'D)

(aside, to Pilar) Call the AV
room, tell them we need a new dub
of the campaign right away. (then
to the room) Well, that got
everyone's attention right? We in
the marketing department have a
new commitment to getting our
brand noticed. Sometimes that can
start with an arresting visual
image... such as a dry-humping
monkey. Unorthodox yes, but we do
what it takes.

He arrives at the stage and reaches for Victor's
microphone.

MIPHAM (CONT'D)

(whispers to Victor) I'm sorry,
Victor, I don't know what
happened. But I'll fix this.

Victor hands him the mic.

VICTOR

Go for it, boy.

Mipham looks around the room. Angle on the dubious
distributors.

MIPHAM

Hi folks, I'm Mipham Wangpo, the
new co-director of advertising.
We're going to show you our new
campaign in just a few minutes but
until then...uh...uh...

He looks around the room desperately. He hears a voice in
his head. Is it Khan the Imperious?

VOICE

"The resourceful warrior uses
whatever resources are
available..."

Mipham looks around wild-eyed.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

MIPHAM

Khan?

Angle on Victor at the side of the stage. Reveal that he has his hands cupped around his mouth to create a Darth Vader sort of sound when he speaks.

VICTOR

Actually it was just me talking in a cool voice. But I was quoting Khan.

Mipham smiles. Then, his eyes fall on his friends in the back.

MIPHAM

Uh, until then, we've put together an interpretive performance piece, starring our own Global Beverages employees that really shows what we're about, it's called...

Mipham picks up a sheet of paper. It's some sort of marketing document.

MIPHAM (CONT'D)

It's called: "Making inroads to consumers through a three-pronged strategy utilizing a demographic-neutral aesthetic." Hope you enjoy.

CUT TO:

INT. THE BIG CONFERENCE ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Slava is on-stage juggling with steak knives. Mipham MCs and tries to provide an "interpretation."

MIPHAM

Uh, the beverage market can be a trecherous place, fraught with many perils. You need to be skilled and take great care to make the right moves otherwise you could get hurt...

Slava goes for broke, throwing a knife high in the air.

A collective gasp. Cut to Distributor One's face. He winces at what he sees onstage.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MIPHAM (CONT'D)

Like Slava just did. Don't worry.
He'll be okay folks...

CUT TO:

INT. THE BIG CONFERENCE ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Now we see Chad on-stage playing "Country Roads" on his acoustic guitar. Pilar performs a flamenco dance next to him. Mipham wings it with some very awkward lyrics.

MIPHAM

(singing) Well, the relationship
between distribution and
marketing, is a very beautiful
one...we all work together, until
the job is done...

Cut to the crowd. We see Distributor Two is moved by the lyrics. He bits his lip as he nods along with the song.

CUT TO:

INT. THE BIG CONFERENCE ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Now we see Mdingo on-stage with his bow and arrow.

MIPHAM

In his country, Mdingo was the
finest archer. And here, he will
show how our marketing strategy
will, uh, pierce the target.

Mipham gets a text message. The dub is finished.

MIPHAM (CONT'D)

Take it away, Mdingo.

Mipham slips out a door backstage.

MDINGO

I need a volunteer. Someone who
isn't too jumpy and nervous. Also,
I need a piece of fruit...

INT. HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Angle on Mipham in full sprint.

INT. AV ROOM - SECONDS LATER

Mipham arrives at the AV room. He bursts through the door.

MIPHAM

Where is it?!!!

The flummoxed immigrant AV guy rustles through a few DVDs on his desk.

MIPHAM (CONT'D)

Come on!

The AV guy and Mipham jabber at each other in their native tongues as in the earlier scene. Finally, the AV guy finds the right disc. Mipham takes off, pausing at the door to launch one more beat of his indecipherable tirade.

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Angle on Mipham in full sprint headed in the other direction.

INT. THE BIG CONFERENCE ROOM - SECONDS LATER

Mdingo splits an apple off the head of Distributor One with his arrow. The crowd goes crazy.

Mipham bursts in to the room, throws the DVD to the video operator backstage, runs on to the stage and grabs the microphone just in time to comment on Mdingo's perfect shot.

MIPHAM

Yes, our strategy is right on target. And now everyone we would like to present...our new advertising campaign.

He collapses in a chair.

VICTOR

(to Pilar) That kid was a find.

FADE TO:

INT. THE OFFICE - LATER

As Pilar, Victor, Mipham, Chad, Mdingo and Slava hang out in Victor's office and celebrate the day's victory, we pan down the hall to Nash's office. He is sitting in his chair staring out the window at the lights of New York City.

NASH VO

And so it seemed I had underestimated my Bhutanian opponent. Mipham Wangpo was indeed a worthy foe, of hearty stock. But we are all the descended from immigrants here in New York City. And that makes us fighters, with grit. And he will find that Nash Algren is utterly full of grit. Like...like something full of grit. And this battle is far from over. Tomorrow is a new day.

He reaches for his cowboy hat and puts it on, staring at himself in the mirror. He looks ridiculous.

NASH VO (CONT'D)

Cowboy hat day.

Off Nash's determined expression we

FADE OUT.