

AUDITION SIDES

GRACE, RALPH

GRACE. We have until five p.m. today to come up with an entire marketing scheme that should have been finished over a month ago. You need to focus on moving forward.

RALPH. Are you saying it's my fault we're in this spot?

GRACE. You're the senior marketing strategist, Ralph. We had fifty million labels scheduled to be printed this morning. All the little boxes and bottles and physician sheets are sitting there, and what do they say? Nothing. They're blank. Why are they blank, Ralph?

RALPH. Gracie ...

GRACE. Don't Gracie me. They're blank because you haven't even come up with a name for the product yet. And every minute is costing PharmaHope more money. Not to mention that we've scheduled the ad shoot for tomorrow and all we've got is a montage of second-rate rehashes.

RALPH. Hey, those are my second-rate rehashes.

GRACE. Six months you had to come up with something.

RALPH. We had.

GRACE. You're the senior marketing executive here, Ralph.

RALPH. What are you trying to say, Grace?

GRACE. We're screwed. Buried under a pile of clichés and I'm starting to think ...

RALPH. You're starting to think what?

GRACE (calmer). I'm starting to think you're slipping.

RALPH. I what? I'm slipping? I'm not slipping. I've just, I ... I've hit a little rough patch.

RALPH, JERRY, grace

RALPH. What are you made of?

JERRY. Uh ... wit?

RALPH (laughing). Wit, hah, that's a good one. Pleased to meet you, son.

(RALPH squeezes JERRY's hand.)

JERRY. Thanks, pleased to meet you too.

(RALPH's face falls. JERRY's face twists as RALPH squeezes harder.)

JERRY (cont'd). Ralph ... is ... it?

RALPH. Mr. Simon. So, you're the new hotshot, huh, Witley?

JERRY. It's Jerry ... uh ... wow, that's a heck of a grip there.

RALPH. Gonna bring us into the twenty-first century, are you? Got a lot of ideas, huh, Witrock?

JERRY. Yeah, I've got a few ideas. Can you let go of my hand now? It really hurts.

RALPH. Oh, yes. I'm sorry. (Lets go.) I'm sorry. Sometimes I forget I have such strength. I'm such an old man. (A beat.) What have you got for us, Witman?

JERRY. Call me Jerry.

RALPH. Well, what have you got for us, Jerry ... Witman?

JERRY. It's not actually Witman.

RALPH. Sorry. Wittamer? Witasick? Witstein? Wittacious?

GRACE. You're acting like a child.

CHRISTIE, GRACE, ralph

GRACE. I'm sorry, Jerry, I think there's been some sort of mistake. You see-

CHRISTIE (quickly). Jerry did very well in his interview. He came in last night. After you left. My father asked me and I told him I thought Jerry would fit right in with the team.

GRACE. You told him what?

CHRISTIE. I believe his exact words were, "Well, you know I hate to have to spend the extra salary, but Grace did ask for new blood. She'll make my investment work."

GRACE. I see.

CHRISTIE. And I told him he was absolutely right. You'd rather quit than not finish on time.

RALPH. Oh, this is good. I can't believe I doubted you, Jerry. I think I'll just take a seat right over here and let you get right to it.

CHRISTIE. That's exactly what I said to my father. "Ralph feels the same way as Grace," I said. "He'd rather quit than not finish on time."

RALPH. You what? I've got the twins in college and Phil! Christ! Who knows how much I'll have to shell out for bail next time. Gracie, we've got to do something.

GRACE. Don't you Gracie me, Ralph. You were just about to take a seat and let boy wonder over here get me canned.

JERRY, GRACE, christie

JERRY. Look, I know I'm new, and I know we don't have much time, but I'm pretty good at this. I've seen the product specs. I've got ideas.

GRACE. Well why didn't you say so? Man, I thought you'd come in with nothing but a thesis and that goofy smile. What have you got for us?

JERRY. Well, actually, if we could start by looking at my thesis, I think ...

GRACE. This is advertising, Jerry, not school. Here, you're alive for thirty seconds. I couldn't read one page of that in thirty seconds. What have you got?

JERRY. OK, OK. Thirty seconds, huh?

GRACE. Twenty-seven now.

JERRY. OK, first shot is a street. Suburbia. Trees, manicured lawns, white picket fences, the whole bit. Camera pans to a doorway. Doctor coming out of an old but well-kept house.

GRACE. Twenty seconds.

CHRISTIE. What kind of doctor, Jerry?

JERRY. Old. No, not old, experienced. White coat, black bag, stethoscope. Kind of guy you trust just by looking at him.

GRACE. Fifteen.

CHRISTIE. Come on, Jerry.

JERRY. Close up. Serious doctor eyes. He tells us he makes house calls. He knows his patients' whole histories. He's been invited to Mr. Johnson's son's graduation and the Goldsmith daughter's wedding. When he's prescribing medication, he can't afford to prescribe anything but the best. That's why he prescribes. (A beat.) What's it called again?

GRACE. We don't have a name yet.

JERRY. You don't have a name?

CHRISTIE. That's next. Go on. This is pretty good.

JERRY. Well, that's why he prescribes whatever it's called.

GRACE. And then?

JERRY. Then he tells us why people take it. Simple, easy to shoot, and effective.