

The
FROSH
PRINCE
of *Bel - Air*

"WORKING IT OUT"

#6823

THE FRESH PRINCE OF BEL-AIR

"Working It Out"

#6823

Written By:

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Directed By:

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FINAL DRAFT
March 6, 1991

THE FRESH PRINCE OF BEL-AIR

"Working It Out"

#6823

CAST

WILLIAM SMITH.....WILL SMITH
PHILIP BANKS.....JAMES AVERY
VIVIAN BANKS.....JANET HUBERT-WHITTEN
HILARY BANKS.....KARYN PARSONS
CARLTON BANKS.....ALFONSO RIBEIRO
ASHLEY BANKS.....TATYANA M. ALI
GEOFFREY.....JOSEPH MARCELL
JAZZ.....JEFF TOWNES
MARISSA.....QUEEN LATIFAH

SETS

INT. LIVING ROOM
INT. MARISSA'S OFFICE

INT. RESTAURANT

SFX

PHONE RINGS

THE FRESH PRINCE OF BEL-AIR
 SHORT RUNDOWN
 "Working It Out"

FINAL DRAFT
 PROD# 6823
 VTR: 3/8/91

****ACTORS PLEASE DO NOT WEAR WHITE ON CAMERA DAYS****

<u>COLD OPEN</u>				
<u>INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY (D-1)</u> (Will, Hilary, Geoffrey, Jazz)	(1)			
<u>TITLE SEQUENCE</u>	(1:45)			
<u>COMMERCIAL #1</u>	(1:33)			
<u>ACT ONE, SCENE A</u> <u>INT. LIVING ROOM - A FEW MOMENTS LATER - (D-1)</u> (Will, Philip, Vivian, Hilary, Carlton, Ashley, Geoffrey, Jazz)	(5)			
<u>ACT ONE, SCENE B</u> <u>INT. MARISSA'S OFFICE - NEXT DAY - (D-2)</u> (Will, Hilary, Marissa, Jazz)	(14)			
<u>ACT ONE, SCENE C</u> <u>INT. LIVING ROOM - LATER - (D-2)</u> (Will, Philip, Hilary, Geoffrey)	(25)			
<u>TITLE BUMPER</u>	(:03)			
<u>COMMERCIAL #2</u>	(1:33)			
<u>NBC PROMO</u>	(:30)			
<u>ACT TWO, SCENE D</u> <u>INT. LIVING ROOM - LATER - (D-2)</u> (Will, Philip, Vivian, Hilary, Carlton, Ashley, Jazz)	(29)			

THE FRESH PRINCE OF BEL-AIR
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****ACTORS PLEASE DO NOT WEAR WHITE ON CAMERA DAYS****

<u>ACT TWO, SCENE E</u> (34) <u>INT. RESTAURANT - EVENING</u> - (D-2) (Will, Hilary, Jazz, Marissa, Extras)				
<u>ACT TWO, SCENE G</u> (44) <u>INT. LIVING ROOM - LATER</u> <u>THAT NIGHT</u> - (D-2) (Will, Philip, Vivian, Hilary, Jazz)				
COMMERCIAL #3 (1:03)				
CLOSING CREDITS (:30)				

THE FRESH PRINCE OF BEL-AIR
LONG RUNDOWN

FINAL DRAFT

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COLD OPEN

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY (1)

- (D-1)

(Will, Hilary, Geoffrey,
Jazz)

ACT ONE, SCENE A (5)

INT. LIVING ROOM - A FEW

MOMENTS LATER - (D-1)

(Will, Philip, Vivian,
Hilary, Carlton, Ashley,
Geoffrey, Jazz)

ACT ONE, SCENE B (14)

INT. MARISSA'S OFFICE -

NEXT DAY - (D-2)

(Will, Hilary, Marissa, Jazz)

THE FRESH PRINCE OF BEL-AIR
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"Working It Out"

ACT ONE, SCENE C (25)

INT. LIVING ROOM - LATER

- (D-2)

(Will, Philip, Hilary,
Geoffrey)

ACT TWO, SCENE D (29)

INT. LIVING ROOM - LATER

- (D-2)

(Will, Philip, Vivian,
Hilary, Carlton, Ashley,
Jazz)

ACT TWO, SCENE E (34)

INT. RESTAURANT - EVENING

- (D-2)

(Will, Hilary, Jazz, Marissa,
Extras)

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"Working It Out"

ACT TWO, SCENE G (44)

INT. LIVING ROOM - LATER

THAT NIGHT - (D-2)

(Will, Philip, Vivian,
Hilary, Jazz)

THE FRESH PRINCE OF BEL-AIR

"Working It Out"

COLD OPEN

FADE IN:

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY (D-1)
(Will, Hilary, Geoffrey, Jazz)

(HILARY IS IN HER ACCUSTOMED PLACE, LYING ON THE COUCH READING PREMIERE MAGAZINE. WILL'S HEAD SILENTLY PEERS AROUND THE CORNER OF THE ARCHWAY LEADING TO THE FOYER. A BEAT LATER, JAZZ'S HEAD PEERS AROUND THE CORNER AS WELL. WILL POINTS TO HILARY AND GIVES JAZZ A SILENT "GO FOR IT" SIGN. JAZZ TIPTOES OVER TO THE COUCH, CROUCHES, AND MOVES IN UNTIL HIS FACE IS ABOUT TWO INCHES BEHIND HILARY'S HEAD. HE WAITS A BEAT, THEN)

JAZZ

Hi, beautiful.

(HILARY REELS AROUND AND IN ONE FLUID MOVEMENT, SWATS JAZZ WITH THE MAGAZINE, KNOCKING HIM DOWN TO THE FLOOR)

JAZZ (CONT'D)

I love a woman with good reflexes.

Makes me crazy.

HILARY

Get out.

JAZZ

Your mouth is saying, "Get out" but
your eyes are saying "Get busy."

HILARY

Daddy!

WILL

Ah, that won't work this time,
Hilary. Uncle Phil went out to the
supermarket. So he probably won't be
back for a week.

HILARY

Mom!

WILL

She went with him.

HILARY

Geoffrey!

WILL

*

Ooooo...

(GEOFFREY APPEARS AT THE DOOR TO
THE DINING ROOM)

GEOFFREY

Yes, Miss Hilary?

HILARY

You know the drill.

WILL/JAZZ

Uh-oh.

CUT TO:

EXT. HOUSE - DAY

(FOR THE LAST TIME -- THIS SEASON,
THAT IS -- JAZZ IS THROWN OUT OF
THE HOUSE)

CUT TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY - CONTINUOUS

(GEOFFREY RE-ENTERS, WITH WILL,
STRAIGHTENING HIS TIE)

WILL

Man, G, you threw him for distance.

I think you beat Uncle Phil's old
record.

GEOFFREY

*

(PLEASED)

Well, in all fairness, I got a very
favorable bounce.

(GEOFFREY EXITS)

WILL

Hilary, why can't you be nice to
Jazz? He really likes you.

HILARY

Oh, and I'm supposed to be nice to
everyone that likes me? How much
time do you think I have?

WILL

And that's an excuse to hurt his
feelings?

HILARY

Oh, Jazz'll be fine.

WILL

Oh, you think so? I don't. You don't know Jazz the way I do. He's a very sensitive person. And he has feelings and emotions that run very deep. And when you asked Geoffrey to throw him out of the house... well, I think you've finally crushed him. He'll never be the same.

HILARY

(CONCERNED)

Really?

(SUDDENLY, JAZZ POPS INTO VIEW THROUGH THE FRENCH WINDOW, A BIG SMILE ON HIS FACE)

JAZZ

Want to kiss my boo-boo?

(HILARY STORMS OUT. WILL THROWS UP HIS HANDS, EXASPERATED, AND WE:)

CUT TO:

MAIN TITLES

ACT ONE

A

FADE IN:

INT. LIVING ROOM - A FEW MOMENTS LATER -
(D-1)

(Will, Philip, Vivian, Hilary,
Carlton, Ashley, Geoffrey, Jazz)

(WILL AND JAZZ ARE THERE. GEOFFREY
IS BRUSHING OFF JAZZ'S CLOTHES WITH
A SMALL BRUSH)

GEOFFREY

I hope you didn't take my throwing
you out of the house personally, Mr.
Jazz. It's strictly business.

*

JAZZ

That's cool. But if you grab me in
that place again, we're engaged.

*

WILL

Yo, Jazz, if you want to get Hilary
to like you, you gotta have a plan.

JAZZ

You mean mine hasn't been working?

WILL

Hold up. You've actually had a plan?

JAZZ

Of course.

WILL

Jazz, this is the eighteenth time
she's thrown you out of the house.

JAZZ

(SMUGLY)

All a part of my plan.

PHILIP (O.S.)

We're home.

JAZZ

Later.

* (JAZZ DARTS OUT THE FRENCH DOOR.
PHILIP, VIVIAN, AND ASHLEY ENTER
FROM THE KITCHEN)

VIVIAN

Geoffrey, the groceries you needed are
in the kitchen.

GEOFFREY

Yes, madame.

(GEOFFREY EXITS)

ASHLEY

Well, Carlton has sunk to a new low.

WILL

What?

(CARLTON ENTERS ON CRUTCHES)

WILL (CONT'D)

*

Carlton, what's with the crutches?

CARLTON

I'm practicing my new scam. Girls love
a guy with a sports injury.

WILL

*

What's your sport, pee-wee football?

ASHLEY

You should have seen him at the
supermarket. Hitting on the check-out
girl.

WILL

Hold up, what did the Love Machine do
now?

ASHLEY

He went into the ten-items-or-less line
and said, "I only have two items: good
looks and a fat wallet. Ring me up."

*

(HILARY ENTERS FROM UPSTAIRS)

HILARY

Mom, Dad, I'm so glad you're home.
I've got some exciting news about my
job.

PHILIP

What is it?

HILARY

I'm not going to just "tell" you,
that's no fun. Guess.

ASHLEY

Did you sell a painting at the
gallery?

HILARY

Nooo...

PHILIP

Did you get a promotion?

HILARY

Nooo...

WILL

Did you get fired?

HILARY

(DELIGHTED)

No. I quit!

PHILIP/VIVIAN

What?

WILL

I was definitely the closest.

VIVIAN

Hilary, you were doing so well at the art gallery.

HILARY

But Mom, it's not really a cool job. When I was a little girl I always had a dream that when I grew up, I'd have a glamorous job in a glamorous office and I'd go to parties and people would ask me what I did and I'd tell them. And then I imagined them turning pea-green with envy, blurting out "You're so lucky!" and then walking away absolutely eaten up inside that I had a fabulous job and they didn't.

CARLTON

(TO PHILIP)

They say Ghandi had a very similar childhood dream.

PHILIP

All right, young lady. How do you propose getting this glamorous job?

HILARY

I already got it. Tomorrow I start my job as the personal assistant to Marissa Redman.

ASHLEY

The movie star?

CARLTON

Wow, she's really big.

WILL

Carlton, what are you talking about? She hasn't done anything good in years.

HILARY

That's not true. She's one of the most famous actresses in Hollywood. She won an Oscar.

WILL

(UNDER HIS BREATH)

Nominated.

HILARY

And she was in one of the top ten movies of all time.

WILL

(UNDER HIS BREATH)

Eight years ago.

HILARY

And she needs a new assistant because
she just took a well-deserved year
off.

WILL

(UNDER HIS BREATH)

Nose job.

HILARY

(IRRITATED)

How did you know all that?

WILL

I have an inquiring mind.

VIVIAN

Will, please. Hilary's obviously
very excited about this job. Be a
little supportive.

WILL

You're right. I'm sorry.

PHILIP

*

Hilary, I loved her in that musical
she did. God, what a voice.

WILL

(UNDER HIS BREATH)

Lip-sync.

* (GEOFFREY ENTERS)

GEOFFREY

*

Dinner is served.

*

*

(PHILIP, VIVIAN, HILARY, CARLTON
AND ASHLEY EXIT. JAZZ RE-ENTERS
THROUGH THE FRENCH DOORS)

WILL

Jazz, I thought you left.

JAZZ

Why?

WILL

Because you walked out the door and
said, "later."

JAZZ

All a part of my plan.

WILL

So, did you hear the news about
Hilary?

JAZZ

Yeah. I'm so proud of her.

WILL

All right, J. Tomorrow's her first
day of work, and I've got an idea to
make her like you. We'll surprise
her at her office and you'll give her
candy and flowers.

JAZZ

Great idea. I'll meet you here
tomorrow at nine o'clock sharp.

WILL

Got it.

JAZZ

And don't forget the candy and
flowers.

(JAZZ EXITS AND WE:)

CUT TO:

HILARY

*

(ON PHONE)

Hello, I'm calling from Marissa
Redman's office. Is her dry cleaning
ready?

(WILL ENTERS UNSEEN BY HILARY)

HILARY (CONT'D)

(BEAT)

Well, it says on the ticket, three
dresses, two blouses, four silk
brassieres, and eight pair of
underwear. Fantastic. I'll be by to
pick them up.

WILL

Glamour, glamour, glamour!

(HILARY NOTICES WILL FOR THE FIRST
TIME)

WILL (CONT'D)

Hey, when you're down there, maybe
you'll get to see Dustin Hoffman's
drawers.

HILARY

Will! What are you doing here?

B

INT. MARISSA'S OFFICE - NEXT DAY - (D-2)
(Will, Hilary, Marissa, Jazz)

(A WELL-DECORATED HOLLYWOOD OFFICE
WITH FEMININE TOUCHES. HILARY SITS
AT MARISSA'S DESK, ON THE PHONE)

HILARY *

Miss Toni Fisher, please.

(BEAT)

Hi, Toni, it's Hil. How's your job
going? Uh huh. Guess where I'm
calling from. No, guess.

(BEAT)

No, guess again.

(BEAT)

No, guess again.

(BEAT)

What do you mean you give up? This
is fun.

(BEAT)

No, guess again.

(MORE)

(WILL MOTIONS TO THE DOOR. JAZZ
ENTERS. HE HAS A KEYBOARD AROUND
HIS NECK, AND A SMALL BOUQUET OF
FLOWERS AND A CANDY BAR)

HILARY

Jazz!

JAZZ

*

Congratulations on your new job,
Hilary. Flowers. Kit-Kat. And a
little song.

(JAZZ STARTS PLAYING THE KEYBOARDS)

WILL

All the way from Compton, California,
the keyboard king himself, Jazz.

Play something for her, Jazz.

(JAZZ PLAYS A TUNE)

WILL (CONT'D)

Plays so beautiful, don't you agree?

(MARISSA ENTERS)

MARISSA

What is going on here?

HILARY

Marissa, I can explain...

MARISSA

I don't want to hear it. So, I've
got a "party girl" on my hands, have
I? As soon as I turn my back.

MARISSA (CONT'D) *

We've got a word for people like you
in this business. It's called --

(NOTICING WILL)

Hel-lo!

WILL

Oh, Miss Redman, we didn't want to
get Hilary in any trouble. I'm her
cousin.

MARISSA

Oh, she's not in any trouble -- I'm
sorry, I didn't catch your name.

WILL

Will Smith.

MARISSA

Oh, "Will Smith." Little Willie
Smith. I like that.

WILL *

Little Willie's got to go now. We'll
get out of your way.

MARISSA

Oh, you're not in my way.

(PUSHING JAZZ ASIDE TO GET CLOSER
TO WILL)

MARISSA (CONT'D)

(TO JAZZ)

You kind of are.

(MARISSA IS NOW FACE-TO-FACE WITH
WILL)

MARISSA (CONT'D)

Why don't you stay awhile, Willie?

WILL

I'd like to, but we've got other
plans.

JAZZ

No, we don't.

WILL

Don't you remember, Jazz? You've got
that brain surgery appointment?

JAZZ

I must've forgotten.

*

*

(WILL DRAGS JAZZ OUT)

MARISSA

I just had a thought.

HILARY

I'm sure it's brilliant. What is it?

MARISSA

*

I just thought that I want to take
your cousin Will to the restaurant
opening tonight.

HILARY

What?!

MARISSA

Are you thinking I'm too old for him?
You think he wouldn't want to go out
with me?

HILARY

No, no. I mean, Marissa, who
wouldn't want to go out with you?

MARISSA

Well, I hope he does want to go out
with me, because if he doesn't --
you're fired, Hester.

(AND ON HILARY'S LOOK, WE:)

CUT TO:

C

* INT. LIVING ROOM - LATER (D-2)
(Will, Philip, Hilary, Geoffrey)

(PHILIP AND WILL ARE LOCKED IN AN INTENSE GAME OF CHESS. GEOFFREY IS LOOKING OVER PHILIP'S SHOULDER. AFTER GREAT DELIBERATION, PHILIP IS ABOUT TO MAKE A MOVE)

GEOFFREY

(ALARMED)

Ah!

(PHILIP TAKES HIS HAND AWAY, RECONSIDERING. AFTER MORE DELIBERATION, HE STARTS TO MOVE ANOTHER PIECE)

GEOFFREY (CONT'D)

(CONCERNED)

Ooo!

(PHILIP TAKES HIS HAND AWAY AGAIN. DELIBERATING MORE, HE GOES TO MOVE ANOTHER PIECE)

GEOFFREY (CONT'D)

(SHUDDERING)

Uhhhh!

(PHILIP TAKES HIS HAND AWAY FROM THE PIECE. HE KNOCKS OVER HIS KING)

PHILIP

(IRRITATED)

I forfeit.

(PHILIP EXITS)

WILL

Thanks a lot, G. He was about to take me.

(WILL GIVES GEOFFREY A FIVE DOLLAR BILL
AND GEOFFREY EXITS. HILARY ENTERS FROM
WORK)

HILARY

(CHEERFUL)

Hi, Will.

WILL

*

Oh, Miss Hollywood is home. Tell me about
your fab-u day. What'd you do this
afternoon? Massage her feet? Clean out
her gutters?

HILARY

(LAUGHING)

Oh, Will, I love your irreverent sense of
humor. It's so refreshing.

WILL

(SUSPICIOUS)

How are you trying to play me, Hilary?

HILARY

Will, you're always thinking the worst of
me. As a matter of fact, I have some
great news for you. Guess who I can get
to go out with you?

WILL

Janet Jackson.

HILARY

Guess again.

WILL

Jodie Watley.

HILARY

Guess again.

WILL

Tell me or I'll kill you.

HILARY

Marissa Redman.

WILL

You must be tripping. I wouldn't go out
with her if she and Marsha Warfield were
the last two women on Earth.

HILARY

(BREAKING DOWN)

Will, please. Marissa said that if I
can't get her a date with you, she'll fire
me.

WILL

Perfect. Hilary, she just yells, and
bosses you around and treats you like
dirt.

HILARY

I know, but I'm the envy of all my
friends.

WILL

(PUTTING HIS ARM ON HILARY'S SHOULDER.
HE ACTUALLY LOOKS MOVED)

Hilary, please don't cry... C'mon, now...
I hate to see you like this. I guess it
won't kill me to go on a date with Marissa
Redman.

HILARY

(THROWING HER ARMS AROUND WILL'S NECK)

Oh, Will, thank you, thank you, thank
you...

WILL

(BIG GRIN)

And it won't kill you to go on a date with
Jazz.

* (HILARY GOES BACK TO CRYING, AND WE:)

FADE OUT:

END OF ACT BREAK

ACT TWO

D

FADE IN:

INT. LIVING ROOM - LATER (D-2)
(Will, Philip, Vivian, Hilary,
Carlton, Ashley, Jazz)

(HILARY IS PACING NERVOUSLY,
DRESSED FOR THE DATE. PHILIP AND
VIVIAN ARE READING. CARLTON AND
ASHLEY ARE SEATED ON THE COUCH
WATCHING HER)

CARLTON

I can't believe you agreed to go on
this date with Jazz.

HILARY

Shut up, Carlton. I had to or I'd
lose my job.

CARLTON

Touchy, touchy.

(UNDER HIS BREATH, CARLTON STARTS
HUMMING THE WEDDING MARCH)

HILARY

Cut it out!

ASHLEY

I can see it now. Mr. and Mrs.

Jazz...

(STOPPING)

-- Does Jazz have a last name?

VIVIAN

(DEADPAN)

I believe it's Ma-Tazz.

(VIVIAN, CARLTON, ASHLEY, ALL CRACK
UP)

PHILIP

Will you three cut it out?

VIVIAN

Philip, we don't mean anything by it.

PHILIP

I don't think the destruction of our
gene pool is anything to joke about.

(VIVIAN, CARLTON, AND ASHLEY EXIT
TO THE KITCHEN)

*

*

SFX: DOORBELL

* (WILL ENTERS)

WILL

That's Jazz.

HILARY

Good. Marissa's going to meet us at
the restaurant and we can't even be a
second late.

WILL

Relax, Hilary. You just make sure
you're sweet to Jazz. This is making
his week, you know.

(GEOFFREY ENTERS WITH JAZZ)

GEOFFREY

Mr. Jazz.

JAZZ

Yo, G. As of tonight, my new
official name is Mr. Lucky.

(GEOFFREY EXITS. JAZZ GIVES HILARY
A SUGGESTIVE LOOK)

HILARY

*

(DISGUSTED)

Excuse me, but I am about to throw --

(WILL JABS HER)

HILARY (CONT'D)

...Something warm on.

JAZZ

I'll be waiting with bated breath.

Oh, that reminds me.

(JAZZ SPRAYS SOME BREATH SPRAY.
HILARY EXITS. PHILIP AND VIVIAN
REACT. VIVIAN EXITS)

PHILIP

Jazz, I hope you enjoy the
restaurant, and have a good evening.
But I have only one piece of advice
for you. Don't touch my daughter.

JAZZ

Okay. But I can't guarantee that she
can keep her hands off me.

* (PHILIP REACTS. AND WE:)

CUT TO:

E

* INT. RESTAURANT - EVENING (D-2)
(Will, Hilary, Jazz, Marissa,
Extras)

(WILL, HILARY, JAZZ AND MARISSA ARE
SEATED AT A TABLE)

HILARY

Marissa, thanks so much for inviting
us. This is such an exciting new
restaurant.

JAZZ

(SURVEYING TABLE)

Look at that. Butter on ice! I'm
living large now.

WILL

Speaking of ice, Hilary looks a
little chilly, doesn't she, Jazz?

(WILL GIVES JAZZ A WINK)

JAZZ

Oh, right.

* (JAZZ PUTS HIS ARM AROUND HILARY.
WILL BEAMS)

*

*

(MARISSA WAVES TO ANOTHER TABLE)

MARISSA

Hi, Arsenio!

(HILARY WAVES NERVOUSLY ALSO)

HILARY

Woof, woof!

MARISSA

He's not waving at you, child.

HILARY

*

Sorry.

JAZZ

(TO HILARY)

You look beautiful, baby.

(HE STARTS WALKING HIS FINGERS UP
HER ARM)

HILARY

(ANNOYED)

Jazz, please.

WILL

(ASIDE)

Hilary... I know you can be a lot
nicer than that.

HILARY

All right, all right.

(TO JAZZ)

That's a wonderful imitation of a
creepy spider you did, Jazz.

MARISSA *

(CALLING AND WAVING)

Hey Cher! A sophomore in high
school! Beat that, honey!

* (WILL CRINGES AND TURNS TO HILARY)

WILL *

Hilary, do you know what time it is?

HILARY

(LOOKING AT HER WATCH)

It's 8:15.

WILL

No, it's not. It's slow-dancing-
with-Jazz-time.

HILARY

No it isn't.

WILL

Well, either it's slow-dancing-with-
Jazz-time or it's Will-getting-up-
going-home-and-leaving-you-without-a-
job time.

HILARY

(IMMEDIATELY)

Jazz, want to dance?

JAZZ

Man, this must be my birthday!

*

*

*

MARISSA

(TO HILARY)

And when you get back, bring me a
mineral water. Three ice cubes, a
lemon and a lime. And for the sake
of novelty, get it right this time.

HILARY

Yes, Marissa.

(HILARY AND JAZZ GO TO THE DANCE
FLOOR)

MARISSA

So, little Willie. Will you pass the
salt?

WILL

Oh, sure.

(WILL GETS UP AND LEANS OVER ACROSS
THE TABLE. MARISSA LOOKS DEVILISH.
WE STAY ON WILL'S FACE. SUDDENLY,
WILL REACTS SHARPLY, AS IF SOMEONE
JUST PINCHED HIM IN THE BUTT. HE
TURNS AROUND AND SEES MARISSA
SMILING LEWDLY. WILL SMOOTHLY
SITS DOWN, A CHAIR AWAY, IN
HILARY'S SEAT. JAZZ AND HILARY
START SLOW DANCING. JAZZ IS IN
HEAVEN, SMILING WITH HIS EYES
CLOSED)

HILARY

Uh... Jazz. I feel I should tell you
something. I'm only on this date
with you as part of my deal with
Will.

JAZZ

I know.

HILARY

You do?

JAZZ

*

It don't bother me.

(OFF HILARY'S LOOK)

But if it's making you so sad dancing
with me, you don't have to.

HILARY

No, it's not that, Jazz.

JAZZ

(MOVING IN CLOSER)

Thank God.

HILARY

This job is just getting to me. I
don't mind the hard work, but I can't
seem to do anything right. She's
always yelling at me.

JAZZ

*

(MOVING IN EVEN CLOSER)

Tell Jazz all about it.

*

ANGLE ON TABLE

MARISSA

Oh, look. Biggest director in town.

(WAVING)

Sydney!

(LOUDER)

Sydney!

(BEAT)

Congratulations! Loved your new
movie! We've got to do --

(ANNOYED)

What? He just looked right through
me. *

WILL

Maybe you should've spoken up more.

MARISSA

(STEAMING)

This is not good.

(CALLING OUT)

Hickory! Hey, Hickory!

(HILARY AND JAZZ CROSS TO THE
TABLE)

HILARY

Yes?

MARISSA

I just saw Sydney and he cut me dead.
Now, did you send him that bottle of
champagne like I told you for the
premiere of his crappy movie?

HILARY .

(CONFUSED)

All you said to me yesterday was that
you were thinking of sending him
something, but you didn't know what.

MARISSA *

Well, champagne would obviously be
the perfect choice, Einstein.

WILL *

Whoa, Marissa, chill, she's trying.

MARISSA

(STILL BERATING HILARY)

I work so hard. I work harder than
anybody, and I'm very underpaid. And
it does not help when the person who
is supposed to be my "assistant" is a
total idiot.

JAZZ

(TO MARISSA)

You're the idiot.

WILL

Date's over.

JAZZ

I don't care how many movies you've been in. Nobody talks like that to Hilary. She's smart, she's sweet, and she's the most beautiful woman in the cosmos. And she's been very nice to me tonight, and she's been very nice to you, even though you don't deserve it. So you just tell her you're sorry, because I am about to get pretty damn mad.

MARISSA

Oh, shut up.

(BRUSHING PAST HIM)

All right, girl, here's what you've got to do. I want you to run out to an all-night liquor store and pick up--

HILARY

No.

MARISSA

Excuse me?

HILARY

Who do you think I am? I shouldn't be treated like an idiot. I'm not an idiot. And I've done a good job for you. And another thing. Your last five movies really stank up the joint.

*

WILL

(UNDER HIS BREATH)

Six.

MARISSA

You can't stand there talking like
that to me.

HILARY

You're right. I've got a prior
engagement with somebody from the A-
list.

(SWEETLY)

Jazz, let's go.

JAZZ

(STUNNED)

Thank you, O Lord.

(HILARY AND JAZZ GO OUT)

WILL

Who needs them? They don't
appreciate you anyway. We'll have a
better time without them.

MARISSA

Really?

WILL

*

Psych!

(WILL EXITS, AND WE:)

CUT TO:

G

INT. LIVING ROOM - LATER THAT NIGHT (D-2)
(Will, Philip, Vivian, Hilary,
Jazz)

(HILARY, JAZZ AND WILL ARE TELLING
PHILIP AND VIVIAN ABOUT THEIR NUTTY
ANTICS)

VIVIAN

You really said that to Marissa?

HILARY

Uh-huh.

WILL

At least now old witchie-poo knows
what Hilary thinks of her.

HILARY

And I owe it all to Jazz.

PHILIP

Why, thank you, Jazz. Now our
daughter is unemployed.

HILARY

Daddy, you should thank Jazz. He reminded me that I do have some self-respect. Why do I have to chase after celebrities? They're all so shallow and self-centered. From now on I want to spend time with people who have depth and intelligence and maturity.

JAZZ

(CONCERNED, TO WILL)

I don't like the sound of this.

(PHILIP AND VIVIAN AD-LIB
GOODNIGHTS AND EXIT)

HILARY

Guys, I'm sorry the night was so awful.

WILL

Hilary, I'm just grateful I got my young body out of there before Marissa could put some miles on it.

JAZZ

Well, I gotta go. Peace, y'all.

(JAZZ EXITS INTO THE FOYER. HILARY
WAITS A BEAT AND FOLLOWS JAZZ INTO
THE FOYER)

HILARY

Jazz, wait.

RESET TO FOYER

HILARY (CONT'D)

Listen... thank you... I... thanks.

JAZZ

Sure, baby.

(HE TURNS TO GO)

Hey. You wanna go out with me on
Saturday night?

HILARY

Jazz, this just isn't a good time. I
mean, I would only be saying yes because
I feel like I owe you something.

JAZZ

That's cool with me.

HILARY

(SMILING)

Maybe some other time.

JAZZ

Okay. Well, goodnight, Hilary.

(JAZZ TURNS TO GO)

HILARY

No, wait.

* (JAZZ STOPS. HILARY TAKES A BEAT,
STEPS FORWARD, AND GIVES JAZZ A
LITTLE KISS. HILARY EXITS. WILL
ENTERS, IMPRESSED)

JAZZ

All a part of my plan!

* (WILL REACTS, AND WE:)

FADE OUT

THE END