

# WILSON WHITE

15.

## ACT ONE

TITLE:

Against a black screen, we see the name

Jamie

INT. JACK RUDOLPH'S HOUSE/POOL - NIGHT

It's a spectacular house with an incredible view of the L.A. lights. There's a dinner party underway--14 or so guests--and a catering staff that looks like the cast of *The O.C.* is at work.

WILSON WHITE is tapping his wine glass with a fork, gathering attention to offer a toast to the guest of honor. The guest of honor is JAMIE MCDEERE. JAMIE's an instantly likeable 30-something woman who we'll get to know as we go on. She's one of the stars of our show and someone who every man's wife can find an irrational reason to hate.

WILSON WHITE is the 70-something Chairman of The Atlantic Media Group, parent company of UBS.

We're at the home of JACK RUDOLPH, the 40-something Chairman of UBS.

WHITE

If you'll give an old man your attention?

JACK

I'm the only old man here, Wilson.

WHITE

Well I suppose we're all older than we think. I'd like to offer a toast to Jamie. Two years in Business Affairs at Atlantic Records, two years as Vice President in charge of Production at United Artists--a company I was surprised to learn still existed--

The GUESTS laugh...

WHITE (CONT'D)

--four years at NBC, where she shepherded such modest hits as *Seinfeld*, *Friends*, *Mad About You* and *Frasier*, and where she saw to it that Jay Leno spanked David Letterman on a regular basis. I believe you were personally responsible for booking Hugh Grant after his Sunset Boulevard mishap.

SCENE ONE

(CONTINUED)

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JAMIE

Yes, but that was the only thing I was personally responsible for with regard to Hugh Grant.

JACK

What about the spanking of Letterman?

The table laughs...

WHITE

To the news division you went and the CBS Morning Show, where you took the program from a 16 to a 19 share and a 13% increase in the demo. Jack, I commend you for making such an astute hire. Jamie, I welcome you to The Atlantic Media Group, and as the new President of the United Broadcasting System, I ask only one thing of you: Huge success. To the newest President of UBS, Jamie McDeere.

ALL

Here here.

Everyone clinks glasses...

JAMIE

Well thank you very much, Mr. White--

WHITE

Wilson.

JAMIE

I'll have to get used to that. And thank you Jack and Marylyn for hosting this wonderful party.

(calling out a little)

I also want to thank the caterers, this food is really incredible. I didn't immediately recognize a lot of it, but it was all delicious.

JAMIE notices that one of the WAITERS is standing right by her side with a note for her.

JAMIE (CONT'D)

(to the WAITER)

Oh I didn't--the food was really great.

WAITER

(quietly, re: the note)

The woman said it was important.

(CONTINUED)

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(2)

JAMIE  
 (taking the note)  
 Excuse me, I'm sorry.

JAMIE reads the note--

JAMIE (CONT'D)  
 (to the table)  
 It's from my assistant. Something's  
 happened at Studio 7.  
 (to JACK'S WIFE)  
 Could I use your phone?

JACK'S WIFE (MARYLYN)  
 Yeah, in the kitchen.

JAMIE  
 (starting toward the kitchen)  
 It can't be that big a deal. Nothing  
 bad's gonna happen on my first day,  
 right?

END

And at that moment, cell phones and blackberries begin going off around the table--two, three at a time, until it's a 14-piece band of ring-tones, all spelling emergency--

JAMIE takes this in a moment and we

CUT TO:

EXT. STUDIO 7 SOUNDSTAGE - NIGHT

As a small caravan of Range Rovers, Porsches and BMWs scream up to the stage door, knocking down orange pylons as they do.

CREWS from *Entertainment Tonight*, *Access Hollywood*, *E!* and all the local news plus CNN have begun to arrive and take up positions.

Out of various cars spring JACK, some NETWORK EXECUTIVES from the dinner party and JAMIE.

JACK  
 (to an EXECUTIVE, referring to  
 the press)  
 How the hell did these guys get on the  
 lot?

EXECUTIVE  
 They were here already covering the party  
 for the thing.

They bust through the stage door and into--

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