

On screen:

FRIDAY

START

Lights up. Jim is in Emily's office. Emily is typing and looking at her screen.

JIM. He likes the rhythm?!

Emily finishes what she was typing, then looks at Jim, refocusing

on him.

EMILY. Just find out what was accurate then.

JIM. It says online there are currently twenty-nine strip clubs in Vegas—

EMILY. That's irrelevant.

JIM. —so unless—well, it's a little relevant—my point is that unless the number rose and then dropped again, which is not what you would expect, he's wrong. And between thirty-one and thirty-four he likes the rhythm?

EMILY. He's right about the rhythm.

JIM. They have the same number of syllables.

EMILY. No, they don't.

JIM. Yes, they do.

EMILY. Yes, technically.

JIM. Technically?

EMILY. They sound totally different.

JIM. Yes, they're different numbers. That's my point.

EMILY. "Four." It's a diphthong. The "uh" in "wun" is a pure vowel.

JIM. I don't hear it.

EMILY. You will.

JIM. We still don't know how many strip clubs there were. (*Off her look.*) I bet I can find the yellow pages from—

EMILY. You're my detective. Go detect.

JIM. All right.

He turns to leave. Her eyes return to her monitor. Jim reaches the door, then turns and looks over at her. After a moment she realizes he's still there and looks up.

EMILY. What?

JIM. Emily, is what I'm doing important?

She's still working.

EMILY. Is what—

JIM. In this whole process. I don't want to do some job that's just busywork.

END