

A Modern Feeling

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4.

Dylan's Office.

Dylan is at his desk.

Cameron enters.

CAMERON

You wanted to see me?

DYLAN

Have a seat, buddy.

CAMERON

What happened to Wayne? / He looked like he was—

DYLAN

(Typing.) He's fine. Hang on one... just gotta ask this guy to... jump up a fucking asshole. All yours. You want a drink?

CAMERON

I'm good, I'm actually supposed to—

DYLAN

You're having a drink.

CAMERON

Okay.

(Dylan fixes a drink.)

DYLAN

Cheers.

CAMERON

Cheers. So. Have you had a chance to, uh—

DYLAN

The airline report?

CAMERON

Everything look okay with the deal?

DYLAN

Read it on my way home from the club last night. A bit buzzed.

CAMERON

Three nights in a row / this week, huh?

DYLAN

Ask me what her name was.

CAMERON

Sorry?

DYLAN

Come on, ask me.

CAMERON

All right. What was her name?

DYLAN

I don't fucking know. (*Laughs.*) A sweet little Mediterranean thing. Slipped her a hundred during a lap dance and she started *quivering*. Surprisingly, though—not such a good nut. Told her to lick my ass and she wouldn't do it. (*Beat.*) I'm kidding.

CAMERON

You—you had sex with / one of the—?

DYLAN

Yeah, why wouldn't I?

CAMERON

Is that legal? I mean, isn't that technically considered—

DYLAN

Not if they don't tell. Not if you *make sure* they don't tell.

CAMERON

How do you do that?

DYLAN

You kill them after.

CAMERON

That's funny...

DYLAN

The trick is, you don't make them feel like whores. You take them to the Four Seasons, order them breakfast, get them some flowers.

CAMERON

A little romance?

DYLAN

It makes them feel like they're living out some fantasy, and for a brief instant, they forget they shake their tits for dollar bills.

CAMERON

The Pretty Woman trick.

DYLAN

Exactly. Hey, why don't you come with me sometime?

CAMERON

To the club?

DYLAN

Yeah. You can still appreciate tits, can't you?

CAMERON

Sure, yeah—

DYLAN

Unless you'd rather stay home and work.

CAMERON

No, I'd—

DYLAN

'Cause the numbers were good, like always. Pristine. But the market research—still a bit sloppy.

CAMERON

Oh?

DYLAN

Overall, a solid C-minus.

CAMERON

A C-minus...

DYLAN

What, why are you looking at me like that? You wanted me to jizz over it or something?

CAMERON

No, not at all.

DYLAN

Then why're you / pouting?

CAMERON

No, it's just—I'm sorry, Dylan. I know I've been in and out this month, but I promise, I'll make sure the next one's an A-plus. You have my word.

DYLAN

I'm just fucking with you. The report was good. / Everything looked great.

CAMERON

God, you scared me for a second. I want to make sure I'm doing right by you, Dylan. You promoted me over a lot of other people—

DYLAN

That's right.

CAMERON

—and I am really grateful.

DYLAN

Good. You should be. You know, kid, you're always ramped up, even when you're busy. That's good. I've always liked that about you.

CAMERON

Thank you. I appreciate that. I've been trying really hard, you know, and—I really thought I'd only need a few days off, but—moving, it's terrible. Will, he's been living in that same apartment for seven years, since college, so there was just so much *stuff*. Took him forever to pack, and even longer to—like, why does it take five hours to unpack one box? And tonight, I'm supposed to meet him in a few hours to assemble all this furniture—it's gonna be a nightmare, but—at least we finally have an apartment together—took a year, but—I'm happy.

DYLAN

You're not gonna need more days off, are ya?

CAMERON

No. I'm sorry I've been working remote so much, it's just been—

DYLAN

You feel unfocused.

CAMERON

You think I'm unfocused?

DYLAN

No, I was asking. Are you?

CAMERON

I don't think so. *(Beat.)* Is that—why you wanted to see me? You've been seeing a lot of people today.

DYLAN

A few.

CAMERON

Wayne looked pretty dead coming out of your office. He, uh, I'm pretty sure he was crying. He said that you fired him.

DYLAN

Crying like a fucking girl, proves I was right.

CAMERON

Do you mind if I?—are there?—any more cuts on the horizon? The immediate horizon?

DYLAN

You think that's why I called you in here?

CAMERON

People have been talking, you know, and they're saying you might have plans to—lean out the team.

DYLAN

That's what they're saying, huh? Interesting. *(Beat.)* Why don't we go grab a drink and talk about it?

(Pause.)

CAMERON

I really like this job, Dylan.

DYLAN

I know you do.

CAMERON

I'll work longer hours. I can take a pay cut. Whatever you need me to do, I'll do it.

DYLAN

You don't need to do anything.

(Beat.)

CAMERON

I'm sorry I let you down. You were a real mentor to me.

DYLAN

You don't need to do anything because I'm leaving.

CAMERON

What?

DYLAN

I'm going solo.

CAMERON

Solo...? What do you mean? You're leaving the bank?

DYLAN

Making myself a new empire. I'm building a startup. Wayne? That's been in the works for a long time. You have nothing to worry about.

CAMERON

Wow... I don't know what to say. I'm sorry to see you go.

DYLAN

Sorry? With me out the door, there's a vacuum. You should be getting out your guns, spitting on my grave. Asking me to recommend you for my position.

CAMERON

I respect you, Dylan. I would never do that.

DYLAN

Good. I know you wouldn't. That's why I want you to come with me.

CAMERON

Come with you?

DYLAN

I'm recruiting you. Behind closed doors, you understand? I need strong soldiers. Now, before you say "yes, sir" and nut one all over my desk, let me give you the rundown, the greatest hits. It's a service—geared toward every single pussy like Wayne in the English speaking world. A service that says something people like Wayne don't have the courage to say. What might that be? Something radical? Political? Something profound and deep? What happens when you want to tell your neighbor he's always too loud, but you're scared? What do you do? You want to tell your best friend he needs to go to rehab. What do you do? Tell your wife to consider Weight Watchers, tell an ex you gave her chlamydia, tell your co-worker he needs deodorant... How do you have those conversations? What I'm building is a service—an anonymous email service—that says the uncomfortable on your behalf. Sent entirely behind closed doors—encrypted, untraceable—about serious things—in ready-to-digest language. Complete anonymity. So you get to sit and relax behind a comfort of a screen, while reaping all the benefits. "Dear Wayne, while your friends and family love and admire your dedication to your wife, your wonderful parenting skills, and your superb career, we have been watching you, from a distance, struggle with your porn addiction for quite some time. Even though it is more convenient to look the other way, we think it might be time to live up to your greatest potential to become an even more perfect husband, father, and businessman. We urge you to seek a professional counselor for your addiction. You can be helped. You have the power to change."

CAMERON

Wow.

DYLAN

Not bad, right?

CAMERON

It's—

DYLAN

A million dollar idea?

CAMERON

I'm speechless.

DYLAN

Ample stock options, a pioneer's bonus, a corner office that'll make your dick rise ten stories, and as many eager, willing little interns as you want. You'd be my right hand man. What do you think?

(Beat.)

CAMERON

That all sounds great, Dylan, really, but—

DYLAN

But? Come on. I just spilled my heart out to you. Don't fuck with me, kid.

CAMERON

The truth is, I don't really have any startup experience.

DYLAN

You'll learn. We'll catch you up. Now, come on, I want you with me for this. On my team. On my side. What do you say?

CAMERON

For you, I'll do it.

DYLAN

Come here, son. You're a good kid.

(They hug.)

(Cameron pours more drinks.)

CAMERON

Cheers. To you.

DYLAN

To us.

CAMERON

Dylan, I just want to say, thank you. Thank you for believing in me.

DYLAN

Come on, I'm trying to have a drink here.

CAMERON

I mean it.

DYLAN

All right, let's get the hell outta here before you get any more mushy on me. How about a few rounds somewhere? Whiskey? Bourbon?

CAMERON

You know, I'd love to, but I told Will I'd be home by eight for the—

DYLAN

What, to assemble a fucking chair? I'm trying to assemble you a whole career here. Go get your coat.

(Beat.)

CAMERON

Okay. One drink.

(Cameron turns to go.)

DYLAN

Hey, what's six inches long, three inches wide, and makes pussy wet like a fountain?

CAMERON

I don't know. I'm stumped.

(Dylan pulls out a thick stack of cash.)

DYLAN

Welcome on board, kiddo.