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A Family Man

By Bill Dubuque

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I am a headhunter and I am the
purest form of salesman alive.
I sell the American dream.
I make money out of thin air,
smoke, whole cloth.
I stand on the shoulders
of giants,
the hardest of
hardened salesmen.
Tin men, bible salesmen,
slum realtors.
We're a wolf pack of
commissioned phone jockeys
working 70 hours a week without
a net. You hit, you hit big.
You blank, and the repo man's
tailgating...
the minivan
at the grocery store.
This job is a desk, a phone,
a chair and your ass.
Good morning, Imperial
Automotive Manufacturing,
Dottie speaking.
I am who I say I am.
Johnny Cobra calling, Dot. Need
the name of your Plant Manager.
To give out names of employees.
Nature of your business, sir?
The nature of my business,
Dottie,
is that I'm down here
at the Nissan plant
Because your Quality Department
thinks they can run
a freightliner full of injection
molded crap down my goddamn
throat!
The person that you need to
speak to is Mr. Rayburn, I'll...
First name,
first name, first name.
Thomas is his first name.

- Dottie...

- What?

Relax. Take a deep breath.

Pat yourself on the back,
you're doing one helluva job.

Uh, Mr... Did you say "Cobra"?

Call me Johnny.

Young, old, play sports, college
boy, what am I dealing with?

I know Tommy does

play golf a lot.

He's been working here a couple,
three years, probably...

Chitchat's over, Dot. Boss
is on my ass. Patch me through.

Rayburn.

Dane Jensen,

Blackridge Recruiting.

Thanks for taking my call.

Yeah, hold up, hold up, bud.

Lemme save us both some time;

I'm not lookin' to make
a move right just yet.

Rough as things are out there,
I'm just happy to have the job

I got. Now I'm up to my ass
in alligators,

Sweet. Baby. Jesus.

I cannot believe my guy
was wrong about you.

- Scuse me? Your guy? What guy?

- This isn't a random call, Tom.

I was told by

a confidential source,

even if your golf game was more
screwed up than a soup sandwich,

He also told me even though
you've only been at Imperial

for three years, that

you were bright enough

to at least listen to what

I was recruiting for

So. You're a headhunter, huh?

I am a headhunter.

And a headhunter cometh.
What's the deal
with this gut, son?
You need to get some exercise,
buddy, you're starting to look
like the kind of kid
Willy Wonka'd kick out...
of the chocolate factory.
Hands up.

I dunno... we could
play a little football
when you get home tonight.
If it's still light out
and I don't have any calls
to make, we'll see.

- Good morning.

- Hey, hon.

Ryan eat breakfast?

- If you can call it that.

- He likes cereal and it's easy.

Of course he does, Elise,
what kid doesn't like
colored marshmallows swimming
in whole milk?

Momma.

I like your hair, Lauren,
looks good on you.

The point is, he's a mess.

Shh! Be quiet, he'll hear you!

Anyway, I made an appointment
for him to see the doctor.

What the hell for, his weight?

No! I told you a week ago,
he's tired all the time
and those bruises...

- Bruises?

- Can I have chocolate milk?

- Sure you can, baby.

- Yeah, just a sec.

Who's calling you so early?

Just some candidate.

Pushing sixty and wonders
why he can't find a job.

Because of his age?

That's awful.

Okay.

Gotta go.

I was thinking maybe I could
drive into the city,
we could get lunch...?

First of the month, hon,
swamped. Call me! Oh...

I'm done talking about it!

Either manage Bob to get a deal
or make the son of a bitch quit
so I don't have to pay...
unemployment on his lazy ass.

Ed, how do you propose

I force the man to quit?

For Christ sake, Wilson,
have a little fun for a change.

You know what I love
about this place?

I'm on pins and needles.

Ed only cares about
making money.

Man, woman, black,
white, old or young,
doesn't matter as long
as you're a producer.

Bob, were you not here
this past Saturday or Sunday?

No, I don't think
anyone was here.

- You blanked for three months.

- I got two kids,
my wife had divorced me,
I started coming in
on the weekends.

Ah, wife and two kids, I see.

You're gonna score in October?

I'm sure gonna try my best.

Try? Your attitude is to try?

Bob...

You know what I hate
about this place?

Nope.

Ed only cares about

making money.
That's why he tolerates
you and your mouthbreathers.
My mouthbreathers
make more placements
and out-produce those Ivy
Leaguers you coddle every month.
What about an attitude that
says "I'll do whatever it takes",
"I'll work whatever
hours necessary,
in order to justify your
financial commitment to me, Ed"?
Oh...
Bob...
Are you going to get a deal!!!!?
Yes! Yes, sir.
Attaboy, Bob. Now get
the fuck back on the phone.
Bet the place is full
this weekend.
But... if and when Bob leaves,
then keep your ears open.
If he breaches his non-compete
and calls just one
of our clients,
I will sue him so deep
and hard...
that he, his wide-assed
Junior League wife,
and their two brats will be
sleeping in a cardboard box
under the overpass on Whacker.
There's always someone
that thinks they can hang up
their own shingle, and skip on
down to the home office
in their skivvies and make phone
calls while the rug rats frolic
at their feet. It makes me
want to puke blood.
In 35 years,
I have never let anyone
slide on their non-compete.

I leave for Prague in two days.

Prague?

You want her

to tell you where it is?

I know where Prague is.

Overseas.

I want to spend more time
away from the place, travel,
indulge my inner Kerouac.

Time to finalize that succession
plan that we dance around...
and never do anything about.

I won't give up control
immediately,

but one of you will get the job.

Whoever takes this last quarter
can move into the empty office
next to this one.

You'll get off a desk
and you'll receive overrides...
from every recruiter
at Blackridge.

I'll announce the new General
Manager the first of the year.

Understood?

- One hundred percent, Ed.

- Understood.

Wilson, beat it.

- The hell is that?

- Cobra wine.

Spotted it in a small village
in Vietnam last month,
thought of you.

- You're supposed to drink it?

- Don't be such an American.

Of course you drink it.

But I'm determined to save
it for a special occasion.

Maybe the next time I do
something truly remarkable.

Such as?

I haven't settled

on that as yet.

How about a record-

breaking October?

What makes a person remarkable
is the life they live,
not the money they make.

Spoken like a man
with a lot of money.

I may never uncork that wine.

Ryan...

Ryan, wake up, pal.

- What time is it?

- 6:

Let's get some roadwork in
before school.

Roadwork?

Dad! I need to rest.

Why don't I just carry you?

- I'm walking.

- You're jogging.

Morning, ladies!

Alright.

Let's just walk.

Why don't we go
to Catholic school?

We're lapsed Catholics.

The good Lord wants us...

to spend Sunday mornings
at Cracker Barrel.

I'm with the Lord.

How come Lauren
doesn't have to jog?

'Cause Lauren

doesn't have to lose weight.

First step in solving a problem
is recognizing it, buddy.

Did you and Grandpa go jogging
when you were a kid
in St. Louis?

No, not hardly.

He went to work when
it was dark,

came home when it was dark.

Wasn't much fun, was he?

Eh, he did the job.

"Kinfe," "Sizhong," "Deepak"...

Don't get me going on the red dots.

Here's an invoice begging to be sent.

"Ping." Interview a Chinese engineer yet?

Treat yourself. It's like having a conversation in the dark... with Astro from the Jetsons.

Look, Sumner, I should have spent more time with you, okay.

My fault. Let's start over. We are the "Dixie Mafia."

Okay, Dixie. The South. You know, state's rights, NASCAR, closeted atheists, poor spellers. I'm not an idiot, Mr. Jensen.

Okay. Role-play with me, alright.

I'm a client from Hattiesburg, Mississippi... and I'm looking for a process engineer. So go on, pitch me one of your PhD's.

Ahem! Ring! Ring! Darrel Waltrip here!

Uh, yes, Mr. Waltrip? Darrel, son.

What can I do you for? Well, Darrel, I'm calling about your... Who the hell is this?

Sumner, Sumner Firestone from Blackridge Recruiting. Spit it out, I'm a busy man!

Uh... Well, I've got a guy, he's uh, for your open engineering

position I mean,
he's got two degrees in
Mechanical Engineering,
experience reducing waste
in the plants.
Sounds stronger than puppy's
breath.
Now, when can he get down here?
- Well, he can be there Friday?
- You asking me or telling me?
I'm telling you.
He'll be there Friday.
Friday it is! By the by,
he wouldn't happen to have
one of those PhD's, would he?
As a matter of fact, he does.
Perfect! Better'n
a new set of snow tires!
Now, what's his name?
Mohammed Al Far...
Your sleepercell starter kits
are unemployable
south of the grit-line!
Alright. Cowboy up, sunshine.
Use this guy. Lou Wheeler.
Bachelor's
in Mechanical Engineering,
Six Sigma experience,
and an age-vague voice.
- "Age-vague"?
- Yeah. He's 59,
sounds like he's 39,
and refuses to change the dates
on his resume,
and is unemployable.
Why unemployable?
He's 59 and refuses to lie
about it. God, you and my wife.
Okay... So why do I want him?
Because we will
take 15 years off Lou's resume.
Right, but once he goes
in for the interview,
they'll just see how

old he is, I mean,
what's the point?
We don't send him
on an interview.
Lou's what you call
a Tracer Bullet.
A tracer bullet, you know?
A round that lights up so you
know where to fire...
the rest of the real bullets.
I know what a tracer bullet
is, I just don't understand...
"Relatively Young Lou"
is a sure-fire bet for a phone
interview, okay?
But once he's off the line
with a paying customer,
you bleed "Actually Old Lou"
for information.
Like, "What projects are they
working on?"
"What specifically
did they ask you?"
And you give that information...
to your placeable candidates
to prepare them.
I don't know...
We're headhunters, Sumner.
In an economic shit storm.
Now I can teach you
how to count cards,
but I can't make you do it.
So you either
reach deep inside
and find that small
dark part of yourself
that's predatory...
Or there's the door.
Alright.
Try giving yourself a desk name,
something tough, visual.
Watch Wall Street,
Godfathers 1 and 2, not 3.
Go on, get your phone,

listen in.
Bernadine?
Hey, it's Dane.
How are you, dear?
Is Lou around?
Lou!
Honey, Dane is on the phone!
Hi, Dane!
So, you hear anything
from Superior?
Are we gonna get
that face-to-face?
[Uh, I'm afraid not, Lou.
[Now I told them they were
making a big mistake, but...
I'm sorry, Lou,
I didn't get it done.
Don't blame yourself,
we'll get 'em next time.
Lou, I'm bringing in
another person to help.
His name's Sumner Firestone,
he's a great guy.
Recruiting savant.
We have any other prospects
on the horizon that look good?
No, not at the moment, Lou.
You call me when you hear
something, okay?
- So, how did it go?
- Oh, they uh,
they decided to go with the
other candidate, no big deal.
- Thank heavens!
- What?
I'm sorry, sweetie,
I know you were interested
in doing this job,
but I was praying that we
wouldn't have to go to Mobile.
I have no desire to see
a hurricane up close.
Besides,
after 29 years,

I kinda like having you
home with me.
Bea, it's been
nearly a year.
And?
Are you complaining?
Three layoffs in eight months.
Your plant is dying.
I can hear the death rattle
from here. And when it does,
the only steady job you're gonna
find within a hundred miles
of Elkhart won't require
an engineering degree,
but a little blue vest and the
phrase "Hi, welcome to Walmart."
What am I missing?
[Time kills all deals, Eric.
Or reading about their new hire
not named Eric on Monday.
[When I told him about
your opportunity,
His wife's already looking at
homes and schools in Raleigh.
Now is Friday morning better
for you or afternoon?
He's an excellent surgeon.
He's an excellent
plastic surgeon.
The grim reaper is coming
through the cornfield
and he's half Mexican,
half Chinese and he doesn't
take prisoners.
That hole in his resume
is because he's been,
he's been off the grid,
he's been, you know, working
with Doctors Without Borders,
he's in the Sudan sowing up
cleft palates.
This is one of the best offers
I've seen...
before or since a recession

and it ends when I hang up this
phone. Now when can you start?
One week or two?
For Christ sakes, Elise!
It's not battery acid!
Where the hell did you get
that idea from anyway?
You try it!
Believe me,
I would if I could.
Well, maybe if I hadn't
already been down there...
for forty minutes already.
Well, maybe if you did it
more often...
I wouldn't drag it
out so long.
Maybe if you didn't
drag it out so long...
I'd do it more often!
You know, most women
appreciate a man...
who's not a premature
ejaculator.
Sweetheart, when
it comes to blowjobs,
every woman appreciates a man
who's a premature ejaculator.
- Right.
- I'm sorry.
I said I'm sorry. Look, I was
fine with it until the end.
I just wasn't expecting you
to ask me to do... that.
I don't know, I just
wanted to try something
a little different, that's all.
My fault. Should've
pre-coached you on it.
Well, I'm not one
of your candidates.
I'm just worried about Ryan.
He's not himself.
Come on.

There's nothing wrong
with that kid
that a little bit of sunshine
and sweat won't cure.
I hope so.
Isn't this nice?
It's hardly ever just
the two of us, no kids,
somebody wanting something.
What would be nice
is if I could cum.
Dane Jensen.
Last of the romantics.
Don't you ever get tired
of the same old thing?
No.
No, I don't think
the same thing is old at all.
I guess you do, though.
What, are you kidding?
It's always the same thing.
- Please, not the sex talk.
- Yeah. We have sex once a week,
except during your period,
and a negotiated blowjob
at the beginning of the month.
We're in a rut, Lise.
I'm just not as sexual
as you are.
Doesn't mean I don't
love you.
What a relief.
That helps a lot.
What do you want,
Dane?
Obviously I'm not giving you
what you want.
I don't know, just... more.
More? More what?
Don't you ever
just stop and think,
"Is this it?
Is this all there is?"
I don't just mean sex.

I mean everything.
A bigger house, a bigger job,
a bigger... life.
Maybe...
Maybe if we spent more time
together out of the bedroom,
we'd spend more time
together in it?
You can't just ignore me
and then expect to have sex.
Foreplay doesn't begin
in the bedroom.
Dr. Oz is an idiot.
Dane, we never talk anymore.
You come home, you're on your
cell or you're sending e-mails.
It's the same thing
every weekend,
no wonder
every day seems the same.
It's my job, it's what I do.
I remember the first time I
got up the nerve to tell you
I loved you.
Do you remember
what you said?
"What's not to love?"
God,
you made me laugh! I'd never met
anyone so confident,
so infuriating...
so full of energy
and life!
How do you remember that?
How do you not?
The kids will want to go
as soon as you get home.
Elise, I'll never get home
unless I get back on the phone.
Do those look like
Witch Fingers?
Yeah! Yummy!
- Mom! Trick or treaters!
- Tell them to come back

- Elise?
- There's big kids at the door.
What, like teenagers?
Costumes?
No.
- Oh God, I hate that.
- Elise, I'm hanging up.
Ryan said he wants to walk...
part of the way with
his friends.
Tell them no bones on the lawn.
Elise?
But he wants to start with you
Elise, this is a client
calling in, I gotta take it.
I'll see you in a bit, okay?
Last day of the month, sunshine.
Whaddaya got?
- An offer.
- Who and how much?
Fee's 20,000. It's
T.G. Duke out of Raleigh,
they make...
Ball joints for the Koreans.
Yeah. My guy's Brian Curtis,
he's been downsized,
lives in Jasper, Alabama.
The offer is for eighty grand.
Give it to me.
He got another offer on his
own. Hayes Manufacturing in...
Jasper, Alabama. Christ, why
didn't you get him in there?
I'm sorry! He saw
an ad in the paper.
As in "newspaper"?! You found
the one guy in Alabama
that reads a newspaper?
Christ, Sumner, you'd fuck up
a ham sandwich.
He said that his wife wouldn't
have to quit her job...
if he stayed local.
And?

And he's probably
gonna take Hayes.
Probably?
He's taking Hayes.
This'll be your first deal,
won't it?
It would have.
Look, Dane, I'm try...
Doing my best.
You think up a desk name yet?
Race Bannon.
Send Brian an e-mail,
congratulating him
on the job at Hayes. Encourage
him to get in touch immediately
if his situation should
unexpectedly change.
Then call the client.
Tell them that Brian is excited,
grateful, and accepts
the position.
Now, get me the name
and home phone number
of the Plant Manager at Hayes.
- What are you going...
- But before you do,
hang it.
What?
You heard me.
Put your deal on the board
and ring...
the fucking... bell.
Based on what?
What are you gonna do?
This deal guarantees
that we win the month. I want
that production on today.
Mr. Blackridge will fire me!
I can't roll the dice
on twenty grand!
Race Bannon would.
Ring it like you own it, Race.
Richard Mercer?
Same Richard Mercer

runs Hayes Manufacturing?

Mr. Mercer, this is Special Agent In Charge Paulson with the FBI.

Yes, sir, that FBI.

This call is in regards to a Mr. Brian Curtis.

Mr. Mercer, in accordance with section 25-B of the Patriot Act we now notify employers of their responsibilities and potential liabilities when convicted sex offenders change jobs.

Yes, sir, a pedophile.

Well, ignorance of the law doesn't relieve you of your legal obligations, sir, such as posting a sexual predator notice with his photo in a high traffic area, say a cafeteria or lobby.

Well, could you maybe build him a little Quonset hut or Morton shed, let him use that as an off...

The cost of shed construction was not part of the course work at Quantico.

Well, that's your call,

Mr. Mercer. However,

I should advise you of the slight risk of a lawsuit if Mr. Curtis believes you've discriminated against him. I'm no lawyer, sir, but I am the father of two little boys.

Yes, sir, they were boys.

A baker's dozen.

Well, if you feel that strongly, my suggestion is that you notify him that the position... has been filled internally

and forget I called.
You're welcome.
Happy Halloween
to you also, sir.
God bless you too.
Hey, buddy.
Hey, Dad.
In bed a little
early, aren't you?
Mom said she was tired.
- She seem tired?
- Not at all.
Scoot over.
Another building, huh?
Yeah. It's what I wanna do
when I'm big.
Draw skyscrapers and stuff.
Right, right, you wanna be
an architect, huh?
Build buildings?
That's decent money.
Yeah, I just wanna draw them.
I don't even care
how they're built.
That's my boy. That's
even better money.
I'd like to go to the Art
Institute of Chicago.
Oh yeah? Where'd you hear
about that?
My art teacher, Miss Jean,
she, um, she went there.
She liked it a lot.
And she's teaching
fifth-grade art, huh?
And first, too.
Helluva testimonial
for the brochure.
She gave me a list
of her five favorite buildings
in Chicago.
Hey, where'd you get
that bruise, sport?
Where?

- There.
- Hm. I don't know.
"The Rookery,
"Tribune Tower,
"The Pritzker Pavilion,
Wrigley Building,
and Thomas Gale House."
Thomas Gale? Hey!
Lauren! Stay out of my room!
Get out of my bed!
Lauren, you're knocking
all my stuff...
Dad, tell her to get out!
Let's not wake
your mother up, please.
You missed trick
or treating, Daddy.
I know, I'm sorry, sweetie.
- I was a kitty cat.
- I see that.
Look at you.
What were you tonight?
- I was a headhunter.
- Ooh! Awesome.
He's kidding you, stupid,
he's always a headhunter.
It's his job.
- I'm not stupid! You're stupid!
- Hey!
Hey, hey, stop fighting,
you two. Come on...
What do you do when
you're at where you work at?
He helps other dads
get jobs so they can take care
of their families.
Something like that.
Well, that's what Mom
said you do.
Mommy's mad at you.
That's it?
You just go to sleep?
Guess not.
- You missed Halloween, Dane!

- I know, Elise, I'm sorry,
I couldn't help it.
I had to make a call...
You should have seen
the look on the kid's faces...
Guilt doesn't work on me,
Elise. I had to make a call.
A call. A call! You always
have to make a stinking call.
If I was an O.B. would I have
to listen to "a baby, a baby",
you always have to deliver a
stinking baby"? It's what I do.
You think I wanted
to miss tonight?
That I like making those calls?
I know you like making
those calls!
Sometimes I feel like you don't
really live here,
you just sleep here.
- Like a favorite song...
- It's sad.
It's just Halloween, Elise.
How sad can a bunch of dressed-
up kids...
with a bellyful
of candy actually be?
Sad for you, Dane.
You're missing it.
Even when you're here
you're not really here.
You're always thinking about
some deal you've got going,
or some candidate
you're scamming.
One day, you're gonna wish
you had this time back.
I love you and it makes me sad.
For you.
I'm tired, Elise.
What do you say we list my flaws
in the morning?
You know, I work damn hard

for this family.
I bust my ass seventy hours
a week in that boiler room
to make enough money
so that you can stay at home.
And I appreciate...
You think it's easy
working commission sales?
Cold calling? Starting
with a blank slate
the first of every month?
Waking up at 2 AM
with a knot in my gut hoping
to God I can close a deal?
And all so my family
can have a nice life.
And if that means
missing a fringe holiday
and being the bad guy,
then that's a sacrifice
I'm happy to make!
Dane...
Dane...
I'm a goddamned American hero.
You did not just call yourself
an American hero.
I oversold it, didn't I?
I can't even stay mad at you!
You're such an asshole
sometimes!
Ow! Sometimes? Whoa!
Get over here, American hero!
Mrs. Jensen, your
pediatrician was correct
to act so expeditiously.
Ryan's blood tests show a
platelet level alarmingly low.
We need to conduct
blood tests to determine...
Wait a minute, wait a minute,
wait a minute...
don't you think we might
just be
jumping the gun a bit?

My wife brings him in
because he's probably got
some bug that he picked up
from any one of a hundred kids
and we go straight from that...
to this?

Let's just step back
a second, alright?
I wish I had the luxury
of time to step back,
to be giving you
the warm and furrries. I don't.
And, more importantly,
I suspect your son doesn't.
He's probably just...
he's getting fat
because he sits on his ass...
playing Assassin's Creed
all day.

He's not fat, Mr. Jensen.
His spleen is swollen.
What?

My initial examination of Ryan
revealed petechiae
and purpura, which you thought
were bruises.

He complains of
chronic fatigue and...
You did not notice those signs?

"Signs"?

Of what...?

I believe your son has A.L.L.;
acute lymphoblastic leukemia.

"Believe?"

As in "guessing?"

As in "I don't really
know what he's got?"

"Believe" as in

"based on 233 children

I've treated with A.L.L."

You see, the good news is that
it's the most common...
form of childhood cancer
and we have a great deal

of experience treating it.
The realistic news
is that it gets worse
very quickly if left untreated.
You... believe
it's this A.L.L.
but you're not sure,
how could you be?
Right? He could be fine?
Whatever his condition,
Mrs. Jensen,
he is not fine.
Alright, Ryan.
You can hop out now, buddy.
Sorry, hospital policy.
Sure somebody's
not using this room?
Oh, my bad. Those are Billy's;
he's not with us anymore.
He went home Monday!
He got better in no time,
just like
you will, right?
Hey! Look, Rhino,
you got your own TV.
Better than being at home, huh?
Yeah, his own TV,
private bathroom, and oh!
If you push this, you not
only get to control the TV,
but you get your very own
room-service button too, huh.
What?
I think I'm gonna have to catch
a little leukemia myself.
Well, I don't know about that,
Dad, but I'm an aide,
so a nurse will be here any sec.
You guys need anything,
you just holler at me.
My name's Antoine.
- Okay.
- Alright?
See you later, bud.

Thanks.

Hey, Dad?

Yeah?

When's Mom coming back?

She'll be back as soon as she finishes the insurance paperwork downstairs.

With the insurance that we have now, the cost of my medication alone...

is as much as a car payment.

Your dad, he's...

He's trying so hard, but...

I'm very worried.

Thank you, sweetheart, and thank Greg for me, and please make sure you let him know it's just a loan.

Okay, kiss the grandkids for me.

- Daddy?

- Yeah?

When will Mommy and Ryan be home?

Oh...

Mommy and Ryan are staying at the hospital, but they'll be home soon when Ryan feels better.

Hm?

Grandma Inez is gonna come stay with us, though.

You and Nathan will like that, won't you? Okay.

Alright.

Goodnight, sweetie.

- Daddy?

- Yeah?

I forgot to brush my teeth.

Let me see 'em.

They're baby teeth. They're all gonna fall out anyway.

Go to sleep, pumpkin.

Dane Jensen.

Hey, Lou.

It's just that I haven't heard
from you or this Firestone fella
Wife's gettin' tired of me...
hangin' around the house
all the time.

- What can I do for you, Lou?

- Well,

if you come across any entry
level engineer openings,
I'd like to hear about it.
You know, maybe we can both
make some money.

Companies don't pay us
to recruit...

for entry level engineers.

I'm sorry, man. I've been having
some personal problems.

Everything alright?

Yeah, yeah... family issues.

I'll figure it out.

- Wanna talk about it?

- Do I want to talk about it?

Dane, I've got three kids;
two daughters and a son.
Two grandkids. I've been married
29 years, and it hasn't always
been a walk in the park.

Ah, it's okay, Lou.

I'm handling it.

I'll corral Sumner,
and he'll be back in the hunt
first thing in the AM, okay?

You take your time,
do what you gotta do.

Don't worry about me.

It's all good here. But, Dane?

Yeah?

Every family has its issues.
But you only have one family.
Like it, Lou. Like it.

Take care.

You too.

- Ryan, look who's here!

- Hey, Dad.
Rhino, how you doing, buddy?
Fine.
He's almost asleep.
This is when you show up?
Dr. Singh was in earlier.
And?
And I need you here
to help ask the questions.
I don't always know which
questions to ask him.
Alright, alright, calm down.
I'm gonna go get
something to eat.
You'll be here a while?
Yeah. Where else
would I be, Elise?
I'll be right back, baby.
Okay, Mom.
She gone?
Yeah. Yeah, she's gone.
She stares at me all day.
Like one of those vultures
on Animal Planet.
She's scared.
Yes, sweetie, well, I'm doing
the best that I can, okay?
Then tell him, just tell him
I'm gonna be there for lunch.
Yes, Lise, I'm leaving now.
Okay, I'll see you then. Bye.
Yup.
Put him through.
Hey! How's Prague?
- Give me the number, fucknuts.
- Just north of one-fifty.
Halfway through the month?
Christ, Jensen.
Kafka was right. Prague just
won't seem to let me go.
He's much improved.
- Should I be worried?
- No. No, he's...
Put Wilson on. I want to make

sure she mailed Bob a copy...
of his non-compete.
Hey. I got Ed for you.
I checked on your Dr. Singh.
He's a heavy hitter,
one of the best.
Thanks, Lynn.
I got you an early
Christmas present.
In your "throw-down" drawer.
I'm about to shove November
straight up your ass.
Wish I'd done that.
Which one of you meat-eaters
is getting an interview
today!? Come on!
Mr. Jensen.
What's up, doc?
I've heard that before.
You're here late.
I spoke with your wife
earlier.
Your son's initial response
to chemo is...
less than encouraging.
Meaning what?
We should discuss options
still available to us...
Still available? "Still"?
Gene therapy. Using viruses
to alter Ryan's T cells
and attack the cancer.
I've had excellent success
in a handful of cases
using measles,
the common cold...
You want to treat
Ryan's cancer
with, what... measles?
HIV. An engineered form.
We're not in some
third world country... no offense.
This is Chicago. We're in
a state-of-the-art hospital!

What do we need to do to
in the realm of non-bat shit
treatments-to turn this around?
Cancer is not a negotiation,
Mr. Jensen.
Goodnight.
So, focus on his
multiplication tables.
Try and make a game out of it.
Okay.
Ryan knows what to do
with these worksheets.
Shh, shh, shh! Quiet study.
Here we go.
When you...
If you need more,
I can always
send them home with Lauren.
This is from all of us.
Thank you. Okay.
Okay, sweetheart.
Okay. Let's talk about
the Continental Congress.
Who can tell me what that is?
Excuse me.
Whose paper towels are those?
They belong to the class...
Could we maybe put them
someplace else?
Mrs. Jensen, they're just...
I know that the kids need
Kleenex, I just...
don't think they need
to be on Ryan's desk.
Mrs. Jensen, no one's
using the desk.
Uh, sweetie, do you have room
in your own desk for these?
- Hey, give me that.
- Uh...
Take it easy, lady! Geez!
Keep your shit
off my kid's desk!
Okay.

Good to go, little man.
What's going on?
Where's he going?
209, South LaSalle.
Come on,
let's get you inside.
"Completed in 1888,
"the Rookery was designed
by architects Burnham and Root.
It's the oldest high-rise
still standing in Chicago."
Dane Jensen. Wyatt!
Talk to me, babe.
Sure they've got problems
at the plant,
is there a manufacturing company
in America that doesn't?
Dad?
Wyatt? Yeah, hold on a sec.
Thanks. What's up, buddy?
Daniel Burnham?
One of the guys who designed
this place? He said this:
"Make no little plans,
they have no magic
to stir men's blood."
Cool.
Stir men's blood!
Wyatt? Yeah, listen...
Yeah, I was having lunch
one day in Talladega with
Richard Petty when... Yeah,
that Richard Petty. Anyway,
King Richard says to me:
"Make no little plans, Dane,
for they have no magic
to stir the blood."
Well, I'll tell you
what it means.
It means if you want to
continue
to work a safe comfortable job,
then by all means stay at Rycon.
But if you want a challenging

position,
one that will not only
define your career,
but define you as a leader
of men, then this...
THIS... is your chance!
Well, of course
if the money's right.
Forget who you're talking to?
Wyatt?
I'll call you back.
Mmm! Mom, I think our boy's
doing 100% better today.
Some days are good, some days
are bad, but today...
Is a good day.
That's right. So, did they
bring your lunch up for you yet?
Uh, no.
My dad's coming.
Okay.
I asked him if
we could go somewhere.
- Nice.
- Did you want to come, Mom?
No. No, Nathan needs
to see his mother.
Besides, it's you
and your dad's thing.
Are you gonna be okay
if I get going?
Your dad
will be here any minute.
Sure.
Do you know
how much I love you?
My first baby.
You made me a mother.
You taught me
how to be a mom
to Lauren and Nate.
I'll be okay, Mom.
What?
Of course you will!

Silly.
Have fun.
You closing a deal without me?
Huh? Michigan Avenue
ain't coming to us.
"The Tribune Tower,
"designed in 1922
by Howells and Hood."
Huh. Listen, Rhino: "more
than 100 rock fragments"
from famous sites around
the world are embedded...
"into the walls of the Tower."
Look! The Alamo.
Look, Edinburgh castle...
Taj Mahal... Great Wall of
China? Are you kidding me?
Is that one from
that building in New York?
Sure enough.
Where were we
when that happened?
We?
You weren't even born yet.
Someone heard a plane
hit the Trade Center.
We thought it was an accident.
Until the second one.
We all stood and watched
on a TV in the conference room
as the towers fell.
Were you sad?
For the people
in the buildings, yeah.
For little boys like you...
who wouldn't see their moms
and dads again.
Do you have to go
back to work now?
Yeah... I do.
Okay, last but not least.
So nice. Oh,
wait, wait. Hold on.
I thought it would be nice

if we went around the table
and everyone
could say something
that they're thankful for.
- Oh, that's a great idea.
- You know, it's Dane's house.
Why don't you go first?
Yeah.
Well, I'm, uh,
thankful for...
Excuse me.
What a cornholing.
Wow, is she reaming your ass.
I've probably got
another fifteen.
You don't want
the job? That it?
Yes, yes, I want the
job, Ed.
You like working a desk then.
You've got roughly four weeks.
Fond of you or not,
I'm voting with my wallet,
we clear?
Yeah.
- How's our boy?
- He's good.
Thanksgiving?
Why didn't you ever marry, Ed?
Have kids, do
the whole family thing?
I know me. I know I'm
the most interesting person
you've ever met.
And the most selfish.
I only want what I want.
- Ever regret it?
- You mean like
when it's Thanksgiving
and I'm here at the office...
talking with fucknuts...
instead of being surrounded
by people who give a shit?
Yeah, maybe... But then again,

you're not flying to Manhattan
with a \$5,000-a-night Brazilian
who's gonna turn your suite
at the Carlyle into
a sexual Slip 'n Slide.
See ya on Monday, kid.
I had to
take it... Ed.
No, you didn't.
It's Thanksgiving.
To Ed it's Thursday.
To you it's Thursday!
We're your family, Dane! Those
people in that room! Not Ed!
This is my chance
to get off a desk, Elise.
This is the job...
I am so sick of your
"this is the job" excuse!
Well, fine! You don't want me
to work so much? Great!
After dinner, we'll put
your resume together...
and you go get a job!
Hmm? "Elise
Katherine Jensen!"
"Ten years' experience
as a stay-at-home mom!
Skilled in potty training,
play dates, and Pinterest!"
Oh yeah, the job market's
just gonna snap you up!
Hey, maybe you can go down
to St. Cecilia's,
see if they'll buy
that "Doctor Mom" bullshit...
and put you on the payroll.
Then you can spring
for the cranberry sauce,
or the white quartz
you just had to have,
or the clothes you wear,
or, or the ten grand "loan"
we gave your brother

two years ago...
that he seems to have
forgotten about.
Hell, Elise, look how lucky
we are; we don't ever have
to tell the kids there's
no Santa...
because as long
as I can magically continue
to pull the mortgage out
of my ass,
I'm Santa fucking Claus
365 days a year!
I lost the month, Elise.
I took October,
lost November.
Driving around Chicago,
touring buildings
instead of closing deals.
Now I've got December to get
Ed's job,
and Christmas to New Year's
is a deal-killing nightmare.
I'm sorry that you think
I've taken you for granted.
I know you work hard for us.
And you're probably right, Dane;
the job that I could find
is not what you or Ed
would consider worthwhile.
My skills are not
what anyone
would consider "marketable."
But I know how to prioritize.
You okay over there?
No.
Holy crap.
Words right outta my mouth.
- What do we know?
- The designer is Frank Gehry.
The guy also did
a museum in Spain,
and he probably did
some other stuff too...

But I do remember
a quote of his.
"When everybody else
is ready for the ending,
I'm just ready to begin."
I like Frank.
Me too, buddy.
Hey, Dad?
Yeah?
Do you believe in God?
Depends on the month
I'm having.
Me too.
Did you have a girlfriend
when you were as old as me?
Why do you ask?
Cause there's this girl
in my class. Her name
is Shawna.
I think she likes me.
Shawna, huh?
Sounds exotic.
He'll get worse
before he gets better...
Worse?! How can he...
Ryan's cancer is
unusually aggressive.
- Virus!
- HIV.
He's telling us our boy's
going to die.
Don't you get it? Jesus, Dane,
what are we going to do?
Cancer is not a negotiation,
Mr. Jensen.
Just you, it's a termination.
I told you that before
the interview.
How do you not pass a drug test?
When I started recruiting
on this, you told me
[there were five must-haves
for this job.
Would you ask Lou

to call me when he's...
Uh, what kind of meeting is it?
He got a call from another
head... from another recruiter.
Bernadine?
Hello?
Dane.
- Bernadine? Hello?
- Sumner tells me
Lou has an interview?
That's wonderful!
You're not upset?
[Upset? I'll be the first one
to congratulate him,
You're joking, right?
Listen up, monkeys,
I need fresh meat to peddle,
stat! Process Engineer.
Oh, he is very excited, Dane.
It's an Engineering
Manager spot.
That's fantastic! Scratch
that! Engineering Manager!
The drive's a little long,
but doable.
Gimme a drive-in,
423 area code!
But Dane, it means
we wouldn't have to sell.
I mean, we're just...
we're just hoping.
So am I. You're both
in my family's prayers.
Bernadine...
What company is he
interviewing with?
[Now, I'm not a pushy man
by nature, Paul,
[about a candidate. But when
I told my guy...
Pardon my vulgarity... ape shit.
Degreed engineer, really
mature for such a young man...
No wife, no kids, easy relo.

But the best thing is,
he knows exactly
what you guys are trying to do
over there...
and he wants
to be a part of it.
I think we might have found
the seasoning...
we've been looking for.
But some clichs are clichs for
a reason. Particularly the one
Eight AM sharp, Mr. Cobra.
Dr. Singh?
- How are you, my friend?
- Tired.
The T cells we treated
are fighting the cancer in you.
Dr. Singh? Your hat...
Why do you wear it?
I am a Sikh.
My turban represents my constant
devotion to my religion.
What do Sikhs believe?
It's my experience
that all religions are
some version of your, uh,
'what goes around comes around.'
We believe in the dignity
of everyone regardless
of race, age, man, woman.
A devout Sikh would protect
with his own life
the poor and the weak.
Ryan...
if I could take your sickness
on myself and away from you,
I would.
Hey, buddy.
Hey, Dad.
Are you missing your party?
Hey, honey, how you feeling?
I'd like to go somewhere.
There you go, Rhino,
the Wrigley Building.

Man, that's a lotta Juicy Fruit.

What do we know, Dad?

Let's see what we got.

It was modeled after
the Seville Cathedral's...

Giralda Tower in Spain.

Built in 1921.

It has 250,000
terracotta tiles on it...

That's why it's so white.

That and the 116,000-watt
bulbs pointing at it.

That clock? The hour hand
is just over six feet long,
the minute hand nine feet.

How do you know all that?

There's a bank
on the fourth floor.

I was a teller there
for a little over a year...
when I was seventeen.

- You worked in there?

- Mm-hmm.

Awesome.

Did I know that?

It was like going
to work in a castle.

Only seventeen.

And in such a hurry to be older.

Get on with my life.

I'm glad we came.

Last call at the bar, ladies
and gentlemen. Last call.

- You clean up good.

- It's the dress.

- Oh yeah, I see it now.

- Asshole.

How's Ryan?

- How long did Ed last?

- About an hour.

Stretched it out, did he?

You did an amazing job.

Situation reversed,
sick child, I don't know...

Doing an amazing job.

Doing.

You're solid, Wilson.

You don't cut corners,
you do it the right way.

Wow...

You know, for all your macho BS,
you're the first person there
every morning...

and the last one to go home.

You're on the phone

from the minute you get in...

to the minute you leave.

You're the biggest producer
at the company...

because

you're the hardest worker,

not 'cause any of that

Dixie Mafia nonsense.

We're not that

different, you and I.

- You're so full of shit.

- We're very different.

- We're totally different.

- Yeah.

Anyway,

the month's not over.

I may have a few tricks left.

No. You don't.

You're down \$20,000 with ten
live interviews on the board.

Five are wet because your people
are scared of you.

They're phantoms. I checked.

That leaves five remaining

shots. Of those, one pays a fee

that would blow me out of the

water but it's a first interview

for a VP level position,

which means it's rolling

into next year. Four shots left.

Of those, three are interviewing

for the same job.

Triple coverage, place one,

that's 15,000.
Which leaves you
with one live interview,
which, by the way, looks great.
But the offer is contingent
upon a drug test.
A drug test he can't pass.
How do I know?
I heard him tell your guy
about his coke habit...
when I tapped into the call.
You did what?
You thought I was going
to rely on the honor system
with a man who named himself
after a venomous snake
and keeps a drawer
full of burner phones?
Merry Christmas, Wilson.
Go fuck yourself.
Oh, Ryan, Daddy's here.
Hey, Rhino.
Hey,
you're gonna be all right.
I promise you.
You hear me?
I... I got the Frank Lloyd
Wright books.
And we're gonna go and see
the Thomas Gale House,
you and me.
Hi.
Ryan Jensen's
room number, please.
Are you family, sir?
Absolutely.
The ventilator will breathe
for Ryan until such time...
as you decide to stop it.
Or until he breathes
for himself, right?
Until such time as
he breathes for himself?
We need to discuss your wishes

when Ryan codes again.
- When his heart stops.
- Correct.
What's to discuss?
It stops, you start it.
Ryan is in a coma. He's tired.
Okay, we got it, thanks.
Mr. and Mrs. Jensen.
Few things
are as comforting
for a child as the sound
of a mother and father's voice.
Perhaps...
Perhaps you can give Ryan
the chance to heal,
let the treatment
fight the leukemia...
Please.
Are you kidding me?
"Sound of a voice"?
- Stop it.
- Surrounded by millions
of dollars' worth
of technology and he says
"sound of a voice"!
I said, stop it!
He's right.
Kids need their parents, Dane.
Not just when they're sick.
Oh, I love Ryan every bit
as much as you do, Elise.
I know you do.
I just wish it didn't
take him dying...
in order to get
your attention.
That's not fair.
No, it's not fair.
But my little boy is dying,
so I'm not terribly concerned
about what's fair.
I love you, Dane,
but I'll be damned...
if I'm gonna let you

keep him hooked up
to some machine in order
to make up for lost time.
I'm sorry about Ryan.
I was with him when he got
his lumbar puncture.
You know, his spinal tap?
Anyway,
I'm studying for my RN,
so I try to expose myself
to as many procedures as I can.
Plus, it helps the kids, right?
When they see a familiar face.
I keep their mind off
the needle with questions:
what's Dad do at work,
what grade they're in,
sport they like to play,
favorite food,
just, you know...
stuff.
I'm gonna ask you
another question, Ryan.
What's your favorite place
in the world, buddy?
Hmm? Come on,
you're doing fine, Ryan.
What's your favorite place?
- My house.
- Your house?
There's a place on our step
which lets me know
when Dad's coming up.
He's the only one big enough
to make the noise.
He works late a lot.
But if I leave my light on,
he'll always come in.
I tell him it's because
I like to draw,
but I really just want
to see him.
When he leaves,
I can still smell

his cologne for a while.
It smells like Dad.
It makes me feel...
safe.
Anyway, I just thought
you'd want to hear it.
I think I would if my kid
someday thinks I'm a good dad.
Like yours must.
Antoine...
My kid ever say what I did?
For a living?
Help other dads get jobs
so they can take care
of their families.
The Thomas Gale House
is important, not only
because it showcases the earlier
work of Frank Lloyd Wright,
but it also hints at his
architectural potential.
Now, Wright designed the home
just before he left the firm
Adler and Sullivan.
He didn't leave.
Sullivan fired him.
Because of this house.
Excuse me, sir,
can I help you?
It's a "bootleg."
Frank designed it off the books
for the Gale Family.
See, before, Frank was all.
Prairie Style hard lines
and cold concrete.
He designed spaces
that let the light in.
Rooms that opened up,
then wrapped around you.
Made a family feel protected,
safe.
Like you belonged here
and only here. Home.
But Frank was also a gambler,

a risk taker, and he knew
that if he designed this off
the books for the Gale family,
his boss might find out.
Yeah, he knew what goes
around comes around.
But he also knew that
he could create something
that would live forever.
Something magical...
The magic that
stirs men's blood.
- Wheeler residence.
- Lou, Dane.
About time you got off your ass
and went back to work, isn't it?
Christmas is over, buddy.
We got a week to get you a job
this year. Chop, chop.
Think of him as a forty-year-
old, Jimmy,
we'll throw in the other
nineteen years free of charge!
Hold that thought, Jimmy.
Dane Jensen. Hey, Toni,
thanks for calling back,
appreciate it. Yes, Lou Wheeler.
No, no, no! Don't you get it?
Every other company in the South
is thinking first of the year!
You see him now,
you take him off the market
before they get a crack at him!
Now, what time Wednesday works
best for you?
Morning or afternoon?
Lou? Lou, calm down.
Tell me, what are you saying
when they ask you,
"Tell me a little bit
about yourself?"
No, Lou.
Lou, no, Lou, Lou, stop!
Christ, brother, this isn't

the biography channel.

Even I wouldn't hire you.

Alright.

Okay. Say this.

Miss Smith... Toni?

You know, I've been working
a long time, you can see that.

And all those years, I've seen
a lot of people come and go.

I've seen people chasing what
they think will make them happy:
money, titles, whatever.

But it seems to me,
if a man, or a woman,
can be paid an honest wage
for an honest job,
and if you can look back
at what you've done
and feel proud,
well then, you're happy.

I know I'm running the risk of
sounding a little old fashioned,
or naive even, but...

I don't think you can
ever be too qualified
to be happy. Do you?

No, Lou,

I don't.

So. Tell me a little bit
about yourself.

- Dane Jensen.

- Dane, Toni. You know,
I've never seen a tighter race
between two candidates.

We'd like to make an offer.

He'll take it.

Whoa, pardner... shouldn't I
tell you what it is first?

Yeah, all right.

Okay, what, what,
what are you thinking?

Well, we're kicking up
the pay grade.

One hundred grand base

salary, full relo,
no sign-on bonus. Insurance to
start first day of employment.
Now, it is New Year's Eve and
I plan to start drinking early.
My math says your fee's 25,000.
I need that expense on
this year's budget,
so what do you say we wrap this
up right now. Is he in or out?
On behalf of Mr. Wheeler,
I accept.

Mr. Wheeler?

No, no, Dane, look,
we all loved Lou,
but he came in second.
Other guy? What other guy?
Ping. As in pong. You know,
the engineer with the doctorate.
Ping?

Ten minutes after I schedule
Lou for an interview,
we get this resume from your
colleague at Blackridge...

Just, uh...

hang on one sec, Toni.

Bannon?

What?

It doesn't really matter to me
which candidate you hire...

Good 'cause we're hiring Ping.

Bannon's my guy,

so his deal's my deal.

I win either way.

I win.

What else you got for Lou?

Position wise? Nothing.

Plain Jane Engineer, entry
level, temp to hire, anything?

No, no, and no.

Look, email me an invoice, Dane,

I gotta run. Happy New Year!

Wait, who was the better
candidate?

What?

Who was the best candidate?

Are you recording this?

Okay. Fact is, Lou's
the better candidate.

Now, I can't ask him his age,
but come on...

[How many years does he have
before he calls it a day?

He's not a good investment.

Between realtor fees,
closing costs, storage,
relo's gonna run us \$40,000,
temporary living another ten,
and then there's your fee...

Hire Lou...

and he's on the house.

I didn't hear you right.

Say that again?

You heard right.

Hire Bannon's guy you pay 25
grand. Hire Lou? No charge.

What?

Why in the world would you
wanna give away 25,000...

Because he's a good man.

He has experience
no degree can match.

He's made all the mistakes a guy
half his age hasn't made yet,
but will, and he's learned
from them all.

Because he won't lie or pretend
to be something he's not.

Because everything I need,
I already have.

And because the price
is right, Toni.

It's a one-time offer,
expires in ten seconds.

In or out?

Who was that?

Lou, what's wrong?

What would you think

about seeing the grandkids?
I thought we were gonna wait
until money wasn't so tight.
I don't mean visiting them,
I mean seeing them.
Every day, if you want to.
That was Miss Smith
from LOK.
They're based out
in Gainesville.
That's about, what? Half
an hour away from the kids?
I'm their new
Engineering Manager.
Gosh!
Louis William Wheeler,
I am so proud of you.
Oh gosh, honey.
Come on now, come on...
We both knew it was only
a matter of time.
Well, I have so much packing
to do, and a realtor and...
Can I call the kids
and tell them?
- Yeah! I'm gonna take a shower.
- Okay.
Well, Rhino,
we did it.
I don't know what I thought.
Maybe if I did a good thing,
something totally
out of character,
that it would make a difference.
And it did, I guess,
to a man I've never seen.
Probably never talk to again.
But I did something today
that you'd be proud of.
I mean, I think
you'd be proud of me.
Just like
I'm proud of you.
Something I should have

told you every day...
I'm proud
of my little man.
And if you're tired of fighting,
and... and you need to rest,
well, then I understand.
I'll even keep Lauren
out of your room.
Me and your mom...
we'll be okay...
We'll be okay.
Hey, hon.
How's he doing?
The same.
You need to get some rest.
Let me sit with him for a while.
My mom's got the kids.
Go home, take a nap.
Maybe a shower?
Please?
I can't.
I don't wanna be gone if he...
Dane, if he codes,
and only if he codes,
I'll call you.
I'm not gonna
let him go without you.
Dane?
I love you.
What's not to love?
You're fired.
What?
You can't just fire me.
My place. I'll fire
anybody I want.
No, I don't mean... I don't
mean you "can't," Ed, I mean...
Pack up your shit and beat it.
Fired? Why?
Because I gave away one guy?
Ed, I've billed out millions...
Wilson won.
She doesn't need you
second-guessing her.

And besides, you're not
the same guy anymore.
- I... I am the same guy, Ed...
- No, you are not!
I don't want to hear it anymore.
Over. Done. Get out.
You know, I used to say
a relationship with you
was based only on the ability
to make you money.
It just sounded tough.
I never really believed it.
Shut the door, please.
No, no, no, no, no, no...
Oh, honey!
Dad?
Rhi... Rhino!
How you doing?
Fine.
- Hey.
- It's gonna be okay.
It's gonna be okay.
Come here.
How's he doing?
His counts are
still coming up.
He's good.
Uh, a messenger brought this
to the house. From Blackridge.
Here's the thing, Elise.
I didn't take today,
or yesterday, or the week off.
I lost my job.
Ed fired me.
Oh.
Thank God!
What is this?
Son of a bitch.
- Daddy!
- Jesus, Lauren...!
Watcha doin'?
I'm working. What
does it look like I'm doing?
Doesn't look like

you're doing anything.
I'm making it look easy.
What?
Can we sit in your spinny?
No, you can't sit
in my spinny chair.
Please?
Okay, come on.
Getting in?
I'm too old for that.
Come on!
- Okay! Scooch over!
- Alright, here we go!
No!
Kids, come on, leave
your dad alone.
You gotta get on the bus
in half an hour.
Come on. Lauren, that hair...
Do you want the door
open or shut?
Will someone wipe me
when I'm done?
Shut.
Jensen Group Recruiting,
Dane Jensen.
It's about time you got off
your ass...
and went back
to work, isn't it?
Lou, how you doin'?!
Oh man, I'm busier
than a one-legged man
in an ass-kicking contest...
And I'm loving it!
And how about you? Can't be easy
starting over again.
Oh, I'm... I'm pretty busy.
Come again?
Now that I've got my feet on
the ground...
I've got the go-ahead
to hire some new engineers.
Engineers?

Plural?

Yeah, we're gonna need two
at least to start, maybe three.

And I wouldn't want to talk
to anybody but you, Dane.

And I never will.

I appreciate that, Lou. I do.

And I'm thinking of one name,
Mohammed Al Farooq.

- Oh, boy.

- Hey, Lou...

You mind if I call you back
in about an hour?

I've got a daily meeting

I can't miss.

Walnuts?

Oz says they're
his food of choice.

If you're ever stranded on
a deserted island... walnuts.

Guess he didn't plan
on being stranded with you.

You save

the receipt for this?

I think it's here
somewhere, why?

Alright, yeah.

Tax write-off... business lunch.

husband, father,

last of the romantics.