

# NETWORK PRESIDENT SC. I



The Actor's Key

KATY (cont'd)  
show that would involve Russian  
Roulette. Would that be legal?

DON  
The chances of us airing it would  
be zero.

KATY  
Is that your legal opinion?

DON  
That's a common sense opinion.

KATY  
When you have a legal opinion --  
call me.

Both Characters are on the phone

LIVE!

3

INT. NETWORK PRESIDENT'S OFFICE - DAY

3

Katy sits on the arm of a couch across from the NETWORK  
PRESIDENT.

START

KATY **on the phone**  
Six people will get rich, but one,  
unfortunately, will also get killed  
on the air.

PRESIDENT **on the phone**  
You know Katy, I don't think New  
York will go for that.

KATY  
New York? There's exactly one  
reason they hired me -- numbers.  
And this is a ratings monster.

PRESIDENT  
Of course I'd like the ratings. But  
we also have to serve our  
audience...

(glancing at the camera)  
In a way that they respect us.

KATY  
Tom. Come on. Our sitcoms are  
getting creamed, our so-called  
dramas are pathetic, and even our  
shitty reruns are doing better than  
the smarmy reality we're making.  
Who's got the worst record in TV in  
the 18-49 demo? Us -- of course.  
What we have is old, it's stogy,

(MORE)

Ph 1 OF 6

KATY (cont'd)  
and doesn't work. But now we can  
change all that!

PRESIDENT  
With Russian Roulette?

KATY  
I didn't invent the game! I'm just  
making it hip again!

PRESIDENT  
Katy, listen!--

he holds his fire and turns towards the camera crew

PRESIDENT  
Can you just give us five minutes  
alone?

REX (O.S.)  
When Katy gave me permission to  
make this film, I was promised full  
access.

PRESIDENT  
(ire rising)  
Hey, I don't care what you were  
promised. I run this network and--

Suddenly, he calms, realizing the camera is directly on him.  
He looks at Katy.

KATY  
(to Rex)  
Help us out here. There's a  
Starbucks downstairs. You can leave  
your gear here and go grab a  
cappuccino. On us. By the time  
you're back, we'll be finished.  
Just five minutes, okay?...

The CAMERA SWINGS DOWN off the cameraman's shoulder and is  
placed on a chair. As the camera drops, the cameraman (JERZY)  
is heard WHISPERING to Rex.

JERZY (O.S.)  
~~This sucks.~~

REX  
(O.S., barely audibly)  
~~Do me a favor...~~

LIVE!



~~The crew leaves the room, but the CAMERA, STILL RUNNING, is left on the chair. Then, the real conversation follows (AS COVERED FROM THE ANGLE OF THE CAMERA ON THE CHAIR).~~

~~PRESIDENT~~

~~What a pain in the ass. I can't believe you let him in.~~

KATY

With numbers like ours, we need all the publicity we can get.

PRESIDENT

All the good publicity.

KATY

Don't worry. We can manipulate him.

PRESIDENT

I wouldn't be so sure. You and him, you know?

KATY

He's cute -- but nothing.

PRESIDENT

You could do a lot worse. Now, this idea in all its lunacy... If it came from anyone else, I'd dismiss it out of hand. But Katy, you gotta admit, this one crosses the line.

KATY

The line. What line? Look at any network, any night -- carve up your face, stab your best buddy in the back and screw his girlfriend -- people wanna watch what they wanna watch, and if we don't give it to them, we're history.

PRESIDENT

We've still got standards and practices. We've still got the assholes at the FCC. And we've got affiliates. You think our stations in Iowa are going to want this kind of show?

KATY

I think -- fuck, I know -- our station in Des Moines is sick of  
(MORE)

LIVE!



KATY (cont'd)  
getting creamed every night by ABC  
and CBS.

END

LIVE!

PRESIDENT  
hey, Katy.

KATY  
Yeah?

PRESIDENT  
Back before, when you said someone  
would get killed on the air -- when  
you said it, it gave me a hard-on --  
really. I never got that in a  
meeting before.

He offers her high palm and Katy slaps it.

PRESIDENT  
Do it.

Katy takes off. As soon as Katy's gone, the president picks  
up the phone and dials.

PRESIDENT  
(into the phone)  
What a day!... Why shouldn't I be  
up? -- Katy just pitched me her  
resignation letter. After they hear  
about this, she's gone. Finito.

END

END SOUNDSTAGE DAY

Katy walks through a partially-built sitcom set with DYLAN,  
her exceedingly competent twenty-five year old assistant. The  
set is a coach's office and a lone PAINTER is touching up the  
walls with yellow paint.

KATY  
Yellow? Yellow? This guy coaches  
football in Big 10. Get me our  
razor-sharp showrunner.

Dylan dials her cell.

DYLAN  
I have Katy for you.

KATY  
(into the cell)  
A yellow coach's office? Where's  
the game being played --  
Nordstroms? Football, Nicky.

(MORE)