

CLIFF'S OFFICE

HENRY

What is going on here?

CLIFF

Whaddaya mean? I'm interviewing receptionists.

HENRY

What exactly happened to Allison?

CLIFF

Come on. She was never that good.

HENRY

She was the best receptionist we ever had.

(beat)

Did you make a pass at her?

CLIFF

(wary)

She told you that?

HENRY

No.

CLIFF

Then, no. I did ~~not~~ make a pass at her.

HENRY

(disappointed)

Oh, Cliff. How many does this make now? Five?

CLIFF

But not one has filed a paternity suit.

HENRY

(pointing to the reception area)

And where did you find all these women? They look like rejects from an escort service.

CLIFF

They're not rejects. They are from an escort service.

HENRY

Get rid of them. All of them.

CLIFF

(tough guy)

Make me.

(beat)

Just kidding....

(sitting on his desk,
into the intercom)

Luke. 86 the babes, and pronto.

(to Henry)

Happy now?

HENRY

(getting depressed)

No, Cliff. I'm not happy. This
is a business we're running here.

CLIFF

You're right, Henry. I apologize.

Cliff gets up from his chair and crosses to Henry.

CLIFF (cont'd)

I'm just so immature sometimes.

Let's face it: I'm a pig.

(turns around)

Here. Kick me in the ass. Go
ahead. I deserve it. Kick me.

Henry is torn. He starts to kick him...but can't.

CLIFF

You're angry, Henry. You've
gotta let it out.

HENRY

I am not angry. No, if I were
angry I'd be standing here
thinking about stringing you up
by your meaty thumbs, covering
your body with thousands of tiny
paper cuts, and dipping you in a
vat of freshly-squeezed lemon
juice...(beat, savoring the
thought...then)But I'm not angry. I'm just...
concerned. I'm concerned because
I care about you, Cliff, and I
want to be able to trust you. I
want our working relationship
to be as productive and mutually
fulfilling as humanly possible.
Get it?

CLIFF

12.

(long beat)

You know, Henry. Sometimes I think about what it would be like being you -- being so sensitive and thoughtful and smart. But then I think -- Hey. I get lucky five, six times a week, so who needs sensitive? Get it?

Henry stares at him. A beat...and then Cliff turns his back to Henry again and sticks out his butt.

CLIFF

Kick me.

HENRY

No.

