

(Name of Project)

by  
(Name of First Writer)

(Based on, If Any)

Revisions by  
(Names of Subsequent Writers,  
in Order of Work Performed)

Current Revisions by  
(Current Writer, date)

Name (of company, if applicable)  
Address  
Phone Number

QUEENAN'S OFFICE

Queenan stares down Billy as Dignam continues his interrogation.

DIGNAM

Your old man used to host websites out of his basement. He had racks of servers, special cooling, and a T1 before anyone in the neighborhood had a fucking 56k modem. Right?

No response from Billy.

DIGNAM (CONT'D)

You, however, don't seem to be interested at all in computers. Don't even mention it in special skills on your resume. But you probably hung out with your Daddy every weekend in the fucking basement. Yup...you know different programming languages? You do don't you? You little fucking liar.

BILLY

You got any more questions?

DIGNAM

Well if I did I'd ask you why you're applying for a position paying 40 G's a year when you could be making twice that as a techie. So tell me what's a hack like you doing in management?

BILLY

In technology there are only those who manage what they do not know, and those who know what they do not manage.

QUEENAN

Who said that?

BILLY

Putt's law.

Dignam makes a playful fart sound.

DIGNAM

What's a matter smart ass you don't know any fucking Shakespeare?

Billy tightens his jaw and glares at Dignam, his body straining to stay in his chair.

QUEENAN

We have a question. Do you want to be a manager, or do you want to appear to be a manager? It's an honest question. A lotta guys wanna appear to be a manager. Authority, telling people what to do--

DIGNAM

A lot of 'em just want to slam secretaries left and right.

BILLY

With all due respect, sir, what do you want from me?

DIGNAM

Hey asshole, he can't help you, right now I'm your only friend, I'm the one who knows the most about you. I know what you are and I know what you're not. You're not a fucking manager!

QUEENAN

He's right. Five years from now you could be anything you want, but you won't be a manager at this company.

BILLY

You sure of that?

DIGNAM

Guaran-fucking-teed. I saw your MCSE exam scores kid, you passed every single one with perfect scores. You're a techie not a manager.

BILLY

So what do I do?

QUEENAN

There's a lot of money behind this operation. You'll be paid comparable to the other techies, but there's also a bonus involved, tax free.

Queenan writes something down and hands Billy the note.

QUEENAN (CONT'D)

We can't conceal that you went through orientation as a manager. You'll be transferred to I.T., by my orders. You put in enough time in day to day Ops and maybe hack some payroll databases, read some emails, enough malicious activity to convince the others you're not a company man.

DIGNAM

You want to serve the company and make a leap to the top this is your chance. We need you pal. You already pretended to like being a techie with your father.

BILLY

Every weekend, sir.

DIGNAM

Perfect.

QUEENAN

Do it again...for me. The only ones who will know about your status and bonus will be Dignam and I.